

### A NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

He saw the drab and dreary town  
Upon the mirthless Sabbath day.  
All pleasant things had crept away,  
Like serfs before the master's frown.  
The very trees their heads hung down  
Upon the mirthless Sabbath day.

Through joy-deserted streets He trod,  
The church bells tolling mournfully.  
There was no sound of childish glee,  
No peal of laughter, praising God,  
Hailed Him that loved the little ones  
From Judah unto Galilee.

Barred in His name the magic power  
Of mimic play and kings that seem,  
Where still the fairy-jewels gleam,  
And sonant for a little hour—  
From faded parchment conjured up—  
Incarnate walks the poet's dream.

But through a gate obscure and small,  
He watched a pale-faced stripling crawl  
Into a closely shuttered place,  
Where Magdalens untouched of grace  
Held their unlovely festival,  
Wearing the hunted look uncanny,  
Of them that love not much, but many.

And right across the house of guilt  
Where sweet young lips were made all-wise  
In unchaste knowledge, and the wine  
Of glorious youth was hourly spilt—  
Grinning upon him like a skull  
With windows bare, like sightless eyes,  
There rose the House Unbeautiful  
Wherein God's holy shrine was built.

And buzzing like a swarm of bees  
Around the church's open door,  
In long frock coats and tall silk hats,  
The sleek, the oily Pharisees  
With the complacent smile of yore—  
Dear God, how He remembered these!

Upon a cross of ebony  
He saw His image painted bleak  
With pallid lips that seemed to speak:

"My God, Thou hast forsaken Me!"  
Such was the symbol of their faith,—  
Not like a godhead, like a wrath  
Convulsed with futile agony,  
Wherefrom no man might solace seek.

There was no incense in the air,  
Never a sweet-faced acolyte,  
No priest in sacrificial dress  
Trailing with colours strange and bright,  
No organ sounded peacens there,  
No candelabrum shed its light,  
No gleam of hope... of loveliness,  
Of awe... or beauty anywhere!

Beside the tabernacle stood,  
Choked with things hateful that destroy,  
A weazened parson cursing Joy,  
And in his veins there flowed no blood.  
Upon his tongue were words of grace,  
Yet every time he spake afresh,  
He drove a nail into His flesh,  
And praying...pat... into His face!

And when his curses poured like showers,  
Upon all things that men hold fair,  
The pearls, the satin and the flowers,  
Life's graces, perfumed, debonaire,  
With voice of thunder spake the Master:  
"Hold, parson! Cease your blasphemy!"  
"Who are you, stranger?" "I am He  
Who suffered her of Magdala  
With the smooth satin of her hair  
To dry His wander-weary feet,  
And break for Him the alabaster  
That held the spikenard rare and sweet."

The weazened parson, deaf and blind,  
Proceeded of God's wrath to tell,  
And of a lad, of one who fell  
Through his hot blood and fates unkind,  
Whom to the terrors of God's hell,  
And to His vengeance he consigned.  
Again the Voice rose threateningly:  
"Hold, parson! Cease your blasphemy!"  
"Who are you, stranger?" "I am He  
Who in the wilderness forsaken,

There having felt temptation's spur,  
Forgave one in adultery taken  
And bade you throw no stone at her!"

And still the parson cursed and whined,  
And thus he spake to womankind:  
"Vileness and sin of every shape  
Broods in the ferment of the grape.  
Seize by the root the fruit malign  
That turns all good men into swine!"  
"Impious parson, on your knee!  
How dare you judge your Maker! He  
I am who at His mother's sign  
And for her glory, turned the water  
In the six water-pots to wine!"

"I am who through the bigot's pride  
Of righteous fools is crucified.  
All lovely things, if these be slain,  
Then were My sacrifice in vain.  
For man is not the devil's booty,  
Not Mine the scorpion and the rod,  
Not sorrow is your heavy duty,  
And they that worship Him in beauty  
And gladness...are most dear to God.

"Men of the New World, heed Me, bliss  
And all God's good gifts are your gain,  
From old world nightmares cleanse your  
brain:  
Columbus has not crossed the main  
To open new worlds up to Pain!  
But he and they who tell you this,  
Good folk, betray you with a prayer,  
As they betrayed Me with a kiss!"

And like mysterious music died  
His accents on the shivering air,  
And through the heavens, opening wide,  
He vanished where no man might follow.  
Roses for thorns were in His hair,  
And on His visage, dwelling there,  
They who beheld Him saw enticed  
The awful beauty of Apollo,  
The loving kindness which is Christ;  
While choked with visions that destroy  
Still by the cross the parson stood  
A gibbering madman...cursing Joy.

The truly remarkable poem published above first saw the light in that progressive little periodical entitled *The Bang*, which is devoted to the interests of American journalism. The poem at once aroused a real sensation, and in spite of the fact that the author had originally intended it for private circulation only, a number of different organs have applied for and obtained permission to reproduce it, so that we are now in a position to place it before *Daily Record* readers. The one fault of the poem

from an aesthetic point of view is its extremist tendency, albeit there is no lack of reverent spirit and artistic phrasing. The irregular metre reads somewhat strangely at first, but a second perusal reveals much real, if unpolished beauty. It is interesting to note that Dr. Parkhurst, the eminent American divine, while refusing to unconditionally endorse the sentiments contained in this poem, did not withhold his opinion that its publication might prove beneficial to the community at large.

#### THE CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, July 10.

Hitherto Mr. Andrew Carnegie has founded 1,800 public libraries and given 51,596,903 dollars for library purposes. These figures were cited by Mr. Carnegie himself in the American periodical *Collier's Weekly*. The Table below shows that the gifts were distributed over the whole world in English-speaking countries.

Countries	Libraries	Branch libraries	Amount dollars
The United States	959	208	34,870,745
Canada	86	5	2,059,415
England and Wales	329	59	7,859,550
Ireland	42	21	724,610
Scotland	105	18	2,075,080
New Zealand	14	—	146,250
British West Indies	5	—	119,000
Australia, Tasmania	2	—	47,500
South Africa	3	—	23,500
Seychelles Islands	1	—	10,000
Fiji Islands	1	—	7,500
	1547	311	
College Libraries			3,653,753
			Total Dollars 51,596,903

#### MANUEL II.

Although King Manuel of Portugal is the youngest Sovereign in Europe, it does not follow, observes a Paris contemporary, that he is the most idle, and in proof of this assertion we are informed that His Majesty rises generally at seven o'clock. After breakfast he goes to see his mother, Queen Amelia, to whom he is devoted. Then he takes a walk in the beautiful gardens of the Necessidades, accompanied by his two favourite dogs. After this he indulges in fencing or takes horse exercise, and if time permit, plays tennis, to which he is devoted. At ten o'clock the King takes a bath and devotes himself to State affairs. He goes through his correspondence with his private secretary, the Marquis de Lavradio, and is occupied with him until midday. At noon the Royal Family lunch together, and at this meal the great officers of the Royal Household, civil and military, take their places at the table. A game of billiards generally follows. The rest of the day is devoted to receptions, private audiences, and interviews with the Ministers. King Manuel shares with his neighbour, the King of Spain, a love for motoring.

#### LATEST AMERICAN MAIL NEWS.

##### TO THE UNITED STATES

July 24.—*Mauretania*, from Liverpool, mails due in New York July 30. Mark letters "via England," and with the name of the ship, and post in Dresden and Berlin not later than 1 p.m. tomorrow (Thursday).  
July 27.—*Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, from Bremen, mails due in New York August 3. Mark letters "via Bremen," and post in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 26th instant.  
July 28.—*Teutonic*, from Southampton mails due in New York August 5. Letters must be marked "via England," and with the name of the ship, and be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 p.m. on Monday, the 26th instant.  
July 31.—*Campania*, from Liverpool, mails due in New York August 7. Mark letters "via England," and with name of the ship, and post in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 p.m. on Thursday, the 29th instant.

##### TO CANADA.

Letters destined for Canada it is advisable to send by one of the New York steamers, as they are likely to reach their destination more quickly than if despatched by one of the direct vessels from Liverpool to Montreal.

##### SPECIAL NOTICE

Letters for the above steamers should be mailed in the boxes at the station (Berlin, Lehrter Bahnhof; Dresden, Hauptbahnhof) or at the General Post-office at the time mentioned.

Letters bearing a 10-pfennig stamp per weight of 20 grammes are only valid for transit by a German steamer sailing direct from a German port. They will not be sent by an English or French steamer.

##### NEXT AMERICAN MAILS DUE IN BERLIN AND DRESDEN.

Today (Wednesday), by the S.S. *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, left New York July 13.  
Tomorrow (Thursday), by the S.S. *Mauretania*, left New York July 14.  
On Saturday, July 24, by the S.S. *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm*, left New York July 15.  
On Monday, July 26, by the S.S. *New York*, left New York July 17.  
On Wednesday, July 28, by the S.S. *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, left New York July 20.  
On Friday, July 30, by the S.S. *Campania*, left New York July 21.

As there are many of our readers who still appear to believe that letters despatched to America under the new cheap rate—10 pfgs. for 20 grammes, only by steamer sailing from German ports—are not forwarded by the express steamers, but are kept back for transference by "any old tub," we may state that, on the contrary, such letters are despatched by the first steamer on the schedule, be it an express or ordinary mail steamer. No distinction whatever is made, and full advantage of the cheaper rate may therefore be taken. Such letters may be sent by every steamer sailing from a German harbour (Hamburg or Bremen) which appears in our daily mail list.

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## :: DRESDEN ::

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#### A COSTLY DIGNITY.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, July 11.

The Mayor of New York, Mr. McClellan, has had to spend 83,000 dollars on lawyers' fees in defence of his official position, his yearly salary being 15,000 dollars. Soon after his election four years ago his opponent, Mr. Hearst, who had polled only a few thousand votes less than Mr. McClellan, demanded that the votes should be counted again, on the ground that bogus votes had been reckoning in the counting for McClellan. Mr. Hearst's attempts in the Courts to unseat Mr. McClellan lasted three years. The latter fought tooth and nail against a new count; and when at last it was ordered and took place, some mistakes in addition were discovered in the first counting. The result, nevertheless, was a considerable increase in Mr. McClellan's total; and a Court has decreed that he shall be reimbursed in the sum expended in defending his official status. What Mr. Hearst's attacks on that status cost him is not known; but the amount must have been enormous.