

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

Only a woman's heart, whereon
You have trod in your careless haste—
A thing at best that was easy won;
What matter how dreary a waste
Her life may be in future years!
What matters it—do not start,
It is only the sound of dropping tears
Wrung out of a broken heart.

It has lost its worth, for it cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile;
Was the fault not hers if she may have
thought
You were truer than truth the while?

What if the weeds of a life-long woe,
From its crushed shrine may upstart?
It lies at your feet in the dust below,
And 'tis only a woman's heart.

Only a heart to be thrown away,
With the recklessness of a boy,
Who, careless of pleasure and weary of
play,
Would throw down a broken toy.

The world is fair and the world is wide,
And there's more in this busy mart;
Throw conscience aside and nurse your
pride,
It's only a woman's heart.

Aye! powerless 'e'en is your boasted will
To vanquish the ghost of sin!
Thus did it speak—thus speaks it still,
Through the voice of your soul within;

In the drama of one life you know
You have acted a villain's part;
For you struck a hard and a cruel blow,
And it fell on a loving heart.

Only a woman's heart! Ah well!
Dare you say it was naught to you
Whether that heart was as false as hell
Or as heaven itself as true?

You may hug the thought to your selfish
breast
That you're skilled in deception's art,
But I brand you thief for the peace and
rest
That you stole from that woman's heart.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Solent Sea, the channel dividing the Isle of Wight from the main land, varies in breadth from one to six miles. The island must at one time have formed a portion of the main land, and so late as when the Greeks traded with Cornwall for tin the Solent is said to have been passable at low water by men and carts.

The circumference of the island is about sixty miles, the surface undulating, with a range of fine downs running through from east to west, having here and there points of considerable elevation. It is said to have been well wooded formerly, but no forests remain, and the hedge-rows, coppices and scattered trees are all it can now offer in the way of foliage. The scenery of the north side of the island is quiet, pleasing, here and there picturesque; but the southern side is full of the beauty of bold cliffs, chasms, irregular coast and hill lines, tumbled rocks, bare wind-swept hills and sheltered coves where flowers bloom and ivy climbs from the very verge of the sea. On this side lies the famous region known as the Undercliff—a series of terraces rising ambitiously from the sea up the steep sides of St. Boniface's Down—the tract being about seven miles long, and from a quarter to half a mile broad.

On the one hand, the bold promontories, the shell-like bays of the sea-line; on the other the lofty, rounded down, with here and there its buttresses of gray rock coming out in naked grandeur; between the two a lovely irregularity of soft slope, sinuous of dimple-like valleys, dark ravines, velvet smooth laps of terrace, with now and again a sudden springing brook, and everywhere the thickets of holly and cedar clambered rampantly over by masses of ivy and Traveler's Joy—our Virgin's Bower clematis—and such sunshine as falls not elsewhere in England over all.

Miss Sewell, the author of *Amy Herbert, Ivors and Ursula*, who resides at Bonchurch with her sisters, where they have a school, says of the Undercliff: "There is a verse spoken of a very different country which often comes to my mind when I think of it: 'It is a land which the Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year, even unto the end of the year.' Sometimes it has even seemed to me that heaven itself can scarcely be more beautiful."

It was Sir James Clark who discovered the Undercliff to the public. Up to the time of the publication of his work *On the Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Disease*, only a few fishermen's huts marked the spot that is now populous Ventnor. But the shell-

tered, sunny spot, the soft air, the plants flourishing even in winter, the charming surroundings, at once caught the fancy of invalids; they came in numbers, both for a summer visit and a winter residence, and of course suitable accommodation had to be provided for them.

To say that Ventnor is dull, to American notions, is only to say that it is an English sea-side resort. * * * I am afraid our average youthful American specimen of Solomon's lilies would, at the end of two days, cause all her crisp, snowy and varicolored petals to be refolded within their calyx "ark," and indignantly withdraw herself for evermore from the "Fair Island." "Her own loss?" Doubtless, but it is the race's as well that any single creature should be deaf, blind, without heart to feel, intellect and culture to appreciate, or with any exquisite sense of apprehension wanting.

But there are Americans and Americans; and some of our countrymen and countrywomen who have been busiest at home, seem to find it the most natural thing possible to linger for months in Capuan Ventnor—anywhere in the soft-aired, Sleepy-Hollow Undercliff; and to pluck themselves away from the sweet peace, the calm delights of sauntering and lying on the cliffs, watching "the wrinkled sea" that "beneath them crawls," breathing the air that has no suggestion of ocean in its freshness, so entirely is all odor of brine and sea-weed overborne famous by the fragrance of flowers, notably that of the mignonette, sweet-pea and nasturtium, making little excursions on foot or coach-top along the coast, or to the charming inland spots,—a thing very grievous to be borne patiently.

Bonchurch is perhaps a mile from Ventnor, and is the boskiest bit of loveliness in all the lovely island. By every approach you enter it under the interlacing arches of noble old trees; ivy and ferns mask all with tender and dark glossy green; the thatched cottages are masses of honeysuckle and jessamine, their tiny windows and gardens gay with old English flowers; you may stand beneath fuchsia trees so red-dened with the profusion of blossoms that at a little distance they are like nothing so much as tall clumps of barberry bushes laden with the ripe berries; you may visit, by introduction or permission, gardens of the lovely villas nestled in dells here, perched on bold crags there, or backing against the abrupt gray cliff, which has here no turf covering—gardens such as one could well dream away life in, with no wish to range beyond their bounds, had one in this work-filled world no conscience about long dalliance in an earthly paradise. In one of these gardens I wandered long one afternoon that was not sunny, and that was yet not sombre, the air of balmy breath, all the earth and sky softened with the changing, tender tones one finds not out of England. The house was grandly placed against the cliff, and the garden, which was rather a succession of gardens, was all up and down on the scattered terraces provided by long-ago landslips. There were modern gardens with banks of color and mosaic parterres; old-fashioned gardens, clipt and quaint; a fernery brought bodily from Fairy-land; clematis, ivy, woodbine and jessamine clambering and flowering against the wall of crag, and fuchsias that seemed to have no foothold swinging long, jewel-hung branches from far overhead. In one place, from a broad low arch at the crag's base, a clear spring rushed forth. One could see some yards within the arch, discern rare ferns, a shimmer of ghostly lilies, and one vigorous tuft of maiden-hair that dropped a veil of tremulous green lace almost to the water's edge. Still, vines and vines, and in this little garden of the grot what a magnificent growth of canes, cannas and pampas-grass; with walks now dropping into densest shade, now climbing out upon a bare spur of rock or lap of smooth lawn; the musical rattle of a fountain in the green depths below; the hamlet and neighboring villas so lost to sight that the very birds might well doubt where to pierce the leafy canopy to find home, wife and callow nestlings; beyond, and round all, the half ring of quiet-colored, placid sea—the emerald sea, rough with white caps; the blue sea, sparkling in sunshine; the moonlit sea, silver-

gleaming, but melancholy, and terrible as eternity. * * *

Beyond Bonchurch are three lions—"the Landslip" and the Luccombe and Shanklin Chines. Many and many a rocky hillside pasture in New England is far finer than the Landslip, and the Chines (fishures or ravines—"He that in his day did chine the long-ribbed Apennine," sings Dryden) are by no means impressive to American eyes. But the mixture of miniature wildernesses, tumbled rocks, stream, waterfall, airy little swells and falls of ground, elegant villas, charming walks where all is beautiful, finished, dainty, with incessant views of the really grand features of the scene—the sea and the down—form an enchanting combination. * * *

From Ventnor south west through the Undercliff to St. Catherine's Hill, the western bulwark of the Elysium of suave airs, the scenery is perhaps even finer to Western hemisphere taste than that of the more noted northern region. It is, if not wilder, more solitary, unimproved by art, less pervaded with tourists and tourists' needs: one feels less suffocated, crowded, and very, very covetous of one or another of the lovely, lonely homes scattered here and there. * * *

The longest, and certainly the most interesting, excursions to be made from Ventnor are those to Carisbrooke and to Freshwater. The first leads you into the very heart of the island, through lanes that must be the bowriest in all England. Often the road-bed drops for a long way into a deep cutting. Ivies cover all the sides, ferns, vetches, campions and arums spring thickly amid them, and the tall, straggling hedges of dog-roses, brambles and hawthorn that top the banks are luxuriantly overrun with honeysuckle, filling the whole air with its spicy fragrance. On either side are blossoming fields of clover and beans, the larks are mounting and singing in ecstasy overhead, the road climbs a steep ascent, and we have miles and miles of finished landscape in view. There are timbered farm-houses here and there, or tiny hamlets whose straw thatches are simply glorious with their patches of velvet moss and the brilliant golden blossoms of a succulent whose name I do not know—houses and hamlets one would like to seize in one's arms and drop them down in America, in the midst of New England's hideous factory-villages, ornamentless, shadeless, unrestful, glaring with white-painted deal.

For the interior of the old English cottage there is not one word of defence to be uttered: * * * but what a lovely bit it is in the landscape!—the neutral tints, the patches of color, the picturesque outlines, the pitch and curved border of its roof, the yellow ricks in the background, the little garden gorgeous with marigolds, wallflowers, stocks, pinks, balsams, or white and pure with stately ranks of the beautiful Virgin lily. * * *

A mile from Carisbrooke village lies Newport, the modern capital of the island—modern in its relation to Carisbrooke, but possessing some traces that it was formerly of Roman occupation also. It is pleasantly situated in a gentle valley, the temperature mild and damp like that of Devonshire, but is chiefly interesting to visitors for the attractions of the lovely region round about—stately Carisbrooke; Osborne, the royal manor of Her Majesty, and not far from thence the birthplace of Dr. Arnold; Godshill, a hamlet so beautiful one would like to wave over it an enchanter's wand that should fix for ever just the charm one sees in it to-day. * * *

Not far from Newport, by a way filled with delight, one reaches Shorewell, a little village beautifully placed, and with a curious old church full of interest. Upon one of the walls is an old fresco illustrating the life and adventures of St. Christopher, and there is a quaint memorial brass erected by Barnabas Leigh in honor of his two deceased wives, and with a flattering allusion to wife No. 3, then living! * * *

The excursion to Freshwater, twenty-two miles from Ventnor, is sufficiently charming when made on top of a coach in the veiled yet warm friendliness of an English summer day; but the way of ways to make it, as indeed to see the whole island, is as a pedestrian. Freshwater is at the extreme western point of the island. In going thither from Ventnor one traverses all the western portion of the

Undercliff, where every glimpse is a joy; then emerges into a wilder, solitary region, with a bold coastline sharply indented with chines whose scenery varies from beautiful to savage and drear; finds always the little hamlets—this with its church, that with its inn, become a classic resort, another with its story of an old hermitage or tradition of gold-laden galleon foundered on its cruel rocks, the gold coins still now and then to be found in certain sands. Here a landslip has exposed the remains of a Romano-British pottery; there is a down with Pictish tumuli, and at long intervals one of the old farm-houses which it is impossible not to grudge to its possessor. The landscape has none of the exuberant luxuriance and variety of the Undercliff. Bare, lofty downs, shadeless fields, no coppices, great swampy pastures—an open breezy country all swells and falls, with occasionally fine clumps and avenues of English elms, feathered to their roots. And so, at last, Freshwater, where downs are noblest, and the air, blown straight across the Atlantic, seems not less bracing and exhilarating than that of New England. * * *

There really is one spot in England where "skies are blue and bright" uniformly, and, in the Undercliff, where no harsh winds come. And the whole island—with its smiling loveliness, its miniature sublimity, all its varying scenery, all its old landmarks, its rich story, its soft yet sparkling air, its dainty English culture, the sea that one never loses for long—is a honeymoon paradise. It can have been intended for nothing else. But it should be a pedestrian honeymoon. They should come to Ryde, leave all impedimenta to be sent forward to Ventnor by rail and Madame in a serviceable walking-dress that need not be hideous, a sun-hat, with a strap holding her waterproof cloak, Monsieur with wraps, a bag containing the indispensable toilet necessities, an umbrella and guide-book, should set gayly forth on their enchanted way. What a month in the romantic byways, over hill, down dale, in the old churches, churchyards, ivied ruins, through the ideal villages, resting amid the heather on a down's summit, on the sands of a little scallop of a bay, stopping for food and sleep at the comfortable quaint inns or the sometimes "swell" hotels that are nowhere many miles asunder—seeing it, having it all together—the idyllic spot in the idyllic time!

And to American invalids it seems to me the Undercliff is far less known as a winter resort than it deserves to be. It is perfectly sheltered, yet has none of the dampness of Torquay and most of the other south-of-England health-resorts. And to invalids who speak no language save their own it must be infinitely pleasanter to abide where they hear their own tongue, where home comforts and home ways are joined to the other advantages they have come to seek. There is all the accessible beauty of walk and drive, ever-changing aspects of sea, shore, sky and crag, of which it would be difficult to tire, and a delicious languor in the mental atmosphere inexpressibly soothing to worn brain and nerves.—S. F. Hopkins, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Land Monopoly—Remedy for the Evil.

The Roman Republic, in the days of its greatest purity and vigor, was much more careful to guard against individual land monopoly than our Government has ever been, or than any government of modern times. Their farms were mere garden patches compared even with the American quarter-section. Cincinnatus, though he was of consular rank and dictator in an hour of extreme peril, lived on a tract of less than six acres. Two hundred years after his death a man who had been consul and dictator, and stood high on the roll of eminent names, was fined by the censor and degraded from the Senate because it was found that he was the real though not open owner of over 1,000 acres, to which the law limited ownership in land. The rule worked well. It left ample room for colonization from the city when it became overcrowded with the hungry and the factious plebeians. When these colonies were ordered by decree of the Senate and confirmation of the tribes, the amount

of land apportioned to each seldom exceeded four acres. We do not read that the farms were too small to afford a good living to their occupants. It was only when corruption, venality, and their long train of kindred vices, had practically destroyed the simple manners and public spirit of republican government, after the pro-consuls and praetors had become plunderers and robbers of the provinces, that land monopoly grew into favor, and with it, wholesale slavery, usury, rapine, and a universal disposition to override all the best principles of the republic. Even as late as the days of Julius Caesar, the orator Curius declared that he was not to be accounted a good citizen, but rather a dangerous man to the State, who could not content himself with seven acres of land, an amount equal to about five and three-quarters of our English acres. This was the limit of plebeian ownership. If any one demands—"Why so often refer to Roman history for comparison with existing affairs in America at this late day?" we answer: Because history should be the chief study of the statesman, since it is the study of man; and because in the Roman Republic the United States more nearly finds its parallel than in the history of any other nation, ancient or modern. The same rocks which stranded their bark threaten ours, and we grieve to say that as yet we have not erected and solemnized equal checks and guards to save the mass of citizens from the ambition and avarice of the aspiring few. After an existence of only eighty-four years under the Constitution, we have reached a degree of land monopoly which was not reached in Rome till nearly eight hundred years after the creation of the republic. Even the empire for over three hundred years was less liberal to monopolies than our laws now are.

We published last Saturday a table from the archives of the State Board of Equalization showing the number and classes (there being nine classes) of farms in this State. The first class gives 23,315 farms, containing from 100 to 500 acres; the second class, 2,393 farms, from 500 to 1,000; the third, 1,126 farms, from 1,000 to 2,000; the fourth, 363 farms, from 2,000 to 3,000 acres; the fifth, 189 farms, from 3,000 to 4,000 acres; the sixth, 104 farms, from 4,000 to 5,000 acres; the seventh, 236 farms, from 5,000 to 10,000 acres; the eighth, 158 farms, from 10,000 to 20,000 acres; and the ninth, 122 farms, from 20,000 acres upwards. Would it not be good statesmanship to make a law prohibiting the ownership by one person of any amount of land above the highest figures of the second class in this statement? Has any man a natural right to more than 1,000 acres of land? If so, what is the reasonable limitation of his natural right in ownership of the soil? If he has not the natural right, does it not logically follow that whenever a class of men so far exceed the bounds of natural right as these above figures show is done in this State, they should be restricted by law within their natural rights? Surely no State can prosper or long be free in more than the shadow of freedom which permits less than 600 or 700 of its citizens to own and control over half its farms, while a majority of its citizens are landless. The richest countries are those which have the greatest number of small farms. The richest farming countries in the U. S. are those of Eastern Pennsylvania, Central Kentucky and Southeastern Ohio, where the average farm is below 300 acres, and the land worth \$150 to \$200 per acre. In the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which is the richest agricultural county in the United States, the average farm does not exceed and hardly equals a quarter section. The owner of one hundred acres is independent.

The State is a myth. The mass of citizens stands for this myth. The citizens have a right to regulate the State. It is not agrarian for the ninety-nine to assert this right against the one. They may adopt their own methods of asserting it. No good citizen would propose to take the land away from the monopolists without a fair compensation; but since the State must raise revenues, and since the land and its products furnish the bulk of taxables, the citizens have a right to say how the lands shall be taxed. In other words they have a right to make the fundamental law. If 600 men out of 600,000 own half the land in this State, refusing to partition