

10 Feb 1882

WHEN NANNIE AND I ARE SLEIGHING.

Let poets idly dream and sing
The beauty of the windy spring,
And in green fields go playing;

My love then nuzzles near my arm,
Among the furs so soft and warm;
And I, my heart obeying,

For in the morn, when friends are by,
Nannie is always still and shy—
She hears not what I'm saying;

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frize.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

- PHILIP DEBONIN, Earl L'Etrange.
MARGUS OF LEWISON, one of the Dukes of Lovelock.
PRINCESS JULIA BASTRINO.
ADRIAN DONNER.
DUCHESS DE MORTLETON.
CLAIRE, Madame Glyn.
LADY, Principessa Sanfrancesca.
LADY GUYTON.
COUNTESS OF ST. ANNE.
MARGHERITA ZAMBINI.

SCENE VII.

In the Cimonantara grounds; on the stone seat of St. Filippo Neri are seated L'Etstrange and the Princess; facing them are the Comtesse and Forta San Giovanni, the maidens of Albano.

Princess. In this stone summer-house St. Philip, your namesake, preached to the giddy youths that loved him. Now I, who am very giddy, am going to preach to you. I asked you to come here because I am never sure of not being interrupted in my own house, and I have to tell you something very, very serious.

L'Etstrange. I am sure you are my friend, Princess.

Princess. I am. But my friendship can be of little use to you. Now Claire does care for you—cares for you as you wish, but—

L'Etstrange. Never mind the "buts"! How can I thank you, Princess?

Princess. Wait! I have much to tell you.

L'Etstrange. What else can matter? I am happy.

Princess. Ah, don't say so; wait till you hear everything. Claire could have cared for you, but— I feel frightened to tell you, but—

L'Etstrange (grawling pale). Glyn is not dead?

Princess. It is not that. Maitre Jules Desroane, the great French advocate, you know, is in Rome. He has come for the French cardinals—

L'Etstrange. What has that to do with me?

Princess. Well, I don't know how to tell you, but I must; and I could not if there were not some consolation in it too; but Maitre Desroane has known me from a child—he defended a case for my father against the French government—and as he heard the gossip of Rome, which made out that Claire was going to marry you next week, he told me to tell you something, which he thought I might break to you better than he could, as you have never known him.

L'Etstrange. Well? Speak out, Princess. What is this terrible thing that a French lawyer knows?

Princess. Oh, do not just; pray do not just. Maitre Desroane is quite distressed for you; it is—it is that your young wife did not die.

L'Etstrange. What?

Princess. Yes, that is it—that is what he says; she is alive; he knows her very well; he has been her counsel.

L'Etstrange. Good God! Are you mad, or am I?

Princess. Nobody is. Oh, pray do not look so! you frighten me. You look as if I had turned you into stone.

[L'Etstrange rises, and moves about with his face averted.]

L'Etstrange. I will not frighten you, Princess. Only give me one moment to get my breath; you have stunned me.

Princess (murmuring). I am so sorry! Desroane could not tell you before, because he only knew it in confidence as her adviser; she gave him permission now because she heard of your—

L'Etstrange. But how can it be? She was drowned, and it was supposed her body was washed out by the under-ground waters to the Selae.

Princess. Oh yes, that is quite true. I mean

it is quite true that she did throw herself in the moat, and meant to drown herself; but her father had come to the convent, begging to be taken on as guardian there for the sake of being near her, and Maitre Desroane tells me that her father rescued her from the water, when she had sunk twice, unseen—for it was twilight—and hid himself with her for some time in the cottage of a forester who was his friend. She heard you thought her dead, and let it be so. She had friends amongst the convent girls; one of them she wrote to and confided in, and asked how she could gain a livelihood. That girl was going back to her own country for the vacation, and as she loved your wife, took her with her to her own people. In that country she was maintained herself by teaching; she would not be dependent on her friends, though they were rich. When they came to Europe, she, I believe, came with them. All this Maitre Desroane has known for years.

L'Etstrange. Where is she now?

Princess. You do frighten me! Carlino's violence is not one-half so terrible as your English quietude. Your eyes look as if you saw a ghost—

L'Etstrange. I do see—many. Not dead, good God!—and I—hear it as the wreat cabinetry that could befall me! Not dead? not dead?

Princess. No. Maitre Desroane has known her seven years. He should have told you earlier.

L'Etstrange. He should, indeed.

Princess. But I suppose he could not. Lawyers are like confessors. Your wife has lived honorably.

L'Etstrange. Ah!

Princess. She has maintained herself here and in America.

L'Etstrange. She has been in America?

Princess. So she says. You will wish to see her?

L'Etstrange (with a shudder). Do not talk of it! I will endeavor to do my duty.

Princess. But if she were so contrary to all your tastes and wishes then, will she be less so now? Twelve years passed in hard work does not give the bloom of Ninon, and you—you are not less fastidious now than then. What a future for you!

L'Etstrange. Spare me! This advocate will give me means of proving all that he has said?

Princess. Oh, yes, he will of course. I do not think, though, that she wants you to take her back.

[L'ETSTRANGE covers his eyes with his hand and sobs.]

Princess. And I do know Claire cares for you.

L'Etstrange. Spare me a little, Princess. Where is this Maitre Desroane? I must see him at once.

Princess. He stays at the Farnese Palace.

L'Etstrange. You believe he speaks the truth?

Princess. He must. He is so great a person in the law; he will be a judge whenever he pleases. He has your wife's letters with him. And—and he said something else, Lord L'Etstrange, which gave me courage to tell you this: if he had not said the good with the bad, I never could have dealt you such a blow, for you know I have got quite fond of you since you loved Claire.

L'Etstrange. What good can there be?

Princess. Well, it seems that when she returned to France, years ago, your wife went to him, with an introduction from a French bishop, and told him her position, and asked him as to the legality of her marriage, of which she had become doubtful. Now Maitre Desroane told me—

L'Etstrange. What?

Princess. Well, that the marriage is not a perfectly legal one—not perfectly; that there are loopholes by which you could get free—some omission of some trifle, some blunder in the date of your wife's birth, through the stupidity of her own people—no fault of yours, but you attended too much to the religious ceremony, and not enough to the civil one. He would explain it better, but his strong opinion is that you can break the marriage—annul it—if you please; he is sure that both France and England will set you free. If he had not said that, I never should have summoned courage to tell you, knowing as I do, too, that Claire's happiness is at stake.

L'Etstrange is at a stake.

Princess. How do you look! Indeed, indeed, Maitre Desroane said so, and you can see himself any day you like; he stays a month at the Palazzo Farnese. He had gone into the question years ago for your wife au grand secret, and he is one of the very greatest lawyers in all France. He never would give an opinion lightly.

[L'ETSTRANGE is still silent.]

Princess. Do say something! You frighten me! Perhaps I should have told you the good news first. You don't look now one bit more glad.

L'Etstrange (rising and standing facing her). Princess, I do not know what you take me for. That this poor creature lives you take me for. What I do not deny. I am no saint, as was St. Philip Neri. But if you believe I could take advantage of a legal quibble to cast shame upon her—who, in her youth, trusted me—well! you have known me very little, though we have spent so many pleasant hours together.

Princess. But—heavens and earth!—I thought you loved Claire?

L'Etstrange. You know well that I do love her most dearly, but I can not stoop to dishonor even for her: the very basest sort of dishonor too. Just heavens to hire men of law to loom down in the dust a hapless soul who gave herself to me in all good faith and innocence! Can you think I would deny her rights, whatever they may cost me, merely because some forgotten minutiae of men's trampety laws have lost them to her?

Princess. You refuse to free yourself?

L'Etstrange. At such a price I must refuse, or be a seconded. My life will be most wretched if all you say is true; but, at least, it will not be full with perjury and cowardice.

Princess. Ah! ah! there are depths in you to be stirred! I was right! And now—well, perhaps you will not be so very wretched, after all. The aftermath may be richer than the first

crop was. You will bless Time the mower. Yes, you will. Ask Claire—

[She rises and moves away.]
MRS. GUYTON advances slowly from behind the glass summer-house and the bag and ermine that grow about it. She holds out her hands to L'ETSTRANGE in a timid appeal. She says: Love! I forgive you. Will you forgive me? or will you despise me?
[He starts and falls back; then takes her in his arms.]
Great God! How could I be so blind?
TUS END.

BARNUM'S SHOW IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

In some of the old manuscripts of the Bodleian and Harleian collections, that date back to the tenth century, are found numerous quaint accounts illustrating the methods of training animals in the year 900 A.D. Bears were seen standing upon their heads, held in place by huge chains, cocks are walking about upon stilts, horses beating drums with their hoofs, wilds a timid hare, armed with sword and buckler, is making vigorous onslaught upon an armored ape.

These performances are cited among the remarkable events of the time, and it would be interesting to note the gradual development of methods of training animals from that remote period until now. That the present does not witness a very high degree of systematic animal education will hardly be doubted by the frequenter of the circus, and least of all by those who have been fortunate in observing the working and persuasive machinery of a well-regulated training establishment of to-day.

The largest and most extensive institution of the kind probably in the world is an adjunct to the headquarters of Barnum's Circus, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in three spacious buildings arranged for the purpose near the circus ground many of the rare animals are wintered, and pass through initiatory and post-graduate courses preparatory to the coming season. In one of the rooms, about one hundred feet square, are ranged twenty elephants, nearly all moving about in the restless manner so peculiar to them. "We call it 'weaving,'" said one of the keepers. "Nearly all animals have a characteristic motion. The elephants move their heads in and out, from side to side, with a kind of figure of 8 movement; the sloth bear jumps straight up and down; tigers and lions jump over each other in quick succession, as you may have seen the acrobats do in the show; foxes 'weave' in and out with a snake-like movement, and so on.

"There are a good many popular mistakes about elephants," the keeper continued. "It is a general impression that elephants never forget an injury, when in point of fact I doubt if they ever remember longer than four or five weeks, and curiously enough, when enraged they will attack their keeper in preference to any one else. Their secret of elephant-training is to keep them entirely under subjection. If you give them an inch, they will take eight or ten. The Indian Africans are the most intelligent, those from Africa being generally stupid, vicious, and hard to train. This little fellow is apt at learning"—patting an eight-hundred-pound baby elephant upon the head. "When he was born he weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds, and for quite a long time gained in weight two and a half pounds an hour. They grow until they are about fifty years old, and in confinement live to be about ninety."

In answer to a question the keeper made a sign, and the entire line of elephants broke out in a Wagnerian strain of no mean order of excellence. Fandemonium seemed broken loose. Trumpetings, whistling, groans, and rumblings, as they all thundered the very building. The lions, tigers, and hyenas took it up, and an avalanche of sounds swept down the line. It was confusion worse confounded, finally dying away in the maddling whispering of the bears.

Elephants are perfect barometers, and hours before the approach of a storm they will break out in a grand medley of all these sounds, some produced by the mouth, and others through the trunk. They are extremely afraid in a strong wind or storm, and never lie down while it continues, and, curious enough, they make a similar disturbance if a mouse find its way into the straw; in fact they are in mortal terror of the little animal, perhaps from the fact that they have an enemy in some small animal in their wild state.

In obedience to a signal the baby elephant came out to receive a lesson. It certainly had a "fine open countenance," as the trainer expressed it, as it threw its diminutive trunk in the air, opening a cavernous red mouth to the full extent of the law of expansion. The educational machinery was simple, and consisted in the main of a block and tackle; the latter was fastened to the infant's hind-legs, and slowly they were hoisted into the air. Its head was now pressed upon the ground. This was repeated several times, until finally the baby lowered its head of its own will, and when it was secured its head was placed in the position, and was petted and fed by the keeper in operation. Moral suasion seemed to be the secret of success.

The large elephants were now ordered out, and no squad of regulars ever marched better in the matter of keeping time. They were open to criticism, but, as the keeper remarked, "one set of legs were bound to be in time." The orders "Right forward, fours right!" "By the right flank, double file!" etc., were obeyed to the letter, and the solid line twenty strong, their thundering tramp shaking the very ground, presenting a wonderful and imposing spectacle, an impenetrable phalanx of hoof and bone.

One of the most interesting of the curiosities in the establishment is the now labor elephant, which was born there on the 2d of February. It is a female, and was nearly a third smaller at birth than the other baby elephants, "America," born two seasons ago in Philadelphia. Its trunk is about seven inches in length, and the tail about the same. There was great excitement among the elephants when the baby was born, and their loud trumpeting made the building fairly tremble. Mr. BARNUM has named the new-come "Bridgeport," in honor of its birth-place.

Many of the larger animals are wintered in a town about twenty miles from Bridgeport, but the most interesting and rare ones are in this building, under the eye of the great showman. Lions, tigers, monkeys (who would talk were they not afraid of being put to work), a magnificent rhinoceros, a troupe of hyenas, wart-hogs, and sloth-bears are a few of the finer specimens. The rhinoceros seemed extremely docile, but the writer had met it before, and knew to the contrary, and could contribute an unwritten chapter on the peculiarities of the great beast. It was found necessary to place it in the Zoological Garden at Central Park, some time ago, and among a favored few the writer was invited within the building to observe the case with which animals generally considered dangerous were handled by experts. The building was cleared by the police, and the wagon containing the creature backed up to the door, and several planks placed in position as a gangway; but the rhinoceros was in very close quarters, and refused to back without knowing where it was going. To persuade it, a rope was fastened to its hind-leg, and in this way it was gradually induced to back out upon the planks; but no sooner did they feel the weight (about six thousand pounds) than they gave away with a crash. For an instant the rhinoceros stood upon its hind-legs in astonishment, and then dropped upon the ground, whirled around like a deer, and dashed up the building. Three or four men held the rope, and as many more were engaged in it, and towing these, with an advance-guard of observing scientists and select visitors, the animal rushed to and fro, and the rhinoceros finally threw themselves out of view behind the building, but in an appalling crowd of spectators. The keepers retreated behind the lion's cage, and finally coaxed the animal into its own quarters by offerings of soft bread. It was a miraculous escape, as the huge creature could have knocked down the whole building.

With the lions are several hardy fellows engaged in the education of these creatures—men who carry their lives in their hands. There is no kindness here. The green light of fury that follows the trainer about can ill be construed into friendship. Now he is in the den of lions; the four brutes jump about him, gnawing a rug, or a piece of tripe, snarling behind his back, and one in bad humor grinding his teeth and snarl in a way that looks no good to the man does he give her an opportunity. He calls for a stick, and threatens her tawny hide until her snarls are moans. The animals are never ill-treated, but strict discipline is a necessity, in fact a matter of life or death.

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In another cage, surrounded by several leopard and tigers, sits a trainer holding one of the "pegs" in his lap. Now he lies upon them, while a photographer seizes the moment to picture the group. Time and again these pegs and the tigers, into whose cage he has now passed, have turned upon him, and only the reckless bravery of the man has saved him. Terrible marks upon his head tell the story of these times, while the stumps of several fingers tell the story of the hyenas, the great coward as well as the most treacherous of all animals.

One of the most interesting mothers in this great collection is a kangaroo, and from the curious marasmus occasionally comes a quaint, old-fashioned face with long ears. Its fur is mouse-colored and delicate in the extreme, and for some time yet the little creature will remain concealed in the curious pouch where it finds both protection and nourishment. A fine porcupine adds value to the collection, and still continues, and probably always will, to inspire the credulous public with the belief that it can "press" its quills. In some rare experiments with this animal it was found that it moved its tail and body from side to side with such rapidity that its motions could not be followed, and a luckless rabbit that had been placed in the cage was pierced through and through, several quills remaining in its body, while hardly any motion on the part of the porcupine was noticed. This will perhaps explain the general but erroneous belief in its powers as an animated "projector."

The great buildings do not contain all the objects of interest. A fine secretary-bird is met strolling about the grounds, and in the sun a party of pelicans are vainly attempting to imagine themselves in a warmer and more congenial climate. Their asthmatic breathing might be taken as an evidence of their inability to withstand the rigor of a Northern winter, but it is the ordinary voice of the bird, and most distressing to the listener. In a large building are twenty or more chorists in course of construction that are to form the latest attraction of the next season's "only greatest show"; one is in the shape of a gigantic shoe, that is to be filled with children, the offspring of a modern Mother Hubbard.

To attend to all the demands of this traveling entertainment over six hundred men are employed, whose duties are as multifarious as the attractions offered. In a building three hundred and fifty feet long, containing five tracks, are the cars for transportation, probably over one hundred, ranging from the richly furnished Pullman sleeper to the commodious car arranged for the comfort of the elephants and other large animals. So perfect is the system of this combination and so skillful the management that the enormous enterprise moves as a unit—the result of the experience of a lifetime.