

## THE BABY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

Order—Mammalia. Genus—Homo. Species—Various.



THE PEERLESS.

**T**HIS charming and interesting little animal is found thriving in all countries and in all climates, from the meridian of Salt Lake City east and west to that of Pekin, and from the equator north and south to the opposing poles. The sculptured traditions that antedate all written history, the tender and touching imagery of the earliest poets the mysterious conceits of the most ancient philosophers, furnish proof that it has flourished since the remotest ages, occupying much the same position that it does in modern times—the cynosure of the dearest hopes and affections of our race, the mystery which six thousand years of study and observation have failed to solve. Indeed, we are inclined to think the old-time folks had better ideas on the subject than those now current, and that the discoveries of modern science have only served to muddle the mystery.

Fifty years ago our nurse told us these peerless little beings were found in the potato patch, and smiling mamma said that angels brought them in a basket and left them on the door-step, and in those days most of us had implicit faith in one of those theories. But modern science asserts they are developed by evolution and natural selection, remotely from zoophytes and proximately from monkeys. These conclusions are supported by a concatenation of facts whose logic is unanswerable. Zoo-oo is one of the earliest articulate utterances of infancy, especially when the baby happens to be trying to talk and suck his fist at the

same time, which he is very apt to do.

We may next note the fact of the tenaciously doubled fists themselves, instinctively squared for action, and pugnaciously sparring at the empty air, as if seeking an adversary, and failing to find one, viciously thumping his own little pink face until he bawls again with pain and rage. This indicates that inherent and ineradicable propensity for "fight" which has been the prominent characteristic of humanity since the days of Adam, and logically establishes the direct derivation of our race from the great original zoophyte.

The startling and rather humiliating resemblance between the physiognomy of a recent infant and the simian genus, and the still closer affinity in manners and propensities, which in some specimens never entirely disappears, are so apparent, and have been so universally remarked, that any further logic may be deemed superfluous. Still we abhor sponges, and have always entertained an especial contempt for monkeys, perhaps because of the very unfortunate resemblances we have noted. We are, moreover, somewhat aristocratic in our social sentiments. Presuming, therefore, to follow the law of natural selection, we must contemptuously repudiate our scientific progenitors, and prefer to choose our great-grandfather from the peerless potato patch, or date our ancestry from the royal carrot.



LE ROI CAROTTE.



"EVERY CROW," ETC.

With these suggestions, we leave this question to those who have so long and fiercely battled over it, and proceed at once to consider our subject as we find it among us—a living, crying, and aggressive fact. To do this intelligently, we should first endeavor to exhibit to our audience the most perfect specimen in existence. Ring your bells, sound your trumpets, and proclaim your wishes. Heavens! what a cloud of exhibitors! The national Centennial at Philadelphia is a mere village cake and candy shop compared with this enormous baby show. It seems as if one-tenth of the population of the whole earth were claimants for the honor—all eager and pressing as office-seekers around a new President.

Knowing that "every crow thinks her own young one white," how could we dare to choose? it would offend so many—we couldn't afford it just at this time. We must temporize, and invent some scheme to extricate us from our embarrassment. Refer it to the popular vote? No; there would be a universal tie, and a general rebellion among the mothers. Decide by lot, and distribute chromos to the disappointed parties? Impracticable. All the printing-presses that have been set up since Guten-

berg wouldn't work off the edition within a reasonable time.

Couldn't we classify so as to reduce the competing multitude within reasonable bounds? Say, close out baldheads and brunettes? No; our constitution prohibits distinctions on the color line, and any fling at baldpates might excite a sympathy in influential circles. Ah! we have it: we may rule out the heathen without offending either constitutional or humanitarian susceptibilities. 'Tis true, we have diplomatically embraced the Mikado of Japan, and are undertaking to civilize his people for what we can make out of them. Then their tawny, black-eyed younglings are the quaintest, liveliest, prettiest little creatures imaginable. But—

Here wife plucks our sleeve, and whispers: "Why all these foolish schemes and subterfuges, when you have the very specimen you want just at your elbow? Is not our Johnny the paragon of all created beings?"

"Woman," we answer, in a tone of solemn rebuke, "philosophy teaches us that the great globe itself is but as a grain of sand in the universal plan; that upon the surface of this minute speck crawl twelve hundred millions of the ephemeral parasite called man.

Conceive, then, if you can, the infinitesimal insignificance of this animated molecule, this monad—"

"Oh, Professor, much learning has addled your brain, or you are drunk on the frothy lager of German philosophy. To call Johnny such frightful names—darling Johnny, whose smiles are nestled in quivering dimples, whose grief is expressed in a puckered rose-bud, whose bright and curious eyes already ask questions which the wisdom of your whole academy can not answer, whose soft caress reveals a love so deep that all your profundities linked together can not fathom, a joy so infinite that all your leaden books and aggregated conceit can not smother—little Johnny of no moment in the immensity of God's creation!"

"There, then; be calm, be quiet. Mama is right, after all. We'll accept Johnny as our model, and go on with the subject."

Once fairly established among us, the Baby naturally takes position on the apex of our social and political organization. The hierarchal pyramid is built, beginning at the top (as most of our political and social theories are), as follows: First, the Baby, the supreme head, the autocratic essence, from whom all subordinate honor and authority emanate; next, the mother, as chief Min-

ister of State, holding place nearest to the throne; then the family, as relatives and assistants, completes the primary or monadic group. Then we have the commune or county, a neighborhood of families; the State, an agglomeration of communities; and finally the nation, as a confederation of States.

Now, according to the system devised by certain grown-up babies who have figured among the statesmen of the present century, governmental authority is enfeebled and limited in proportion to its distance from the centre, and increases in breadth and vitality as it approaches its primary sources. The State, comprised within the outer circle of the nation, is superior to and should govern the nation, and logically the county should rule the State, the family must lord it over the county, and the Baby tyrannize over the family, as he undoubtedly does. This presentation, based (or climaxed, as we may take it) upon a universally acknowledged fact, is calculated seriously to alarm those honest souls whose sleep has been lately disturbed by the terrors of centralization.

But we may find consolation in another view of the subject. Our broad nationality includes several millions (more or less) of these vigorous, willful, domineering little apexes, each logically representing more of power and reserved rights than the general government itself, but so diverse in their individual aptitudes and desires that we never see two together for five minutes without a disagreement ending in a fight. The only sentiment common to the whole class, in the United States and elsewhere,



OUR JOHNNY.

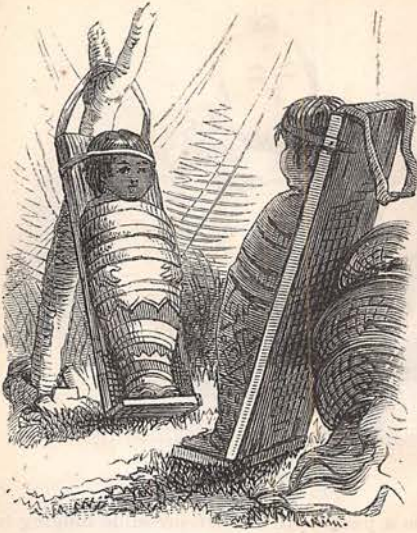
is a passionate and irrepressible longing to catch the moon. This desire can never lead to unity or combination, for in our system we have but one moon, and a great many candidates therefor.

Yet if it should happen some day that one, more agile and ambitious than the rest, actually should grab and swallow that luminary, we may look out for centralization and a régime more despotic and remorseless than that of the Roman Cæsars.

To the credit of mankind it may be observed that this arrogant and unlimited empire of babyhood has not been submitted to tamely and without partial effort to control or modify its oppressive authority. The noble red man ties his new-born chief to a board, bound hand and foot, not so much to keep him out of mischief as to inure him to that stoicism in suffering and limited sphere of action which belong to his future career, and also to afford his esteemed mother the



RULED OUT.



THE STOICS.

needful recreation of hoeing her row in the corn field. Your tradition-ridden European swaddles his nascent subject, body and mind, in the bands of conformity, that he may learn to play his part civilly, without jostling or astonishing his fellows, in the crowded marts and thoroughfares of despotism. In America, where "no pent-up Utica contracts our powers," our little regulators are allowed to go it sprawling, acquiring even in babyhood those invaluable lessons of self-control, self-reliance, and self-helpfulness which are to make the coming man the admiration of himself and the terror of the world.

In comparing results, we may further observe that the most carefully swaddled Baby, when he grows up, and occasionally breaks loose for a season, through inexperience and a blind resentment of his former unnatural suppression, becomes the most dangerous and frightful mischief-maker both in society and govern-

ment; while our sprawling freeman, if he has the luck to survive the risks of his infantile career, subsides into self-reliant conservatism, with discretion and experience enough to manage his affairs creditably thereafter. It is true that when our pet babies fall into fits from surfeiting, or set the house on fire in their wanton frolics, we feebly but temporarily regret the *régime* of swaddling-clothes; but when "our party" carries an election triumphantly, we are reassured of the future of the republic, and shout the praises of freedom with renovated zeal.

Some may be disposed to regard our theories of Baby's connection with political affairs as rather whimsical and far-fetched; but for our justification we have only to recall the immense excitement caused by the appearance of *Gina's Baby*, and that red-headed infant, *Lord Bantam*, in the political circles of Great Britain.

Whatever doubts or differences of opinion may exist in regard to this phase of our subject, there can be no disputing the Baby's paramount influence in social and domestic life.

Although statisticians assure us that bounteous nature multiplies our kind at the rate of about one hundred per minute, yet each particular appearance is hailed with a de-



SWADDLED.



EARLY LESSONS IN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

gree of astonishment, admiration, and delight as if the like had never been seen on earth before. From his first entrance into life Baby is surrounded with courtiers and ministers vying with each other in servile flattery and superfluous attentions—a very autocrat in appearance, but helpless and irresponsible, as autocrats usually are, in reality. For a while, indeed, he seems disposed to take a melancholy view of his position, and rather resents the mundane luxuries so officiously thrust upon him. Catnip tea is little to his taste, and flattery he receives with a yawning indifference, a supercilious gravity that is supposed to distinguish the haughty “caste of Vere de Vere;” and it requires about seven weeks of the most ingenious and persistent honeyfugling to win from him even the doubtful recognition of a smile.

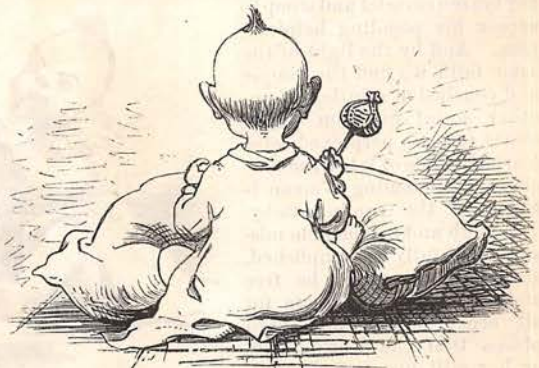
With time, however, and abundance of his proper diet, his cheeks begin to dimple and the joyousness of his nature to develop. Now if he could only be let alone, his babyhood might, indeed, be an era of Arcadian existence. But with all the quacks, tinkers, inventors, meddlers, and reformers to whom society owes a living, our ruling powers can never be sufficiently let alone. Just in proportion to his recognized importance, his amiable helplessness, and the credulity of his ministers, is King Baby victimized by these pretended friends of humanity, when Heaven knows how simple and

easily provided for are all his natural and healthful desires and necessities!

“Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,”

a well-raised Baby will laugh himself into ecstasies at the gyrations of a feather, and find hours of sweet contentment geologizing in a pile of dirt.

In the outset of his progressive career he prefers to exercise his own unaided strength and genius. The only legitimate baby-jumper is papa's boot, a rollicking “ride a cock-horse,” which has the advantage of being equally entertaining to both parties. For silver whistles and gum rings to cut his teeth on, it is more natural as well as economical to substitute nurse's finger, or even pussy's tail in an emergency, although it may be objected that the enjoyment is not mutual, as in the former case. Then, as for the three thousand and three recipes for



THE RATTLE.



"RIDE A COCK-HORSE."

condensed lacteals, farinas, gelatines, and carminatives, for common charity's sake let poor Baby eat and sleep as nature has ordained.

With these brief suggestions we prudently close our commentary on this heading, having no mind to revive the effete and exploded office of "Intendant des menus Plaisirs du Roi," nor rashly to undertake the commissariat and medical direction of the "Grand Army of the Republic."

This, we feel assured, is not our especial mission, but we rejoice in the faith that it has been satisfactorily arranged by higher and more competent authority, and, moreover, that King Baby himself has been invested with plenary powers to enforce the decree—so ample that if Minerva herself might be inveigled within the sphere of his influence, the haughty goddess would be constrained to unlace her brazen corselet and stoop to succor his pleading helplessness. And by the light of the same faith we find the simple and conclusive solution of another social question which seems to have perplexed some learned minds of late: the mission of the coming Woman is to nurse the coming Baby. This high and responsible mission faithfully accomplished, she shall thereafter be free and welcome to compete for all other honors and high places that the world offers or her still unsatisfied ambition craves.

Notwithstanding the base and unjustifiable attempts of modern scientists to degrade his ancestry, the Baby has in many ways been a valuable contributor to the advancement of natural science, literature, and the arts. He was familiar with the principles of the suction-pump long before Archimedes or Ctesibius put in his claim for the patent, and antedates Torricelli by many centuries in his knowledge of the exhausted receiver—an important discovery, which enables your cute Yankee juvenile to empty a cider barrel without turning the spigot, and your adult Virginian to absorb the spiritual essence of a mint-julep without frosting his nose.

Brief as his course in the languages must necessarily be, with the additional disadvantage of never hearing his na-

tive tongue spoken intelligibly in his presence, the Baby has yet contributed to philological science a number of words of almost universal use and significance. The word *mamma*, for example, is one of the most pleasing, musical, and expressive vocals in all languages, a derivative of which has been adopted by science to classify monkeys, whales, bats, bears, zebras, porpoises, and babies, and half the beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and human wonders in Barnum's menagerie.

The word *papa* is only second to the first in universal utility and range of significance. In Italy it signifies the head of the Roman Church. In Greek, Chaldaic, and Syriac, a clerical magnate of more limited pretensions. In the nursery, a nourishing pabulum for the crescent infant is called



MAKING USE OF A FRIEND.

pap. In domestic circles, papa indicates the ostensible and generally accredited head of the family—a position endowed with some prestige and dignity in aristocratic societies, but in democracies synonymous with daddy, pap, him, ole feller, or any thing he can get in the universal scramble. But *verbum sat*.

The Baby's natural love for literature is exhibited by the eagerness with which he tries to devour any book that may fall into his hands. It was his well-known taste in this direction that inspired the book of books, now usually printed on starched muslin. The mighty Homer has drifted so far away into dream-land that our scholars have of late begun to doubt whether any such personality as the blind harper of Ilium ever existed: Dante, like a grim Cerberus, can only be dragged from the obscurity of his imperial gloom into the light of modern centre tables by the Herculean labors of Doré; by the power of the same artistic enchanter Cervantes is called forth from among the mouldering Moorish palaces and crumbling Christian churches of old chivalric, ruined Spain; the most glorious poet and grandest philosopher of haughty England's golden age have become so indistinct and jumbled by the jolting of Time's wagon that our critics are even now disputing whether it was Lord Verulam who wrote Shakspeare's dramas, or Sweet William who did Bacon's essays; the fiery Byron lay quenched and forgotten until momentarily revived by a scalding cup of New England tea, then sinks again into eternal ashes: but while flowers shall bloom to



AS NATURE HAS ORDAINED.

greet the rising sun, while spring-time and harvest shall return to bless the earth, while generation shall follow generation like waves upon the sea-shore, so long shall flourish in perennial editions, "ever charming, ever new," the unfailing hope of artists, editors, and publishers, the Baby's author—*Mother Goose*.

Thus having, as we think, satisfactorily established our hero's supremacy in the affairs of state, society, science, and literature, we will endeavor, modestly and briefly, to exhibit his pre-eminence in the fine arts. Far back in the dim prehistoric ages, before these arts had achieved for themselves a recognized individuality or separate existence, the Baby figures prominently among the carved and painted emblems of Oriental theology. Then among the artistic Greeks how beautifully do all the loves, jollities, and beatitudes of their poetic mythology find expression in the idealized forms of babyhood!

How grandly do the wolf-suckled babies of Rhea Silvia, done in antique bronze, typify the career of that fierce and virile race which dominated the world for so many centuries! And during the long dark ages which followed the decadence of old Rome, how fondly did the hopes and tenderer sympathies of humanity cluster and cling around the ideal of the Virgin Mother and her godlike Child! How gloriously did mediæval art, germinated and nourished by this single central thought, grow and develop from those crude effigies, formed with staring pigments and gilt backgrounds, painfully wrought by faithful but skill-less worshipers, up to the



AN EXHAUSTED RECEIVER.



THE MADONNA OF SAINT SIXTUS.

culminating effort of Raphael in the Madonna of Saint Sixtus!—perhaps the highest reach of human art in its endeavors to represent the divinity of babyhood.

But while these ages of fervid faith have passed away, and the high-wrought types inspired by elevated sentiment may be no more reproduced, still, art in our modern times, with all its scientific enlightenment, superior technical facilities, and its materialistic shams and shoddies, continues to harp upon the everlasting Baby.

From the illustrated periodicals and gay-colored chromos which are showered over our free and happy land,

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa,”

sweet baby faces still beam forth as the principal attraction. In our photographers' show-cases and parlor albums, amidst princes, presidents, candidates for Congress, *prime donne*, professors, generals, and all sorts of celebrities—the evanescent shadows of fashionable fetich-worship—the innocent and unconscious smile of babyhood alone maintains its permanent place, as-



AN ARTISTIC FICTION.

sured against the changes of time and the oblivion of the waste-basket.

How pleasing, also, amidst the vanities, vices, and corruptions of our trade-stained city streets, to recognize the same loving, humanizing sentiment radiating from frequent shop windows that teem with baby effigies in Parian, bisque, bronze, gutta-percha, wood, pink kid stuffed with bran; waxen beauties that open and shut their pretty eyes to order; some that can squeak most charmingly on being squeezed, and, better still, remain silent when let alone. Others, yet more amazing, which, on being duly wound up, will creep about and bob their little heads as naturally almost as the “living fact” that requires no winding up, and in whom the weary, watchful mamma sometimes thinks

she has discovered the principle of perpetual motion.

But High Art may curl her classic nose in scorn at our recognition of these dollar-store shams and shoddies; and yet, O noble dame, did you ever see any thing more ridiculous in a Broadway toy shop than those



THE LIVING FACT.

coveys of cherubic heads we see fluttering, without apparent aim or end, over so many of your world-renowned canvases?—inconsequential dogmas, which neither the conceited perversity of genius nor the simple credulity of faith can justify, whose absurdity is so aptly illustrated in a little French anecdote that we are constrained to repeat it.

While that divine musician, Saint Cecilia, played one of her ravishing voluntaries on the organ, the charm of her music attracted a swarm of these vespertilian *dilettanti*, proving that they at least have ears. Dis-



turbed, perhaps, by the humming of their wings, she politely said, "Asseyez vous, mes enfants, asseyez vous." They replied, fluttering in some confusion, "Grand merci, madame! grand merci, mais nous n'avons pas de quoi."

But we already feel a twinge of conscience at having appeared to countenance the criticism of this cynical rationalist. Beneficent spirit of the divine Plato, we invoke thy forgiveness!

Let materialistic science go on fumbling among dry bones and mouldy fossils, playing with pneumatic squirts and fizzling chemicals, muddling over statistics and mathematical corollaries, prognosticating potato bugs and measuring the length of comets' tails, insulting our sentiments and throwing dirt on our ancestors, bubbling up systems as baseless and unstable as the mirages of the desert or these bob-tailed cherubs; but the inspirations of genius soar beyond the range of reason, and only in the empyrean of poetic faith can we find satisfactory assurance that we are something better than the beasts that perish.



"ASSEYEZ VOUS, MES ENFANTS."

Thorwaldsen's antique genius has left us two exquisite ideals of babyhood in his famous medallions of "Night" and "Morning." Charming they may be, quoth our cynic realist, but delusive; and incontinently he daubs beneath each sweet artistic conception a pendant of inexorable facts.

But what are facts? Does not high philosophy declare that facts have no positive existence, that all our conceptions of material things are but impressions received through the medium of the senses, colored and characterized by the mind which reflects them?

Then what do your wretched pictures signify further than to show the mean and distorted medium through which life is revealed to you individually, while the nobler mind of the artist has reflected and symbolized a sentiment which thrills through all humanity, and in vindication of its recognized truthfulness we see his thoughts copied and reproduced in every imaginable style of art, alike adorning the halls of the proud and the cottage home of the lowly, drawing them nearer together by a common aesthetic sympathy.

King Baby has learned to read *Mother Goose* by the pictures, but not yet to interpret the deep and hidden meaning of her rhymes. His motto has been "*Carpe diem*," and every thing else that comes under his hands. He can now locomote perpendicularly without assistance, and lisp his arbitrary orders intelligibly to those around



MORNING.



NIGHT.

him; he has just begun fully to comprehend and enjoy the advantages of his position, when suddenly one morning he awakes with a strange ceiling over his head, and misses the accustomed faces about his crib. There is a mysterious whispering about the house, and folks pass in and out without paying the slightest regard to him. A vague terror creeps over him, but he arouses himself, and shouts, with the air of one whose will has never been disputed, "I want my mamma." Nurse looks in with a cup of warm catnip tea in her hand (a beverage he has not tasted for a year or more). In a tone very different from her usual coaxing obsequiousness, she bids him be quiet, or he will disturb somebody.

Fretted and indignant, he reiterates his demand in a louder and more resolute tone: "I want my mamma!"

From pure pity, or to prevent the threatening storm, some slipshod underling at length comes in and sets young master on his feet, forgetting, perhaps, to wash his face or curl his golden locks. Now he can toddle to the well-known door, where, after

sundry rebuffs and warnings, he succeeds in forcing an entrance. There he sees mamma's dear face again, pallid but smiling. With a triumphant laugh, he runs to the bedside and tries to scramble into his accustomed place. But he is nervously thrust back and chilled into silent astonishment. As he stands there wondering, the covers are carefully unfolded, and he beholds a tiny waxen figure, squirming, grimacing, and doubling its fists as if challenging him to combat.

King Baby comes of fighting stock—a race always ready to assert its rights and maintain them with a high hand. His own fists are instinctively clinched, his cheeks flush, his eyes sparkle, and his lisping tongue essays to expostulate.

"Hush, little boy, or you will disturb the Baby."

This is too much, and with a sudden shout he goes for the usurper. He is fortunately forestalled in his fell purpose, but gets his hands slapped, and is hastily removed from the royal presence, snubbed, superseded, dethroned. He is no longer "the Baby." The place next mamma's heart is no longer

his; that sweet refuge from weariness, that soft pillow for his sleepy head, is closed against him; that throne from whence he dictated the law to all the house is occupied by a stranger. Then his anger melts into grief, which exhales in "a great and exceeding bitter cry," like the cry of Esau—a cry that shall echo through life for evermore.

The youth who sees the rosy cheek that beguiled his heart warmed by the kiss of a rival understands what it means. The faithful and patient worker who sees the coveted prizes of fortune chance-gathered by the unworthy; the ex-queen of society, serene and faded, as she moves among the fresh-budding beauties of the new generation; the aged actor, whose name no longer heads the posters in flaming capitals, whose entries and exits are unmarked by an audience which waits in breathless expectancy to hail the new-risen star; the superfluous veteran, jostled into the gutter by the crowd straining to catch a sight of the young hero of more recent wars; the gray-haired statesman, whose life has dried up

in the public service, when he finds himself written "an old fogey" in the newspapers—all these know something of the exceeding bitterness of that cry which announces King Baby's downfall from his high estate.

But our hero is no longer a milksop. His grief is sharp, but short, and he never thinks of committing *harikari* because he has lost his place. Being young and progressive, he soon begins to recognize the propriety of the democratic doctrine of rotation in office, and gives place gracefully to his successor, even boasting and rejoicing as loud as any over the perfections of the little brother, waiving his birthright until this new ruler shall himself be superseded and reduced to the rank of boyhood.

Entering eagerly upon a life of broader horizons and loftier aims, the Boy soon ceases to regret the privileges of his Baby royalty, and aspires with a swelling ambition to a future of breeches, boots, and heroic manhood.



THE COMING MAN.

### WANTED—A SOUL.

"AND if you should ever come our way," said the Western merchant, waving his hand in rather a lofty and comprehensive manner in the direction of the setting sun, "we shall be delighted to see you. I must own," he added, turning to the head of the firm, who stood blandly by, "that we are largely indebted to our young friend for our pleasant sojourn in the metropolis; and if there is any thing worth seeing out yonder, when he finds it convenient to go that way we will endeavor to make his visit interesting."

The tone of the trader seemed to imply that there might possibly be found something very much worth seeing indeed, and young Hastings declared warmly that he should probably run in upon the firm of

Armstrong and Co. sooner than that gentleman would perhaps expect. "It's only a matter of a thousand miles or so," he added, in an under-tone.

"And you couldn't do a better thing," said the senior member, when he had opened and shut the door, and bowed very low, and smiled until the muscles of his lower jaw had ached with blandness, and had at last seen the broadcloth back of this extensive buyer become lost in the tidal wave of heterogeneously clad backs that stream up Broadway toward night-fall—"you couldn't do a better thing, Hastings. You've succeeded in making a favorable impression there, and—ahem—a pretty heavy sale, eh? A little low in domestics, probably—a little low, Mr. Hastings; but you managed to balance it, eh? Hum. I haven't the least doubt, with your usual prudence, you squared the thing nicely, eh?"

"That's all right, Mr. Grimshaw," said the young salesman; but the senior member smoothed his whiskers doubtfully, as he watched the graceful form of his favorite salesman disappear behind a pile of goods.

"Whatever was the reason, Hastings cut there like the very—jinks!" said Mr. Grimshaw.

As for the handsome young recipient of all these favors and criticisms, he had speedily left the ground-floor of the establishment, and disdaining all modern improvements in getting up and down stairs, had leaped three at a time, and finally descended into a grim and practical region dug out of the bowels of the earth, lighted perpetually with gas, heated with steam, and given over to the exclusive use of muscle and brain. In this part of the business house of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. a fine appearance built upon any other advantages than those of bodily strength and mental quickness was rather a detriment than otherwise to its possessor, and the young Apollo was hailed as he went along with a familiarity that held a certain indifference, if not contempt, for the successful salesman. The head of the packing-room still held Howard Hastings as a boy, and the engineer remembered the little model he had finished under his supervision.

"Now look out the way, will ye, Howdy?" said an Irish porter, grown gray in the service of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co.; and Hastings sprang aside with alacrity. He went on with a quick step and somewhat absorbed air, until the side door of a room clanged behind him with a clang that was lost in a multitudinous clangor of so infinite and various a description that the senses were momentarily stunned upon the threshold. The tramp of the porters with their barrows of goods, the nailing, banging, and pushing of cases, the loud, monotonous, trip-hammered voices of the callers off, and the shrill, nervous call back of the entry clerks—all these