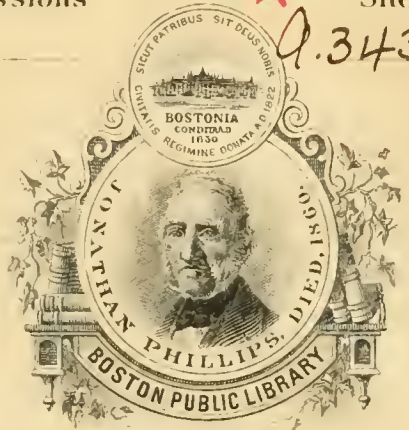


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THE NEW YEAR.

We present our readers below a fine allegorical picture of Time's progress; the engraving is one of much merit, and is a worthy scene to commence the first page of our new volume. The New Year is seen advancing to its post of the present, while 1851 is following the receding forms of its predecessors. The design is very artistic, and the engraving very perfect. The annual recurrence of New Year's day should be the period for the forming of good resolutions, and the purpose to keep them too. It is made the period of universal re-union, gifts-giving, and general rejoicing all over Christendom, and its celebration is as ancient as the Roman Em-

pire. With its incoming now we have commenced to improve and beautify the Companion, giving it to our readers in a vastly beautified form, with everything new and perfect, and our paper much superior to that which we have used heretofore. The glad New Year! how merrily the words sound, and the cheerful cast of our picture of 1852 is but a faithful representation of the spirit of this period of the year. In the following pages will be found stories particularly adapted to the very scenes represented herewith, stories that may exert a goodly influence upon the thoughtful reader. And now, ere we send forth this first number of the year, let us once more wish all our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR!



THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR AND THE COMING IN OF THE NEW YEAR

A TALE OF PIONEER LIFE AND INCIDENT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
WHITE ROVER:
 —OR—
THE LOVELY MAID OF LOUISIANA.
 A ROMANCE OF THE WILD FOREST.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTER—CAPTAIN LESAGE—A LIBERAL OFFER.

It was the year 172—. Louisiana was then a French colony. In 1718, by the direction of de Bienville, fifty log huts had been erected on the west bank of the Mississippi River, to which the name of New Orleans had been given in compliment to the Duke of Orleans. Previous to that date, the site where the Crescent City now stands had been covered with a dense forest, in which the red man hunted his game and reared his lodge.

A few years had not greatly changed the aspect of the new settlement. It only numbered about two hundred cabins, although it had become the seat of government—it having been transferred thither from Biloxi after considerable discussion in regard to the propriety of the measure.

The population of New Orleans at the time we have chosen for the date of our story was composed of all kinds of people; not a small part of them being convicts shipped from France to hasten the settlement of the country, and to free prisons already overflowing.

De Bienville, the governor, was a bold and humane man, much esteemed by those under his authority.

With this brief description of the French settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, in 172—, we shall proceed at once to the opening scenes of our story.

It was a mild evening in the latter part of June. The sunlight had fallen from the green leaves of the forest, and lingered no longer on the summits of the western hills.

At that calm and delightful hour, the figure of a man might have been seen standing thoughtfully upon the margin of Lake Pontchartrain, his beautiful sheet of water reflecting the appearance,

of thirty summers—summers which had written lines of care upon his forehead, whose suns had left a deep brown upon his face.

He could not have been called handsome, or even good-looking, for there was something sinister in his expression—the nether lip curled with too much pride, the eyes were too fierce in their glances, and the forehead seemed contracted into a perpetual frown. His curling beard (one might suppose) had been left entirely to nature from the period of its earliest development; and the same might be said, with some show of plausibility, in regard to his hair, which reached quite to his shoulders.

The individual's dress, to whom the reader's attention has been called, consisted of a hunting frock of dressed deer skin, breeches of the same, Indian moccasins, and a common foraging cap, probably manufactured by himself from the skins of the musk-rat, or the coon.

A powder-horn ornamented with various devices, and a ball pouch, were suspended from his shoulders and hung at his side, where a hunting-knife of large size was also visible, thrust beneath the leathern thong which encircled his waist.

In his right hand the hunter held a double-barrelled rifle, which few men of the present degenerate age would wish to carry, on account of its great weight.

Suddenly the listless attitude of the hunter changed. He had heard the sound of footsteps in the forest near him.

"Moran, I have been seeking you," said a voice; and the next moment a man of middling stature, wearing the uniform of a French officer, stood beside the person we have here been describing.

"What is your wish?" asked Moran, coldly.

"Moran," returned the other, playing carelessly with the hilt of his sword, "we have met before on several occasions."

"My memory is very good, Captain Lesage; you might have spared yourself the trouble of making that remark," replied Moran, gruffly.

"I am something of a physiognomist, my good friend," continued Lesage. "I always make a study of the human face, in order to learn something of the character of its possessor."

"And you have been studying me, captain?" said Moran, with a singular curl of the nether lip of which mention has already been made.

"You are right, Pierre Moran. I have studied you, and you are the very man I wish for under existing circumstances."

"Go on, Lesage," returned Moran.

"You are a bold and daring fellow; blest with a determined will, a strong hand and steady nerves, and love adventures of all kinds."

"Well."

"If a man," resumed Lesage, in an insinuating voice, "desired to have a bold and somewhat difficult piece of work executed in a quick and silent kind of way, you would be the man to do it, provided that your services were compensated in a liberal manner; that is, in proportion to the risk incurred."

For a moment a deeper brown than usual was visible upon the forehead of Pierre Moran; but when Lesage looked up into his face for an answer, he had passed away.

"You are very shrewd, captain," said the hunter, with a smile. "But go on; let me hear what you desire. Speak without reserve."

"I will do so," returned Lesage. "It is sometimes the case, my worthy friend, that a person has an enemy; one whom he utterly despises."

"That's very true, captain."

"Well; can you not conceive that a man who has such an enemy might possibly wish to—"

"Get him out of sight," added Moran.

"You comprehend me, exactly. I see that I have not mistaken my man. To be plain with you, I have an enemy of this description, whom I wish to remove from my path. He is very dangerous; he stands between me and my hopes and purposes. I have gold, Pierre Moran; you are a good shot!"

Lesage paused and played nervously with his sword hilt.

"I comprehend," answered the hunter, biting his lip.

"Name your reward," added Lesage, in a voice less calm than that which he had at first assumed.

"You wear a sword, captain; why not avenge your own wrongs, and save your gold?" said Moran, looking contemptuously at Lesage.

"I do not choose to. There are many reasons that make me anxious to entrust my vengeance to the hands of another; and you are the man I have selected."

"You do me honor, Lesage," replied the hunter, calmly.

"The young man whose existence endangers my happiness, is in the habit of hunting about the borders of this lake."

"His name, Lesage?"

"I will whisper it, lest these trees should have

ears; it is —" and the captain whispered the name as he had promised.

"Did you hear?"

"Perfectly well, captain; but how am I to know him?"

"That will be the easiest thing in the world. I will describe him. He is six feet in height, well formed, straight as an arrow, lithe as an Indian, and the ladies call him handsome. He is poor as a beggar, and proud as a prince. His complexion is dark, his eyes are black, his hair of the same color, and it is barely possible that a little native blood circulates in his veins. He mingles freely with the Indians, and seems to have some influence among them."

"You say he is fond of hunting?"

"It is his principal employment. He is quite as much at home in the woods as the aborigines themselves. He is an excellent shot, and carries a rifle, which may, for aught I know, be twin brother to your own. Do you think you should know him, Moran?"

"Yes, captain."

"Well; that man stands in my way," continued Lesage, while his small gray eyes flashed with intense hatred. "When you will assure me—and bring proofs of what you affirm—that he is removed from my path, two hundred pounds will be subject to your order."

"Liberal, upon my word!" exclaimed Moran, with another curl of that sinister nether lip.

"Is there more to say on this subject?" asked Lesage, anxiously.

"No more, captain."

"Then we understand each other."

"Perfectly."

"Two hundred pounds, Moran."

"I comprehend."

"It's settled, then?"

"Entirely."

"You know where I am to be found?"

"I do; good night."

"*Au revoir.* I hope we shall meet again soon." And Lesage turned on his heel and walked away.

"Senseless idiot!" said the hunter to himself, when the form of Lesage had disappeared among the trees. "A physiognomist indeed! Smooth-tongued dissembler! for once you have reckoned without your host. When Pierre Moran imbrues his hands in the blood of his fellow-man, save in self-defence, may he never live to wash out the foul stain, but pass to judgment with all his sins upon his head. Go, Lesage, and find some other arm to slay one whom you dare not meet on equal terms. Pierre Moran can meet the red man two to one, and live through the fight; he can bring down the panther at two hundred yards, or he can battle successfully with the howling wolf—but a murder he cannot do; and then he added in a lower tone, "it was well for him that he found Pierre Moran in a calm and patient mood."

With these words, the hunter shouldered his rifle and moved away along the margin of the lake. The moon had arisen, and her silvery rays were reflected softly upon the glassy waters. Tempted by the calm beauty of Pontchartrain, Pierre Moran paused occasionally in his solitary walk, to contemplate its sleeping depths.

At length he turned from the lake and entered a dark dingle upon the right. Finding a spot suitable for the purpose, he gathered dry sticks and leaves, and by means of some powder and a flint set the heap on fire; soon a bright blaze lighted up the dingle.

CHAPTER II.

THE SURPRISE—A PRISONER—THE RESCUE—THE WHITE ROVER.

PIERRE MORAN laid down his rifle, spread his blanket upon the ground, and lighted his pipe. Seating himself by the cheerful blaze, column after column of the fragrant smoke went curling upward, and he watched the fantastic wreaths as they dissolved and disappeared in the air.

Suddenly a majestic figure seemed to rise up out of the earth and stand beside Pierre Moran. The latter sprang to his feet and grasped his hunting-knife, for the foot of the intruder was planted firmly upon his rifle.

"What does the pale face do here?" asked the intruder, in a stern voice. "Does he not know that these great forests, these fair lakes, and these broad rivers belong to the red man?"

"The red man and the white are brothers," replied Moran, calmly.

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the Indian, fiercely. "They never were brothers, and they never can

be. They are two distinct races of people, and the Great Spirit has placed eternal enmity between them."

"That matters little to me," replied Pierre. "I ask no favors of white man or red. The forest is my home, and I will not be driven from it though every tree conceal an enemy thirsting for my blood. If you came to intimidate me with great words, you will lose your labor; for the heart of Pierre Moran never pulsed with fear."

The Indian drew up his majestic figure to its greatest height; he raised his red hand and pointed his long fingers fixedly at Moran, while his eyes flashed like meteors.

"'Tis proudly spoken, bold pale face; but it avails not—you are a prisoner."

"Who are you?" asked Moran, impatiently.

"I am Onalaska, the leader of the allied nations," replied the red man, with a kingly wave of the hand. "The hatchet is dug up and will never be buried. The Chickasaws are burning to avenge their wrongs; they have communicated the same contagious fire to the Choctaws, the Natchez and the Mobilians. In a few months the white man will be swept from the great valley of the Mississippi. Their cabin-fires will be extinguished forever, and their dwellings shall become heaps of ruins. The fate of the Long Knives* is sealed."

"This is a new movement," said Pierre, much wrought upon by the words of the proud chieftain.

"Onalaska has not been idle; he has been successful. The time has come to strike a blow which shall send terror to the hearts of the French dogs."

"Proud Indian, Pierre Moran is a Frenchman," said the hunter, sternly.

"And a prisoner," added the chieftain, with a grim smile.

"'Tis not true. I do not yield myself a prisoner. There is not a single arm that can conquer Pierre Moran, in a hand to hand encounter, to be found between the source of the great river and its mouth."

As the athletic hunter spoke, he drew his knife from its sheath, and struck his left foot fiercely upon the ground a little in advance of the right.

"Haughty savage, Pierre Moran is ready! Come on!"

The Indian smiled scornfully.

"I have only to shout the battle-cry of the Chickasaws, to bring an hundred warriors upon you," he said, slowly. "Pale face, put back your knife; to fight would be madness!"

Moran replaced his knife in its sheath.

"What do you intend to do with me?" he asked, fixing his dark eyes earnestly upon Onalaska.

"My warriors shall decide."

"I thought I was talking with a great chief," returned Pierre, contemptuously.

"And so you are; but a wise leader will always please his warriors when he can," said the Indian.

"Listen to me," replied the hunter. "I will tell you how we may decide this matter. You are as strong and brave as any of your warriors. Draw your hunting-knife and meet me on equal terms, foot to foot, breast to breast, and hand to hand. He that is vanquished in the fight, let him be at the mercy of his victor. Let your braves remain where they are, and not put forth their hands to decide the contest. Speak, Onalaska; is not the offer fair?"

"No, it is not," replied Onalaska. "I am a great war-chief—the leader of the allied nations, and you are without rank or title—a nameless hunter. My life belongs to my people, and why should I put it in peril, and thus endanger my great enterprise? The idea is foolish, and not to be thought of. Why should I risk so much when you are already in my power? Pale face, when you fight Onalaska, it must be in battle."

"Listen once again, proud savage," continued Pierre Moran. "If you will not meet me in the manner proposed, bring to me your mightiest warrior, and I will try my strength and skill with him in any way he may choose, and if I conquer I will be free."

For reply, the chief uttered the Chickasaw war-cry, and instantly an hundred painted warriors showed their grim faces about the fire which the hunter had kindled.

"The white hunter is a captive; what will my braves do with him?" said Onalaska.

*The whites were frequently called "Long Knives" by the Indians, on account of their swords.

There was a hurried consultation among the warriors. At length a chief stepped forward and said:

"Let the pale face die according to the custom of the red man."

"He has a brave heart," said Onalaska.

"Then he will die like a man, and not like a squaw," replied the chief who had spoken.

"He has never fought against our people," continued Onalaska.

"Let him perish then, before he slays any of our warriors, as other Frenchmen have done," rejoined the chief.

Onalaska said no more; he folded his arms and allowed his people to have their own way in regard to the captive. Preparations were instantly made to put him to death. He was bound firmly to a tree. Dry fagots were brought and heaped about him. A circle was formed around the condemned, and the death-dance celebrated. The dingle, so quiet an hour before, resounded with terrific shouts.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Pierre Moran prayed silently for strength and courage, and resigned himself to his fate. Savage eyes flashed upon him, and sharp steel blades menaced him.

The stout heart of Pierre Moran sank within him. He beheld all the avenues of hope closed forever.

A tall savage stepped forward, waving a fiery brand that was to light the pile. He shook the blazing fagot on high, and laughed in fiendish triumph; then he fired the combustible heap in several places, and the flames leaped upward.

At that fearful crisis, there was a sudden commotion among the warriors; they gave way to the right and left, and a young white man dashed quickly through the broken circle, hurled back the savage who held the burning brand, and scattered the blazing fagots like straws in all directions; then drawing a hunting-knife from his belt, he severed the bonds of Pierre Moran in an instant.

The Chickasaws grasped their weapons and frowned angrily upon the white man.

The deliverer of Pierre turned towards them, and waving his hand for silence and attention, addressed them as follows:

"This man is my friend. If you are resolved upon his destruction, you must first slay me; for not one of you shall strike a blow at his life until you strike through my body. I appeal to your great chief. Onalaska, shall a man be slain because he protects his friend?"

"No!" thundered the voice of Onalaska. "You say the captive is your friend; it is enough. It never shall be said that Onalaska put to death the friend of the White Rover. The bold hunter is free."

"I thank you," replied the daring youth, with a graceful wave of the hand; "and if the great Onalaska should need a friend in the hour of adversity, he will know where to find one."

Pierre Moran's rifle was then restored, and his deliverer, taking him by the arm, hurried him away from the dangerous vicinage.

With the kind reader's permission, we will briefly describe the young man who appeared so opportunely for the deliverance of the hunter.

In person he was about the size of the latter, having the same powerful muscular development—that unerring sign of physical strength. He was dressed in similar style, also, and carried a double-barrelled rifle of equal length and weight; but farther than this, there was no resemblance, for the face of Henri Deleroix was a model of manly beauty. His forehead was broad and high, his eyes dark and piercing, his lips finely chiselled, his teeth white and regular, his nose faultless, and his cheeks ruddy with the blood of youth, though darkened from constant exposure or some other cause. Join to all these advantages, a commanding figure and a noble disposition, and some faint idea may be formed of our hero.

Those generous qualities of heart and soul, those noble traits of character, ever desirable and ever to be coveted, we trust we shall be able to develop in the person of Henri Deleroix, in the course of our story, as time, space, and circumstances may require; for, from these flow all human acts, whether good or evil.

"You have rendered me an important service, young man," said Pierre Moran, as they walked swiftly forward.

"No more than common humanity demands," replied Henri.

"Spoken like a true man," said the hunter.

"May I be permitted to ask if your home is near the new settlement?"

"Sometimes it is near, at others afar off," answered Deleroix, lightly. "At present, my home is wherever night overtakes me. I am a free denizen of the forest; a licensed wanderer among hills and mountains."

"A bold heart, truly. Pardon me if I ask your name?"

"I am called Henri Deleroix by the French; but the red man, not unfrequently, styles me the 'WHITE ROVER.' I can tell you but little of my history. I was born in the great valley of the Mississippi about the time of the first settlement at Biloxi. My early youth was passed mostly among the Indians, but I was finally domiciled in the house of a good priest, who taught me to read and write. I remember a French woman, also, who seemed very fond of me, and taught me much that was useful. The priest is still living. He has recently taken up his residence at the new settlement, which they call New Orleans, and I am allowed to follow my own inclinations. This is about all I am at liberty to tell you of my own history."

"In return for your frankness," replied the other, "I will inform you that my name is Pierre Moran. Like you, my home is in the woods, for I am a hunter. I am familiar with every acre of the country an hundred miles up the river. I know where the deer goes down to drink; where the fox seeks covert; where the wolf prowls at night; and where the panther loves best to lie in wait for its prey. I know something of the Indian tribes, also, and of the habits of that strange people. When you desire the aid of a strong hand, and a hunter's friendship, give the preference to Pierre Moran. The service you have rendered me this night, makes me your friend forever."

"I thank you for your manly proffers of friendship; for in these troublous times, true friendships are rare," returned Deleroix, warmly.

"And real enemies too often found," rejoined Pierre.

"Yes; and how much it is to be regretted," said Deleroix, sadly.

"And now, while I think of it, permit me to whisper these words of warning in your ear:

"Beware of Lesage!"

Henri Deleroix started at the mention of Lesage, as if a serpent had stung him.

"You know that man, then?" he replied, turning suddenly and looking steadily at Moran.

"I do. I have, by some fatality, met him several times."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"God forbid!" said Pierre Moran, earnestly.

"Then you are not pleased with him, Monsieur Moran?"

"I am not; and it is possible that the time is near when I will give you my reasons for disliking him. But now let us decide where we shall pass the rest of the night."

"Go with me to the settlement. Father Davion always has a spare bed for my friends."

"I accept the kind offer. I can already see the fires of New Orleans."

In a few moments, Henri Deleroix and the swarthy hunter stood in the midst of the miniature city. They entered a cabin not far from the spot where the old Cathedral now stands, and in a short time were wrapped in a profound slumber, forgetful of the toils and perils of the day.

CHAPTER III.

HELEN LEROWE—ADELAIDE—THE DECLARATION.

It was the morning following the events detailed in our last chapter. It was quite early, for the sun still lingered upon the eastern verge.

At that hour a female figure might have been seen walking hurriedly up the street, now known as Chartres street. That portion of her face which was not concealed by a veil, was sufficient to assure any one who might have any curiosity in relation to the subject, that she was quite youthful and exquisitely fair.

She was well dressed, according to the style of that period; but she was by no means indebted to mere externals for that rare beauty of outline, that graceful development of person, which was hers, and which could not fail to excite admiration in the most casual observer. So far as stature was concerned, she compared very well with the models of female perfection, esteemed by classic minds in all ages of the world. Hers was that exalted and pure style of love-

liness, pre-eminently calculated to please and bewilder all true admirers of beauty in woman.

As she moved lightly onward, there was grace and poetry in every motion; not that received from art, but that borrowed from nature herself. The fair girl turned to the left, and entered a cabin, near the present site of the St. Charles Theatre.

"Ah, mademoiselle! you have come to see us again in the day of our afflictions," said a pale and interesting looking woman, as our heroine crossed the humble threshold. "There are very few young and fair like yourself, who love to visit the poor and needy. God will reward you, Mademoiselle Lerowe," added the woman.

"How is your husband?" asked Mademoiselle Lerowe, kindly, throwing back her veil.

"Louis is much better, thanks to your gentle ministrations, but it was an ugly wound, Mademoiselle Helen," replied the woman.

"And how is Adelaide?"

"She will answer for herself," said a soft voice, and a young girl of about seventeen years appeared from an adjoining room.

"You are looking rather pale this morning. You must go and walk in the open air. The air of a sick room does not agree with young blood like yours, Adelaide," rejoined Helen, studying the features of her young friend attentively.

"I have known young ladies to have pale cheeks without inhaling the air of a sick room," returned Adelaide, playfully.

Helen Lerowe blushed, and placed her white fingers on Adelaide's lips.

"For all your acts of kindness during my father's severe illness, I thank you most sincerely, Mademoiselle Helen," added Adelaide, in a more serious and earnest tone.

"You may leave off the Mademoiselle, Adelaide, and as for thanks, you need not say a word about them. You know that in future we are to be the best of friends," rejoined Helen.

"You forget, Helen, that I am but a poor girl, occupying a different position in life," said Adelaide, meekly.

"And you forget, Adelaide, that I am also but a poor girl, and nothing but the governor's ward. There is a great difference between a ward and a daughter, my good friend," replied Helen.

"But you are an inmate of the governor's house, and as kindly treated as if you were indeed his daughter," said Adelaide.

"Very true; and yet there are times when I feel but too painfully that I am not his daughter, but merely a dependant upon his bounty," answered Helen, sadly.

"I am not certain that you ought to cherish such feelings, Mademoiselle Lerowe. We all know that his Excellency, De Bienville, is very fond of you."

"Heaven could not have confided me to the care of a better man than De Bienville," replied Helen, earnestly; "but notwithstanding, there are moments when my heart feels the want of a mother's love, and a father's counsel."

While Mademoiselle Lerowe was speaking, the door was softly opened, and Henri Deleroix entered the apartment. His eyes rested upon the fair figure of Helen Lerowe. He recoiled a step, changed color, and seemed embarrassed. His confusion appeared contagious, for Helen blushed and was quite as much embarrassed.

Henri bowed low, and said with tolerable grace:

"It gives me pleasure to meet you here, Mademoiselle Lerowe. The object of your visit, I need not ask. It is a part of your nature to perform acts of benevolence. I dare say that Madame Ridelle and Adelaide will bear witness to what I have taken the liberty to affirm."

"And so will my husband," said Madame Ridelle, warmly.

"I see you are leagued together to confuse and overwhelm me with useless compliments," replied Helen, with a smile.

"Deserved praise is by no means useless, Mademoiselle Helen," said Henri, respectfully.

And then he added quickly, in order to change the subject, which he perceived was really annoying to Helen:

"How is Ridelle, this morning? May we soon expect to see him out again?"

"He is doing well, Monsieur Henri. His wounds are nearly healed. In a few days he says he shall be able to take the trail again, and punish the treacherous Chickasaws," answered Madame Ridelle.

Helen turned to depart.

"Stay," said the kind matron, with a signifi-

cant smile. "Be seated: we cannot spare you yet."

"Of course not," added Adelaide, and with a gentle force, she compelled her to be seated.

Madame Ridelle drew Deleroix aside, and whispered in his ear:

"Improve your time, Henri. Don't be faint-hearted. We will endeavor to give you ample opportunity. Just speak to her, and my word for it, she will not be angry."

Henri made no reply, but gave her a grateful look.

"Adelaide, did not your father call?" added Madame Ridelle, after a moment's pause.

Adelaide hastened to the bedside of her father, begging Helen to remain until she returned. Very soon Madame Ridelle followed her daughter, who called to her.

Mademoiselle Lerowe and Henri were left alone. An awkward silence ensued.

"Mademoiselle Helen," said Henri, seating himself at her side, "condescend to listen to me a single moment, and if in that moment I offend you, it will be the unhappiest of my whole life. I have never yet presumed to tell you with my lips what I am convinced your own penetration discovered long ago in my actions, viz., that I passionately love you. Yes, more than this;—I worship—I adore you. But, beautiful Helen, these terms but imperfectly express my heart's idolatry."

Henri's voice trembled; he hesitated, and then ventured to take Helen's hand.

"Have patience with me, dear mademoiselle; hear what I have to say, and I will not soon trouble you with the story of my unhappy love again. I know that you are an angel of goodness, and placed far above me in life. I cannot hope that you will ever become more to me than you now are: yet I have resolved to unburden my heart, in order that I might have a portion of that gentle sympathy which you are wont to bestow upon all the unfortunate."

Again Henri's emotions overpowered him. Helen's eyes were full of tears, and she trembled excessively.

"Cease to speak thus, I entreat of you," she said in a voice nearly inaudible.

"I know it wounds your gentle nature to see me consumed with a hopeless passion," continued Henri, "and I will trespass but little farther upon your time and patience. In extenuation of my folly, I would entreat you to remember, Helen, that I have known you from my boyhood; that I was the companion of your earliest wanderings over the green hills of Biloxi; that Father Davion taught us to read from the same book; that he bade me love you as a sister; that you were surpassingly beautiful, and a heart less susceptible than mine might have loved you. At length you became a ward, or rather the adopted daughter of De Bienville. Thereafter you were gently nurtured, and a greater distance was placed between us in point of condition; but the mischief was already done. I had learned to adore you, young as you were, and your dear image was engraved upon my heart, never to be effaced. I still met you often, and you usually paused for a moment to speak kindly to your former associate and companion, and thus unconsciously nurtured my passion. Helen, is my presumption to be wondered at? Is it not a natural consequence of our former companionship?"

"O, Henri, why will you thus misapprehend me. I do not reproach you—I do not blame you," replied Helen, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then you are not angry because I have spoken freely; you do not too severely condemn my presumption!" exclaimed Henri, falling upon his knees, and pressing the hand of Helen to his lips.

"Ah, Henri! how blind you have been," she said, softly.

A sudden and almost overpowering light flashed in upon the mind of Henri Deleroix. His brain seemed to stagger with the weight of the truth, which his senses had received. The blood rushed tumultuously to his face; his eyes sparkled with unnatural light;—he was dizzy with happiness.

He bestowed upon Helen a thousand endearing epithets; he did not cease to kiss her hand until he heard the footsteps of Adelaide.

He arose from his knees with a face radiant with joy.

"I have been indeed blind," he said, in a low tone, "for you love me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPERIENCES OF A DEAF PERSON.

I fainted one day from having, in a freak, put a musical snuff-box on my head. The delicious precision of the music, and the revival of the old clearness, after the muffled piece of confusion that instrumental music had been to me for some years, overcame me in a second of time. I am sure that I heard that performance quite as well as any one could through the ear; and I have since clapped on my head every musical snuff-box I could lay hands on. You may like to know the following: When I had become just deaf enough to have difficulty in catching the pitch of a piece of music, in the concert-room we attended, which had benches, with a long wooden rail to lean against, I could always get right by pressing my shoulder-blade against the rail, *only the pitch was always a third below.* Finding this with music which I was familiar with, I soon got to allow for it always, and so did very well for the time. As the deafness increased, I found all base sounds lose their smoothness, and come in pulses bearing upon the ear, and vibrating through the pit of the stomach, while, as yet, higher sounds were as formerly.—*Atkins and Martineau's Letters on Man.*

BALLOONING.

A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years, (who had "probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine.") was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth! These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny piece would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downwards as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being "called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose; neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin.—*Household Words.*



PIERRE MORAN BOUND FOR EXECUTION. A SCENE FROM THE WHITE ROVER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A MAIDEN THERE IS.

Written for a young female relative, since become a bride.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

A maiden there is, and the queen of my song,
Heigho! heigho!
When the beaux buzz about her she says "Get along,
Heigho! heigho!"
Like the winds of the mountain, the waves of the sea,
I'm wilful and wild, and my heart is still free,
Heigho! heigho!
O, I never can part with my dear liberty,
Heigho! heigho!"

For fun and for frolic she's Momus's own,
Heigho! heigho!
And as humorous mimic is wondrous grown,
Heigho! heigho!
She'll lip with the fop, with the heart-stricken sigh,
While merriment corners her arch-searching eye,
Heigho! heigho!
And she'll laugh at your love, if you venture to try,
With heigho! heigho!"

Will Cupid subdue her? 't is hard to tell;
Heigho! heigho!
She keeps her own counsel so truly and well;
Heigho! heigho!
"Miss, I'm your adorer, come say the word?"
"Pshaw! get off your knees! 't is really absurd!"
Heigho! heigho!
I'm not out to be caught, I'll live free as the bird,
Heigho! heigho!"

But time worketh changes unlooked for by all,
Heigho! heigho!
And there ne'er yet was maiden who had not a call,
Heigho! heigho!
A call she'd obey, with alacrity too,
At the very first word, without waiting for two,
Heigho! heigho!
And to all her old notions she'd bid an adieu,
With heigho! heigho!"

Alexandria, Va., January, 1852

Make not a servant a confidant, for if he find out that you dare not displease him, he will dare to displease you.

KOSSUTH AT THE OPERA.

One evening last week Governor Kossuth attended the Astor Place Opera House, to witness the performance of *Il Puritani*. He was accompanied by Madame Kossuth, M. Pulszky, Madame Pulszky, Count Bertram, Col. Berzenzey, and other members of his suite. At about 6 1-2 o'clock the mayor and his lady waited upon the

distinguished guest of the city at the Irving House, for the purpose of accompanying him. The Governor entered the house just as Bosio made her appearance in the mad scene in the second act, when that amiable lady suddenly recovered her sanity and partially retired behind the side scenes. The audience rose *en masse*, greeting the great Hungarian with three times

three, given with a vigor which assured their earnestness. The Governor bowed gracefully and took his seat, as the target for innumerable opera glasses. After Kossuth's presence the event of the evening was the ever popular duo, *Seconi la tromba*, which was rendered with a spirit and earnestness unusual for even Marini and Badioli. The truly glorious style of the

performance, and the graceful waving of the Hungarian and American flags by the two accomplished artists, brought down the house and produced an encore. After the performance, the whole party returned to the Irving House, where the mayor and his lady took their leave. The evening's entertainment furnished great gratification to the audience.



KOSSUTH AT THE ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE

FLOATING CHURCH.

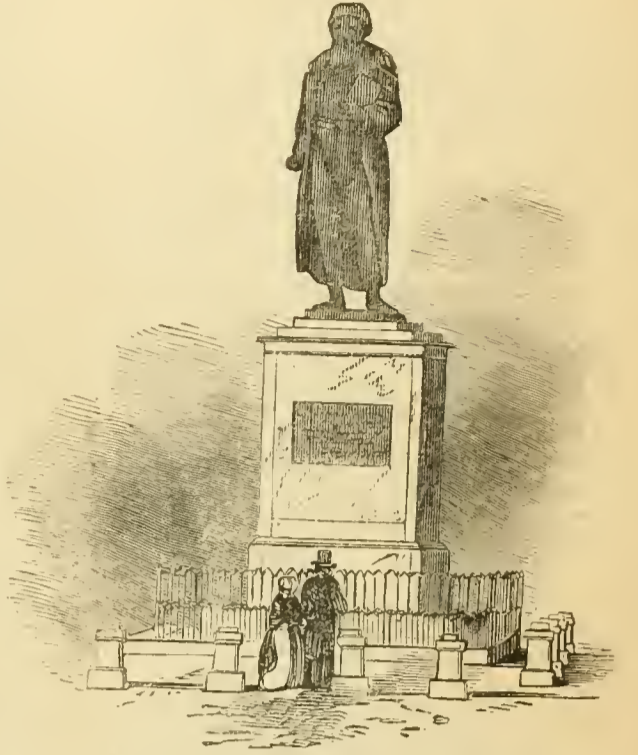
The Floating Church was designed and built by a self-taught architect and builder of New York, Mr. Clement L. Dennington, for the Churchman's Missionary Association for the seamen of the port of Philadelphia. The interior decorations were executed by H. and O. Flint, of Philadelphia, who painted in fresco the ceiling of the church of Our Saviour, in New York, which has been so much admired as a work of art. The Floating Church is a great novelty and ornament in Philadelphia, where so few spires are to be seen; and located at the foot of one of the level streets, will be discerned at the distance of a mile in the centre from its locality. By the published documents of the association, the following gentlemen compose the board of managers, by whose efforts the edifice has been erected, assisted by benevolent individuals of that city, who feel an interest in the religious benefit of the class for whom it is intended: Right Rev. Bishop Potter, D. D., James C. Booth, William C. Kent, John E. Collins, Isaac Welsh, George Calloun, G. B. Mitchell, Edward L. Clark, T. R. Wuchere, Joseph Massey, Joseph E. Hoyer, William G. Allen, James M. Aertsen, George S. Twells. The chaplain in charge of the church is the Rev. Mr. Trappier, formerly a lieutenant in the navy, and now an ordained minister in the Episcopal Church. The building is firmly fastened on a substantial deck 38 feet by 90, with guards extending 8 feet outside around it, and resting on two boats of 80 tons each, placed ten feet apart and strongly connected together. The church will seat 500 persons, and has a fine-toned organ and bell. The top of the spire is 70 feet from the deck; and the edifice is 32 feet wide by 85 long, including the vestry. This church was designed especially for the benefit of seamen and boatmen who frequent that port. The seats are all free.



FLOATING CHURCH FOR SEAMEN AND BOATMEN, PHILADELPHIA.

STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

The following engraving is from Mayence: it is a noble memorial to Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, or, at least one of those to whom that invention is ascribed with the greatest probability—for there are many claimants of the honor. The statue is a colossal one, in bronze, cast by Crozatier, of Paris,



STATUE OF GUTTENBERG, AT MAYENCE.

from a model by Thorwaldsen. The pedestal is of marble, from the quarries of Lalm; the four faces bear bas-reliefs, in bronze. The statue faces the theatre, and is on one of the best sites in Mayence. Gutenberg, for so he is called generally (his proper name literally interpreted, is "Gooseflesh"), was born in 1398, in a house that yet exists.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WHALE.

The ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 800 barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. After reaching the grounds known as "off-shore grounds," the crew began to look for whales. On the 20th of August, having attacked a whale, the enraged animal turned upon the boat, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually

crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Having picked up his men, the captain of the Ann Alexander gave the monster battle a second time. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstrations being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and, making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean. The crew then made their way to the ship. Soon after they gained the vessel, Capt. Deblois was at this time standing in the high-heads

on the larboard bow, with craft in hand ready to strike the monster a deadly blow, should he appear, the ship moving about five knots, when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of 15 knots. In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the fore-castle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the fore-mast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water

roared and rushed impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the men to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking. The ship was then sinking very rapidly. The captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats; the ship was then on her beam-ends, her top-gallant-yards under water. They pushed off, and the ship sunk. On the following day they were picked up by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket



DESTRUCTION OF A WHALEBOAT FROM THE SHIP ANN ALEXANDER, BY A WHALE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a bitter cold night on the twenty-fourth of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding half way up the heavens, lent a crystalline lustre to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful foot-prints of the demon, Intemperance. Poor, wretched, debased, he looked, and such, in truth, he was!

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and trellised enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such an one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage, and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"O, thou fond home of my happier days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and within thy peaceful walls, God gave to me two blessed children. Then peace and plenty were mine; and love and joy were mine. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then, and my children—may Heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool loseth his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart drove us from your sheltering roof. And those six years! O, what misery, what agony, what sorrows, and what degradation have they not brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy and friends are gone—all, all gone! O, thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee! It was I, I who did it! Year after year I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smiles. But but," and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man—and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hovel, sat a woman and two children—a boy and a girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and her children crouched nearer to the few embers that still smouldered upon the hearth. The only furniture were four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, nearest to the fire-place, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting-place for the brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance. It was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow-crust struck upon the mother's ears, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly had they crouched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man, whom we have already seen before that pretty cottage, entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed up into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that pearly drop was in truth a tear! No—perhaps a snow-flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away and silently undressed himself, and soon after his weary limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner—something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking: for his countenance

had none of that vacant, wild, demoniac look that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful than otherwise: and—O, heavens! is it possible?—a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as if of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it—she had no foundation for it; and with a deep groan she let the phantom pass. She went to her children, and drew the clothes more closely about them; then she knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him that she had no fuel, no bread—not anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had her children crawled from out their resting-place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a light sled were being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid upon the table a heavy wheaten loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle; then from his pocket he took another paper parcel, and again he turned towards the door. When next he entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire-place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and, while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and, as though the love of years were centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; "these things I have brought are for you and our children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and tremblingly she examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she found milk; one of the papers contained two smaller bundles—one of tea, and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread out before her, "whence came these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that! And then that look! that kiss!—those kind, sweet, sweet words! O, my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who had raised himself upon his elbow, "is our father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother—did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes—he did, he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

"And mother," said the child, in low, trembling accents, while he turned a tearful look to his parent's face, "will not father be good to us once more?"

That mother could not speak—she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least, a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea-captain of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one at the door wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in, then," returned Walker.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir."

"Never mind," said the captain, after a moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow,"

he continued, after the servant had gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth I pity him."

With a trembling step and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has brought you here?"

The poor man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walker, in a blunt, but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill."

"I do."

"And is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest. "But why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a firm, and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered, "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable, I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and O! God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped in sunder; my name has become a by-word, and upon the earth I have been but a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth, I am a man! Up from the depth of its long grave, I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and in my heart there is no lie! My wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine-shop, and he has given me a situation, and is even anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has even been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you come to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir—to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on to job work, sir; and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Capt. Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart, I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand. "I have watched well your countenance, and weighed your words. I know you speak truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a single note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair, and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old

man slipped from the room. And when at length he returned, he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some tit-bits for your wife and children—take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"O God!—God will bless you for this, sir!" exclaimed the kindness-stricken man: "and if I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street his tread was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was once more a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her, but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and during that time she knew that he had drunk no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word that he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope! And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this new charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "is n't this the last night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he wont, will he? He's too poor, now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that, we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away ere the snow-crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all there was open and bold—only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden.—Ah! no questions! Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such

articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travellers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife gazed up into her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shovelled away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife tremblingly followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked neat and comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man, and then upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged year is about to commence its flight over the earth!

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so:

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the new year!"

The wife took the paper, and she opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild, frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then, with a low murmur, like the gentle whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell half fainting into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my children, gather about your father—for a husband and a father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There!—Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here will explain it all. O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be ours! Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and, with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

* * * * *

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, or a more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.

Montgomery was educated at the Moravian Establishment at Fulneck, England, and strictly adhered to the tenets of the sect throughout his life. He was employed in boyhood by Mr. Gales, father of Joseph Gales, of the National Intelligencer, who was then a bookseller in Sheffield; and he imbibed from Mr. Gales political sentiments of a liberal character, which afterwards subjected him to much persecution. As editor of a radical paper called the Sheffield Iris, he incurred the displeasure of the English Government in George the Third's time, and was prosecuted, tried, found guilty of sedition, and sentenced to imprisonment in York Castle, where many of his poems were composed. Later in life, he abandoned politics, and applied himself exclusively to literary pursuits and the furtherance of various philanthropic movements. His peculiarity as a poet lies in the devotional spirit of his works.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEW YEAR.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Blithely moving, gayly smiling,
Comes to us the bright New Year;
Scattering blessings all around him,
Full of hope, and full of cheer.
Passing to the blue Pacific,
From the stern Atlantic shore,
As the white-winged dove of promise
Moved with tidings glad of yore.

From a sterner mission comes he
To the natives of the east;
Vultures there their beaks are whetting
For the gory battle-feast.
Thrones are tottering, crowns are shaking,
And the nations mutter low
Words of menace, words of vengeance,
Arming for the coming blow.

Austria trembles in his palace,
Trembles, too, the ice-throned czar;
Shakes the feeble Roman sovereign
At the menaces of war.
Magyar, Croat and dark Italian,
Rhine-land German, fair-haired Slave,
Raise their voices at the altar,
"Freedom, or a bloody grave!"

This the work they are preparing,
This the welcome of the year;
Not the gush of festal music,
But the clash of shield and spear.
Once again, predestined Europe,
Torn shall be thy bleeding breast;
Then the sword, haptized in glory,
In its sheath forever rest!

Boston, Mass., January, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A HAPPY NEW YEAR:

—OR,—

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I wish you a happy New Year, Aunt Ashton, and you too, Mary," said a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, bounding suddenly into the room, where Mrs. Ashton and Mary Allyne, a girl of eighteen, were sitting by a bright coal fire.

"And I wish you, not only one, but many, my dear Frank," said Mrs. Ashton, putting her arm round him, and drawing him towards her.

"What a long time it is since last New Year's day," said Frank. "Cousin William was here then," he added, after a minute's silence, while a shade of sadness passed over his features.

Tears started to Mrs. Ashton's eyes, at this allusion to her son. He had been a sailor ever since he was fourteen, and for two years, first mate of the good ship *Althea*, which had some time previously sailed for a port in the Mediterranean. His return had been daily expected for several weeks, when news came that the "*Althea*" had been wrecked during a violent storm, and that all on board had perished.

Mary Allyne, when Frank entered, had for a long time been sitting still and silent with drooping eyelids; their long, dark lashes almost resting on her cheeks, which were pale as marble. She did not even look up at his entrance; for having, with great effort, assumed an appearance of calmness, she seemed to be afraid that it would yield to the slightest movement. But when he mentioned that his cousin William was present the last New Year's day, a sudden flush crimsoned her cheeks, which quickly fading, left in its stead a deathlike pallor. Yet even then she rallied, aided by the strong desire she felt not to add to the affliction of Mrs. Ashton, who, when she noted the change in her countenance, hastily rose, and now stood bending over her with tearful eyes. Little Frank also stood by, weeping from sympathy.

William Ashton and Mary Allyne had been attached to each other from early childhood. Neither of them had a hope or a wish which was not associated with the other. It was no wonder, then, when news came that the "*Althea*" was wrecked, and all on board were lost, that her heart too seemed buried beneath the ocean wave.

Mrs. Ashton and Mary exerted themselves to regain their former composure. They even did what they could to amuse little Frank, who, as a great treat, had been permitted to come and spend the day with them. He had, moreover, been William's pet, and resembled him as closely as if he had been his brother: circumstances which drew him still more closely to their hearts, on the present occasion.

The portside bow was near at hand, when a

low knock was heard at the outer door. Frank ran and opened it, and admitted Mr. Farland, a near neighbor. His countenance was grave, yet not so sad as might have been expected of one, who, they might naturally suppose, would sympathize with them in their affliction. A gleam of pleasure, as if in spite of himself, lurked in the corner of his eye, as he took the proffered chair, which was placed near the comfortable fire, while the "happy New Year," which he wished Mrs. Ashton, Mary and Frank, was in a voice decidedly cheerful.

"I have only come to bring compliments," said he, after a short interval, during which he appeared to be turning something in his mind, which caused him no little perplexity.

"Compliments?" said Mrs. Ashton, in a voice indicating surprise.

"Yes," said Mr. Farland. "I have just parted from a young friend of mine, who would like to dine with you, if you have no objections."

"I cannot well refuse," said Mrs. Ashton, "though neither Mary nor myself can be expected, just at this time, to wish for the presence of any one, except our familiar friends."

"Of course not," replied Mr. Farland. "The person in question is a familiar friend—a very dear friend."

"O, if it was only cousin William!" exclaimed Frank.

"Well, it is cousin William—William Ashton. There, I might have known I couldn't do it, when I promised to break it to you cautiously. I was a fool for undertaking it. But there," he added, by way of consolation to himself, "it cannot be, that knowing he is alive will be as bad to bear, as believing him to be dead."

"Where is he? Have you seen him?" said Mrs. Ashton, as soon as the sudden revulsion of her feelings from grief to joy would permit her to speak.

"Yes, I have seen him—he is at my house, and—"

"I was at your house, but am here now!" said a well-known and a well-beloved voice. The next moment William Ashton had stepped forward into the room.

Then followed tears and smiles, and all those lively and somewhat tumultuous manifestations of feeling natural on such an occasion. Even Mr. Farland, famed for being staid and unexcitable, and who thought it wrong to indulge in any strong ebullition of feeling, drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes, saying, as he did so:

"Well, I declare now, who would have thought?"

It was some time ere questions were answered, as well as asked. When this came to be the case, young Ashton told them, how by severe indisposition he was prevented from sailing in the ship *Althea*; a circumstance to which he owed the preservation of his life, the statement in the paper having been perfectly correct.

"How glad I am that you have come home, cousin William," said Frank, seizing a moment to get a word in edgewise, "for now we shall have a happy New Year—Aunt Ashton, and Mary, and you, and all of us."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DEAD BABE.

BY HENRY PROVER.

One year on earth, and short the space,
Had finished the course of an infant's race;
And little I deem it knew of earth,
Its vexing cares and fickle worth.

The babe had wept, but it sweetly smiled
As the music of heaven its soul beguiled;
Its thoughts were not all'd to earth,
Its sorrowful days and fleeting worth.

They that loved the babe took it sweetly sleeping,
And consigned it to Aurora's keeping,*
When the orient sky gave its blush to earth,
And hid the babe, but not its worth.

* It was the custom of the ancients to bury their young at morning twilight, for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

THE PLEASURES OF TASTE.

Since I have known God in a saving manner,
Painting, poetry and music have had charms
Unknown to me before. I have received what I
suppose is taste for them, or religion has re-
fined my mind and made it susceptible of im-
pressions from the sublime and beautiful. O,
how religion secures the heightened enjoyment
of those pleasures which keep so many from
God, by their becoming a source of pride.—
Henry Martyn

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR ANGEL.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We had a little angel once,
Sent down by Him above,
Upon whom we might shower
Our share of earthly love.
With eyes like sparkling sunbeams,
With spirits lithe and free;
With lips just like the coral
From out the boundless sea.

She was a priceless treasure,
The dearest thing on earth;
Whose sweet, young voice oft sounded
In joyousness and mirth.
But one cold day in autumn,
We laid her down to rest;
Her pale hands meekly folded
Upon her pulseless breast.

We loved her, O, how dearly,
And never could control
The waves of pure affection,
Which over us would roll;
And passion's fiery fingers
Across our heart-strings swept;
And as we saw her fading,
How bitterly we wept!

But though she now is crumbling,
And mingling with the dust;
Though now she has departed,
She's still the same to us.
She is not dead, but sleepeth
Where flowers soon shall spring;
While her spirit has ascended
On free and snowy wing.

But oft to us she cometh,
In visions of the night;
Arrayed in bridal garments,
Of spotless, purest white.
And oft to us she singeth
Her songs of praise and love;
And beckons us to follow
Her to the realms above.

We know that she is near us,
Wherever we may roam;
We know that she will guide us
Unto our heavenly home.
Therefore we shall not sorrow,
Our tears shall fall no more;
For she shall stand to greet us,
On God's ambrosial shore!

Utica, N. Y., January, 1852.

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH OLD RAGS.

There is a church actually existing near Bergen, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliefs outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered water-proof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick the Second of Prussia set up a limited papier-mache manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes by the slight-of-hand of advancing art. At present, we old-fashioned English, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres of ground with glass, as to erect a pagoda of soap-bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by one thousand voices pealing through an edifice made of old rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what can and what cannot be achieved by science and art, under the training of steady old Time.—*Dickens' "Household Words."*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ACROSTIC.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Firm in thy purpose, steadfast in its aim,
Round thee is circling high and well-earned fame;
Ensuring for thy future proud success,
Drawn from the fount of freedom and the press.
Each in his turn some monument may raise,
Round which may gather fame or fortune's rays;
If intellect lay not the topmost stone,
Can earthly honors for its loss atone?
Knowledge is power, and yields the palm to none.

Gleaner amidst life's fields of richest lore,
Let pure integrity its wealth explore;
Ever as now, ambitious to give forth
All that excels in purity and truth;
Striving to gain of worth the highest meed,
O may thy wishes and thy plans succeed,
No cloud to mar, no barrier to impede!
Cohasset, Mass., January, 1852.

There are many things that are thorns to our hearts until we have attained them, and even-
ed arrows when we have.



PICTURE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND SEVERAL OF OUR WELL-KNOWN



CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION, AND THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

The moon rode high in a cloudless sky,
On the last night of the year,
Flinging off rays from her silver shield,
Far over a pure and snow-white field,
Where the squadron winds both charged and wheeled,
And coursed on their circuit drear.

The moon was bright, yet there gleamed a light
Through a distant latticed pane,
Burning, burning all brightly awhile,
Then fading away like a dying smile,
As if the moon could its gleam beguile,
Then steadily blazing again.

In a cabin'd room, where a cloud of gloom
Half stifled all the air,
Sat a pallid woman beside a child,
And while she kept stitching she faintly smiled
On the upturned face—so meek, so mild,
As it were some angel there.

The work must be done by the morrow's sun!
Who knoweth it better than she?
So her needle she plies with a sudden start,
In the hope to but finish her weary part,—
And she feels a pang in her widowed heart
Of the deepest misery.

The angel-child hath once more smiled
In the face of her mother dear;
And her arms are thrown out for a close embrace,
As if she, poor child, could for once efface
The line on the heart that was left by the trace
Of a burning, burning tear.

By the morrow's sun the work was done,
And through the latticed pane
There streamed a single golden ray,
Across the pallet where they yet lay;
Mother and child had passed away
From the night to day again!
Riverside, Ct., January, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHIMES OF THE HEART.

A STORY OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

LAWRENCE MELVILLE was a medical student of distinguished talent and indomitable energy—a handsome, frank young fellow, and very popular with his associates. Sometimes during his hours of leisure, he was noted for extravagant gaiety and humor; at others, a black cloud of melancholy settled upon his brow, and withdrawing from his companions, he gave himself up to reflection or secret sorrow. His comrades knew not the reason of this, nor could they devise any reasonable cause that should so depress young Melville.

But we may draw the curtain and show the reader the story of the young student's heart. Lawrence Melville was subject to the tyranny of a very capricious father, resident in Maine, who, though immensely rich, scarcely allowed his son money enough to pay his most necessary expenses, thereby cramping his genius and compelling him to win every foot of his way by a desperate struggle.

To increase his troubles, Lawrence had fallen in love with a pretty and worthy, but poor young girl of Boston, who painfully earned her living by her needle. Mariam Foster was an orphan, thrown on the hard world to struggle for a precarious existence at a very early age. Though she occupied a miserable room in a little alley leading out of Hanover street, yet her taste and delicate contrivance rendered the interior of her little room as charmingly neat and striking as that of a Parisian grisette.

The lovers rarely met, and these few interviews were clouded by the shadow of their worldly circumstances; but they were young and hopeful, and there was a possibility of happiness for them in the future. Lawrence trusted that when he should receive his diploma, his father's behaviour towards him might change, and his heart might soften towards his only son.

This hope was destined to disappointment. On completing his studies with honor, he wrote to his father, acquainting him with his success; and relating to him the story of his love for Mariam. Old Melville immediately wrote a peremptory answer, speaking lightly of his college honors, and censuring his engagement, and requiring him to abandon all thoughts of Mariam and to return home at once. Lawrence did not hesitate to obey the summons. A stern sense of filial duty induced him to separate from her he loved so tenderly, but he did so with the assurance that he would see her again in six months, confiding her to keep her heart, and for

his sake to take the most faithful care of herself until then. And realizing a small sum by the sale of some of his books, he paid the poor girl's rent, unknown to her, and departed.

It was midsummer when Mariam was thus left alone in the world. But few of the sweet influences of nature are felt by the poor children of toil, immersed in the iron heart of a great city. Mariam's window looked upon a blank wall, and the surrounding houses were tall and squalid, and their battlements and chimneys reached so high, that they shut out all but a glimpse of the blue sky overhead. Yet the poor young sewing-girl knew that it was summer, for she could sit at the open window, and the violets bloomed on the little box upon the sill, and there was a gladder tone in the song of her canary.

So Mariam toiled on, hopefully, trusting to lay by a little money against the approach of the bitter winter season. But sickness interrupted her efforts, and one of her employers failed and retired to a splendid villa in the country, in debt to a score of women as poor as Mariam. It was hard, but the poor girl had no redress; and to increase her distress, she received no tidings from her lover, not a line, not a word, to cheer her drooping spirits. If Lawrence was false, then there was nothing left for which to live.

It was Christmas eve. Mariam wandered shivering, wrapped in her scanty cloak, through the brilliantly lighted streets of Boston. To the poor and wretched, nothing is more keenly painful than the spectacle of gaiety and rejoicing. It seems as if all this mirth were a mere mockery of individual suffering. The ringing laugh of the promenaders, the glare of the gas lamps, the parade of rich presents in the shop windows, the piles of luscious and tempting wares at the confectioner's, all increased the morbid agony of her soul.

She hurried away from this sphere of light and gaiety, and almost unconscious of the direction of her steps, found herself traversing the old bridge to Charlestown. It was a bitter, bitter night. The foot walk was just crusted with ice and snow, a keen wind swept cuttingly along, the stars looked down coldly and hardly, as if they were adamant glancing from the firmament. Mariam paused at the draw, and bending over the railing, looked down into the dark still water below.

How silently and swiftly it sped beneath her feet—the reflected stars whirled madly in the strong eddies. Here and there a heavy block of ice, detached from some huge mass, spun round and round with a dizzy rapidity which showed the resistless power of the tide. Thoughts to which she had ever been a stranger, darted through the bewildered brain of the poor girl! Pale faces seemed to look up to her from the waves, pale hands to beckon, "Come, sister!" Those pale lips seemed to say, "Here is peace, here is eternal quiet; there is no rest like that of the grave!"

"I come! I come!" she cried aloud, yielding to the fascination, "Rest, rest is all I ask!"

Her right foot was already on the first rail, her cloak thrown back, when a strong hand was laid upon her arm. She turned and uttered a faint cry. Lawrence Melville stood behind her! Stretching forth her hands towards him, her lips essayed to murmur his name, but the effort was vain, and the poor girl sunk into his arms insensible. When she revived, she found herself reclining upon a sofa in an elegant apartment, warmed by a glowing fire, and Lawrence by her side.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In safety, Mariam, in the — Hotel," he answered. "You are saved, and shall be happy. I have come to wish you a merry Christmas!"

"O! I remember. It was you who found me on the bridge; how dreadful, how strange were my thoughts then!"

"Yes, dearest. I was by God's providence driving into the city over the bridge, and saw some one about to do a desperate deed. I little thought who it was, until I saw your sweet face, Mariam."

"But you are very pale, Lawrence," she said. "you are dressed in black, too. What does it mean?"

"I have been ill, quite ill, dearest," he answered, "and I have but just buried my father after a long sickness. In his last moments, he relented towards me, and consented to our union."

"But why have you never written to me,

Lawrence?" asked the gentle girl, through her tears of joy.

"I wrote to you often," he replied, "but alas! my father, whose mind was overclouded, intercepted and suppressed my letters. But let us not think of his errors, since he has fully repented and repaired them."

The gentle girl laid her head upon his breast, and he kissed her pale white forehead as he said:

"Dear Mariam, I offered you my heart and hand when I was a poor student. Now that I am rich and independent, I renew it. Will you love me and be mine?"

Mariam answered not by words, but, with the warm tear-drops coursing down her cheeks, she placed her hand in his whom she loved so dearly. Lawrence pressed her once more to his heart, and the bond was sealed.

The chimes of the North Church bells, that merrily announced the advent of Merry Christmas, were not echoed by two happier hearts than those of Lawrence Melville and Mariam Foster; the out-door chimes but rang in unison with the chimes of their own hearts.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LIFE.

BY T. J. GROTTJAN.

All nature beats with an eternal pulse,
In every altitude, in every clime;
Ages on ages roll, and still it throbs
Strong and unwearied by the lapse of time.

Mysterious life! antagonist of death!
Conquered and conquering, in thy onward course
Thou dost not pause, but with man's latest breath,
Leap'st with his spirit in resistless force.

The withered grass, the fetid sepulchre,
The mouldering carcase, and decaying tree,
Increase thy volume, and extend thy power,
In slow and solemn strides, eternally.

Almighty God! who art of life the source
And from whom life perpetually springs;
Teach us to know more fully of this force
Which permeates and vivifies all things:

That we may learn from e'en the lowliest plant,
Which on thy footstool rears its tiny head,
That all the glory's thine, and life and death
But humble agents, acting in thy stead.
Philadelphia, Pa., January, 1852.

LISTON.

Talking of paralysis reminds one of the death of Liston. Poor fellow! he had long outlived the active portion of his faculties; and used to stand at his window by Hyde Park corner, sadly gazing at the tide of human existence which was going by, and which he once helped to enliven. Liston's "face was his fortune." He was an actor, though truly comic and original, yet of no great variety; and often got credit given him for more humor than he intended, by reason of that irresistible compound of plainness and pretension, of chubbiness and challenge, of horn, baggy, desponding heaviness, and the most ineffable airs and graces, which seemed at once to sport with and be superior to the permission which it gave itself to be laughed at. When Liston expressed a peremptory opinion, it was the most incredible thing in the world, it was so refuted by some accompanying glance, gesture, or posture of incompetency. When he smiled, his face simmered all over with a fondness of self-complacency amounting to dotage. Never had there been the owning of such a soft impeachment. Liston was aware of his plainness, and allowed himself to turn it to account; but not, I suspect, without a supposed understanding between himself and the audience as to the superiority of his intellectual pretensions; for, like many comedians, he was a grave man underneath his mirth,—thought himself qualified to be a tragedian, and did, in fact, now and then act in tragedy for his benefit, with a lamentable sort of respectability that disappointed the laughers. I have seen him act in this sort of way in Octavian, in "The Mountaineers."—*Leigh Hunt's Table Talk.*

CHIMNEYS.

Not a vestige of a chimney is found in Herculaneum, nor is there any good reason to believe that they were known in ancient time. They had fires, however, and with them smoke, which seems to have escaped, in a somewhat primitive manner, "through a hole in the roof." It was a serious inconvenience to them, and, in order to get rid of it, they peeled the bark from the wood, soaked it in lees of oil, &c., but all to no purpose. The oldest mention made of chimneys as at present used, is in a Venetian manuscript, which states that some were thrown down by an earthquake, in 1347. In England they must have been introduced later, since Holinshed, who wrote in the sixteenth century, alludes to them more in anger, as among the growing luxuries and corruptions of the age.

In oriental countries, a brazier with a fire on it was carried wherever fire was wanted, and the smoke escaped in the best way it could. Fire-places and stoves were unknown.—*Home Gazette.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE READERS OF THE FLAG AND COMPANION.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

I've often thought, my honest friends,
A something to have sent ye.—*Burns.*

Years have vanished, how I miss them!
Like the tears of eve in June,
When the morning sunbeams kiss them,
Since I first have held commune
With the throngs of various ages,
Scattered through this wide, wide land,
Who peruse these crowded pages,
A discerning, countless band.

Years have flown, and many slumber
In the churchyard lone and drear;
And among them I must number
Friends, kind friends to me most dear!
But they left true hearts behind them,
In which burns bright honor's flame;
May these stanzas happy find them,
And recall to them my name.

For I hail them all as brothers,
Comrades on life's boisterous sea;
Have we not one common mother,
And the self-same destiny?
Onward, onward we are sailing,
Mystery's clouds are o'er us hung;
Wintry winds are round us wailing,
On what shore shall we be flung?

Of the clouds, that hover o'er me,
Open for a moment brief,
And I catch a glimpse before me,
Of a land unknown to grief!
Bright the azure skies are shining,
Angels' pinions glittering there;
And their fingers small are twining
Wreaths I trust we all shall wear!

Then the cloud so gloomy closes,
Shutting the fair scene from view,
Where the wearied heart reposes,
That bright land we're going to!
But undaunted, forward wending,
Let us rest not by the way;
Well we know our steps are tending
To the climes of endless day.

Friends, kind friends, in love I greet ye—
We have known each other long;
It hath been my lot to meet ye
Often on the shores of song;
And your praises, oft repeated,
Of my being form a part;
And the smiles my course have greeted,
Flit like sunbeams round my heart!

Fellow-writers—earnest workers
In a great, a glorious cause,
We will not be idle lurkers,
Nor, though fools desire it, pause!
A great mission is before us,
From the task we'll not refrain;
Wintry clouds may gather o'er us,
But the spring will shine again.

Writers for these glorious papers!
Let us to the truthful turn;
Life is like a glimmering taper,
To the socket soon 't will burn.
But when chill the bleak December
Of our year shall shivering come,
May we then with joy remember,
We have lighted some one home!
U. S. Ship Preble, January, 1852.

DOCTOR'S VISITS.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! How we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if we can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten! Who hasn't seen the mother prying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant, that cannot speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there: what grief and pain if he casts them down and dare not say "hope!" Or it is the house-father that is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk! Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time: the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man; how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate—how great the delight of victory.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.



SUPERB STATE CARRIAGE FOR THE PERUVIAN REPUBLIC.

SUPERB STATE CARRIAGE.

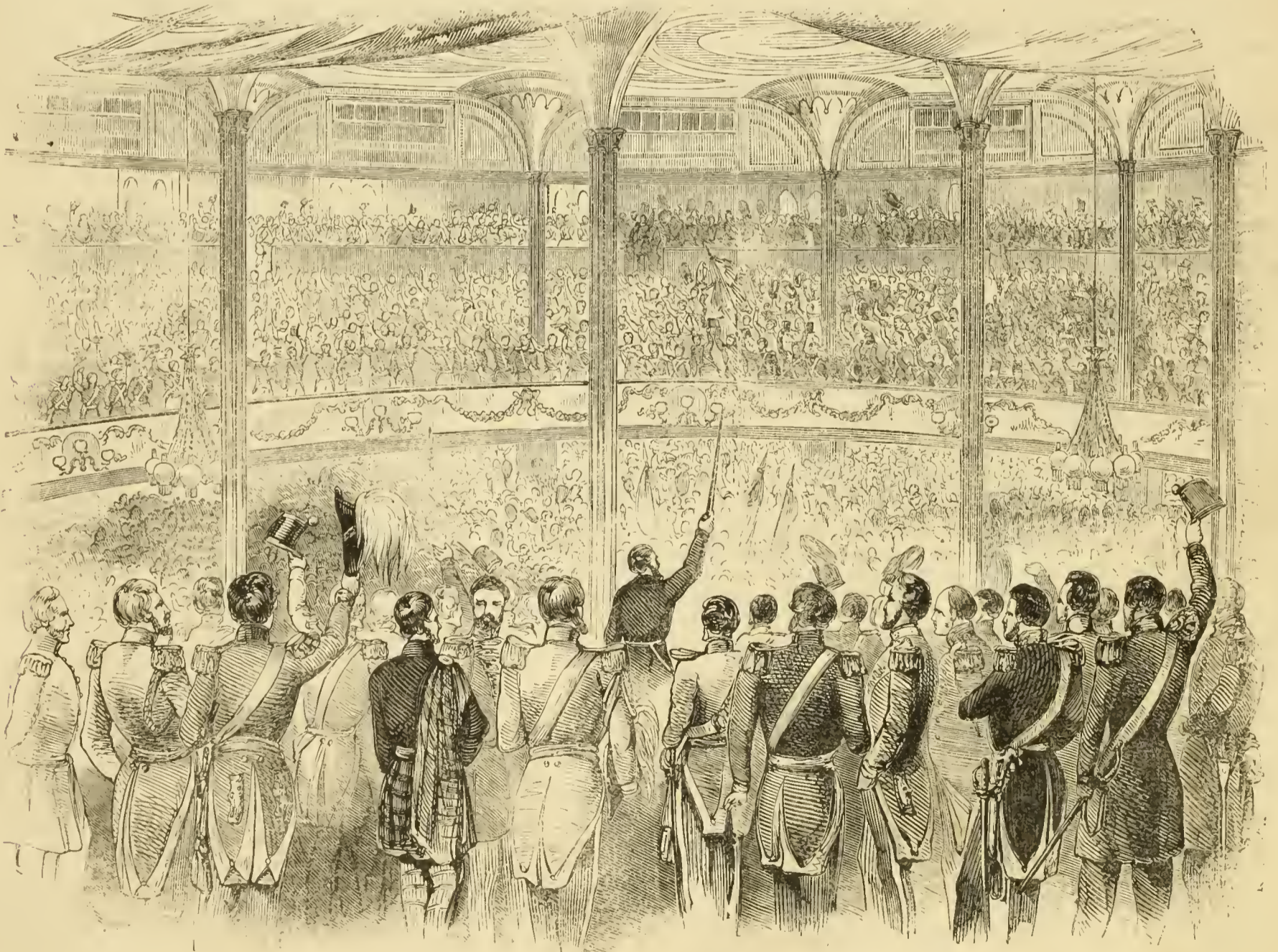
We present our readers with an engraving of the State Carriage which has just been designed and built for the Peruvian Republic, in London. Our illustration will convey an accurate idea of the symmetrical beauty of the carriage. The lower panels are painted a rich ultra-marine, and emblazoned with the arms of the Republic; and the whole establishment is most beautifully and profusely ornamented with gold.

KOSSUTH AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Below we give a view taken by our artist on the spot, representing Kossuth as he appeared addressing the New York militia at Castle Garden, a short time since. The number of troops was not far from 5000, and when they were all seated, with their various weapons, their regimental standards, their shining armor and their nodding plumes, they presented a most animating sight. When the division was all, with ex-

cellent discipline, arrayed in the order determined on, they were requested by Gen. Hall to be seated and be silent. They were all covered, and made a fine display. The entrance of Kossuth, leaning on the arm of Gen. Sandford, took place amidst a silence which was very striking, the order having been given that no demonstration should be made until the distinguished stranger should have been introduced. Advancing to the front, and facing each other (Kossuth

wearing an elegant dress sword, suspended from a golden belt), Gen. Sandford said—"Gentlemen of the first division: I present to you Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary!" At this the whole division arose, and, uncovering, gave round after round of enthusiastic cheers. It was a most moving scene, indeed. Gen. Sandford then introduced in their order, to Kossuth, the brigadier generals each of whom, in turn, introduced his separate command by regiments.



KOSSUTH ADDRESSING THE MILITARY FROM CASTLE GARDEN, N.Y.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE EMERALD RING:
OR,
THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.
A TALE FOR NEW YEAR.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

CHAPTER I.

It was New Year's eve. The moon, bright and beautiful, looked clearly down upon the snow-covered earth, and attended by her myriad retinue of stars, clad all things in a rich glittering brilliance. The splendid rooms of the Ocean House, at Newport, were most magnificently illuminated, and never had a more brilliant assembly congregated there, than now graced the gorgeous halls upon this gay New Year's eve. Mirth and joyousness reigned supreme, and fairy feet tripped gaily to the sound of enchanting music, while light hearts beat quicker as soft eyes "looked love to eyes which spake again," while nought seemed wanting to complete the happiness of all.

Apart from the gay company, and half concealed by the shading folds of a magnificent curtain, stood two figures, so deeply engaged in conversation that they scarce heeded the merry assembly around them. One was a tall, finely-formed young man, whose uncommonly handsome countenance and brilliant dark eyes were expressive of manly courage and a noble spirit. His companion was a slight, delicate young girl, whose fair hand was laid softly upon his arm, and her face was upturned confidently to his. That face, my feeble pen cannot describe it, for it was most brilliantly beautiful—lovely beyond description. The softly gentle expression resting upon the countenances of both told truly that they were lovers.

"Dearest Evelyn," half mournfully said the young man, "must it be that we now part, never to meet again?"

The young girl raised her soft dark eyes, dimmed by tears, to the face of her companion, and her only reply was a look of undying love. The silence was again broken by the young man.

"Evelyn," said he, tenderly, "our hearts are too closely bound together to be thus separated. I love you deeply as it is in the power of man to love; and, in return for my heart, you have given me yours. Your father, determining that we shall never be united, intends now to part us, and take you, his only child, far away from our native land, to the stranger shore of France, hoping that absence will cure your true love. It is decided that you must, on the morrow, leave us for France. Dearest Evelyn, I cannot endure the thought that we must part forever. I have ascertained that another ship is soon to sail for the shore to which you and your father are now going, and in it I have determined to take passage, and in France, dear Evelyn, I will meet you, if needful, in disguise. Your father must not know aught of it; but yet we may meet again, and be once more happy."

"My own dear Alfred!" joyfully cried the fair girl, her tear-dimmed eyes now sparkling with hope and pleasure. "No words can express my gratitude to you for this. It will cheer me upon the dreary voyage, to think that I shall meet you once again. But can you do all this for me, dear Alfred?"

"Do not ask me, Evelyn," tenderly answered the lover. "I would peril my life for your happiness. Though I may first meet you in disguise, I trust your heart will tell you that it is no other than your ever true Alfred."

"You cannot disguise yourself successfully from the eyes of Evelyn Lessington," answered the beautiful maiden; "but take this," she continued, slipping from her finger a plain emerald ring, "take this, that no one may deceive me by endeavoring to personate you. This ring, as you may perceive, is a curiously fashioned one, and I should know it at any time or place, or under any circumstances. Wear this, Alfred, for my sake; and wherever you meet me, show me this ring, and I will never doubt that it is Alfred Lesdon."

"For your sake, sweet Evelyn, I will wear it; and when my heart is sad, I will press to my lips this memorial of thee, and remember that I shall meet thee again."

"I must leave thee, dear Alfred, for I see my father is seeking to find me. We must part. But ere another New Year's eve, we shall meet again, if life and hope are spared us. Till then,

let this emerald ring serve to remind you of Evelyn."

"I will keep it as a priceless treasure. We shall meet next on the soil of sunny France."

"I must leave thee, for my father will discover us. Farewell, dearest Alfred!"

"Farewell, my own Evelyn!" murmured the young and noble lover, as he pressed a parting kiss upon the Parian-white brow of the beautiful and trusting Evelyn Lessington. The next moment she was gone, and joining her father, she left the brilliant hall.

For several moments, after she had departed, Alfred Lesdon stood wrapped in thought. He felt that he should again meet his adored Evelyn, and perhaps through the agency of the emerald ring!

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR had passed, and again it was New Year's eve. But never had a wilder storm howled around the coast of France than was now raging. Not one star gleamed out from the heavily shading clouds, but all was one mass of thick impenetrable darkness, save when the brilliant lightning flashed gleamingly out, lighting up the sublimely fearful scene with a more than noonday brilliancy. The hissing waves dashed and foamed against the craggy rocks of the shore of the peninsula upon which stood the town of Cherbourg, with a wildness almost fearful.

Sheltered by a huge overhanging rock, upon the point where the waves broke the fiercest, was a dark crouching figure, which, at first sight, would have been taken for a portion of the rock, but which was, in reality, a young man. As occasionally the lightning gleamed over the dark foaming ocean, he would start up and gaze far over the raging mass of waters; then, as if disappointed, sink back again, and bury his face in his hands.

"O, Evelyn, Evelyn!" he murmured, half aloud, "can it be that I have bid thee farewell forever! Last New Year's eve, with the light of hope in thine eyes, thou didst say that we should meet again ere now! I was then without a fortune or a name, and with no friends save thee. Now, I am surrounded with adoring flatterers, revel in wealth and splendor, and all the honors a proud nation can give, are bestowed upon me. But with all this, I am weary and unhappy; for she—my adored and still beloved Evelyn, is—I know not where!"

Thus he mused, regardless of the fierceness of the storm, and communing only with his disturbed thoughts. At length, the midnight bell tolled heavily over the dark waters, yet the storm had not abated. The young stranger sprang to his feet, and as the lightning flashed out, gazed once more over the ocean. But he turned away disappointed.

"I shall never see her more!" he murmured; "I shall hope no longer! A strange fancy had taken possession of me, that on this New Year's eve I should again meet my Evelyn. But it is now midnight—she will not come. This," he continued, taking from his bosom a small emerald ring, and pressing it to his lips, "is her last gift, and I will prize it for her sake, as well as for the priceless service it has done me. It is now my only treasure. She has—Good heavens! what was that?"

As he spoke these last words, he turned in the direction of the ocean, and endeavored to pierce the thick darkness with his straining eyes, at the same time listening attentively. Again, over the dark waves, came that faint, yet heart-thrilling sound, heard above the wild roar of the tempest. It was the firing of a gun for help from some ill-fated vessel, which was nearing the all-devouring breakers. Suddenly a flash of lightning gleamed over the scene, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the young man a large but dismayed and helpless vessel. As he well knew the rocky path to the beach, it was but the work of a moment to descend it, even in that thick darkness. The sound of the gun again came over the waters, but this time nearer and clearer than before. The ship was rapidly approaching the breakers!

"O, my God, must they perish!" cried the young man, clasping his hands in mute supplication. Yet he could do nought for them; there was no human habitation for many miles, and what could his single arm accomplish for them in that storm and darkness?

Once more the vivid lightning gleamed out from the dark heavens, and revealed all—the dismayed vessel, the storm-tossed ocean, and the

roaring, foaming breakers—to the straining eyes of the young man. The next moment a crashing sound was heard; a death-cry, so wild and despairing that it touched the inmost soul, rose above the roaring of the storm, and most of the crew of that ill-fated vessel stood in the presence of their final Judge! The strained nerves of the one who had so anxiously listened to it all, could no longer bear the fearful excitement, and he fell upon the ground insensible.

How long he lay there, he knew not; but when he again awoke to consciousness the storm had passed away, the stars were shining faintly down upon him, and the rosy gleam of morn had just begun to light up the east. As he arose and gazed around him, a sight met his eyes that sickened his very soul. All around lay bodies that had been washed upon the shore by the surges, dead, bruised and disfigured, the results of that midnight wreck. He approached the nearest body, which was that of a female, and drew aside the veil of dark, damp hair from the features. But why did he thus start back, and gaze with such a strange expression upon that pale and lifeless countenance?

"Father in heaven, it is Evelyn!" he cried, in a thrilling voice, as he sprang forward and caught the light form of the lifeless maiden in his arms. In a few moments he had reached the extremity of the rocky path, and walked more swiftly on, bearing the light form in his arms. For hours he toiled on, and at length reached the cottage of a peasant, where all possible means to resuscitate the lifeless body were used, though without success for some time. At length she unclosed her eyes and gazed around, and as they fell upon the countenance of the young man, who bent so anxiously over her, the words "Alfred," "Evelyn," were pronounced, and in an instant the two long separated lovers were locked in each other's arms. It is almost needless to inform the reader that they were Alfred Lesdon and Evelyn Lessington. Though we cannot attempt to describe their meeting, we will listen to a conversation which took place between them a few hours afterwards.

"Evelyn," said the young man, as he sat holding the hand of the rescued lady, "where did you obtain that emerald ring you gave me when we parted at the Ocean House, in Newport, on New Year's eve, now a year since?"

"A foreigner gave it me some time before, and as it was of peculiar construction, I presented it to you."

"Evelyn, that ring has been the means of bringing me a name and fortune!"

"Impossible, Alfred!"

"It is no less true, dearest. I will tell you all in the briefest possible manner. I was one day walking in the Champs Elysees with an elderly gentleman, when my companion suddenly discovered that emerald ring, which I wore upon one of my fingers. He said it was the signet-ring of a noble family, whose title was now without an heir, the only son of the late duke having been stolen away in his infancy. He then looked earnestly at me for a few moments, and saying: 'Follow me, young man, and you may learn something of importance,' led the way to a splendid mansion in the very heart of the city. He then examined several papers, and asked me many questions, to all of which I answered promptly. He then heartily grasped my hand, and said: 'There is no doubt, my dear young friend, that you are the true Duke d'Etress, the only child of the late proprietor of this mansion, and the sole heir to all his immense estates, and that ring which you wear is the signet-ring of your family!' A few days after, I found that they had learned all my former history, and that I was indeed one of the highest-born nobles in France. And for three months, I have been the lion of Paris, and known by my true name and title—Duke Louis d'Etress!"

"This change in your fortune makes me happy for your sake. And had it not been for the sickness and death of my father, which so long detained me, I should have known it long ago. But you will not now wed humble Evelyn Lessington."

A look of unutterable love was his only reply. A few evenings after, the noble mansion of the duke was brilliantly illuminated, and in the presence of a noble and highborn assembly, the happy Duke d'Etress led to the altar the beautiful Evelyn Lessington as his bride.

Never will either the duke or his duchess forget the thrilling scene of the *Midnight Wreck*, or consider, as a mere trifling ornament, the *Emerald Ring!*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FLOWERS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Flowers! ye have bowed your gentle heads
To the freezing north wind's breath;
Ye have vanished in your loveliness,
Before the hand of death.
The places once so full of life,
With your beauty and your bloom,
Are yielding now to dark decay,
Enwrap in silent gloom.

I hailed your coming with delight,
When the winter months had fled,
And the wild wood echoed once again
To my light and joyous tread.
When the streamlet leaped from its icy chains,
And laughed once more in glee,
And the scented breath of your glowing leaves
Stole forth to welcome me.

Ye were sweet! how sweet! in the summer-time,
When ye decked the smiling earth,
And a thousand rainbow-tinted buds
Each morning sprung to birth.
I sought your haunts at the noontide hour,
To rest in the cool, sweet shade,
When the airy sound of the zephyr's wings
Through your quivering branches played.

Sweet flowers! ye came to bless the earth,
From the golden realms of heaven;
The lavish work of angels' hands,
Your treasures have been given.
Long ye have smiled upon us here,
Till autumn breathed decay;
And with the summer's fleeting life,
Your beauty passed away.

Bright flowers! the earth seems drear and lone,
Where once your smiles were seen;
And the wintry sunlight coldly falls
On woods no longer green;
But the joyous spring must come again,
With its fleeting, passing hours;
And heaven to earth once more will bring
The glowing gift of flowers.

Boston, Mass., January, 1852.

STRANGE NOISES.

Lieut. Joseph White, of the U. S. Navy, in his "Voyage to Cochin-China," describes a curious aquatic concert which he heard while sailing up the Don-nai river. His ears, he says, were saluted by a variety of sounds, resembling the deep bass of an organ, accompanied by the hollow, guttural chant of the bull-frog, the heavy chiming of a bell, and the tones which imagination would give to an enormous Jew's-harp. This combination produced a thrilling sensation on the nerves, and as he and his companions fancied, a tremulous motion in the vessel. Anxious to discover the cause of this gratuitous concert, he went into the cabin, where he soon perceived that the sounds proceeded from the bottom of the vessel. In a few moments after, having commenced at the stern of the vessel, the music became general throughout the whole length of the keel. On inquiring of the linguist on board respecting the cause of his admiration, Mr. White was informed that the harmony proceeded from a shoal of fishes, of a flat oval form, like a flounder, which, by a certain conformation of the mouth, possess the power of adhesion to other objects in a wonderful degree; and that they were peculiar to that river. But, whether the sounds were produced by any particular construction of the sonorous organs, or by spasmodic vibrations of the body, the linguist was ignorant.—*Literary American.*

MELANCHOLY.

Last Monday, a German lady, about sixty years of age, direct from Germany, arrived at the canal landing, on La Salle street, in this place, on the packet. Her health was feeble, and as she desired to stop here, she was assisted in getting off the boat and conducted to Mr. Pick's hotel. On entering the sitting-room, she suddenly and quite unexpectedly found herself face to face with her only daughter, whom she had not seen for a number of years, and to see whom she had made her journey to this country. Each recognized the other, and with ecstatic joy, folded each other in their arms. The mother gave utterance to a few expressions of love and affection for her child, and then swooned away. She was placed upon a bed, and all means were used to restore her to consciousness, but all in vain. The spirit had departed—she was dead!

Ottawa Free Trader.

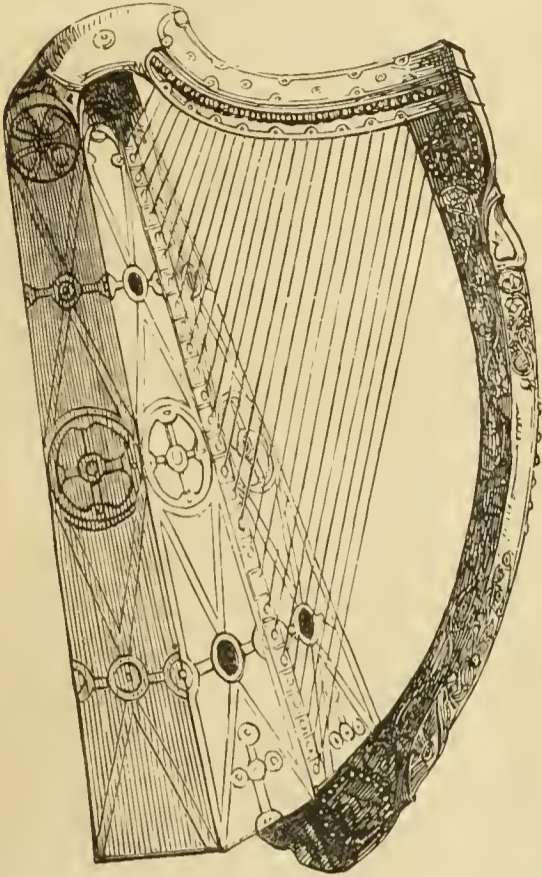
OMNIBUS TALK.

Every one must have noticed, some time or other, the strange jumble of conversation—the articulate ollapodrids—the Babel of tongues, which fill a crowded omnibus, as it rumbles heavily on its way. The noise of the streets—the rattle of the wheels—the thousand discords which attend it, compel you, if you wish to address your neighbor, to scream your words in painfully high notes, and to exert your pulmonary powers in a very unpleasant manner. And yet we have known love scenes to be enacted in an omnibus—declarations to be made—hearts lost and won, and some of the funniest episodes in the serio-comic drama of life, represented.

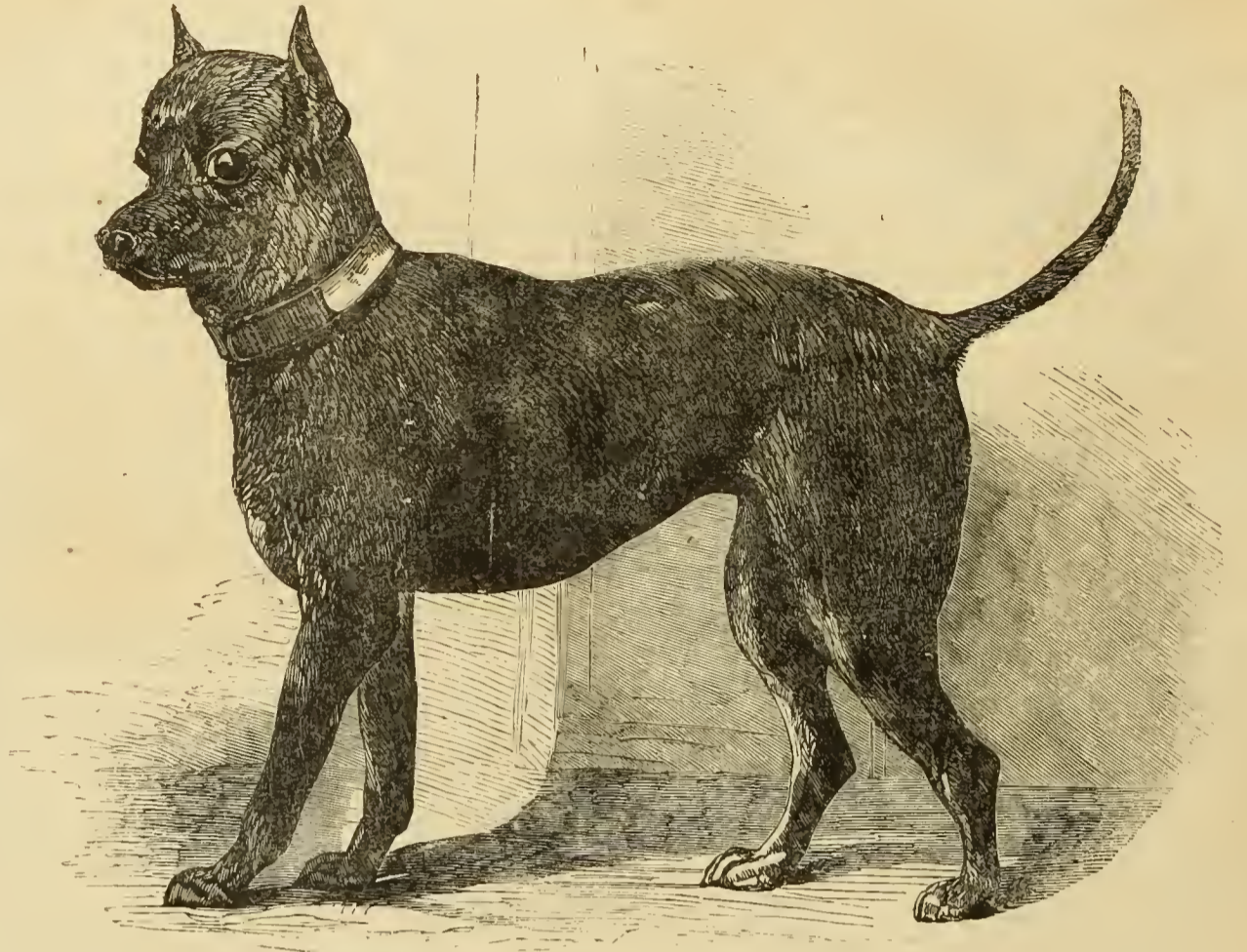
N. O. Delta.

QUEEN MARY'S HARP.

This royal harp had in front of the upper arm the queen's portrait and the arms of Scotland, both in gold. On the right side, which is the view given in the annexed plate, in the circular space, near the upper end of the fore-arm, was placed a jewel of considerable value, and on the opposite side, in a similar circular space, was fixed another precious stone; of all which it was despoiled in the Rebellion, 1745.



HARP OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



THE DOG "TINY," IN THE LATE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Among the curiosities of Taxidermy in the Great Exhibition was the Terrier, which we here engrave of life-size. It bore the appropriate name of "Tiny;" its length being little more than

three inches; and it has been described as "the smallest dog in the world." The mother is a thorough bred English terrier, a little picture in herself. It was exhibited by Lady Maclaine.

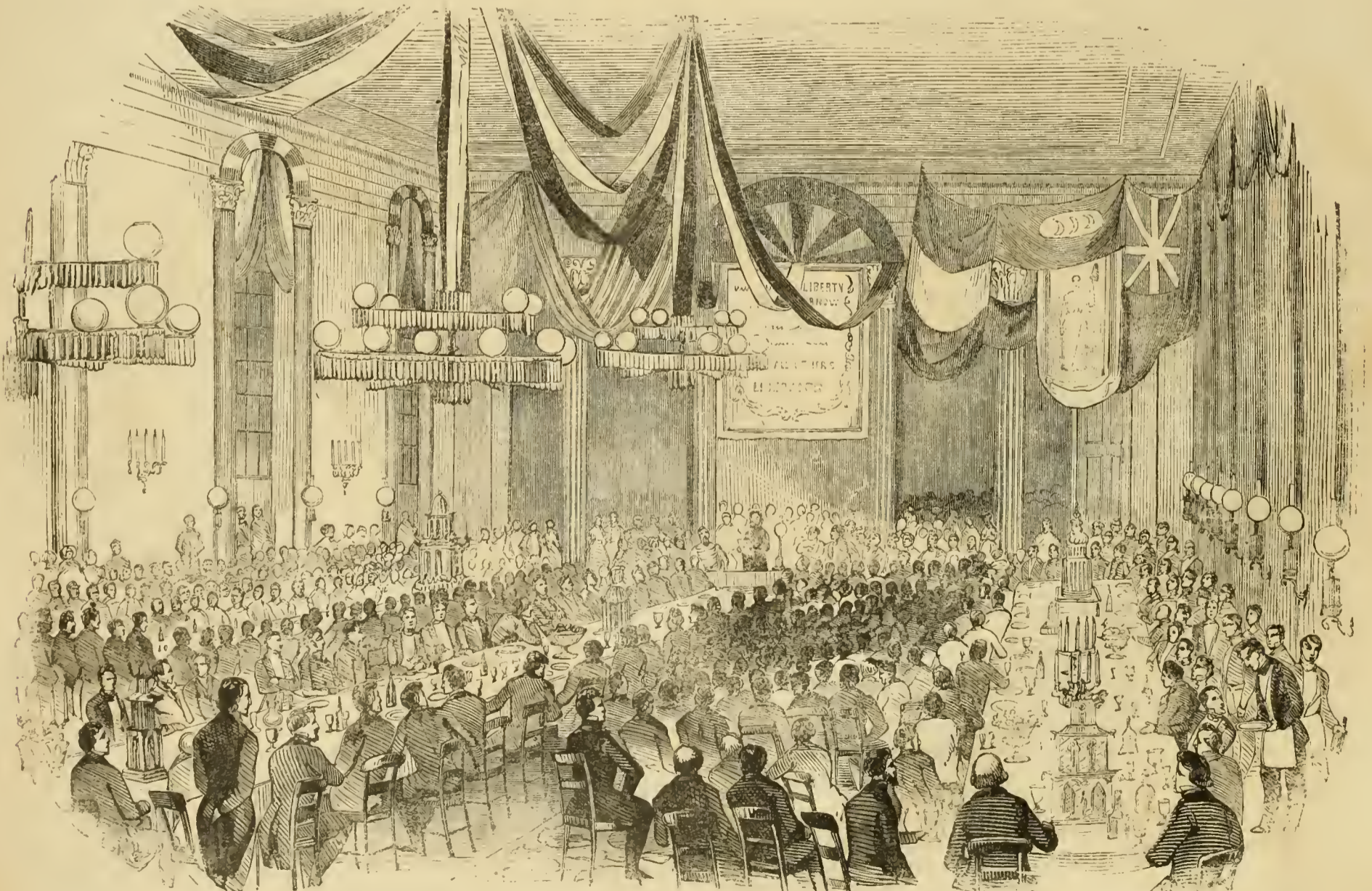
EDITORIAL BANQUET.

The view presented herewith is a representation by our artist of the late editorial banquet given at the Astor House to Louis Kossuth. The company assembled early, and at 6 o'clock

the doors were opened. The seats had been chosen beforehand, and no difficulty was experienced in finding places, every plate having the guest's name upon it. At 6 1-4 o'clock, M. Kossuth was announced, and amid the cheers of

the guests was escorted by Mr. Bryant, to the seat provided for him. Mr. Bryant presided; on his right sat Kossuth, on his left was Mayor Kingsland. At the same table were M. Pulszky, Col. Bethlen, Col. Ihacz, Capt. Nemeth, Capt.

Grekench, M. Guyurman, Charles King, Mr. Brace, George Bancroft, and Mr. Goldmark, of Vienna. In other parts of the room were Prof. McClintock, M. H. Grinnell, Simeon Draper, and other eminent gentlemen.



EDITORIAL BANQUET IN NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF M. KOSSUTH

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

\$2 00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 2.—VOL. 2.
10 Cts. SINGLE COPY.

A SNOW SCENE.

Our artist has sketched for us here a scene representing the Cambridge omnibus, Benjamin Franklin, as it appeared during a late snow storm in passing Bowdoin Square Church. It is a

spirited and truthful picture, and one which cannot fail to please our readers. In the fore ground may be observed some boys enjoying the "opportunities of the season," while the horses attached to the vehicle seem little less animated by

the lively and novel effect of the snow beating about them. One poor fellow, startled at the speed he finds the coach making, will be observed striving to get a look out of the window to see if all is right. In the back ground will be seen the

graceful tower of the church lifting its battlements above the lofty trees about it. We shall have more of these timely and seasonable scenes to present to our readers, during the winter months, while nature wears "her mantle of snowy white."



CAMBRIDGE OMNIBUS, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, PASSING BOWDOIN SQUARE CHURCH IN A SNOW STORM.

A TALE OF PIONEER LIFE AND INCIDENT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
WHITE ROVER:
 —OR—
THE LOVELY MAID OF LOUISIANA.
 A ROMANCE OF THE WILD FOREST.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

Adelaide saw how matters were progressing, and hastily retreated to her father's room.

The happy lover drew the tearful and blushing maiden towards him, and ventured to press his lips lightly to her crimson cheek.

"Helen," he added, "now am I indeed happy. The days of my boyhood seem to be recalled. Henceforth I have something to live for. I will live to make myself worthy of Helen Lerowe. I will win a name that shall be worthy of her, or perish in the effort. Now I am but an unknown lad, without money, and I might add, without parentage; but I trust it will not always be thus, for now I have as great an incentive to action as ever mortal man had."

"Nay, Henri, you overvalue me. You forget that I am as portionless as yourself, and that my parentage is involved in an obscurity as dark as your own. I have no claims to gentle birth, and am but a dependant upon the bounty of the excellent governor," replied Helen, earnestly.

"You lose sight of many advantages which you possess. You are known as the fairest of the daughters of Louisiana. There is not a man in the colony but would be proud to lay his heart at your feet, were he sure the offering would be accepted. It would be easy for Mademoiselle Lerowe to marry a fortune," replied Henri.

"Such an absurd idea never occurred to Mademoiselle Lerowe," rejoined Helen, smiling.

"Helen," continued Henri, seriously, "are you willing to sacrifice ambition to love, and remain as you now are until Dame Fortune shall enable me to claim you as my bride?"

"It will be no sacrifice, Henri; and as for ambition, I have little of the kind you refer to," said Helen.

"Your kind words render me unspeakably happy. And now, dear girl, allow me to meet you here as often as propriety will admit."

"I should be rather a poor judge of the last named commodity, I fear," answered the maiden, with a smile.

"On the contrary, you are a model of propriety," said Henri. "But there is another subject I must speak of before we part. I have often seen Capt. Lesage enter the governor's house. My heart told me that he had a motive in going there. Was I right?"

The sweet face of Helen was suffused with blushes.

"You were not wrong in your suspicions. He has persecuted me for several months."

"And you gave him no encouragement?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, Helen?"

"He grew impatient, and accused me of loving a nameless adventurer."

"The villain!"

"I think, nay, I am certain that you have much to fear from him, for by some means he has discovered your secret, and mine too, perhaps. He is a man that will not brook denial, and when once resolved upon a thing, nothing can change his purpose."

"You have not mistaken his character. He is indeed a dangerous man, and capable of any act of villainy. How does he stand with De Bienville?"

"On very good terms, I believe."

"Do you imagine that the governor favors his pretensions?"

"On that subject I am in doubt. I hope not, for I most heartily despise the character of the man."

"There is still another subject upon which I must speak. There is a prospect of a long and bloody war with the Indians. Already have the savages commenced their depredations, provoked, I have reason to believe, by some overt act on the part of Capt. Lesage. Onalaska has gathered together his warriors, and sent deputations to all the neighboring nations; to the Choctaws, the Natches, the Mobilians, and the Yazooos. The slumbering desire for vengeance has been awakened. The council-fires of the red men are burning on every hill, and in every valley, and upon every river; and unless this rising is checked at once, every white man will be swept from the great valley of the Mississippi. The settlement at Mobile, at Dauphine Island, at Pensacola, and here at New Orleans, will perish simultaneously; for, by a wonderful concert of action, all these infant colonies will be crushed in a day."

The face of Helen Lerowe grew pale.

"Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed. "Is the danger indeed so imminent?"

"It is. There is no child's play about it. You know that I have been free to go among the Indian tribes, and that I have ever been called the Indian's friend. I believe they have imbibed the idea that a goodly portion of their own red blood is mixed with the white currents that flow in my veins," said Henri, with a slight change of color. "But let that be as it may, I have acquired considerable influence over the minds of our red neighbors. No longer ago than last night, I dared to dash into their midst, and snatch a victim from the jaws of death, even after the fires were lighted. And," continued Henri, with a flashing eye and a heaving chest, "I escaped unharmed. Not one of the horribly painted warriors pointed a feathered arrow, or raised a tomahawk against me. There is not another man in Louisiana that could have done it."

"I'll answer for the truth of that assertion with my life," said a voice.

Henri and Helen turned toward the door, and their eyes rested upon the figure of Pierre Moran.

"There is not another man in the French colony that could have done it and lived to tell his sweetheart of it. Pierre Moran says it," added the hunter.

"And he would be a bold man who would dare gainsay you," replied Henri. "Permit me to introduce you to Mademoiselle Lerowe."

Pierre bowed gallantly, and expressed the pleasure he experienced in making the acquaintance of so fair a lady.

"As you stayed much longer than you had anticipated," said Moran, turning to Henri, "I feared something unfortunate had befallen you, and came promptly to the rescue; but I perceive that you can dispense with my services."

Henri and Helen exchanged glances, and changed color.

At that crisis Madame Ridelle and her interesting daughter appeared, and Pierre Moran was greeted as an old acquaintance.

"I have hunted many a day, and camped many a night with Ridelle," said the hunter. "And I have fought the savages side by side, with him, and hope to again, for there will soon be warm work in the colony."

"Do you think so?" asked Madame Ridelle, anxiously.

"There can be no doubt of it, madame. It's a fact that might as well be known first as last. The red men are aroused to vengeance, and much blood will be shed."

Madame Ridelle sighed. Monsieur Moran looked furtively at Adelaide, and Adelaide looked down at the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONFIDENTIAL INTERVIEW—FATHER DAVION—THE ARREST.

It was evening. De Bienville and Lesage were closeted together.

"Are you really in earnest," said de Bienville, "when you assure me that this young man has incited all the Indian tribes against the French colonists?"

"I never was more so, your excellency," replied Lesage.

"But what is the secret of his influence among them? Can you tell me that?" asked de Bienville, incredulously.

"The truth is he is not free from native blood, himself. He has associated with the Indians from his childhood, and having considerable natural shrewdness, has learned how to operate upon their impulsive natures. He is known also to be the intimate friend of Father Davion, and he possesses great influence among the savages," replied Lesage, with much apparent sincerity.

"Is it possible that this boy has Indian blood enough to make him plan the destruction of all the French settlers upon the Mississippi?" exclaimed de Bienville, nervously.

"It is too true," replied Lesage, musingly. "One drop of Indian blood would be enough to contaminate the best man in the country."

"You do not like our red neighbors, captain?" rejoined Bienville, looking searchingly at Lesage.

"I plead guilty to the charge. I hate the whole red race; and not without cause, for is not every Frenchman on the Mississippi in danger? It is not easy to guess what a single day may bring forth. To-day we rest in comparative security, but to-morrow we may be tomahawked and scalped, and our infant city laid in ashes."

"Lesage," said de Bienville, abruptly, "I have been acquainted with the various tribes on the Mississippi River for twenty-one years, and I have not yet acquired that influence over their minds which you say this beardless boy has. If what you say be true, nature has certainly intended him for a great man."

"For a great villain, you meant to say, your excellency," retorted Lesage, somewhat tartly.

"I meant as I said," returned the governor, drily. "It requires a bold and daring spirit to lay such a plan as you have been talking of. A miserable coward—a paltry knave, could not do it. But still the young vagabond must be looked to."

"You cannot attend to the matter too soon, your excellency. Already the axe is laid at the root of the tree."

"Hold!" cried de Bienville, with a smile. "When the devil quotes Scripture, men should be on their guard."

"Ah, de Bienville, you are scarcely aware of the danger that threatens this devoted colony. Already I seem to hear the shrieks of helpless women, and the wailings of innocent babes. Good heavens! that such depravity should be found on earth! and the tender-hearted captain covered his face with his hands, and paced the floor in deep affliction.

"Be calm, Captain Lesage," said the governor, somewhat softened by his emotions. "Restrain your anxiety; immediate steps shall be taken to arrest the threatened calamity."

De Bienville paused, and seemed absorbed in thought.

"And this boy was the friend and playmate of Helen," he said, musingly—"the bright and intelligent youth I used so much to admire. Strange that the human countenance should be such a falsehood, and furnish no key to the character of its possessor."

Then turning suddenly to Lesage:

"Do you think Father Davion knows aught of Henri's plans, or really understands his disposition?"

"I do not. The good old man has not the remotest idea of the baseness of the serpent he has nurtured in his bosom. When the whole is made known to him, it will bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"And some of our heads, it would seem, will be brought down to *sheol* before our hairs have a chance to grow gray. Alas, we are an unfortunate people. Lesage, I wish there were some mistake about this matter. I do not wish to

think so hardly of the boy;" and de Bienville walked the room with agitated and uneven steps.

"Go and arrest him," he said, at length, in a sorrowful voice. "Go and arrest him," and he waved his hand for Lesage to depart.

"I never gave an order with so much reluctance," he said to himself, when the captain had gone. "I really liked the lad; but what a venomous viper he is, to be sure. And so young, too. *Mon Dieu!* I am losing all faith in human nature."

We will now, gentle reader, bend our footsteps to the humble cabin of Father Davion—one whose name is already recorded upon the page of history, as the friend and instructor of the poor and untutored savage.

The venerable old man was alone. He was engaged in the most ennobling of all human employments—prayer. But he petitioned not for himself.

"Preserve us from the horrors of war," he cried, elevating his hands and bowing his head low upon his breast. "Save my people from blood-guiltiness. Disarm the poor red man of his vengeance; protect this feeble colony, lest it perish from the face of the earth."

Father Davion arose from his knees. The door opened and Henri Deleroix entered.

"*Pax vobiscum*" (peace be with you), said the man of God.

"Under your roof," replied Henri, feelingly, "I have ever found the blessing which you have now invoked."

"*Deo gratias* (thanks be to God). It makes my heart glad to hear you say so, my son. But what are these rumors that are afloat in New Orleans? Sit down and tell me. Is there really any danger of a simultaneous rising of the Indians?"

"There is, good father. The peril is imminent, and if some decisive measures are not immediately taken by the governor to soften down the spirit of vengeance, or to meet it face to face the French settlements will be swept away with the besom of destruction."

The holy father crossed himself most devoutly. "*Deus in adiutorium meum intende!* You must hasten to the governor at once, and give him due warning."

"Alas, his ears are not open to counsel like mine," answered Henri, sadly. "Other tongues are busy with him, and my bare assertion would avail but little."

"Do you mean to say, my son, that the governor's mind is already closed against you?"

"I have good and sufficient reasons for believing so; for he has dangerous counsellors. Lesage, forgetful of all but self, is constantly pouring his subtle poisons into the governor's mind, and soon there will be no room there for aught save distrust and anxiety. One Pierre Moran, a hunter, whose name you have doubtless heard, has been with de Bienville to-day, and he heard enough to convince him that I should have little or no influence with him, although I am known to have an accurate knowledge of the Indians and Indian character."

"Ah, Henri! de Bienville prides himself on his own knowledge of Indian character," said Father Davion.

"And not without reason. He is wise and sagacious in that respect, and is much esteemed by the red man; but he is not admitted into their confidence, as I have been."

"Very true, my son; you are indeed in a fearful dilemma. You cannot fight against your people, and how can you betray the trust of the poor Indian—lift your hand against him who has fed and warmed you!" exclaimed Father Davion, with much emotion.

"Your words fill me with apprehension, holy father. I am indeed painfully embarrassed. My thoughts distract me! But *Mon Dieu!* I cannot stand still and see the savage curs shed the blood of these helpless colonists! No, no! I will fly to the forests; I will present myself before the red men. I will tell them I shake off their friendship forever; that henceforth there is no bond of sympathy between us; that I will meet them in the field, and in the forest, as deadly enemies; that I cannot turn renegade to my own blood. Give me my rifle, my powder-horn, my ball-pouch, my hunting-knife, and let me away!"

"No, stay, my dear boy. Let us think calmly; let us plan deliberately; let us look the danger calmly in the face."

"And while we are doing that, the war-cries may perchance be heard all along the banks of the Mississippi."

"But reflect, my son; you must not throw

JANUARY.

Wrap close the mufflers now,
And bind the gliding skates;
Bring forth the tiny sleds,
And join your happy mates.
Pile high the crackling wood
Upon the social hearth,
And listen as the sleigh-bells
Glide o'er the snowy earth.



ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF JANUARY.

Within, all's warm and cheerful;
Outside the cottage door
Stands, faint and thinly clad,
The anxious pale-faced poor.
O, let not winter's chains,
That fasten stream and river,
Enfrost the human heart—
Be thou a cheerful giver.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

We have given on the editorial page of the present number, a leading article touching the late career of the president of France, whose portrait we present herewith. The late *coup de main* by which the ambitious nephew of the great general has placed himself at the head of the French people, as a piece of strategy in war, would be considered as a brilliant achievement; but under the circumstances which characterized it, the deed was one fraught with the basest treachery to the constitution, which he had sworn to support and respect violate. Its success had given it a degree of eclat which, for a time, will blind the eyes of this fickle people; but sooner or later they will arouse to a sense of the indignity that has been put upon them, and they will right themselves. It was the *prestige* of his name that first gave him the suffrage of his countrymen, but as to any personal merits or virtues, he is, even for a *roue*, singularly deficient. Practising the most violent desecration of public morals in the most undisguised manner, and bankrupting his resources at the very outset of his term of office by revelry and debauchery. In short, Louis Napoleon verifies most conclusively the fact that a rose by any other name would not smell as sweet. Miss Capulet to the contrary notwithstanding. What chance would the nephew of the "little corporal" stand for the presidency of France had he been named John Smith? Speaking of the first election of Louis to the presidency, the London News says:—On the one hand, was a Bonaparte—strong in his name, but in nothing else—without talents or eloquence that the world had ever had any opportunity of witnessing—without even the *prestige* of character to support him. On the other side, was a man whose high position had been acquired by his personal merit—a man who had saved the nation from anarchy—a man who, but a few short months before, had been greeted with the acclamations of every individual in France who had a decent coat upon his back—a man who, in a time of unparalleled difficulty, had acted with unparalleled honesty of purpose, simplicity and success—a man of sincere convictions, high integrity, great talents and proved services. France was appealed to, to decide between them. The world looked on with breathless interest. The eventful day arrived—the votes were summed up: the name Bonaparte acquired upwards of five million votes; the man Cavaignac little more than one million. Such was the result, and it will be long before Europe recovers from her surprise at the announcement. "Napoleonism" is the "ism" that triumphs over republicanism, and every other form of political faith. Napoleon, in the bitter days of his exile, confessed that he had outraged the nations.

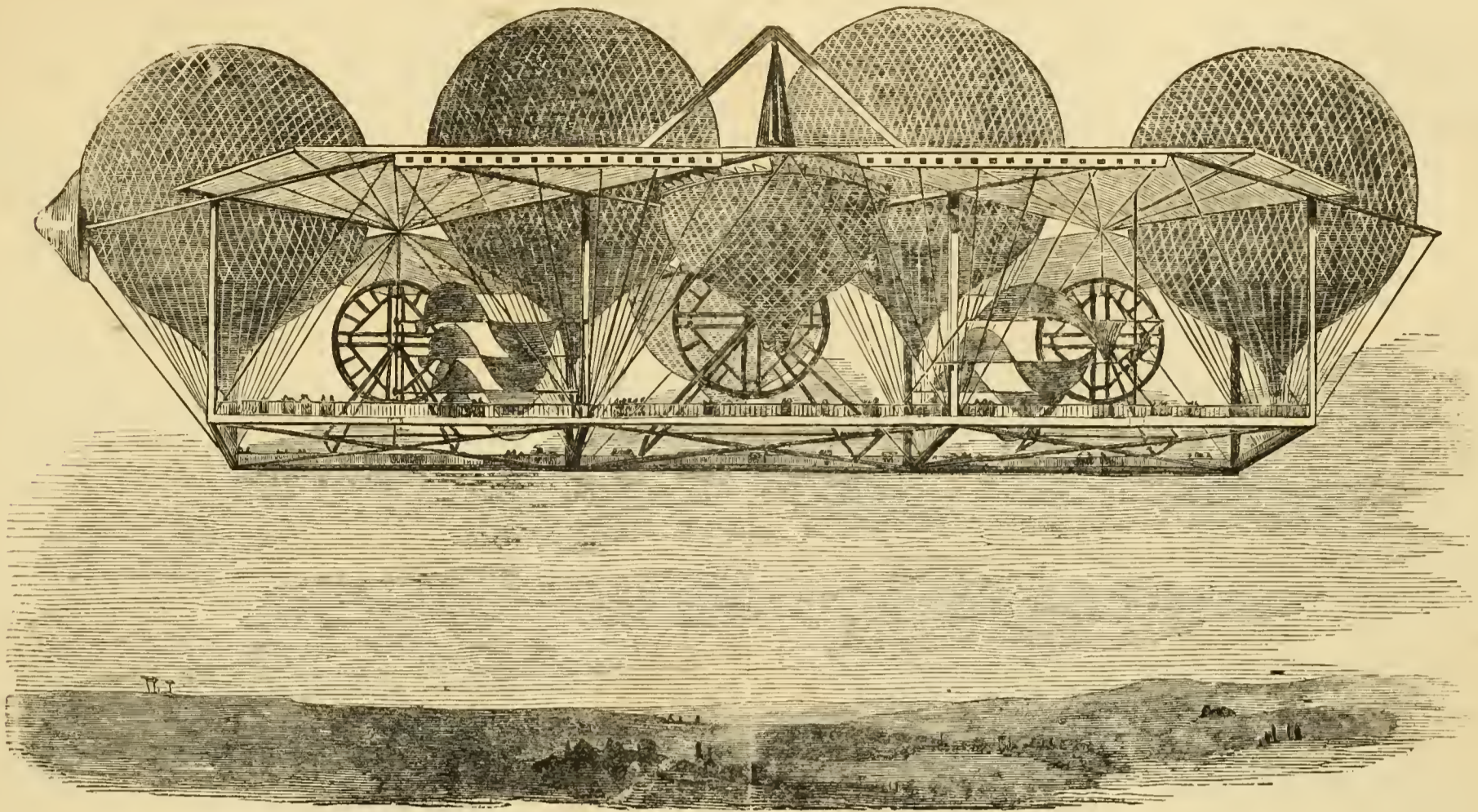


LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

GRISSETTES OF PARIS.

Mr. Wilkes, in one of his charming letters, thus speaks of this numerous and useful class of Parisian society:

"I found the Boulevards quite as gay after breakfast, as they were in the afternoon before, though filled with a somewhat different class of people. There were fewer well-dressed females, and the men had more of a business air; nevertheless, all were loungers, and it was difficult to imagine that any of the throng except the bustling little grisettes, had any task beyond sauntering away their time in that delightful place. Frenchmen never walk fast through the streets; if they are in a hurry they ride. The only person who can by any chance be seen walking swift in Paris, is an American, or perhaps a grisettes, who will hurry at all hours and seasons, unless she is with her sweetheart. I look upon these little creatures as among the most worthy people of Paris. They are as busy as bees all day long, and though report says they take too much margin in their gaieties on Sunday, and walk occasionally too deep into the Bois de Boulogne, one cannot help pardoning them in advance for all their transgressions. They represent labor in its most devoted phase, and have a better right to dance and sing, and snap their fingers, than the laced ladies whom they ornament, and who confer nothing upon the world, but a little too much of themselves. Indeed they enjoy themselves to the top of their bent, whenever they are let loose, and next to the soldiers are the chief feature of Paris. Like the soldiers, however, they always behave decorously, and never give offence, either in their conduct or their attire. On the contrary, their dress is exquisitely tasteful, and their manners, though refined by peculiar art, have the appearance of the utmost simplicity. You are very often struck with their extreme beauty as well as neatness, and at first can scarcely resist an inclination to put your hand in your pocket, as you do when you see a charming statuette, to buy a pair of them for your mantel-piece at home. You see among them the freshest faces and purest complexions in the world, some looking like ripe nectarines, under their indescribable and inimitable little caps, and others so white and so fresh, that they seemed to have been dipped in milk, and make you fancy that they smell of the meadow. Many of the ladies of Paris, too, have the same remarkable delicacy of flesh and blood. Indeed I think the Parisian females excel those of London in complexion, for while the former are distinguished by the characteristics which I mention, too many of the latter look as if they had been roughly built of blocks of raw roasting beef, and have little that is inviting or attractive to the eye."



M. PETIN'S CELEBRATED AIR NAVIGATING MACHINE.

PETIN'S AIR PROPELLOR.

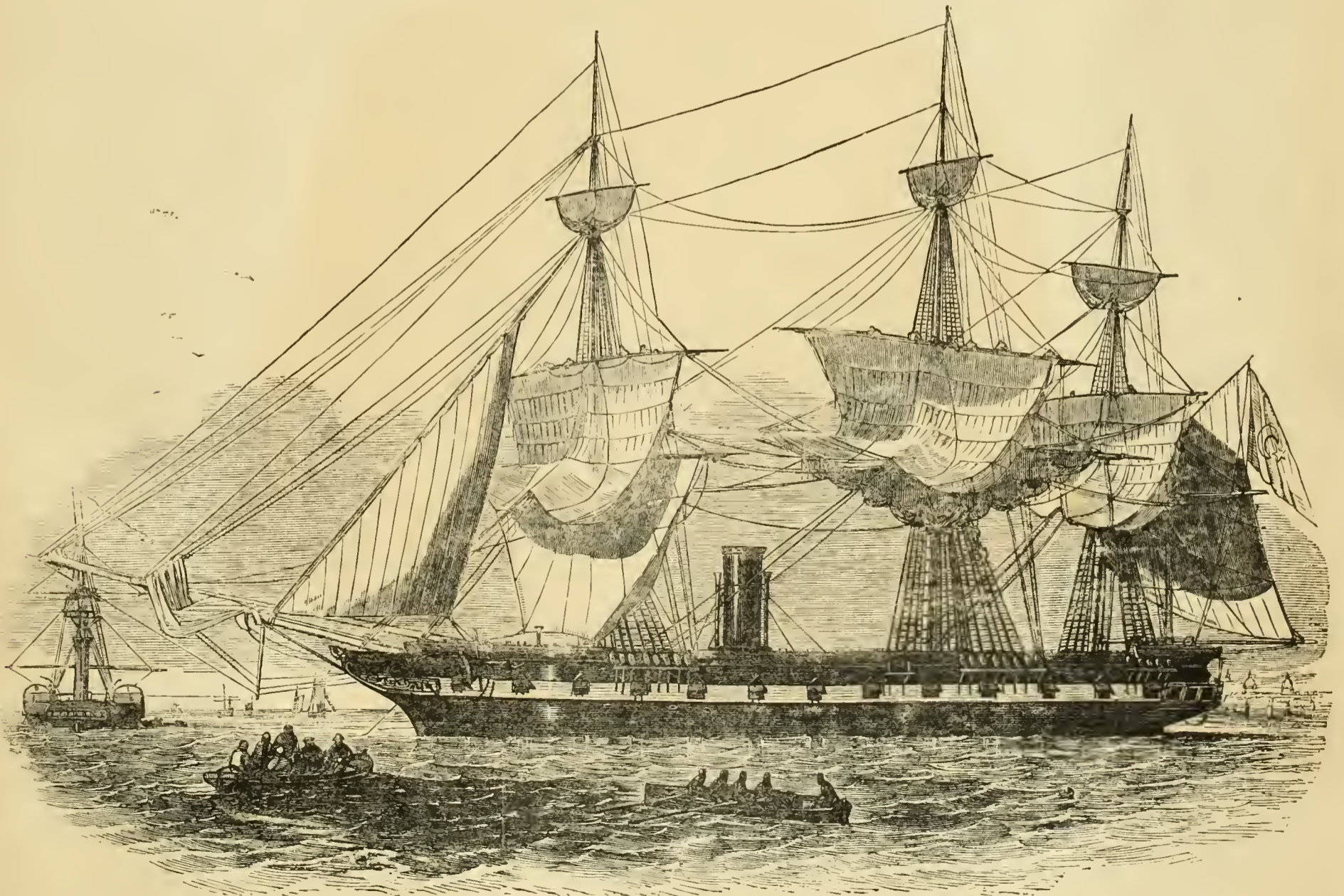
M. PETIN, an ingenious Frenchman, has just invented what is termed a "System of Aerial Navigation," by which he hopes to attain the long-desired power of rendering the balloon subservient to our will. As yet, we have but the instrument; it is necessary to know how to make use of it, to subdue it, to direct it in fact, else we shall continue to have nothing but a toy upon our hands. This, then, is the problem, to solve which

many illustrious dreamers have dedicated their studious hours, without having as yet obtained the results for which they labor. Whether M. Petin's invention is destined to succeed, is yet a problem; but we doubt not that the thing will be ultimately consummated. Hitherto the obstacles in the way of its success have been great, but an indomitable spirit of perseverance will triumph. By the by, what has become of the Hoboken flying machine? Is the enterprise abandoned?

EGYPTIAN STEAMER.

We give herewith a view of the Egyptian Steamer *Sharkie*, as she appeared in the English waters, while on a pleasure excursion. There were assembled upon her deck about 320 ladies and gentlemen, and scattered amongst them and varying the effect which their own gay dresses produced, were the dark blue uniforms and Fez caps of those in command, and of their attendants. Forward, the huge ship was occupied by the crew,

many of whom are Arabs, and some Greeks, but the majority of them were from the valley of the Nile. They all wore the red Fez, and the characteristic wide trousers, which costume, coupled with the dark hues of their complexion, presented a strikingly picturesque appearance. At the stern of the vessel waved the red banner with the crescent in the centre; while at the mainmast head floated the union jack. The appearance of the vessel is very characteristic.



EGYPTIAN STEAM FRIGATE SHARKIE

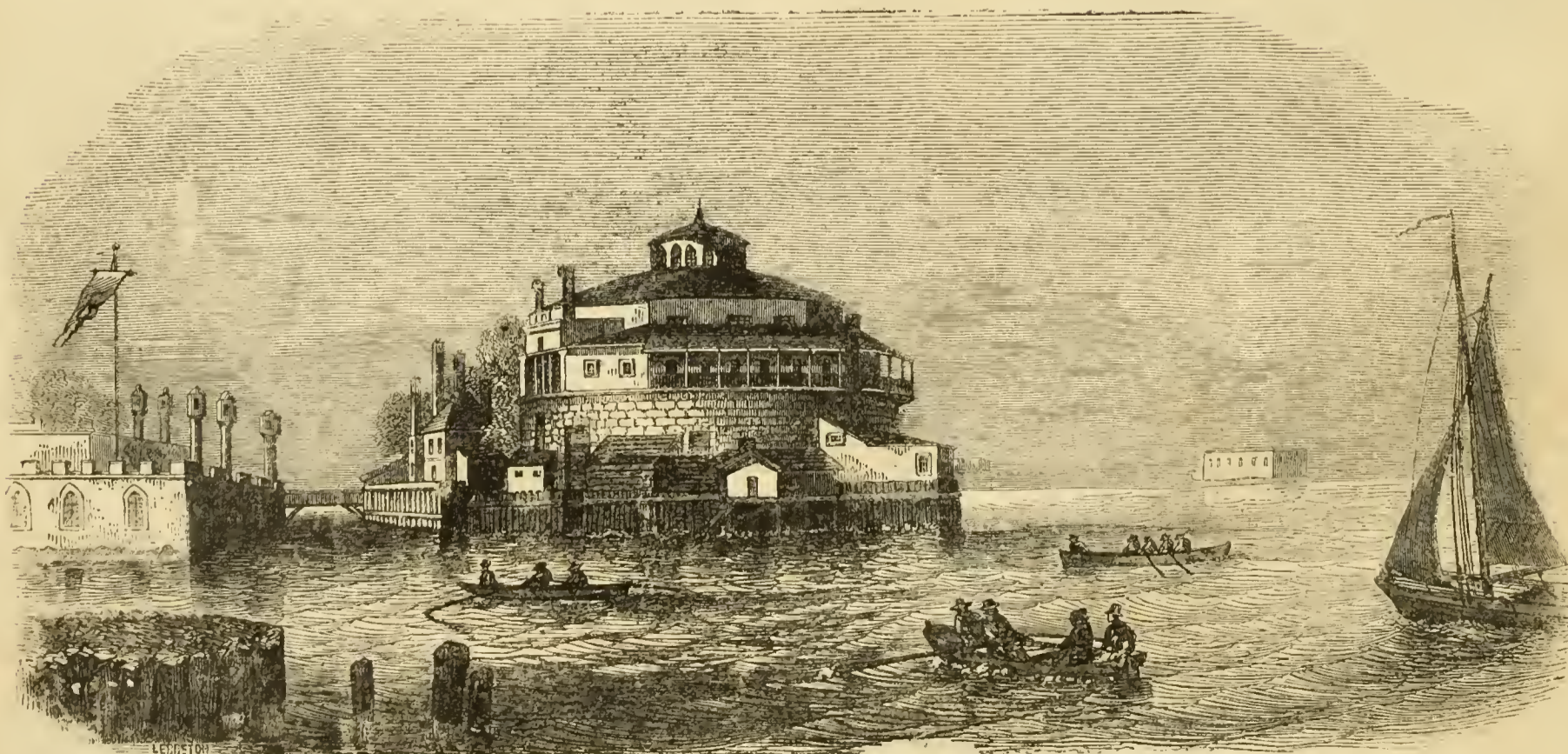
GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE.

The father of Mr. Gustavus V. Brooke was a gentleman of independent property, who died in the year 1825, leaving a widow and four children, the eldest of whom is the subject of the present memoir. He was born in Hardwick Place, Dublin, on the 25th of April, 1818, and is consequently only in his thirtieth year. At an early age Mr. Brooke was sent to Edgeworth's town-school then conducted by Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, brother to the celebrated Miss Edgeworth—where he received the rudiments of a liberal education. After this he returned to Dublin, and prepared for Trinity College, under the able instruction of the Rev. William Jones, of Denmark street, Rutland Square. Mr. Brooke was intended for the Irish bar; but his destiny was not to be the wool-sack. It is curious to trace the dawn of that genius or talent for which men are distinguished in after years. In Mr. Brooke it was very early evinced, and at Edgeworth's town-school he carried off the greater number of prizes for English declamation. His introduction to the stage savors more of romance than reality. When barely fifteen years of age, and then under the tuition of Mr. Jones, he chanced one night to visit the Theatre Royal in Abbey street. The play produced an immense impression on his ardent mind. He was resolved to be an actor. Accordingly, on the following day, unknown to his friends, he called on Mr. Calcraft, the worthy manager, and completely startled him by gravely requesting permission to make an appearance on the stage of the Theatre Royal, in "William Tell." Imagine a slender youth of fifteen, calling on the great autocrat of the English stage, and requesting to play "King John," and you may have some conception of the astonishment of the Dublin manager. Mr. Calcraft, observing the manly and gentlemanly bearing of the boy, received him with the utmost kindness, at the same time pointing out the impropriety of the course. Master Brooke was however, not so easily to be diverted from his histrionic ambition. He persuaded the manager to hear him recite the celebrated passage in "William Tell," commencing, "Ye peaks and crags," &c., which was delivered with so much force, and propriety of action and elocution, that Mr. Calcraft could not refrain from expressing his approval. So ended Mr. Brooke's first interview with the manager of a theatre. A circumstance at this time occurred which gave the future tragedian an opportunity of gratifying his ambition of an appearance on the stage. The great Edmund Kean had been announced to appear in Dublin, and much interest was of course excited amongst the play-goers of that gay city. Just as the time of his appearance approached, Mr. Calcraft received a letter from London, intimating that Kean was seriously ill, and could not possi-

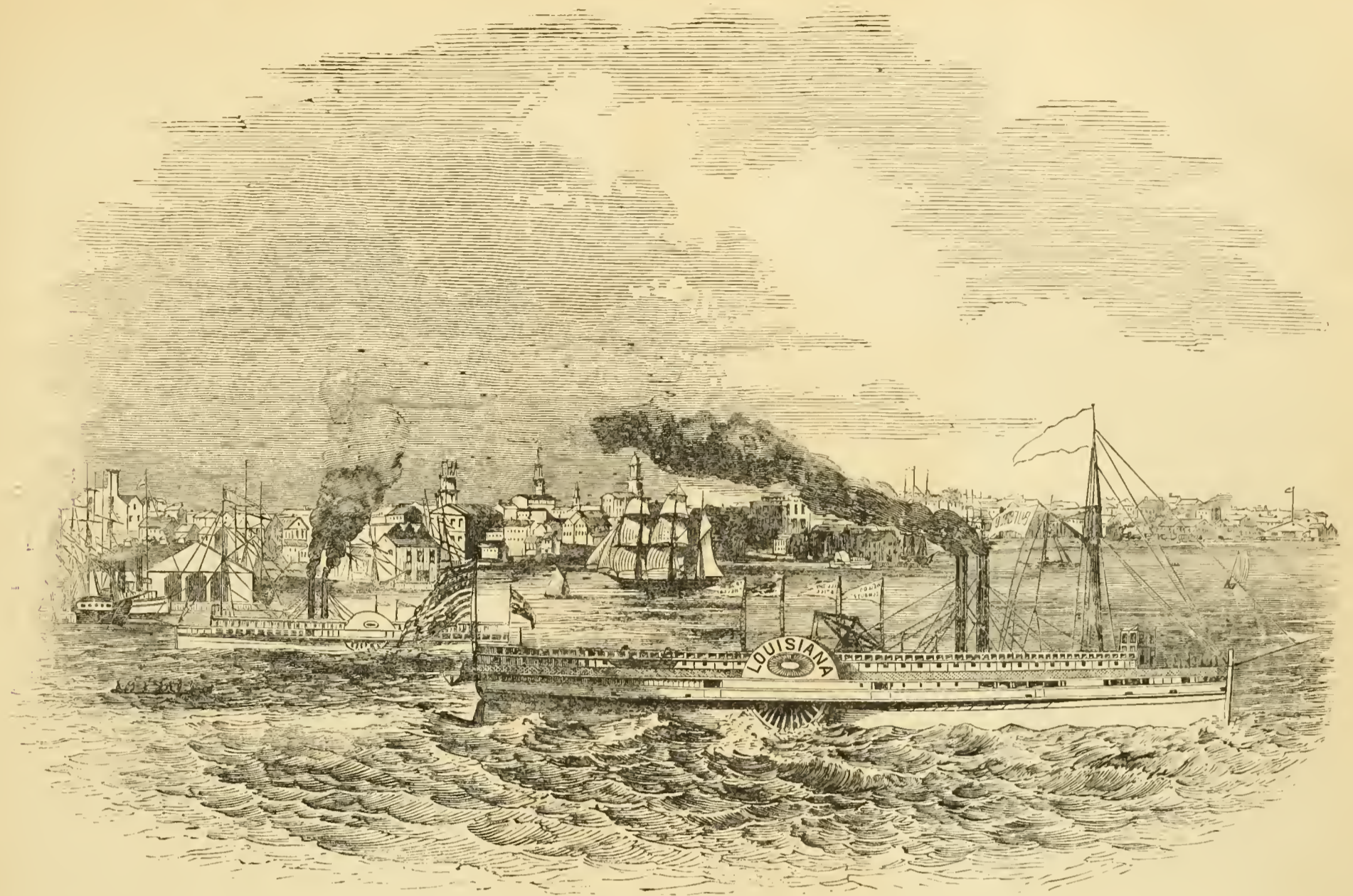


MR. GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE, AS OTHELLO

bly fulfil his engagement. The manager, knowing from experience the excitability of a Dublin audience, and, moreover, their irascibility when disappointed, was at his wits end. He suddenly bethought himself of his young visitor, and aware that his good townsmen are easily pleased, so long as they have novelty, he resolved to bring forward young Brooke as a "stop-gap." Accordingly the young gentleman was announced in the bills, and on Easter Tuesday, 1833, he made his first appearance on the stage, in "William Tell." The performance had all the blemishes which were naturally to be expected in an untutored and inexperienced boy of fifteen; but evinced also the possession of an histrionic genius of high promise. A very competent critic, shortly after this event, wrote of him thus: "Nature has done a great deal for him; his heart is in his profession; he has a pregnant fancy; but of what he has acquired from art there is much to be unlearned as well as prosecuted. His career is one of great promise, if he be not allured or urged into a wrong path at first." To return to the first appearance in Dublin. His effort in "Tell" was so successful that he successively appeared in "Virgilius," "Douglas," "Rolla," &c. Elated with his success, he visited Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, Cambridge, Yarmouth, Bury St. Edmunds, Belfast, Cork, and most of the provincial theatres in the three kingdoms, in the course of which engagements he enacted many of the leading Shaksperian parts with great applause. In his personal appearance Mr. Brooke is singularly prepossessing. To a tall, lithe, and graceful form, is added a face full of intelligence, and of marvellous capability of expressing varied and intense passion. His whole mien is grace and dignity; to these outward perfections there is the invaluable gift of a magnificent voice, from which the grand swelling periods of regal tragedy to the softest melody of the most melodious verse is equally effective grand and beautiful. But he has the higher attribute still of a mind which can seize the conceptions of the great poet and give them full and original development. Mr. Brooke is no copyist beyond the mere mechanical conventionalisms of the stage. His rendering of the lofty and passionate character of "Othello" is as great and original as was the conception of the character by the poet. Comparisons will necessarily occur with the development of such a character by so great a genius as Kean; but the necessity for such a comparison only more strongly exhibits the power of the actor. His late engagement in New York has proved eminently successful, and he may shortly be expected in Boston, where all the lovers of tragic talent and power will have an opportunity of witnessing his performances.



CASTLE GARDEN, FROM THE RIVER.



VIEW OF SANDUSKY CITY, OHIO.

SANDUSKY CITY, OHIO.

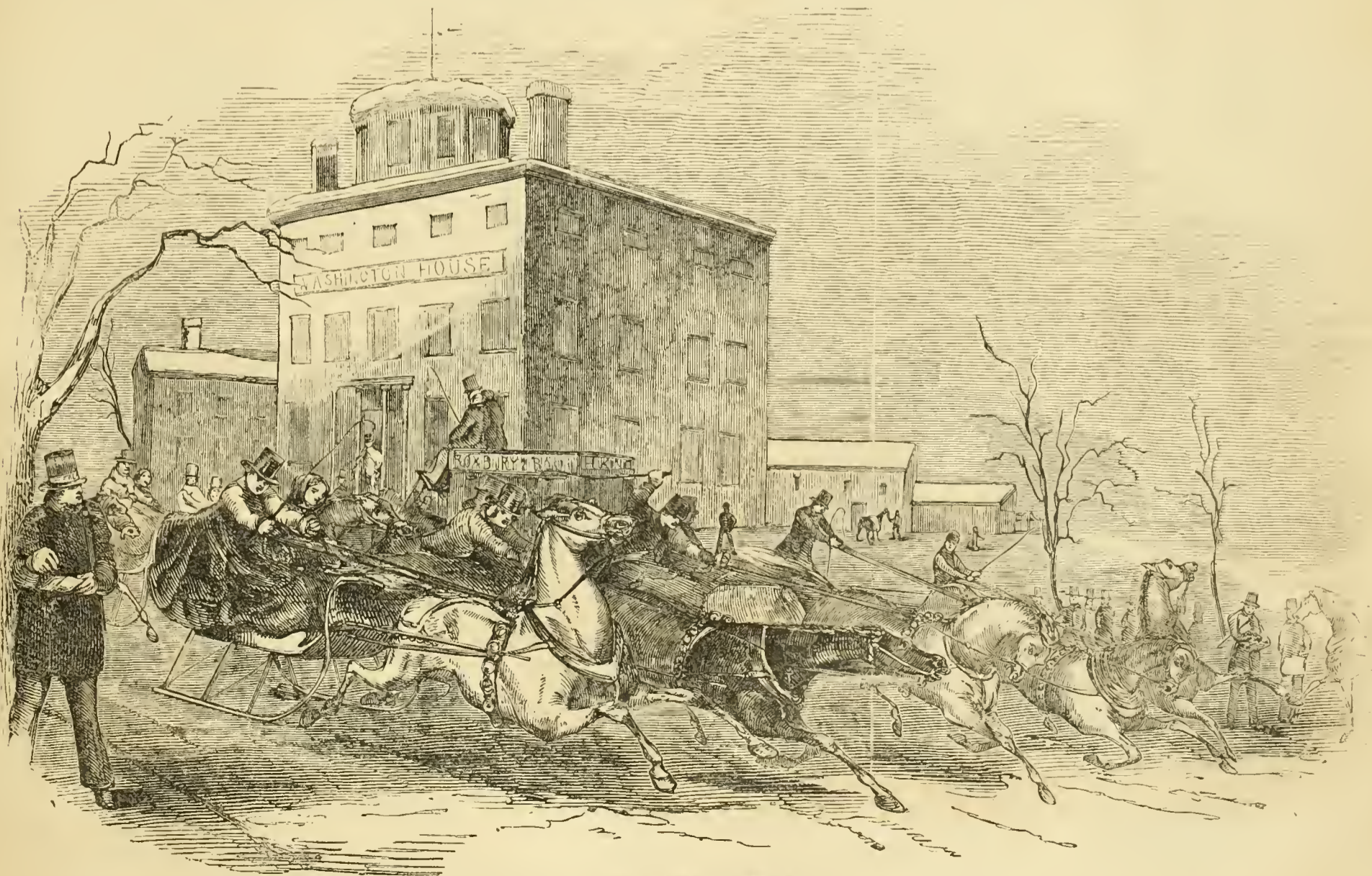
Sandusky, like most of our Western cities, has grown with that magical rapidity peculiar to this continent. It has 6000 inhabitants, with numerous docks, public buildings and numberless craft constantly going and coming. The steamer in the foreground, is a faithful portrait of one of Reed's line of steamers, plying from Buffalo to Toledo, touching at Erie, Cleveland and Sandusky. These steamers are unsurpassed for speed and comfort.

SLEIGHING ON BOSTON NECK.

To our Boston readers, the engraving which our artist has sketched for us here, will require little explanation; but to those who are strangers to the good city of notions, we must explain. The "neck," so called, is the broad thoroughfare of upper Washington street, where it connects Roxbury to Boston. Here there is a fine street of some two hundred feet in width, for a distance of about a mile, and perfectly bold and open,

lined on either side by fine lofty dwelling houses. Here, in sleighing time, the bucks are sure to resort of an afternoon, in the light, graceful sleighs, and fleet *clipped* horses, to try their metal against each other. A 2.40 pacer is very common, and at times more than a hundred sleighs and horses may be counted at once, slipping over the sparkling snow with the rapidity of birds on the wing. To be sure, now and then an accident happens, a fine horse is killed, or a "human"

gets his skull cracked, but that's the fortune of war! There is a city ordinance prohibiting this racing, and our efficient Marshal Tukey is after the b'hoys with his posse of police. During the after part of the day these officers are stationed along the route with books and pencils in their hands, and as most of the gay bucks are known to them by name, if they trespass they are easily found out, and subjected to the penalty provided by law.



SLEIGH RIDING ON BOSTON NECK.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AIMEE LEMOYNE:

—OR—

THE REFUGEE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

HOSPITALITY is at all times a good thing; but when we consider that it has been practised at the risk of life and liberty, we may call it a rare virtue.

During the French Revolution many remarkable instances of hospitality occurred towards the French refugees. Death oftentimes was the penalty attached to the crime of harboring these unfortunate people. Many lost their lives, who were brave enough to dare the Revolutionary Tribunal. Death even was disregarded, and did not deter many from affording an asylum to those who tremblingly implored their protection. Some of these cases border so much upon the romantic, that were they not attested by persons worthy to be believed, they would not be credited. The following is an instance which we think will interest the reader.

Aimee Lemoyne was the niece of a sexton residing at Brussels. She was about eighteen years of age. Aimee possessed that dangerous gift to woman, viz., beauty; but it had not spoiled her, as it sometimes does those thus endowed. She had a well-balanced mind, was modest and pleasing in her deportment, amiable in her disposition, and not easily influenced by flattery. Aimee was an orphan and destitute, with no relative but an uncle; and through his liberality she had found a home.

One fine day, Aimee was alone and busy with her embroidery. She was sitting at an open door, when chancing to look up, she saw a man walking, or rather running in the direction of her uncle's house. As he came nearer, she observed that he was extremely agitated. Intense terror was legibly depicted upon his countenance. He looked wildly and imploringly towards her as he neared the house.

"What does it mean?" thought Aimee. "I see no pursuers. The man must be deranged. I will close the door lest he annoy or injure me." She was somewhat startled by his strange appearance, and was about putting her thought into execution as the man came up.

Observing such an earnest expression upon his countenance, she hesitated. Raising his hands entreatingly, he besought her protection.

"Save me, save me, mademoiselle! Fear no harm, I am but a poor French refugee, and flying from the troop who have, I fear, discovered my retreat. Assist me, and the great Father of all will reward you!"

"I wish no reward," replied Aimee, touched by his misfortunes. "I would willingly help you if I could, but there is no place within the house where you could remain concealed."

Aimee hesitated. She was revolving in her mind the chances she had of effectually securing him from observation, and what the consequences of such an action might be.

"There is nothing but danger before me, and I am lost if I return!" exclaimed the refugee, observing her hesitation.

He was not long left in doubt; her indecision was but momentary. She had concluded to perform a generous act, and trust the event to a higher power. Turning to the anxious refugee, she said:

"Come in. I will do the best I can. Follow me."

She conducted him through the house and led the way to an out-building, which was situated near the dwelling and but seldom used.

"Enter here," she said. "I think you will be secure for a time. Do not attempt to depart, for if the troops are in Brussels, they will relax none of their vigilance in attempting to discover your retreat. Conceal yourself in some corner, and whoever may enter, speak to none except myself. You can expect no sympathy from my uncle. He likes not your cause, and would view this act of mine in any but a favorable light. I will endeavor to convey you food during the night time."

Aimee departed, and the refugee was left alone. As the former entered the house, she found that her uncle had returned, bringing with him a friend. They were conversing earnestly concerning a woman who had given shelter and protection to an outlawed deputy, and who had speedily followed him to the guillotine on account of the noble act.

"Her punishment was just," observed her uncle, sternly. "If people will meddle with what does not concern them, and put the law at defiance, they must take the consequences."

Aimee trembled. How soon might she be in the place of that heroic though unfortunate woman. For a moment, and only for a moment, did she regret her generous deed. Compassion took the place which had been usurped by fear. Towards night, Aimee found an opportunity—when she was unobserved—to carry the refugee food. During the interview, he informed her that his name was Julien Montiseo. He had been suspected of being a royalist, and was obliged to seek safety in flight, to avoid the agents of Robespierre; and by the merest chance had narrowly escaped falling into their hands.

Aimee had now leisure to examine the person of the refugee. He was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age. His features were regular, and he could justly be called good looking. The expression of his countenance was noble, and gave ample assurance of a good heart and disposition. His manners were refined, and he had evidently occupied a high station in society. He expressed his gratitude for the services she had rendered him, in eloquent terms, with fears that the generous act might compromise her own safety.

Aimee assured him she apprehended no danger. Her uncle had no suspicions, and she thought if nothing was heard of the troops in the course of a few days, he might endeavor to leave the city and gain the country, where he would be comparatively safe.

As the young girl was entering the house, she perceived a small company of soldiers advancing. Her heart sank within her; she feared all was discovered, and trembled for her own safety as well as that of the young Frenchman.

Her fears were somewhat quieted, when she learned that the object of their visit was to obtain lodgings for the night. Though their presence would somewhat incommode him, and he much preferred that they should go farther, the sexton thought it policy to grant their request. Preparations were accordingly made for their stay, but the house proving too small to accommodate the whole company, some of the soldiers were conducted to the identical out-building in which the refugee was concealed.

The darkness of night favored him, however, and he remained unobserved; but the reader may imagine that his emotions were, in no degree, enviable.

Aimee feeling assured that the danger of discovery was imminent, determined, at any hazard, upon removing him to a place of greater security. But where was that place to be found? It was no easy matter to decide upon, and for a time our heroine utterly despaired of assisting him farther. She was about giving him up for lost, when a sudden thought occurred to her.

Preparing a small dark lantern, which she found in her room, she seated herself and waited for the loud sounds to cease which issued from the rooms occupied by the captain and his men. The house at length became silent. She noiselessly descended the stairs, pausing a moment only at the door of her uncle's room to assure herself that he slept. His deep and sonorous breathing soon satisfied her that she had sought to fear in that quarter. Taking down a large key which was suspended near the door, she softly lifted the latch, left the house, and hastily walked towards the out-building.

Placing her lamp in a secure place, she cautiously proceeded to the entrance. There was but one way of ingress to the building, and it was necessary that she should pass four or five soldiers before she could reach the refugee. It was a hazardous undertaking, but there was no alternative.

Opening the door cautiously, she listened intently. All was still. The moon was shining dimly through the clouds at the time, and its faint beams, as they gleamed through the crevices of the building, just sufficed to guide her to the corner where the Frenchman was concealed. She shuddered lest one mis-step should wake the sleeping soldiers. Onward she went, gradually making the distance less between herself and the object of her solicitude. Suddenly she heard a sound. Her breathing seemed suspended. Her terror was so great that she feared becoming insensible. The sounds gradually ceased, and when she gained courage to look around, she perceived that one of the soldiers had moved in his sleep and occasioned the noise. Quickly regaining her self-possession, the young girl ap-

proached the refugee. He had heard footsteps and now recognized Aimee.

"Follow me!" she whispered softly, placing a finger upon her lips in token of silence, and beckoning him towards her.

He silently obeyed. They wound their way successfully through the sleeping soldiers, and were just ready to pass over the threshold, when one of them awaking suddenly from sleep, exclaimed:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," answered Aimee, as calmly as her feelings would allow, adroitly interposing herself between the refugee and the soldier.

"What name?" demanded the latter.

"Aimee, the sexton's daughter," answered our heroine, ready to faint with fear.

The soldier appeared satisfied upon hearing the name, and still drowsy, prepared to resume his slumbers.

Aimee and the refugee tremblingly closed the door, and moved hastily away from the dangerous neighborhood. Hastily securing her lamp, she silently conducted the Frenchman to a church situated near her uncle's house. Delivering the lantern to her companion, she inserted the key into the lock. The massive bolts flew back, the door opened and they entered.

The church had a deserted looking appearance, and as they passed through the long aisles, the deep galleries and high arches frowned gloomily upon them, producing a feeling of awe in the mind of Aimee. The dim light which she carried added not a little to the sombreness of its aspect.

The sacred character of the place had not prevented the ravages of war. It had been robbed of its ornaments, and the shadows that fell here and there, presented a desolate and dismal aspect to the already overwrought feelings of Aimee. Quickening her steps, she passed behind the altar, the refugee closely following.

A circumstance had transpired some time previously, which put Aimee in possession of a secret which she knew few persons had any idea of. As we have said before, they passed behind the altar, and Aimee, lowering her lamp, attentively examined the floor. Knowing the exact locality, she soon discovered a trap door which was not easy to discern. It fitted so nicely that no joint could be perceived, except by rigid scrutiny. She raised the door. A narrow, tottering staircase, damp with age and mould, presented itself to view. Turning to the refugee, the young girl said:

"This staircase will lead you to a vault. The remains of a great and illustrious family repose here in silence and forgetfulness. It is a melancholy place, I admit; but no choice remains. No person will ever think of searching for you in this deserted and solemn place, and you can rest easy on the subject of discovery. I will bring you food as soon as possible. Go below, and remain until some way of escape can be found. I think I shall find no difficulty in visiting you on the morrow."

"I obey, mademoiselle," replied the refugee, taking the hand of Aimee, and casting upon her a grateful look. "May God reward you for the kindness you have manifested towards an unfortunate fellow-being. You may, perhaps, bring great calamity upon yourself in my cause; if anything should transpire to your injury, I should never forgive myself. I can only reiterate my thanks, and again pray that you may be blessed."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, monsieur. I think the extreme danger is now passed. If I shall be so fortunate as to be the instrument of giving you liberty, the consciousness of having performed a good action will be ample reward. Good night, monsieur. Be hopeful until we meet again."

He prepared to descend with the lamp in his hand. The rotten stairs groaned and creaked with his weight at every step. It appeared to him as though he was entering a living tomb. Aimee waited until he touched the last step. He turned, waved his hand, smiled sadly, and the trap door closed upon him.

Aimee groped her way through the thick darkness, but being familiar with the locality of the surrounding objects, she gained the door in safety. Many young girls, and even those of mature age, would have felt fear upon finding themselves alone in a church, at midnight, in utter darkness; but Aimee had a brave heart; and had she not once before, on that eventful night, been in a much more dangerous situation than this?

Placing the key again in the lock, she secured the door, and with rapid steps hastened home.

She met with no accident, and hesitating a moment to observe if all was silent, she softly entered. Having restored the key to its accustomed place, she carefully ascended the stairs, and gained her own room in safety. Thankful that she had succeeded so well, and being fatigued with her exertions, she soon retired to rest.

Upon going down in the morning, she feared meeting the soldier they had alarmed the previous night, lest he should mention seeing her, and especially in the presence of her uncle: as in that case she would be obliged to explain why she was there.

The soldier, however, had apparently forgotten the incident, and did not refer to it in any manner.

In the course of the morning the captain dismissed the soldiers, telling the sexton that if convenient, he himself would remain two or three days, as good lodgings were somewhat difficult to be procured in that neighborhood. The sexton, though somewhat surprised at the request, consented, and the captain was soon domiciled in the house.

Aimee Lemoyne, as we have said before, was beautiful. She possessed features that could not fail to attract the attention of any observer. The gallant captain had discovered the same thing, and thinking it a good way to employ his time, determined to woo and win her for a bride. In his estimation, she was fitted for any station in society, and would disgrace no man by a connection with her.

In this the captain was not mistaken. Aimee had received a good education, her intuition was quick, and having natural talent, she had profited by the advantages she had received.

And now we must inform the reader of another object which the captain had in view in remaining longer at the house of the sexton. He had been informed that the latter was suspected of concealing an emigrant, and had received instructions from a superior officer to visit the suspected person and watch him closely.

Thinking that if the object of his visit was made known, the sexton (if really guilty) would find some means of secreting the emigrant, the captain, without informing his men, determined to watch every movement of the sexton and his niece, as they would be likely (if not openly suspected) to be less upon their guard.

Thus we see the captain had a double object in obtaining lodgings in the house with Aimee.

Many times during the day had the latter endeavored to gain a few moments (unobserved) to visit the refugee and carry him food. But fate, or the captain (most likely the latter), seemed against it. If she left the room, the captain very soon followed, and she found it impossible to gain even time enough to leave the house, much less to proceed to the vault and return without being missed. Seeing that it availed nothing, she desisted from any further attempts during the remainder of the day, hoping that when night arrived she would be freed from the troublesome watchfulness of the captain.

She was doomed to disappointment, however. He remained with the family during the evening, and before retiring, requested as a favor the privilege of occupying a room at the foot of the stairs near her uncle's. He alleged as a reason for making this request, that it would be much more pleasant to have a room near his host; but the real object was to be near enough to the sexton and Aimee to prevent either from leaving the house unheard by him. The night previous he had not mentioned the subject; for his men being in and around the house, he feared no action on the part of the family when so many ears were in the vicinity; but now he apprehended more danger, and accordingly took better precautions.

His request was granted, though it evidently perplexed the sexton not a little. He could perceive no choice in the rooms, and thought the reason assigned for changing apartments rather a trifling one.

Aimee was sorely distressed. She had thought—and to do her justice, it was not very flattering to her vanity—that, perhaps, she was the object of the captain's assiduous attentions; now, she thought she was wrong in the supposition; for she perceived, with a woman's penetration, that he had another motive, and she could not long remain in doubt as to the nature of that motive.

She feared the worst. Probably he was upon the track of the refugee, and her very endeavors to elude his presence during the day, had confirmed him in his suspicions. He had obviously

taken the room to prevent her from leaving the house unheeded. She had no one to assist her. Her room was situated in the second story, and the window was some distance from the ground. They had one domestic only, and she was not to be confided in.

Not knowing what to do, and thinking that perhaps the morrow would bring some way to relieve the necessities of the refugee, she retired, but not to sleep.

It was a long night to Aimee. The morning came at length, and with it only a renewal of her misfortunes. To quiet, in some measure, her distressing thought, she took a book and attempted to read. Her thoughts were not upon the words she was reading mechanically; she found them wandering towards the refugee; he was suffering, no doubt, for want of food, and what was worse, he would think she had deserted him. The captain, of course, was present, and noticing the expression of her countenance, he drew his chair towards her and said:

"You appear wholly engrossed by your thoughts, mademoiselle Aimee. Are they of a very pleasing nature?"

"I do not recognize your right to know my thoughts, nor am I disposed to reveal them," answered Aimee, somewhat vexed; for she imagined he suspected the nature of her meditations.

"I meant no offence," replied he. "I thought I might prescribe some remedy, possibly, if they were not agreeable," added the captain, smiling.

This was only making bad worse; and the latter, finding the subject did not please, tried another. After a short pause, he resumed:

"Shall I tell you what I consider indispensable to beauty in woman, mademoiselle?"

"As you please," replied Aimee.

"First, a sparkling dark eye, glossy black hair, arranged in ringlets like those you wear—"

"Well," rejoined Aimee.

"A fair complexion, with cheeks about as rosy as yours; a small mouth, displaying, when she smiles, pearly white teeth."

The captain paused. He evidently expected an answer.

"Why do you use comparisons?"

"Because I think you a very good model of female beauty," replied the desperate captain.

"A compliment! I thank you!" rejoined Aimee.

"Not a compliment, mademoiselle, but the truth. Upon honor, I mean what I say!" exclaimed the captain, warmly.

"Excuse me now; I am obliged to leave you," said Aimee; and she hastily left the apartment, vainly hoping that something would transpire to draw the captain from the house.

She sat down in her own room and tried to collect her thoughts. After considerable deliberation, she decided upon a plan which would perhaps gain her a chance to visit the suffering refugee. She would feign to receive the attentions of the captain with pleasure. He pretended to be or was really, judging from his words and actions, in love with her. It was of little consequence whether he meant what he said, or whether, to beguile a weary hour, he was having a flirtation that meant nothing good.

The art of dissimulation was new to her, and the risk was great; but the motive was a good one, and her decision was soon made.

Taking her embroidery, she once more entered the room she had left. What she had to do must be done quickly. The captain looked surprised; he thought she had repented. He was not an adept in the art of love-making, and was at a loss for words to express his sentiments. He again seated himself beside her. Taking a piece of her embroidery, he expatiated upon its beauties until the theme was an old one. Another silence followed.

"You have a pretty name, mademoiselle," he said, at length.

"Aimee: do you like it?"

"Very much; Aimee Lemoyne is a good name, but Aimee Raubert would be a better," observed the captain, significantly.

"Your name, I believe, is it not?" asked Aimee, looking timidly into his face.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and could you be persuaded to adopt Raubert in place of Lemoyne, I should become the happiest of men!"

"Consult my uncle, Capt. Raubert. I could never change my name unless his consent was gained," replied Aimee, with charming frankness.

"And have I really your consent to apply to your uncle?" exclaimed the captain, overjoyed at his good fortune.

"You have," replied Aimee.

"I will immediately seek an interview. But I am quite sure of his approval," he added, attempting to take Aimee's hand. She playfully withdrew it, and observed, that "she heard her uncle's voice and must go to him."

Thus far all was well: if the contemplated interview could be brought about, she hoped during the time that her absence would not be noticed, and she could fly to relieve the wants of the refugee. She had no fears but she could extricate herself, in some way, from any claims the captain might have upon her.

Here again she was disappointed. Her uncle had been called away on business at the time she was leaving the captain, and had left word he would not return till late at night. This was bad news for both Aimee and the captain. During the consultation of the latter with our heroine, the sexton had left the house unseen, and the emigrant had probably escaped him; for the captain had not the least doubt that the sexton had secreted him. This was unfortunate for the captain; but he consoled himself with the reflection that Aimee was worth a dozen emigrants. The intentions of Aimee were also frustrated for the time. She had no hope of leaving the house till her uncle's return. The captain's scrutiny annoyed her excessively, but there was no remedy.

It was now near night of the second day. She pictured to herself the starving refugee, stretched upon the cold earth, a prey to the most agonizing feelings which it is possible for human nature to endure.

Let us return to the vault. When Aimee closed the door, he endeavored to examine by the dim light of his lamp, the interior of the place that was to be his habitation for a time. No pen can describe his astonishment when he recognized among the inscriptions, the arms of his own family. He viewed the tombs of his relatives of many generations back, and with reverence and affection, dwelt on their memories.

The flight of time passed unheeded, the first day, among so many new and startling reflections. The excitement under which he labored supported him, in a measure. The second day came, and the demands of nature grew imperious. He wondered much why Aimee, after so many exertions in his behalf, had left him so long. Could she have forgotten him? Impossible! She might have been suspected—betrayed, perhaps—by the soldier whom they had aroused the previous night, and his enemies had left him to die a lingering and awful death! Perhaps she was a victim to their tyranny—had sacrificed herself to save him!

On the evening of the second day the claims of hunger and thirst became insupportable. His sufferings increased every moment. Liberty was sweet; but a crust of bread and a cup of water would have been more acceptable to him than even liberty. He watched his lamp with anxious solicitude; the light grew fainter and fainter, flickered in the socket, finally went out, and he was left alone in darkness with the dead!

Human nature could bear no more. Exhausted with his efforts, hopes and fears, he became insensible. How long he remained in that state, he knew not; but slowly, very slowly, his consciousness returned. Memory again resumed her sway. His condition he vividly realized, and he wished, nay prayed, that death would deliver him from the prolongation of such terrible suffering.

But hark! was that a sound that he heard? He started wildly up and listened. Yes, he recognized the voice of Aimee; she was calling him from the door. Overcome with sudden joy and faint from exhaustion, his tongue refused him utterance. He tried to answer, but the sounds died away in his throat; and almost paralyzed with emotion, moved neither hand nor foot. It was an awful moment for the poor refugee. A mournful exclamation struck upon his ear. He knew that Aimee, hearing no answer or movement, would believe him dead, and that his last hope was fleeting away.

Recalling his exhausted energies by an almost superhuman effort, he found his voice and uttered a thrilling shriek which echoed throughout the vault, and then he relapsed again into insensibility.

Aimee had remained standing near the door, absorbed in painful reflections. As he had anticipated, hearing no movement on the part of the refugee, she fully believed him dead, and had not the strength or courage to go down. Hearing the cry, she quickly threw back the door, and with a busy, fearful, downward

gentle heart of Aimee was shocked when she discovered him in such a situation. She hastened up the staircase and returned with a basket of provisions and a large bottle of wine. She placed the latter to his lips, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him gradually return to life. When he had satisfied the cravings of hunger, Aimee explained the reasons of her apparent desertion. She told him frankly how she was situated, and the dissimulation she had practised in order to obtain the opportunity which she had improved.

"I may be unable to visit you again, monsieur," she said, with a sigh. "I have trifled with a man who may be worthy, and practised a deception which may prove troublesome. I shall endeavor to devise some mode of freeing myself from his importunities. The captain undoubtedly suspects myself and uncle of concealing some one, for his scrutiny has been constant since he entered the house. I shall unquestionably be watched closer than ever on my return, though my uncle has no suspicions of the truth. I have brought refreshment enough to sustain life several days, if I should be prevented from returning again. The trap door you can open from below, and the church door shall be left unlocked. During the night time you can, perhaps, venture forth and trust to circumstances for your escape. I can aid you no further."

"I may never see you again, Aimee," replied the refugee, taking the unresisting hand of the devoted young girl and pressing it warmly. "My gratitude is inexpressible for the kindness I have received at your hands. During these three long days of suffering, your dear image was ever in my thoughts. May I have the mournful pleasure of thinking you will sometimes remember the poor refugee you have delivered from death?" he added, earnestly watching the expression of her countenance.

Aimee blushed. She could not help owing to herself that the words the young and handsome Frenchman had spoken, fell pleasantly upon her ear. She had detected herself many times in thinking—aside from his misfortunes—that he was a man well calculated to make a woman happy. Pity, it is said, is akin to love, and in this case it was very nearly allied to that gentle emotion.

"If it will afford you any pleasure, be assured I shall often think of you," replied Aimee, timidly. "Receive my best wishes and prayers for your escape. Our interview must be short, as I am liable to discovery at any moment."

At this crisis, Aimee imagined she heard footsteps. Hastily ascending the stairs she listened. She was not mistaken; the heavy tread of men echoed through the lofty church. Turning quickly, she pulled the door softly down and flew back to the vault. Motioning the astonished refugee to silence, in a whisper she acquainted him with the new threatening danger.

Hardly daring to breathe, they eagerly awaited the result. Aimee distinctly recognized the voices of the captain and her uncle. The latter, perfectly conscious of his own innocence, and unacquainted with the danger that menaced Aimee, proudly led the way through the church, and directed the captain to search every corner, that he might be fully assured of his good faith.

What a situation for the devoted girl and the refugee! Many times they heard footsteps on the door, and were terrified lest its existence was discovered. Every step struck a death knell to their hearts; and hardly daring to breathe, they gave up all for lost.

At length all was quiet above them. The echo of steps and voices was now no longer heard. Everything remaining still, Aimee ventured softly to ascend the stairs. Pausing at the top, she placed her ear to the door. Hearing nothing, she lifted it and looked cautiously around. Stepping over the door, she examined the church attentively, and being satisfied that the intruders had gone, she returned to the vault. The conversation so abruptly broken off, could not be resumed. Telling the refugee that they had nothing further to fear at that time, it was necessary for the safety of both that she should not delay leaving the church, she again promised to visit him if circumstances favored.

It is necessary to explain the cause of the sudden visit of the captain and sexton to the church. As soon as the latter had returned, Aimee, after seeing the captain proceed to her uncle's room, took advantage of his absence as has been related.

Explaining the object of his interview, the captain desired the sexton to consider the subject and decide before they parted. The latter

was astonished at such a proposal. He thought Aimee too easily suited, and could hardly credit the captain when he assured him that Aimee's consent was already given. The uncle, moreover, had rather ambitious views. He had hoped to marry Aimee to a man of wealth and distinction; and he had good reasons for believing that the captain was a person of small fortune, extravagant habits, and lacking in principle.

Perceiving that his proposals were not received with as much pleasure as he had anticipated, and that the sexton did not seem to appreciate the honor conferred upon him, the captain thought a little threatening would not come amiss. Coolly informing the sexton that he was suspected of concealing an emigrant, and that his actions had confirmed him in that belief, he had concluded to suspend any farther action in the case, and spare the gray hairs of the old man, on condition that Aimee should become his bride.

Astonished at such an accusation, and proudly conscious of his entire innocence, the sexton replied that the captain was at full liberty to search his premises as rigorously as he pleased; but that he should agree to no conditions, until he heard with his own ears his niece's views.

The captain, taking him at his word, commenced a strict search through the house, out-buildings, and the church, as we have seen. Discovering nothing, he gave up the pursuit, after observing that having business in the next town, he should remain there during the night, but would call in the morning to hear the result of the sexton's conference with his niece.

Upon his departure, the former immediately proceeded to Aimee's chamber. Knocking for admittance, and receiving no answer, he opened the door. She was not there. He went through the house, but she was not to be found. He now recollected that he had not noticed her when accompanying the captain in his search.

The door opened and Aimee entered. He questioned her closely as to her absence, and finding it difficult to satisfy him by evasive answers, she determined to confess the truth and brave his displeasure; hoping also that she might enlist his sympathies for the refugee.

She told him all—omitting nothing. He looked very grave, upon learning the fearful risk she had incurred, but agreed, considering what the unfortunate man had suffered, to do all in his power to aid him in gaining the country. He seemed gratified to know that his niece had not favored the attentions of the captain, but thought the refugee had better remain in the vault until the following day, when some way could be found to assist him.

The morrow came and with it the captain. He was politely informed by the uncle that his intentions had been considered, but he regretted that his consent could not be given. The defeated captain, venting his wrath in no very polite phrases, took his hat, left the house, and they saw him no more.

An old suit of the sexton's clothes was furnished the refugee; with these, and the assistance of a large bushy wig, he hoped to pass unrecognized through the city gates. Before his departure, the sexton accompanied his niece to the church, and was presented to the refugee, who informed them that he was a man of rank and fortune. "In confirmation of my words," he added, "read the inscriptions upon those tombs. Let them bear witness for me; they contain the ashes of my ancestors."

"And their silent testimony speaks louder than words," replied the sexton. "Those illustrious names confer honor on their descendants."

The refugee then avowed that the beauty, talents and courage of Aimee had won his heart, and besought the approval of her uncle of his suit for her hand, providing he was successful in escaping. The sexton turned to Aimee. "Is it your wish, my child?"

"It is, uncle," answered Aimee.

"You have it," he replied. "Take her and be happy."

Their plans were soon arranged. The refugee to depart first, in the night time, and the sexton and Aimee, anxious to leave a place so perilous, were to follow him as soon as it would be safe to do so. A place was appointed for their meeting and everything settled. The refugee bade them farewell and took his departure. In a few days the uncle and niece followed and had no difficulty in meeting him at the place designated.

The priest soon joined the hands of the lovers, in happy wedlock; and in a distant land they found that peace which all hearts sigh for.

WINTER COSTUMES OF THE BRITISH TROOPS IN CANADA.

The annexed illustrations represent the winter costumes of some of the British troops in Canada. The winters there are very severe, Fahrenheit often being sixteen, eighteen and twenty degrees below zero. The snow lies frequently four feet in the streets; the St. Lawrence is driven over in all directions; roads are cut or the ice flattened. This river has a most extraordinary appearance, from the ice floating down in large masses, until at last the strong current itself becomes frozen, and the ice, jammed in heaps, rises eight or ten feet above the usual level of the river. Everything that comes to market is stiff. All travel in sleighs; and various are the costumes—generally skins, buffalo hides, blankets and leather coats with hoods. Many people suffer from being frost-bitten; and oftentimes people are pointed at by passers-by in the streets, intimating

One entire regiment marched in these from Halifax to Quebec, during the disturbances in 1836. The frost is so intense, that in one night, the water freezes many inches; and often the streets are so slippery that it is impossible, in any ordinary way, to walk.

tion of our face that is exposed to it resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax. In a calm, almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes, occasionally, almost unbearable; indeed, I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards, across a bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all. The remedy for this intense cold, to which many Canadians and others have occasionally recourse, is—at least to my feelings it always appeared—infinately



REGULATION WINTER DRESS FOR OFFICERS OF THE LINE.

that some part of the face is frost-bitten, which assumes a white appearance. Snow is immediately rubbed upon the part affected, which generally makes the blood circulate again, after a smart tingling. In case of the soldiers being required on duty up the country while deep snow is on the ground, they are provided with regular Indian snow-shoes, something like a very large racket.



HIGHLAND PIPER.

Creepers are then used—a small bar of iron at the bottom of the foot, on each side of which there are two teeth to prevent slipping, fixed on with straps to the foot. Without these it is often impossible to walk out at all. When there has been a good fall of snow, all people wear mocassins over their shoes or boots. Mocassins are leather shoes, generally made from the moose-deer. There are three or four manufactories of these in different parts of Canada, and also in the States. Many are very handsomely worked in front. They are exceedingly warm for the feet, and kept on all day, in and out of the house. Sir Francis Head, in his clever volume, "The Emigrant," gives the following vivid sketch of Canada. The cold of the Canada winter must be felt to be imagined, and when felt can no more be described by words than colors to a blind man or music to a deaf one. Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the por-



OFFICER OF THE 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.

worse than the disease. On entering, for instance, the small parlor of a little inn, a number of strong, able-bodied fellows are discovered holding their hands a few inches before their faces, and sitting in silence immediately in front of a stove of such excruciating power, that it really feels as if it would roast the very eyes in their sockets



OFFICER, SERGEANT, AND PRIVATE OF THE 71ST HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.



OFFICERS AND PRIVATE OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

RALPH W. EMERSON.

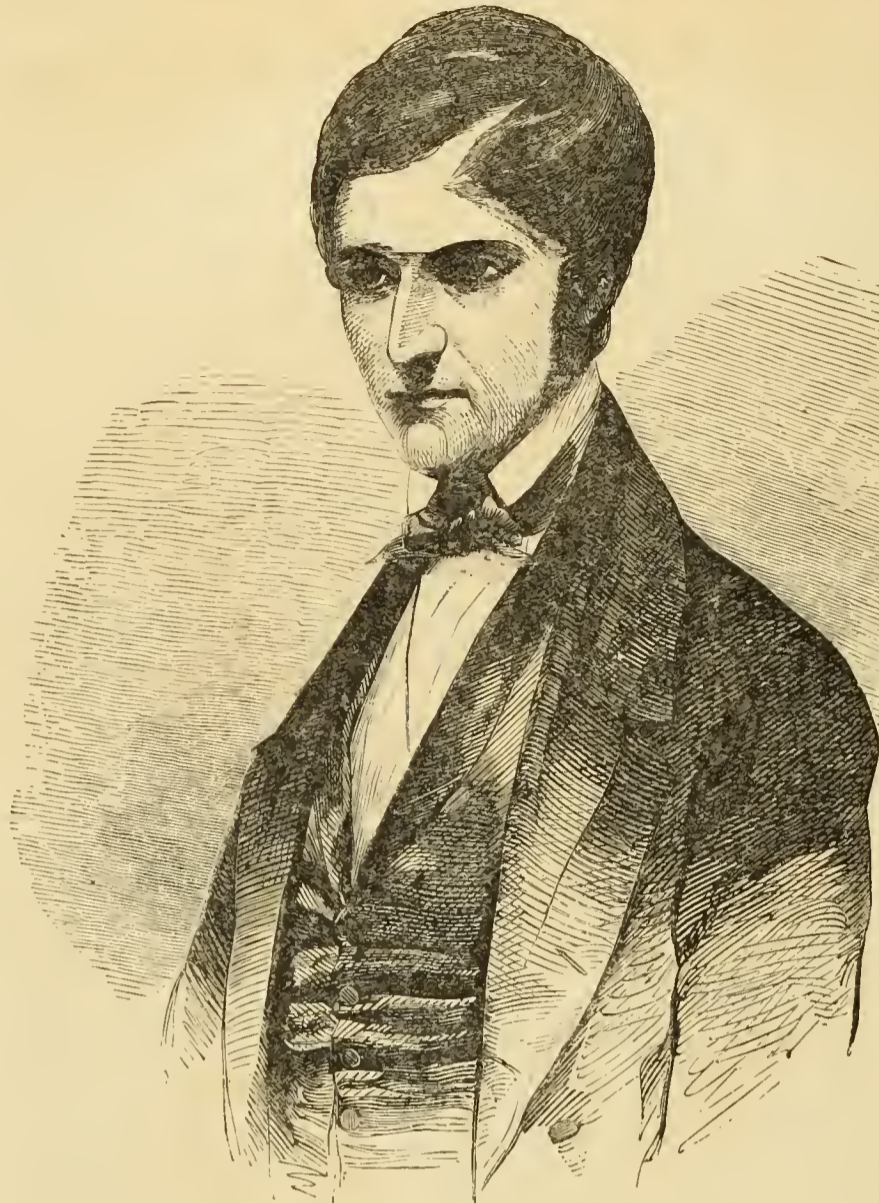
We present our readers herewith a fine likeness of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the distinguished lecturer, now in this city. Mr. Emerson is too well known, both by his voice and pen, to require any elaborate introduction in this connection; suffice it to say that the picture is a very faithful one, and does the original ample justice in the likeness.

AN EASTERN HORSE STEALER.

The following instance of endurance of pain would not have disgraced a Spartan. A notorious thief coveted the horse of a wealthy native, who, however, by some chance, became aware of his intention, and redoubled his vigilance. The man succeeded in getting two of his comrades engaged as grass-cutters, and one dark night managed to slip unperceived into the stable. His friends covered him entirely with grass, and he was just stretching out his hand from underneath it to untie the rope, when the beast started, and became restive. The syce, perceiving it, for greater safety, tied the animal by a rope to two iron pins, which he hammered into the ground. It so happened the arm of the thief was just then lying extended under the grass, and that one of the iron pegs was driven through his right hand. He never so much as uttered a sigh; and though the agony must have been excruciating, he only stirred when he thought the danger of being caught was over. He then pulled the peg out of the mangled hand, with his left untied the horse, mounted it, and succeeded in carrying it off. This was an exploit on which he ever afterwards prided himself. However improbable it may appear, the truth of this story may be relied on.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

THE PAST.

The past is not simply important to us because it fought our battles, cleared the ground for us, and left us the heritage of its accumulated experience—but still more because it reveals to us, in imperfect glimpses, that humanity of whose life we partake—that vast chain of existence which encompasseth us and all men, past, present and to come, in one real, vital brotherhood—a life which moves slowly, surely onwards, to grand predestined ends, without crushing the freewill and energetic responsibility of each individual unit.—*British Quarterly Review*.



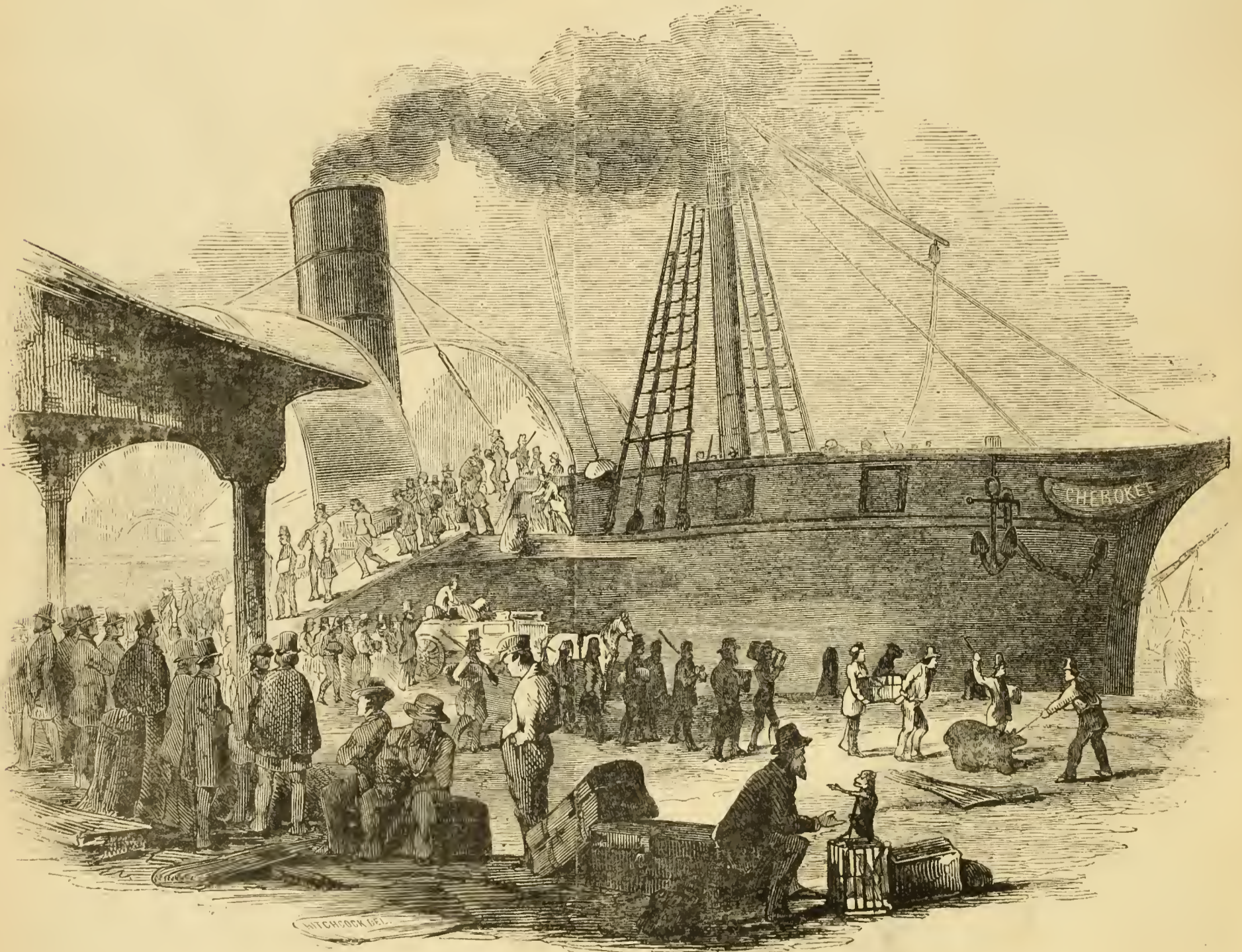
PORTRAIT OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The annals of the world furnish affecting examples of the instability of human condition. But the whole history of mankind does not perhaps furnish a greater, a sadder reverse, a more striking and appalling contrast than Mary at sixteen, and Mary at forty-five. At the former period, a being on whom nature seemed to have showered her choicest gifts; the loveliest person, the most fascinating mind—the bride of the heir-apparent to the crown of France—the heir-apparent to the throne of England—the Queen of Scotland; with the whole of the Catholic powers of Europe her allies; one with whom a veteran statesman delighted to converse, and in praise of whose charms the poets of the age contended—at forty-five, worn by disease—her frame, though not her noble spirit, broken by a long, a severe, and a merciless captivity—proclaimed as an adulteress and a murderess—forsaken by her friends, execrated by her subjects, and disregarded even by her only child—condemned after a mock trial, to an ignominious death. She might exclaim, in the words of the holy man, "O, all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow!"—*Scraps from History*.

THE BEARD.

We are rejoiced to see that the prejudice against wearing the beard is beginning to disappear. It is strange how such an absurd, troublesome, and injurious practice as shaving has continued to enthral mankind so long. The street now exhibits a great variety of whiskers, imperials, moustaches, and goatees of all colors and shapes; three-fourths of the male pedestrians on Washington street show their independence of barbers in a greater or less degree. We do not despair of seeing men emancipated from this effeminate custom, and standing erect in their native, unshorn dignity. We believe that bronchitis and other diseases of the throat which are the scourge of this variable climate, would be far less frequent if men would avail themselves of the admirable protection from cold which nature designed to afford. As to the question of looks, it is well known that fashion reconciles us to anything, and if beards were universal, a smoothly shaven, effeminate face would be an object of quite as much ridicule as is now cast upon whiskers by some of the Miss Nancy editors. Besides, it looks rather presumptuous, in our opinion, to attempt to improve upon what Infinite Wisdom pronounced good.—*Yankee Blade*.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CHEROKEE FROM CALIFORNIA, AT NEW YORK.

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EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LOUIS KOSSUTH, GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY.

A TALE OF PIONEER LIFE AND INCIDENT.

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THE

WHITE ROVER:

—OR—

THE LOVELY MAID OF LOUISIANA.

A ROMANCE OF THE WILD FOREST.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"Our voyage is nearly accomplished," said Madame Mablois. "I can see the smoke of New Orleans."

"What will my white sister do when she gets there?" asked La Glorieuse, looking earnestly at Leona.

"I shall seek an interview with Father Davion," replied the Frenchwoman.

"And will my gentle sister tell him all?" continued La Glorieuse.

Madame Mablois covered her face with her hands and sighed.

"My red sister is curious," she said, at length, with a forced smile.

"It is because her heart has been touched by the sorrows of the Soft-Voice," rejoined La Glorieuse.

"I will keep nothing from you," replied Leona, after a short interval of silence. "I shall be governed by circumstances in regard to what I may reveal to Father Davion. If the proper time seems to have arrived, I shall conceal nothing. I have the papers with me, and if anything should befall me, promise me, my faithful friend, that you will secure and keep them as a sacred deposit, carrying out my plans so far as you know them. These papers, as you know, intimately concern the happiness of two persons; yes, I might with propriety say three or four. I feel that I must see Henri. I have much to say to him. If circumstances have assumed a certain aspect, I shall consider myself so far released from my promise as to make disclosures of the greatest importance; but if on the contrary, things have taken a different course, my promise will still be valid, and must be adhered to, however much I may feel disposed to murmur at the decrees of fate."

"The Frenchwoman may trust to the friendship of La Glorieuse," said the princess. "She will never desert her friend while the Master of Life gives her strength and breath."

"Thank you; you are well worthy of the royal blood which raises you above the common rank," replied Mablois.

"Ah," said La Glorieuse, with a smile, "royal blood is little esteemed by the French people when it circulates in the veins of the Indian."

"Well, let it pass; you are just as much a princess as though your blood was white as my own. Many a princess has ascended a throne of regal magnificence, and governed a people professedly Christian, with a heart far less noble than yours," added Madame Mablois.

The face of La Glorieuse lighted up with pleasure.

"The Soft-Voice flatters her simple red friend," she said, with a blush. "But here we are among your people."

As the Indian maiden spoke, the canoe touched the Levee at New Orleans—that important thing known at the present day as the *Levee* had not then attained a height and extent worthy of the name, though the earth had been raised to prevent the river from inundating its banks, and sweeping away all their efforts at making an inhabitable place, but we shall occasionally take the liberty to call that *then* imperfect embankment by the name by which it is now known.

Mablois stepped from the tiny vessel; La Glorieuse followed her, and together they drew it to a place of security; this effected, they walked silently towards the residence of Father Davion. Passing what is now called the Public Square, they reached the corner of Condo and Ursuline

streets, where the dwelling of Davion was in sight.

Both parties paused, for it was evident that something unusual was going forward. They saw more than a score of armed men surround the place silently, and then remain motionless, waiting farther orders.

"A French officer knocks at the door with his sword," said La Glorieuse. "He enters; and now another officer with several soldiers follows him. Let us go a little nearer. There goes another man with chains for the wrists."

"Handcuffs, those are," said Mablois, in an agitated voice.

"Do you hear that voice?" added La Glorieuse.

"I hear a voice, certainly," replied Mablois.

"And does not my pale sister recognize it?" she asked, earnestly.

"It is Lesage!" almost shrieked Mablois. "Some great evil menaces Henri. Let me fly to his assistance!"

"Hush!" said La Glorieuse, throwing her arms about Mablois, and forcibly detaining her. "You can do nothing. Woman cannot save her friends by the strength of her hands, but by cunning plans. Let us watch these movements, white sister, and we shall know what to do."

"Right, my friend, right. The feeble strength of woman cannot avail against armed men. What do you see now?"

"I see a tall young man led forth from the cabin, and he has those chains I spoke of upon his hands. It is Henri. The white warriors take their places in order; and the war chief with the long knife commands them to march. They move away. We will follow them."

"They are going towards the prison," added Mablois.

Leona and La Glorieuse quickened their pace and kept near the parties until they reached the prison. They saw Henri enter, and the bolts drawn upon him, and the soldiers return to the barracks, leaving a sentinel posted near the door for greater security.

Lesage went to the governor's mansion, and his steps were still silently followed by Madame Mablois and her friend.

"Now is the time," said La Glorieuse, "to find out what the danger is that threatens Henri;" and taking the arm of her less composed companion, she drew her to the rear of the governor's house.

"You see a light there, Soft-Voice?"

"I do."

"The governor is in that room, and the wily serpent is with him. Here is a tree near the high fence, and another near the window. First we will climb into this, and let ourselves down into the yard by the branches; then we will climb softly into that, and listen to the words of the great father and *chef menteur* (lying chief)."

This proposal was immediately put into execution—for the indulgent reader will bear in mind that the females of that day could accomplish any feat requiring dexterity and strength, with about the same facility as the other sex.

The tree was low, and its ascent easy. La Glorieuse, more practised in the art of forest life, and more agile than her companion, was the first to let herself down into the yard (which would doubtless be called a court at the present time).

She assisted Mablois to alight safely upon the ground. Their next care was to attain a suitable position among the branches of the willow growing by the window. This they succeeded in do-

ing with much more silence and despatch than might have been anticipated. The tree proved most favorable to their purpose, for with their ears placed close to the window, they were enabled to hear the whole of the conversation between De Bienville and Lesage, as we have given it in another place.

Having made themselves acquainted with the whole plan of the captain's villany, they descended from the place of their concealment, and after considerable exertion scaled the high fence and left the vicinity.

"Do you not see, sister, that cunning is better than strength?" asked La Glorieuse.

"Perhaps what we have done would not be called pardonable by many people," replied Mablois.

"It is a mean act to listen to the talk of others merely to gratify curiosity; but to expose a lying chief and save a brave friend, it is right," answered the princess.

"Yes, I feel that it must be so. In this case the end to be obtained must justify the means we have been forced to employ to bring about its consummation. Now tell me frankly, La Glorieuse, do you think we can do anything to save Henri from death? for, unless the truth can be proved beyond a doubt, I am well assured that De Bienville will not spare him; although it is evident that he feels a strong interest in the 'unhappy youth,' as he is pleased to call him." Mablois spoke in a voice that bore witness to the intense anxiety which she felt for Henri.

"*Chef menteur* (he was already known among the Natchez as the lying chief) is a bad man. His plans are deep and deadly; for you know it is true that there has been a great war-council among the war-chiefs of the different nations, and it has been resolved to kill all the French. It is true, also, that many of the negroes are willing to fight against their masters, and some of them have already run away and found homes among us.

"Now all this is against the brave young pale face. The great father is already of the opinion that all this trouble has originated with him; for you see that *chef menteur* has proved it by the *speaking bark*, and the two negroes, besides many other things which he has made use of to blind the eyes of the great father, so that he cannot see clearly."

"Yes, I understand, La Glorieuse."

"When the great chief of the French resolves to do a thing, and thinks it is right, he loses no time by unnecessary delay. If a man is to die, he does not put it off; he says in a terrible voice, 'Lead him out and put him to death.' Nobody has courage to say, 'you had better wait a little;' for the great chief would be very angry, and lightning would flash from his eyes."

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed Mablois. "He acts with terrible decision when he believes justice requires the punishment of an offender."

"You see, then, that if we were to go to him and say, 'Great father, *chef menteur* has lied to you,' he would frown upon us, and say, 'I know my duty. I do not ask counsel of women. Henri dies on the morrow, for he has planned the destruction of innocent babes, helpless women, and gray headed old men.'"

"What then shall we do?" cried Mablois, greatly distressed. "Cannot Father Davion save him?"

"Father Davion will not be admitted to the council chamber of the governor, for *chef menteur* has barred the doors against him."

"Well, Glorieuse?"

"We must get the young pale face out of the stone house."

"Assist him to escape from prison, you mean?"

"Yes."

"But that would confirm his guilt in the estimation of the governor, for it is the guilty who seek safety in flight."

"But it will save his life; for in a few weeks the dust will get out of the governor's eyes, and he will see clearly; but now he is blind, and before he recovers his sight the young Frenchman will be put to death, and then what can make him live again?"

"Upon reflection my better judgment tells me that you are right. Do you not think that Helen Lerowe might aid us in effecting his escape from prison?"

La Glorieuse shook her head thoughtfully. "The white maiden can do but little at present, because she will be closely watched by *chef menteur*," said the princess. "Pierre Moran would do better."

"What can he do, La Glorieuse?"

"Climb up to the prison window and remove the iron bars, so that the young man may escape."

"Let us seek him at once!" cried Mablois. "We shall be likely to hear of him at Monsieur Ridelle's, for it is said he is smitten with the fair face of Adelaide."

Arrived at Ridelle's, their astonishment can hardly be imagined when they were informed that a warrant had been issued for Pierre Moran's arrest, and that to avoid imprisonment he had fled to the woods.

CHAPTER VI.

RED-SHOE—THE PANTHER.

A FAINT glow in the east heralded the coming day. Onalaska, chief of the Chickasaws, stood silently by the bay of St. Louis. Revolving in his mind his own mighty plans, he had wandered away from his warriors through the pathless forest, nor stayed his footsteps until he reached the margin of Lake Borgne, at the fair bay bearing the name of the great king.

With folded arms and abstracted air, he gazed steadfastly upon the beautiful sheet of water now dimly lighted by the first crimson streaks of daylight. A shade of care and anxiety rested upon the chieftain's brow. Savage as he was, he had doubtless found the task of governing and shaping the actions of a numerous people not an easy one.

"How calmly the waters are sleeping," he said, musingly. "The red men rested as quietly among their native hills, before the pale faces came among them. But now there is no rest for the sons of the forest, once the undisturbed owners of this great country. Where now are the Indian's lakes and rivers, and hunting grounds?"

Onalaska paused. Painful thoughts agitated his bosom.

"The white man and the red cannot occupy the same country," he added. "These French dogs must be swept away, or the Indians will perish. I feel that it must be so; something unseen and solemn seems to whisper it in my ear."

Again the chieftain was silent. When he resumed, his voice was louder and sterner, and his brow was contracted into a forbidding frown.

"If my brethren will be governed by me, if they will keep the vows made in the sight of the Great Spirit, and written upon the clouds with his finger, we shall live to see the trees growing upon the ruins of the French settlement, and the deer feeding upon the grass where cotton is flourishing."

A slight rustling among the dry leaves caused the warrior to lay his hand upon his knife. A moment he stood in the fixed attitude of attention, with his keen eyes directed towards the surrounding trees. No object was visible, and the sound did not immediately recur.

"It was the footstep of the timid hare or the sportive squirrel," said Onalaska to himself, and relaxed again into a state of reverie.

"The Africans despise their masters," he added. "The red man has wisely taught them to hate servitude, and they are impatient for the hour of emancipation. Already are they forming plans for the establishment of a republic! Fools! will the Indians destroy the French, for the sake of giving the country to spiritless cowards, who seem fitted by nature for no other place than that they now occupy. The blood of the red man and the black was never intended to mingle any more than that of the red and the white. Were the Banvaras to recover their freedom, they could not keep it; they were born slaves, and their hearts are not big enough to appreciate the blessings of freedom, and to govern themselves. But we will not harm them when their masters are no more. We will give them a piece of ground, and they shall dwell by themselves, when they will, no doubt, in their craven-heartedness, soon sigh for the servitude they have left. It were good that the black men return to their own country, since they are not worthy of freedom; for they cannot hunt, fish, and make war like the red men, and are not full of cunning inventions like the whites."

Again there was a rustling sound among the leaves, and a slight crackling among the dry sticks upon the ground.

Onalaska was completely aroused. He drew his tomahawk hastily from his belt, and as he did so he saw a human figure emerge from the covert of the trees and stand beside the lake at the water's edge, a few yards distant.

"Red-Shoe!" said a gentle voice.

"Is it thou, La Glorieuse?" exclaimed Onalaska, with a start of surprise.

"It is the daughter of the Natchez," replied the princess, calmly.

"And why is the proud descendant of the 'Suns' here at this hour, and alone?" asked the chieftain, anxiously.

"Listen, great warrior, and I will tell you why you see me here, near the encampment of the Chickasaw braves."

The stately chieftain bowed, and a smile of pleasure lighted momentarily his swarthy features.

"My ears are open, daughter of the 'Suns.'"

"The young Frenchman who is known among us as the 'White Rover,' is in danger," said the princess.

"And is that what brings you hither, fair princess?" asked Red-Shoe, with a smile of peculiar meaning, which did not please La Glorieuse.

"The White Rover is not my lover, chief of the Chickasaws," she answered, somewhat impatiently, and with much dignity.

"Go on, daughter of the 'Suns,'" said Onalaska, in a more kindly voice.

"The young Frenchman is accused of inciting the neighboring red nations, and the negroes also, to deadly hostility against his countrymen. Upon this grave charge he has been imprisoned, and will be put to death before forty-eight hours, unless he be rescued by some cunning hand."

"Who has charged the friendly pale face with a crime so heinous?"

"*Chef Mentour.*"

"The French captain is justly named the 'lying chief!' exclaimed Red-Shoe. "He is a viper—a snake creeping in the grass, and I hope some day, to crush him with my heel."

"May the Master of Life fulfil your hope," said La Glorieuse, earnestly. "Now tell me if you cannot devise some plan by which to save the White Rover?"

"That will be a difficult task," answered the chieftain, thoughtfully. "The French people are now aware of the intentions of the red men, and they will be continually on the alert. How can I approach New Orleans without being discovered and slain? When I put my life in peril, I endanger our whole enterprise; for I am (as you know) the prime mover in the contemplated warfare of extermination. The young man is accused of a grievous crime (though innocent)—for a renegade is hateful to all people and races, and justly deserves to die. He is a miscreant who betrays his own blood; and every honest heart revolts against the seller of his kindred. While a person is supposed to be guilty of a great wickedness, it is the same, while that belief prevails, as though he were really guilty; it is thus with our French friend, and when his supposed guiltiness becomes known among his people, they will drag him from the stone house, and he will die amid mad revilings and execrations; and if his imagined crime does not become generally known, there is still no hope, for he will die by the order of the great French chief."

"Onalaska, you have a fearless heart," said the princess. "Your hand is strong, your voice is terrible in battle, your feet swift to pursue an enemy, and your brain is full of cunning devices. You can, by some means, save the life of this young Frenchman. You are celebrated for the greatness of your exploits; perform yet another deed that shall add fresh laurels to your name."

"But why, beautiful princess," returned the chief, with a soft voice and a pleasant smile, "do you not apply to your own people, the Natchez? Are they not also great warriors, and are not their hearts big? Where is Strong-Serpent, the Great Sun?"

"He knows nothing of the danger of Henri Delcroix. The distance to Walnut Village is considerable, and before anything could be done by the Great Sun, the friend of the Indian might be no more. Whatever is done for his rescue must be quickly done, for the justice of the great French chief does not linger."

"You speak well, La Glorieuse. It is far to the Walnut Village, and you have done wisely in seeking me. The White Rover has the blood of a hated race in his veins, but it has become of a red color by mingling freely among us. I would not have him slain for a crime of which he is not guilty. He is my friend; and it were shame that the friend of Onalaska should die without a single effort having been made to save him."

"Your brave words make the heart of the

Natchez maiden glad," replied La Glorieuse, joyfully. "She knew that Red-Shoe would not forsake the man he called his friend."

"It shall never be said of Onalaska that he ran from an enemy, or forsook his friend," replied the warrior, proudly. "In this the proud princess has not mistaken me; but she knows not how truly the heart of the warrior loves her. She turns a deaf ear to his words; she will not understand the language of his eyes and actions; yet the lodge fire of Onalaska will never burn brightly and cheerfully until she kindles it and sits beside it. It is well that the fair descendant of the 'Suns' is called 'The Proud.'"

The chieftain ceased, and folded his arms proudly, and yet sorrowfully, upon his broad chest.

"There is a time for all things, great chieftain," observed the princess, with gentle dignity. "The maiden Sun did not come hither in the hour of darkness to listen to the eloquent love tales of a brave warrior. She came to appeal to his magnanimity and courage in order to save a friend from death, though that friend be of another race. It were not comely in a princess of the blood to make a journey to another nation to be wooed."

"The words of La Glorieuse are just, though they make the spirit of Onalaska sad," returned the warrior, respectfully. "Love is a sentiment so strong in the hearts of brave men, that sometimes it is hard to conceal it. With that powerful sentiment the Chickasaw chief has long struggled in vain. He will still struggle and be a man."

"The resolution is worthy of your great name and deeds of renown," said the princess, mildly.

"If the peerless Sun would cease to have me love her, let her speak less generously of my deeds; for praise is sweet indeed when it drops from her sweet lips," returned Onalaska, in a voice soft as woman's when she would please.

"Then must the subject be changed," replied La Glorieuse, with a pleasant smile. "Will the chieftain tell the daughter of the Natchez what he proposes to do for the White Rover?"

"When the night has come, and darkness has fallen upon the face of the earth, Onalaska will seek the village of the French. His step shall be soft as the falling snow. He will steal along like the crawling serpent. He will scale the prison fence, remove the bars of a window, and the White Rover shall be free."

"The war-chief will need the aid of a white man," said La Glorieuse. "There is one called Pierre Moran, who might be useful."

"He is a brave man, though a Frenchman," replied Onalaska. "He was but lately rescued from the warriors of Onalaska by the hand of the White Rover. His heart is large towards him. Red-Shoe will consider upon what La Glorieuse has said."

"The errand of the Natchez girl is done," replied the princess. "Her heart is full of gratitude. She will hasten back to speak comforting words to the woman of the soft voice."

With a smile and a graceful wave of the hand, she turned and walked quickly away. Onalaska gazed after her until her figure was hidden by the trees. The first rays of the rising sun fell along the quiet lake. With a sigh Onalaska sought the encampment of his warriors.

The chieftain had gone but a short distance, when, emerging from the shade of some tall sycamores, he perceived a white man with a rifle on his shoulder, moving rapidly towards Lake Pontchartrain.

"Pierre Moran!" shouted Red-Shoe, in a loud voice.

The hunter stopped and looked about him. Suddenly his eyes rested on the majestic figure of Onalaska. He cocked his rifle, and bringing it to his shoulder, laid his face upon the breech and glanced along the deadly barrel.

"Hold!" cried Red-Shoe; "I have news from the White Rover."

The breech of Pierre Moran's rifle fell to the ground when the sound of the White Rover's name reached his ears.

"We did not part on the best of terms, Onalaska, but if you have aught to say concerning Henri Delcroix, I am ready to hear you," replied Moran.

"The young Frenchman is shut up in the stone house," said the chief.

"I know it," answered Moran.

"The great chief of the French will put him to death," added Onalaska.

"Is that all you wished to say to me?" returned Pierre.

"Would you not save him if you could?" said Red-Shoe.

"At the risk of my life," rejoined Pierre.

"Prisons, I have heard, have been broken and the condemned set at liberty," added the chieftain.

"That's very true," resumed Pierre, musingly.

Red-Shoe watched the countenance of the hunter in silence.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Moran, while a new gleam of light seemed to flash into his mind.

"Save the White Rover from death," replied Red-Shoe. "I have called him friend in hours of safety and peace, and now I will prove my friendship in hours of adversity and danger. He is unworthy the sacred name of friend who flies at the approach of misfortune."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Moran. "Are these indeed the words of an Indian chief? Whence come these lofty sentiments? who taught you a code of honor so noble—so honorable both to heart and head?"

"I was educated in the great school of Nature; I have received instruction from everything you can see about you; from trees and flowers; from hills, mountains and valleys; from lakes, rivers and plains!" replied Onalaska, proudly.

"It is well spoken, savage chieftain. Your words might well put many a Frenchman to the blush."

"Frenchman!" exclaimed Onalaska, with an expression of ineffable contempt. "Talk not of Frenchmen to me; they are overturning my country and destroying my people."

The chief folded his arms upon his breast, and his chest heaved with unutterable emotions.

"Warrior," said Pierre Moran, after a short interval of silence, "are you willing to forget your hatred of the French for a night and assist me to rescue Henri Delcroix from the meshes of villany that have been so artfully woven around him?"

"I am, and for that reason I spoke to you when I saw you hurrying away. Meet me here to-morrow night, and we will enter the French village together."

"Most willingly; you may rely upon me. I owe the White Rover a debt of gratitude, as you know, and I will repay it at the hazard of my life."

"Take this belt of wampum," replied Red-Shoe; "wear it about your waist. If you fall in with any of my people, it will save you from their vengeance."

Moran took the belt. He was in the act of fastening it upon his person in the manner indicated, when the sharp crack of a rifle resounded through the woods, and a bullet whistled through his long beard within an inch of his chin, and passing near the head of Red-Shoe, lodged in the trunk of a cottonwood. A tuft of hair severed by the leaden messenger fell upon the hunter's bosom.

Simultaneously Pierre and Onalaska plunged into the forest and ran swiftly towards the point whence came the harmless shot. They saw a slender column of smoke curling up through the trees, and then the figure of a man running with much speed.

Pierre Moran raised his rifle and fired. The distance was long, but the shot evidently took effect. The runner faltered in his flight, swayed to one side like one drunken, and then flew on again with arrow-like swiftness towards New Orleans.

"He is wounded in the shoulder," said Onalaska, "but not mortally. It is useless to pursue him farther, for he is swift of foot."

"Do you know him?" asked the hunter.

"I know him well. He is called Ette-Actal, the Natchez renegade."

"And is doubtless in the employ of Lesage," added Moran.

"A fit companion for *chef mentour*," replied Red-Shoe.

"I now remember having seen Lesage in close conference with an Indian; he was thus engaged the last time I saw him at New Orleans. He has employed this renegade to rid him of one too deeply in his confidence. The fact is, Captain Lesage mistook his man. From certain things which he had heard, he formed the opinion that I was a sort of brigand and common assassin, ready to sell my services to the highest bidder without remorse. But he has discovered his mistake, and now knows that the tales which he heard in relation to me were false as his own base heart, and seeks my destruction in

order that I may not betray his plans. It is not safe to listen to every idle rumor, nor to write a man down a villain because his face is not a prepossessing one. That shot was aimed at me," said Moran.

"And if he does not eventually succeed in killing you, it will be because you bear a charmed life," returned Red-Shoe.

"I have often heard the name of the Natchez renegade, but never met him in my wanderings; but if chance should ever throw him in my way, he will not live to say he has seen Pierre Moran again—the hunter of the Mississippi Valley."

"If there is anything on earth that my soul turns from with loathing, it is a renegade," said Red-Shoe.

"And a coward, you might have added," said Pierre.

"It is well thought of, brave Frenchman. A renegade and a coward may be coupled together, and not be unequally yoked."

While Red-Shoe was speaking, an object met the eye of Pierre Moran well calculated to try the courage of both. The hunter's practised ear had heard a slight sound among the branches of the trees. Looking up with the quickness of a veteran of the woods, he saw a huge and well known animal crouched upon the limb of a lofty oak, not a dozen yards from the chief, who was a little in advance.

"Look!" said the hunter, in a suppressed voice, without withdrawing his fixed gaze from the terrible monster. The warrior raised his eyes and saw death staring him in the face; for it was the animal most dreaded by the red men, and called almost universally by the singular name of the "Indian Devil."*

The bravest of the brave, if he discovered the track of the panther when hunting, turned back with a shudder. He feared to encounter an animal so powerful, and endowed with a cunning almost human. He had rather meet some war party of his enemies at fearful odds, for with them he could fight with some hope of success; but who could contend with a foe that could not be seen until his resistless paws were rending him in pieces, or until he looked down from some stately tree in the act of springing! No; the Indian did not choose to make war upon the sagacious and all-conquering panther.

Onalaska met the gaze of the monster with Roman firmness. The fore paws of the animal were thrust out along a large limb, and the hinder legs were drawn up under him. The hair upon the back seemed to stand erect, and there was an undulating, snaky motion of the long tail. The eyes sent forth malignant fires—flashed and burned like glowing coals. The mouth was slightly open, displaying rows of white, sharp teeth, and the tongue lying within them like the sting of some monster serpent. His hot breath seemed to have infected the air and made it rank with the odor of death. The long bristling hair about the huge jaws worked and trembled with the quivering motion of the nether lip—an indication of hostility too deadly not to be well known to the observant eye of the hunter.

The hand of Red-Shoe was upon his knife. He had laid it there at the moment of looking upward; for he had left his rifle at the encampment—a neglect which now promised to prove fatal to the chief. The panther was evidently about to leap, and had chosen the nearest victim; this the proud Indian knew, but governing, with the strength of a disciplined and mighty will, the natural shrinkings of human nature, he appeared calm and self-reliant.

The panther drew himself back upon his haunches, with his fore feet still placed cat-like upon the trunk of the limb, while the motions of the tail grew quicker and more decided, and the eyes literally appeared to dart rays of flame.

The nerves of the hunter were still. There was no tremor of the hand or heart when he suddenly raised his rifle; no film of terror dimmed his eyes as he glanced along the barrel, and brought the unerring sights to bear upon the scourge of the forest.

Pierre Moran fired; the panther leaped and fell quivering at the chieftain's feet. A few throes of expiring agony convulsed its frame, and the beatings of its mighty heart were hushed forever.

*The panther has thus been styled by the Indians.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."



DUCK SHOOTING ON THE POTOMAC.

DUCK SHOOTING.

The scene represented above is that of a highly pleasing and much indulged in sport at the height of the season on the Potomac river. Our sketch is taken from life, and the scene itself is faithful in its characteristics. So famous have the waters of the Potomac river become for this kind of sport, that Northerners, even from the Canadas, annually resort hither to participate in its engaging and fascinating occupation. At a time when game seems to have nearly deserted our thickly settled Atlantic coast, still the Potomac yields a rich harvest to

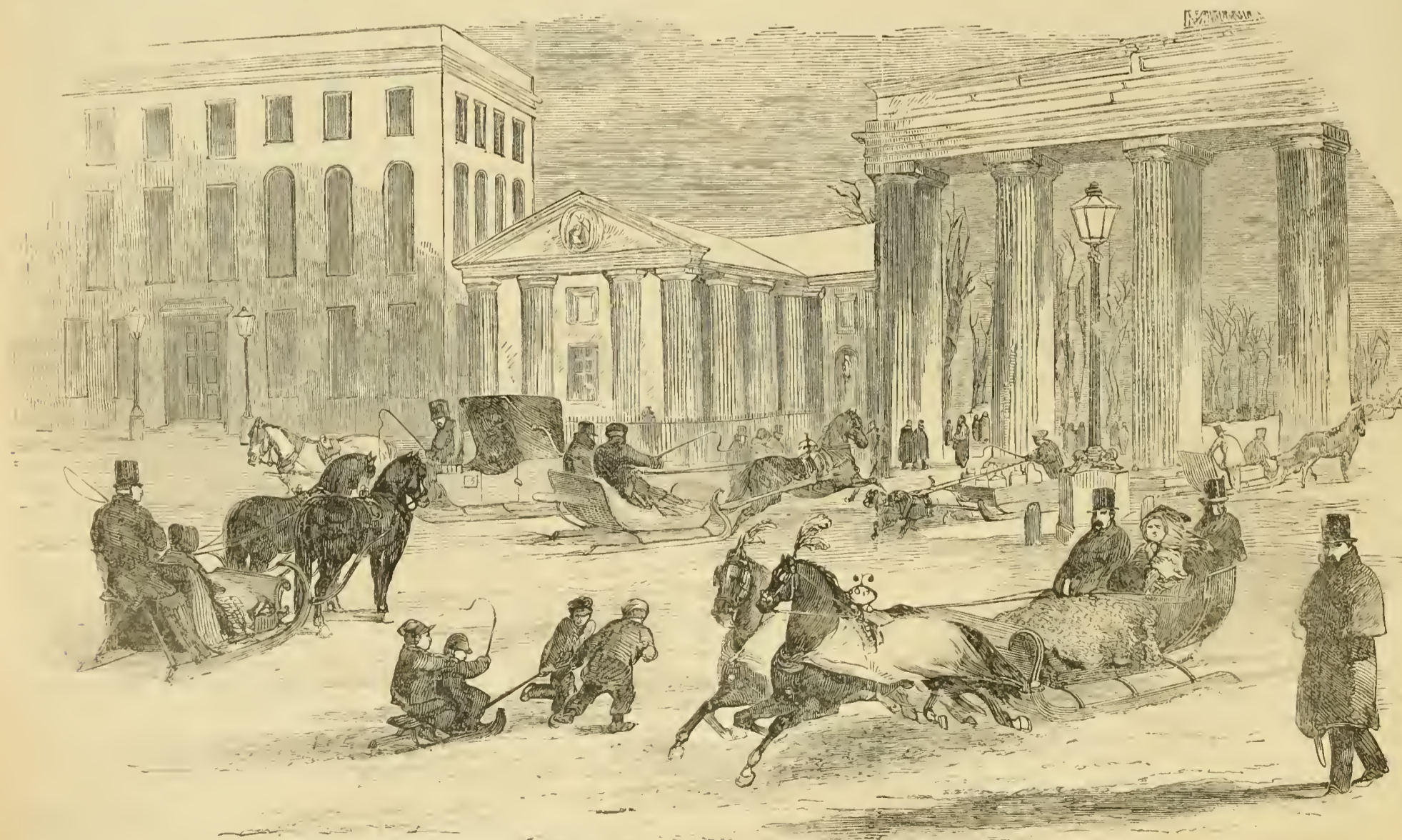
the sportsmen who flock to its banks for profit and pleasure. The encroachment of civilization upon the haunts of birds and beasts, has nearly exhausted game in the Eastern and Middle States, but at the South and West it is as abundant as of yore, when the red man knew nothing of powder, and trusted to his merrily arrow to bring down the smallest bird that peopled the forest wilds. The ducks that are taken on the Potomac, are deliciously flavored by reason of some peculiar food which they find in the vicinity, and consequently they are held in great esteem by epicures.

SLEDGING AT BERLIN.

The winter recreation of sledging in the Prussian capital is enjoyed in vehicles of almost every variety of form, as the reader may see by the accompanying illustration, sketched in the streets of Berlin recently. The view is taken in the Pariser Platz, and shows the Brandenburg Gate, the Guard-house, and the Thier-garten in the distance. Here we have several fashions of sledge; but the stylish painted and gilt sledge is going out of fashion, and the merely useful one is more patronized. Some are the bodies of cabriolets, dismantled, and placed upon

frames. Everybody sledges; from the well-appointed curiole, with the liveried page, to the milkman, with his sledge, and the children at sledge-play. The horses or dogs, as the case may be, are hung with bells; and the street seems traversed by an army of muffin-sellers.

A sledge-drive by moonlight is a pleasant affair. The ground is covered with snow, upon which neither horse nor sledge makes any noise; and you hear nothing but the bells that are always affixed to the harness, which sound as if a fairy peal was borne by on the wing. The stilly effect is very singular.



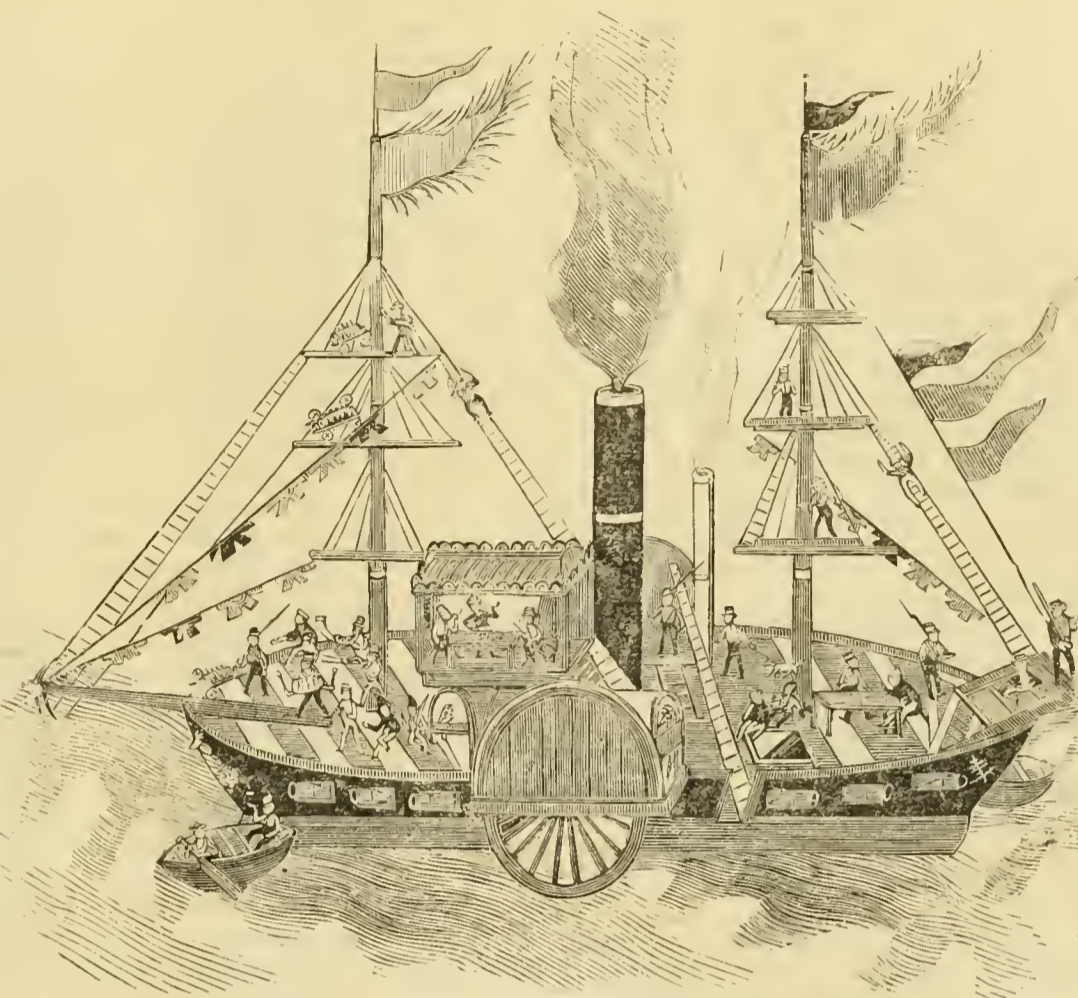
SLEDGING IN BERLIN.

CHINESE DRAWING.

The singular picture which we give herewith is that of a Chinese drawing of an English man-of-war steamer; the original was executed by a Chinese artist, soon after the steamer arrived at Hong-Kong. The reader must make allowance for the low state of the art of drawing in China, in looking at our engraving; the colors of the drawing itself are, however, very superb. In drawings where perspective is not very strictly required, as in representations of birds, insects, fruit, and flowers, the Chinese artists are very successful; and Viscount Jocelyn assures us that the best pictures of Chinese life are to be found upon the porcelain tea-service manufactured in China. But wherever perspective is required, the picture at once becomes a confused mass, and we find everything piled one thing above another in the most ludicrous manner. The land in the foreground is quite natural and effective, but the sea beyond is piled right up above it to the top of the picture. The art of painting in China is but on a par with the rest of their notions of civilization and the arts, and probably there is no other people on the face of the globe not actually barbarous or savage, so degraded in intellectuality as the Chinese.

TIME.

It waits for no man—it travels onward with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step, without accommodating itself to the delays of mortals. The restless hours pursue their course; moments press after moments; day treads upon day; year rolls after year. Does man loiter? procrastinate? Is he listless or indolent? Behold the days, and months and years, unmindful of his delay, are never sluggish, but march forward in silent and solemn procession. Our labors and toils, our ideas and feelings may be suspended by sleep; darkness, and silence and death may reign around us, but Time is beyond the power of any human being, besides Omnipotence. The clock may cease to strike, the sun to shine; but the busy hours pass on. The months and years must move on ever, forward.



CURIOUS CHINESE DRAWING OF AN ENGLISH WAR STEAMER.

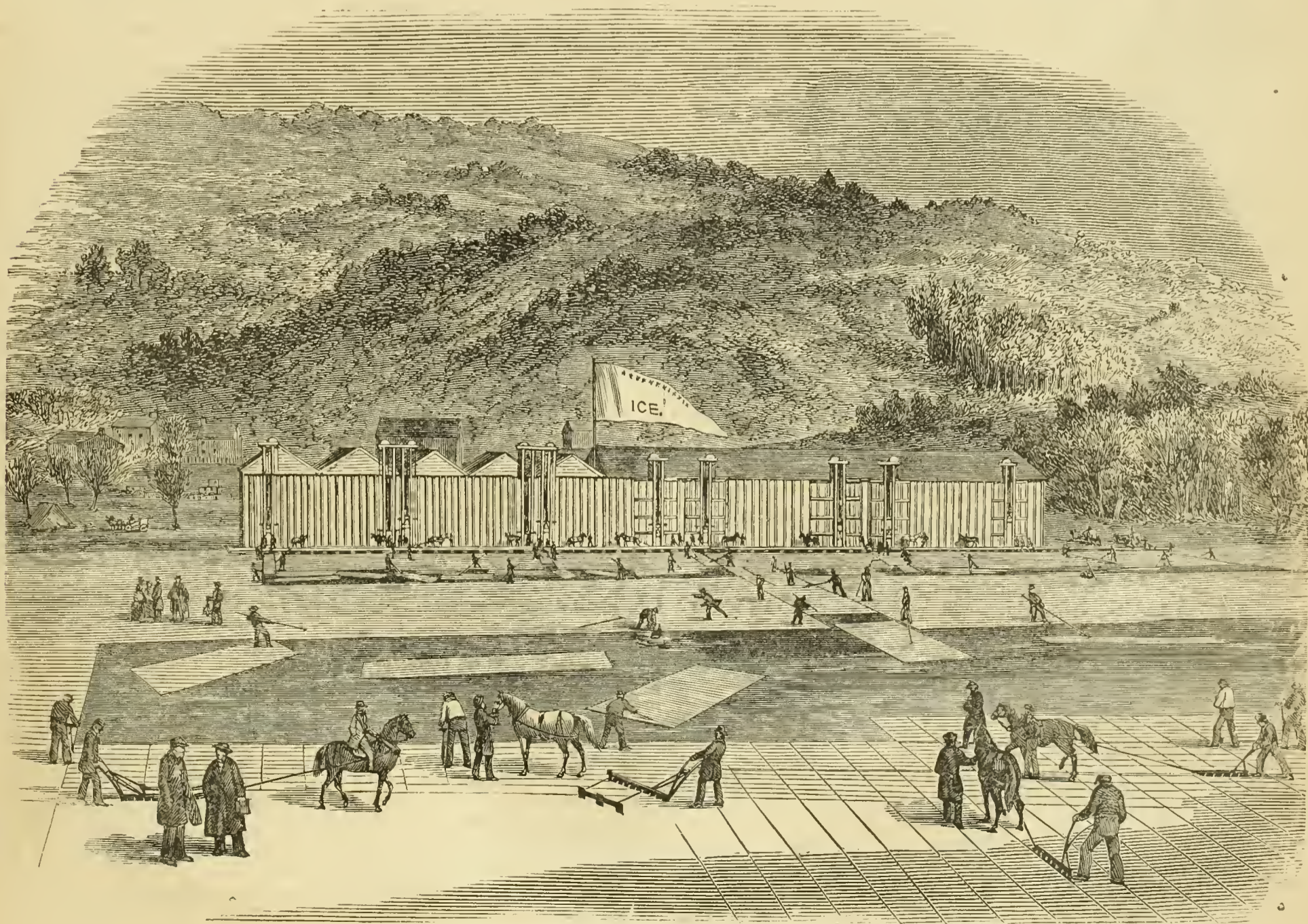
ICE CUTTING.

The view which we present below of Ice cutting on Rockland Lake, N. Y., is a scene that is peculiarly American, and will at once tell its own story to the eye of the reader. Ice has become, of late years, one of the great staple productions of New England, and large fortunes have been made in the trade by shipping the article in heavy quantities to the West Indies, the East Indies and other climes. A vast

amount of this business is done in the immediate vicinity of Boston, where there are some of the most extensive storehouses in the world, erected for this especial purpose. In this vicinity artificial meadows of water are formed upon low lands, spread with boards, near fresh water ponds, and thus large crops are realized, furnishing employment to hundreds of our hardy citizens during the cold weather, when other avenues of occupation are closed.

parents that sweet hope, that crowning joy of a father's and mother's life—the gratification of seeing their daughter married at their own fireside. A bridal elsewhere is unnatural, and God's blessing will not follow it."

I beg you to take to heart one maxim which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall: it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm, but what is once uttered cannot be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequences.—*Kossuth.*



ICE CUTTING AT ROCKLAND LAKE, NEW YORK.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Kate Conyngham in the last American Courier makes the following sensible remarks about runaway matches:

"But runaway matches seem to be marked with Divine displeasure. I never heard of a happy one. Not far from us resides a widow lady, who eloped from an excellent mother when she was young, with a worthless young man. She is now the mother of three grown daughters, every one of which have eloped and left her, the youngest only last June, at fifteen years of age, and she was left desolate and broken-hearted! Thus is the example of the mother followed by the children; and who can she blame but herself! But the worst remains to be told. The eldest has already been deserted by her husband, who has gone to California, and last week she had to seek a shelter in the home of her childhood; the second daughter is suing for a divorce, though she has not been thirteen months married. Ah, girls! never in an evil hour place your hand in that of a young man who would counsel you to leave your paternal home! It is cruel to deprive those who have nourished you, and with sweet hope have looked forward to the day of your marriage beneath their own roof; it is cruel to rob them of this happiness. It is their blessed privilege to bless your union, and witness your and your husband's joy. How can you then rob them of their participation in that joyous bridal, towards which they have been so many years looking forward? Daughters who elope, wrest from their

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FENTONS OF CLOVERGLEN.

AN EPISTLE FROM EUGENE A—.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—In your kindly interest in my happiness, you desired at our last interview, that I would write you at my earliest convenience, after my arrival at Cloverglenn, to inform you of the manner of my reception by the parents of my Gabriella, and the good or ill success of my suit.

You will excuse this neglect to fulfil my promise as promptly as I proposed, when I have told you the cause. Anticipating that two days, at the most, at Cloverglenn, would decide my happiness, I was to have written you on the third; and I should undoubtedly have done so, had it not been for the occurrence of a most unexpected event, which threw my Gabriella's family into the greatest consternation, at the very moment when my fate was to have been determined. But I must not get before my story.

The warmth and evident joy with which I was greeted by Gabriella, was all the most ardent and jealous lover could have desired. Ah! you should have seen her then—her auburn curls, like shining masses of golden threads, shading her fair forehead and ivory neck; the sweetest of smiles on those rosy lips, and the loveliest of blushes modestly mantling to her cheeks; a tender happiness beaming in her soft blue eye.

But I grow sentimental. You will pardon the fault into which lovers are so prone to fall, in the excess of their admiration.

I should speak of Gabriella's family. To begin with the father—Mr. Fenton is a tall, intellectual, independent man, in the prime of manhood. It is by his enterprise, principally, that the estate of Cloverglenn has been brought to its present condition of beauty, cultivation and value. You can conceive of no more elegant and attractive residence, than this of the Fentons; and I understand that it is all the result of the present proprietor's fine taste and expanded views. Mrs. Fenton is a quiet, amiable lady. Still beautiful, although, at least, forty; kind, hospitable, and possessed of all those tender and strong affections, which so beautifully the character of woman.

Although I had never seen Gabriella's parents, she had so often talked to me about them, that I could not consider myself a stranger to them, Mrs. Fenton, especially, appearing like an old acquaintance. As a friend of Gabriella's, she greeted me with a cordiality and kindness, which assured me she reciprocated my feelings. Mr. Fenton was more reserved. His bearing was polite and easy, but yet I thought I could trace in his manner, the manifestations of that family pride which I had mostly to fear, as a barrier to the success of my suit.

Then there is Gabriella's only brother—a pretty, mischievous, lisping child of three summers. Of course, he is the pet of the family. I was almost jealous, Gabriella was so fond of him; and bestowed upon him her caresses so lavishly! But how could I help loving him, too, with those plump, rosy cheeks; that laughing mouth, and those sweet blue eyes, so like my Gabriella's? Of course, I paid my addresses to little Andy, with praiseworthy discretion; aiming quite as much at winning thereby the mother's favor, as gaining the affections of the boy. How ill he repaid me for my exceedingly entertaining stories, the very day of my arrival! Sitting on my knee, and looking up roguishly in my face, just as I had finished the delightful tale of Puss in Boots, he lisped:

“Are you going to thop here alwayth, and tell me thorieth every day?”

As soon as I had answered this question as well as I could, for his satisfaction, he asked:

“Did you come here to thee Bell?”

“O,” said I, “I came here to see Bell”—so he called Gabriella—and your father and mother, and you too!”

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton, as well as Gabriella, being present, I thought I had answered with admirable tact; but what was my embarrassment and perplexity, when the roguish child shook his head knowingly, and pulling my nose affectionately, said:

“But you are Bell's beau! Betty thaid tho, any way! Are you?”

What could I reply? I presume it would be tedious to you, were I to enter into the details of my visit, relating my “sweet and precious” interviews with Gabriella, and my diplomacy, in

endeavoring to draw out Mr. Fenton, and to ascertain the ground on which I stood in his estimation. It was not until my third day at Cloverglenn, that I summoned sufficient resolution for the purpose, and went boldly—I flattered myself—to propose myself to Mr. Fenton, as a candidate for his daughter's hand. I had won Gabriella's consent: and all that remained for me to do, was to represent to Mr. Fenton my prospects in life, and convince him that, without any great sacrifice of family pride, he could accept me as a son-in-law.

But notwithstanding my previously formed resolution, I found the subject a most difficult one to introduce. Mr. Fenton wished to show me some fine young peach trees in a nursery, not far from the house; and as we were walking through the orchard together, I had the best opportunity in the world to overcome my modesty. Three times I cleared my throat to begin; and as often I allowed some other subject to engross the conversation. At length, however, with great formality, I said:

“You are of course aware, Mr. Fenton—hem!—of the object of my—ah—attentions to your daughter! I need not say I love her—honor her—and should consider myself happy—”

Mr. Fenton was trimming a young peach tree with scientific precision. I was afraid he did not hear me.

“Exceedingly happy,” I repeated—Mr. Fenton looked up; I looked down—“if I felt sure of your approbation, in my suit. She has had the goodness—”

At that instant, Gabriella herself appeared, emerging from the orchard. I was struck dumb. How could I pursue the subject in her presence? And she was approaching rapidly; but when yet at a distance, she cried:

“Father! do you know where Andy is?”

“I! no!” replied Mr. Fenton.

“Then he is lost!” exclaimed Gabriella, in an agitated voice. “We cannot find him anywhere! Betsy has been looking for him an hour; I am afraid that he has fallen into the cistern!”

I was filled with dismay. Mr. Fenton set out for the house, with majestic strides, and I hastened to Gabriella's side. She was agitated with fear, and I tried in vain to console her. If Andy had not fallen into the cistern—which had been opened twice that day—where could he be? Search had been made everywhere in the vicinity of the house, and the child was not found. Ah! how I loved Gabriella, in my sympathy with her affliction!

On reaching the house, we found Mr. Richards—one of the laborers at Cloverglenn—raking the cistern. It is needless to describe to you the anxiety with which we awaited the result of his occupation! Mrs. Fenton's countenance was full of anguish, relieved by a faint and feeble ray of hope. Gabriella, white and breathless, I supported on my arm. Mr. Fenton, calm, but deathly pale, stooped to the assistance of Richards. O, you cannot conceive of the effect produced, when, as our heart-strings were drawn to their utmost tension by anxiety, the latter lifted his head, and said in a deep tone:

“He is not here!”

Mr. Fenton fainted, and Gabriella threw herself on my bosom, laughing and weeping hysterically. But although it was a relief to know that Andy was not drowned—where was he? All nooks and corners about the premises had been explored; but now once more the search was prosecuted, not only by the attendants, but by us all. In the gardens, in the orchard, in the barns his name resounded. But no child's voice replied.

About a quarter of a mile from Mr. Fenton's house, resides one of his tenants, named Graves, an honest, industrious fellow, who supports a wife and an aged mother. He had been at work in the woods which lie back of his cottage, in the forenoon; and as Andy was known to be very fond of him, we all concluded that he must have followed him, and got lost. Mrs. Graves—who was as much alarmed as any of us—did not know how that could be; as her husband would have observed the child, she said, and brought him home on his return. As for Mr. Graves, he had, a short time before, set out to go to mill with a grist which he was to bring home in the evening.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Graves's opinion, a party of us set out to explore the woods, whilst others rode off in different directions, to learn if Andy had not strayed to the houses of some of the neighbors.

It is a noble forest—that which crowns the hills rising on the north of Cloverglenn. Mr. Fenton, Gabriella—who insisted on accompanying us—Richards, Betsy the maid, and myself, entered the woodland by a beaten path. Sturdy oaks, old elms, occasionally a straight and shaggy hickory, and more rarely, a beautiful large maple, grew together, like ancient brothers. The dense foliage of summer cast thick shades before us, which the declining sun could not penetrate. We seemed invading the mysterious realms of silence and gloom. We called the lost child's name, but was answered only by faint and distant echoes, and by the cawing of a crow in the dry top of a decaying oak.

From the spot on the borders of the woodland, where Graves had that day been cutting up the top of a huge elm, we proceeded in different directions, to enter the forest. I kept Gabriella near me, and we wandered together among the trees, looking on all sides for the lost Andy. In every hollow into which the dead leaves of another summer had drifted; behind every prostrate trunk, which might have afforded a mossy seat to the tired child, and from which he might have fallen in sleep; in the shadows of every thicket; in every cavity formed by the huge roots of old trees swelling out of the ground; under swinging vines, pendant from supporting boughs; in those chasms left by mighty trees uprooted by force of violent winds; wherever a child might have been concealed, we searched, but searched in vain.

Ah, how often did Gabriella start, with a gleam of hope in her countenance, at forest sounds, which she mistook for Andy's voice, or footsteps! The red squirrel and the striped squirrel nestled the leaves almost at our feet, and chirped at sight of us, on stumps and logs; the gray squirrel and the black squirrel sprang from the ground to the trunks of sheltering trees, and climbing the rough bark, chattered and scolded from the limbs above; and now and then, the “staring owl,” startled more by sounds than sight, dropped from some dry limb and winged his blind, silent flight into dim and gloomy solitudes, afar off; and at every new turn, at any sudden sound, Gabriella looked eagerly for little Andy.

But the shadows deepened; evening came on, and the katydid began her mournful song. Our anxiety increased; we shouted, and listened for a reply. Only the shouts of our companions answered us from other parts of the woods.

“Come, Gabriella,” said I, as we paused in a gloomy ravine, “let us now return. It is useless to look further, in this darkness. Besides, Andy could not have wandered so far as this, and it may be we will find him on our way back.”

With a sigh, Gabriella leaned upon my arm, and we set out to return. To our surprise, and somewhat to our uneasiness, we then found that we had lost our way by many turnings, and that it was impossible to retrace our steps. The voice of Mr. Fenton, however, calling not far off, guided us, and finding him, we proceeded together homeward, with sad hearts and dark forebodings for the fate of little Andy. Our last hope was, that we should find him at the house, whither he might have been carried before us, and in this we were disappointed.

A number of neighbors had now assembled to assist in the search; and leaving the afflicted Gabriella and her mother with some female friends, Mr. Fenton and myself, joined a party of six, providing ourselves with lanterns and torches, and proceeding to explore thoroughly, all the forest. This second search, however, was no more successful than the first; and Mr. Fenton himself directing that we should look no further until the following day, we returned with our gleaming lights through the surrounding darkness of the woods.

According to the last report, Graves had not returned from the mill—having undoubtedly been belated in obtaining his grist. Hearing sounds of a wagon approaching when we had reached the road, I waited to see if it was the tenant, whilst Mr. Fenton proceeded homeward. Two of those who had joined in the search waited with me, whilst the rest dispersed.

The wagon rolled up before the cottage: and moving to the spot, I had the satisfaction of greeting the man Graves. In a few words I told him what had occurred, and inquired if he remembered seeing the child in the woods.

Graves suddenly clapped his hand to his brow, with an exclamation of horror. I saw that he was agitated, and his face became pale.

“For heaven's sake,” I said, “if you know what has become of the child—”

He tore away from me, leaving us rooted to the spot in amazement and apprehension. He was lost in the darkness, beyond the illuminated circle of which my lantern was the centre. A moment after, however, he re-appeared. I saw that his hands grasped a number of farming utensils: I observed a log chain, a shovel and a spade, which he threw into the wagon.

“Come with me,” he muttered, jumping in after them.

He drove along the path which led to the woods. Conscious from his manner, that he surmised the nature of the calamity which had befallen the child, and thrilled with an indefinable awe, in view of the mystery I could not fathom, I ran on before the horses with my lantern, to light the way. A sort of instinct guided me to the spot where Graves had been at work in the morning; and he followed me thither, accompanied by the two neighbors.

“Now, sir,” said I, earnestly, “can you tell us what has become of the child?”

Graves pointed to the stump of the tree on which he had been chopping in the morning.

“Yes,” he replied, “he is here!”

“Here! what do you mean?”

“Under this stump!”

I felt a chill of horror. I observed that the roots of the stump had the appearance of having been torn up.

“This tree was blown over,” said Graves. “When I commenced chopping on it, these roots were turned out; but when I cut off the trunk, their weight carried them back again. Andy began to follow me, when I came out here; but I told him to go to the house. I supposed he went. But—it must be—he hid behind the roots; and when the stump fell back into its place—”

“He was crushed!” I could not help exclaiming. The roots of the stump, not falling precisely in their original places, were on one side considerably elevated from the ground; but the shock of the fall causing the immense mass of earth which had been upturned with them, to break away and fill the cavities, prevented us from prosecuting our search, without either digging beneath the stump, or overturning it again, with the help of the horses and the chain Graves had brought for the purpose.

This honest fellow, who is a man of unusual observation, fortunately remembered the precise shape of the hole, as it appeared in the morning and inferring therefrom the situation of the spot in which a child would have been most apt to take refuge, he struck his spade into the ground. One of our companions assisted him; and in a little while the clogging dirt was sufficiently removed to allow of looking under the roots. I threw myself on my face, and thrust my right arm into the cavity; I felt a large stone. Exploring still further, I touched a garment. I grasped it—I drew it towards me—and with my other arm, I seized a child's arm.

Then, judge of the joy which thrilled our hearts, when, as we were momentarily expecting to behold the mangled remains of little Andy, we heard a stifled cry! He struggled in my arms, and brushing the dirt from his eyes with his little hands, cried lustily. It was the large stone, which Graves afterwards informed us, having rolled into the hole a few days before, saved the child from being crushed. He was in a tight prison, where sufficient air penetrated to allow him to breathe, but from which he could not escape.

With rapturous joy, I lifted him in my arms, and sprang into the wagon. Graves drove back faster than he came; somebody else carried the lantern; I clasped little Andy, who struggled and screamed like a stout boy of three years, as he was. He was delightfully cross. I never so enjoyed a child's cries before!

I succeeded in hushing him, however, before we arrived at Mr. Fenton's house. He complained of hunger, and of wanting to see “mother;” and I promised he should both embrace her and have something to eat, if he would be quiet. I carried him in my arms, into the house. Mr. Fenton, his wife and Gabriella were sitting together, weary, disheartened and worn out with anxiety and toil. Gabriella was the first to observe my entrance. In an instant, both Andy and I were in her arms. It was hard to say which she was embracing! Then came Mrs. Fenton; she seemed distracted with joy over her lost child, whom she clasped frantically to her heart, and covered with kisses and tears.

Mr. Fenton, with glistening eyes, took the child's little hands in his, and *looked his joy*; for he was speechless.

As soon as little Andy, all cross and dirty as he was, had been hugged nearly to death, he was given into the hands of Betsey to be washed and fed, and I proceeded to gratify the curiosity of the family, by relating how he had been rescued. Gabriella was leaning fondly on my shoulder as I spoke, and her parents were gazing on us intently. When I had finished, Mr. Fenton said:

"Would that anxiety and doubt might always end in such joy! My heart is at this moment so thankful, that I would make almost any sacrifice to render any other being happy!"

I felt that he spoke the sentiments of his soul, and I know not what good angel prompted me, when I replied:

"I trust you remember, sir, what I said to-day, of what was required to make me happy?"

Mr. Fenton smiled kindly. He glanced from me to Gabriella.

"And is your happiness his happiness, my darling?" he asked.

You should have seen the *look* Gabriella gave me—the blush which overspread her beautiful face—her mute but expressive reply to her father's question!

"I see it all," said Mr. Fenton. "I put confidence in my child to believe she has chosen well! Take her, Eugene, and may you both be happy!"

Ah, my friend, I have not time to write more; but I must ask—will you come to Cloverglen, to attend a wedding which is to take place on the twentieth of October? Yours, &c.,

EUGENE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WHERE IS HOME?"

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

In the halls of the gay, where light music is sounding,
And the voices of youth, that to grief are unknown;
Where bright eyes are sparkling, and young hearts are bounding,
And joy flashes out in each light ringing tone;
Though enchantment, to others, the bright pageants wear,
My home is love's dwelling, and love dwells not there.

Is it in the lone forest, where bright sunbeams play
On the streamlet that glides in its beauty away;
Where the "fairy-folk" dwell mid the dim, leafy bowers,
And breathe their sweet blessings on dew-laden flowers?
Ah, no; for where silence and solitude reign,
If the heart seek a home, it will seek it in vain.

Not in festal hall, where the soft light is streaming,
And the wine mantles high 'neath its radiance gleaming;
Where pleasure has made for her votaries a shrine,
There beats no heart that may answer to mine.
It gives us no balm that may conquer care,
My home is not mid the splendor there!

Not in the forest, where zephyrs sigh
O'er the silver waves, as they wander by;
Where, mid the flowers, bright fairies dwell,
Gathering gems from each leafy cell—
Though nature her sweetest charms may wear,
It is not home, for 'tis lonely there.

"Where is home?" Where, at evening, loved ones meet,
When time's light pinions seem far too fleet;
Where every lip wears a joyous smile,
Where the voice of affection each grief may beguile;
Where gentle tones may banish all gloom,
And love has its altar—there find we a home.
Boston, Mass., January, 1852.

A TIGER FRIGHTENED BY A MOUSE.

Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta:

"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalizing him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider, than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believed by the help of a squid, we obliged him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across in his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."—*Thompson's Passions of Animals*.

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Shakespeare.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MINNIE GRAY.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

A winsome little darling,
Is fairy Minnie Gray,
Who steals from me my heart-wealth,
And laughing, trips away;
With store of golden tresses,
And smile like sun-ray's sheen,
And blue eyes bright as star-guests,
She comes to me, I ween.

She presses loving kisses
Upon my throbbing brow,
And to my heart I hold her,
My elfin darling now.
And then away she trippeth,
With laugh, whose music tone
She stole away from Cupid,
Within the wild wood lone.

A thousand winsome faces
She turneth up to mine,
A thousand fairy graces,
Her dancing steps combine.
And still upon her forehead
A spirit-glowy beams,
I ween it is a gleaming
From out the land of dreams.

Sometime alone I'll lay me
Beneath the churchyard's sod;
A blessing on thee, Minnie,
When I have gone to God.
And all sweet birds bloom round thee,
Where'er my steps may stray,
A garland for my darling,
A wreath for Minnie Gray.

Elmwood Cottage, Pomfret, Ct., Jan., 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BILL WHIFFLETREE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

We knew Bill Whiffletree in his palmy days, when he drove a coach on the Providence turnpike. He was a model stage-coachman, a noble brother of that fraternity which has passed away from among us, and is known only to tradition. His box was his throne—driving was his glory. Two, four or six-in-hand, tandem or spike-team, it was all one to him. He "handled the ribbons," and "tooled the nags" with a dexterity that was marvellous to behold. Bill was an Englishman, born in "canny Yorkshire," cradled in a horse-trough, put to sleep with the jingling of a bridle, and indulged with a pair of spurs by way of a rattle. His father was a noted jockey, who had many times ridden the winner of the Derby and Oaks, and his mother was the daughter of a celebrated trainer. Bill was worthy of so illustrious a parentage. At the tender age of three years he manufactured a harness for his aunt's venerable tom-cat, and compelled that respectable animal to draw a miniature buggy-wagon in spite of his frantic efforts to disengage himself from the apparatus that confined him. A whip was the favorite plaything of this darling genius, and he wielded it with such a vigor that he soon became the terror of all the vagabond dogs, cats and geese of the neighborhood. From stable-boy and helper in a training establishment, he soon rose to the dignity of a seat upon the pig-skin, but an unfortunate tendency to obesity induced him at an early age to quit the turf, and raised him to the position in which he was destined to shine with transcendent brilliancy—the box of a mail coach. A "truant disposition" brought him to America, and it was the good fortune of the mail-contractors on the Boston and Providence road, to secure his eminent services.

Bill was a fat, rosy-checked, shrewd, good-natured fellow, respected by the ostlers, revered by the landlords, admired by the chamber-maids, and favorably regarded by the residents all along the line. Passengers were delighted with him, and with the ladies, especially, he was as great a favorite as the Postilion of Longjumeau. His coach was always up to time in all weathers, and he never had an upset or a breakdown during the whole course of his career. He never forgot to deliver a newspaper, or parcel, or a love-letter. He was punctual as the sun itself. He knew every horse in his team by heart, and could get more "go" out of them than any man upon the road. He knew the "lazy" horse of a new team at a glance, and on him the "braid" descended with a severity that at once inspired terror and secured activity. It was delightful to see him haul six green ones, put in harness for the first time, and exceedingly opposed to the

principle of labor and of association. His rein and whip soon taught them obedience and unanimity. "Three blind ones and a bolter" were handled with equal dexterity and success.

Bill was an honored, happy and celebrated individual. His fame reached to other roads—his name was mentioned in far-distant stables, and he stood, by common consent, at the very head of his profession. But alas, for the mutability of human affairs! The railroad track was laid to Canton. Nine miles of Bill's route were suddenly cut off. He now mounted his box sadly. The aggressive progress of railroads made him tremble for the future. He saw the sphere of his usefulness daily contracting, and he predicted the speedy approach of the period, when, to use his laconic and eloquent expression, "all the coaches would be took off the road." It came! Bill was offered the situation of conductor on the railroad at a liberal salary. But he spurned the bribe. It was an insult—an indignity! his whole professional soul revolted against it! He had saved a few hundred dollars, and he went into retirement—whither we know not—but it was in some remote spot where the roar of the trains and the scream of the steam whistle never offended his keenly susceptible ears.

He re-appeared again, having spent his scanty savings, when the Roxbury omnibuses were in the full tide of successful operation. He was offered a seat upon the box, and accepted.

But he was the shadow of his former self. He was no more like the Bill Whiffletree, of old times, than his lumbering omnibus, drawn by two horses, was to the elegant mail coach whirled along by four spanking cattle at ten miles an hour, including stoppages. He was wasted to a skeleton—his many-caped drab box-coat, faded and stained, hung about his frame in loose folds—his broad-brimmed white hat was limpsey and drooping; his gaunt fingers protruded through his ragged mittens; his neckerchief was soiled and tied in a hard knot. He never wore a boutonnet in his button-hole—"the flowers had lost their fragrance," he said, "besides, they was intended by natur for mail-coachmen—not for 'bus drivers."

Yet Bill essayed to be cheerful, and always had a mournfully kind word for the little "ead" who stounded with his bell upon the steps.

But one day an order came from the proprietor to discharge the boys, to make the drivers ticket-takers, and to affix a strap to their feet to indicate the wishes of the passengers. This was a death-blow to Bill's pride. It was the last feather to the camel's load.

"Sam," said he, to his favorite ostler at the Norfolk house, "this 'ere last notion of the guv'nur's has done the thing up brown. The idea of makin' the driver peddle tickets like one of them 'ere silver-plate conductors on these 'ere infernal railroads, is cuttin' it rather fat—but the plan of putting a coachman in harness is downright blasphemous. There may be men," he added, raising his eyes solemnly to the hayloft, as he spoke, "leastways individuals furnished with the usual complement of legs and arms as may survive it; but for me, Sam, it can't be did—its a hutterly himpracticable scheme. Good-by, Sam."

He spoke in a solemn tone, and with tearful eyes, as he grasped the hand of his humble friend. His words and the tone did not produce a very deep impression upon the ostler at the time, but they came back upon his recollection afterwards like the remembered melancholy music of old years.

It was a very dark night. Bill mounted the box and drove off. Four insides desired to stop somewhere on the Neck near the old green stores. They pulled the strap. No notice was taken of the signal. Four pair of stout hands, inspired by rage, now tugged upon the band. At last the vehicle came to a dead stop. The insides passed up their fare. No change was returned. They demanded an explanation of the mystery, accompanied by a gentle menace of "caving in the driver's head." No notice was taken of the threat. Foaming with rage, the four insides sprang into the street, and climbed to the box.

There sat Bill Whiffletree, the reins dropping idly from his mittens—stone dead. Weary of life, despairing of the future, he has fastened the strap around his neck, and died as he had lived, upon the box.

His reputation was saved by a verdict of "temporary insanity," and he was interred with "all the honors." The news of his death spread far and wide, and his mortal remains were attended to their last resting place.

posed of the most celebrated breeders, trainers, jockeys, horsemen, livery-stable men, ostlers, grooms and coachmen of the day, and it was their unanimous opinion, expressed at Porter's after the conclusion of the ceremony, that of the whole life of Mr. William Whiffletree, nothing so much became him as the manner of leaving it. He was the Last of the Stage Coachmen.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY HEART IS ON THE OCEAN.

BY J. ALFORD.

"Courteous, affable, obliging and beloved by all, is it not a pity that she is inseparably attached to one?"

My heart is on the ocean,
My heart is not with me,
'T is where my vows are plighted
There—there 't will ever be.

What though my parents chide me,
And look on him with scorn;
His safe return I pray for
To Heaven, night and morn.

What though my cheek is paler
Than it was wont to be?
'T is not because I doubt him
Who ranges on the sea.

The path 'tween love and duty,
Till now I never knew;
And, O, the former whispers,
'T is that I must pursue.

I will obey its mandates,
Whate'er my fate may be;
My life to him's devoted,
Who pledged his faith to me.

No power on earth shall change me,
None other will I wed;
The grave, ere I deceive him,
Shall be my bridal bed.

Boston, January, 1852.

ANTS OF BUSINESS.

Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with leaves. Mr. Kidder states that some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Maranh, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor, and brought up several pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, "that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, but were sentenced by the friars to make a removal within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth. The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores."—*Para: Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DYING GIRL.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Why do ye turn away with anxious gaze,
Lest I should read and tremble at your fears?
Why do ye talk of life, and length of days?
Why do ye strive to hide your gushing tears?

Why do ye fear to tell me I must die?
Is it the parting strife you so much dread?
Is it the untold depths the soul must try?
Ye stand between the living and the dead.

I've seen a Hand ye never have seen,
It pointed to a world beyond the skies;
And up, far up, above this earthly scene,
I've seen the pearly gates of Paradise.

And in the lone, still hours of night I've heard
A deep toned Voice, that never spoke to you;
And while the life pulse of my soul it stirred,
It bade my spirit say to earth adieu.

Farewell! a radiant light breaks o'er the gloom,
An arm of strength now waits to bear me up;
Lay this frail body in the silent tomb,
I fear not now to taste death's bitter cup.

And O, when dust to dust shall be united,
And life and immortality is mine;
May the pure altar whence this ray was lighted,
Shed hallowed incense on fond memory's shrine
Cobasset, Mass., January, 1852.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The town of Columbus was laid out in the spring of 1812. On the eighteenth day of June, the same day war was declared with Great Britain, the first public sale of lots was held.

On the tenth of February, 1816, the town was incorporated as the "borough of Columbus," and the present city charter was granted March third, 1834.

The city is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Scioto river, about half a mile below its junction with the Olentangy. The streets present a most cleanly appearance, being laid out at right angles, and of a spacious width.

The numerous State Institutions do great honor to the State of Ohio; and no more fitting spot could have been selected for their erection, than that which they now occupy.

At the right of the picture will be observed the "Neil House;" and still further on will be seen the "American Hotel." Both these establishments will rank favorably with any in the west.

At the left and in the foreground, stands the State Capitol. Its site is the centre of a square of ten acres. The style of architecture of this edifice is Grecian Doric; the proportions are those of the Pantheon. It is surrounded by a terrace eighteen feet wide, and about twelve feet in height, and covers an area of three hundred and four by two hundred and eighty-four feet, making an aggregate of fifty-five thousand nine hundred and thirty-six square feet. The height from the ground to the top of the roof of the rotunda is one hundred and fifty-seven feet, and from the floor to the eye of the dome one hundred and twenty-four feet; diameter of rotunda sixty-four feet. The Senate chamber covers three thousand eight hundred and eighty square feet, and the House of Representatives, with lobby, five thousand five hundred and seventy-two feet; the library four thousand six hundred and fifty feet. Each of these apartments is of appropriate height, and will be finished in the finest style of the art, and the dome and rotunda will be richly ornamented. The columns are six feet seven inches in diameter at the base. There are also rooms for the Circuit Court of the United States, and offices for the Executive, and every department of the State Government, beside thirty-six committee rooms.

Columbus holds within its confines so many noble institutions that we are unable, from want of space, to yield more than a passing tribute within our pages; though we would fain speak at length of the splendid structure and admirable management of the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind Asylums.



VIEW OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

MADAME THILLON.

This exquisite vocalist, and fascinating actress, was born in England. She went to France when quite a child, and at the early age of fifteen married M. Claude Thillon, leader of the orchestra at Havre. Her engagement at the Howard Athenæum has been one of the most triumphant that we have witnessed for years. To a soprano of great compass and sweetness, she unites the most exquisite finish and brilliant flexibility, combining much of the taste of Jenny Lind with the execution of that singer, added to a style and pathos peculiarly her own, which we have

never met with in any other artist we have seen. —Mr. Hudson, who supports Madame Thillon so acceptably in her role, was born in Anngier street, Dublin, in the month of March, 1811. At an early age, being gifted with a good voice and great musical taste and ability, together with a prepossessing personal appearance, he acquired a passion for the stage. His merited success in this country is well known to our readers, and especially is he a favorite in Boston. Our artist has sketched Mad. Thillon and Mr. Hudson as they appear together in the *Crown Diamonds*, a capital comic opera.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Dr. Johnson wisely said, He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything. Life is made up of all things. It is but once in an age that an occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel full of dirt after another, one shovel full at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never wait to do a great deal at once. If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another, speaking a word here and a word there, and setting a good example all the time.



MADAME THILLON AND MR. HUDSON IN THE COMIC OPERA OF THE CROWN DIAMONDS.

"DODWORTH'S CORNET BAND."

The fame of this justly celebrated band is too widely extended to call for any eulogium from our pen. We should impugn the intelligence of our readers were we to enlarge upon their talents as composers, or the chasteness and elegance of their performance as musicians. We content ourselves, therefore, with presenting portraits of the father and four sons, composing the Dodworth family, together with a slight sketch of their history, and also a representation of the five different uniforms worn by the band. These illustrations were drawn from daguerreotypes taken expressly for us; and we feel assured we could not better please our readers than by introducing to them the world-renowned Dodworths. In 1828, Mr. Thos. Dodworth the father, and Allen, the eldest son—then about ten years of age—attached themselves to what was afterwards known as the Castle Garden Band, Thos. Dilks, leader. Three years after this, Harvey, the second son, then nine years of age, also joined the band. It will be seen by this, that three of the family have been practical musicians for upwards of twenty years. Some misunderstanding occurring in the old band, the Dodworths and some five or six others separated and formed the original Dodworth's Band, under the title of the National Brass Band—the father playing base, Allen the trombone, and Harvey the fife. The new band met with much opposition and but indifferent success; and on several occasions were dismembered by the machinations of others. On one occasion, their principal bugle player left them only three days previous to an important engagement which it was impossible to break. Without being disheartened, however, Allen offered to fill his place. A new E flat bugle was procured, and with only three days' practice he performed to the satisfaction of all parties. To those who understand the difficulty of changing from a large to a small mouth-piece, this will appear the more extraordinary, especially when we consider the youth of the performer. Shortly after this occurrence, Charles and Thomas, the third and fourth sons, became members, thus filling all the solo instruments; and it was only necessary to add the secondary instruments to form a complete band. In 1839, they made their first important improvement by the introduction of an entirely new class of valve instruments, which they called the *Nova eber corno*, or New York Horn; the first that was made being a tenor, and filling up the middle harmony, which before had been quite deficient. Then followed bases, sopranos and altos, making the complete set, as now used. About five years after this introduction, by the Dodworths, the saxhorn—which is the exact counterpart of their eber corno, and precisely the same arrangement—made its appearance in Europe, and made a complete revolution in the organization of the brass band; proving that, at least, a *singular coincidence of ideas* had taken place. The second great, and certainly a most important, improvement was the adoption of an entirely new set of instruments with their bells directed over the shoulders, the great advantage of which will at once be seen by any one who has ever marched behind a band. The sound, by this arrangement, is directed toward the company, instead of from it, as was previously the case. This arrangement has since been adopted by many other bands, who previously ridiculed the innovation; and who, with becoming consistency, refuse to give the credit where it so justly belongs. At this time, the name of the band was changed to their present title; and their success from that period has been constant and unvaried; they now rank as the best band of its size in the Union. No exertion or expense has been spared to attain this proud position. Their five different and magnificent uniforms have been purchased at their individual expense; and they are now having manufactured a new and beautiful set of silver instruments with improved valves which, when complete, will no doubt be one of the most magnificent set of instruments ever made. All their music is composed or arranged by members, but principally by Allen or Harvey; some of whose compositions have become widely and justly popular. For concerts or balls, an entire change of instruments is made—violins, flutes, clarinets, etc., being introduced—making out of the same number of men a very efficient orchestra. It is only necessary to show their popularity, to state that their engagements during the past summer have extended over the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachu-

THE CELEBRATED DODWORTH FAMILY, OF NEW YORK.



THOMAS J., CHARLES R., HARVEY B., ALLEN, AND THOMAS J. DODWORTH, SENIOR.

setts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Ohio; and they show, among other testimonials, a beautiful silver goblet presented them by the Hartford Light Guard, on the occasion of Gov. Seymour's inauguration, a splendid base drum by the City Blues, of New York, and a magnificent gold medal by the New York Light Guard, on the 25th of November last, when the band paraded for the first time, 35 men, in their new Hungarian over-coat. Their popularity is widely extended among all classes of the community, and they are frequently cheered by the crowd as they pass. They were engaged to attend all the banquets given in honor of Kossuth; and, in fact, whenever an extra occasion calls for good music, Dodworth's band is the *ne plus ultra*. May their shadow never be less. The band, at present, consists of twenty members.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

ERNEST KISS.

One of the most distinguished of the Hungarian generals who were taken prisoners and executed by the Austrians, had the singular name of Ernest Kiss. He was a wealthy proprietor, owning twenty-three villages, and was a man of excessive personal elegance as well as of chivalric courage. He regularly sent his linen all the way from Hungary to Paris to be washed, and was, in similar respects, a D'Orsay as well as a Bayard. His coolness in danger was remarkable; and it is told of him that one day within reach of an Austrian battery, making an observation, he ordered his servant to bring him a cup of chocolate. A shot took it from his hand and killed his horse. "Clumsy rascal," said Kiss, "they have upset my breakfast." When taken out with three others to be shot, he was superbly dressed. The order was given to fire, and his companions fell, while he stood untouched. "You have forgotten me," said Kiss, in his usual tone of voice. The corporal of the platoon stepped up and fired, and the ball striking him on the forehead, he fell dead without a struggle. We condense this from an interesting account of the Hungarian Generals, published in a French journal. It exemplifies the characteristic courage of the devoted chiefs of this nation.—*Home Journal*.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

In his old age, Lord Castlereagh espoused a beautiful lady, young enough to be his daughter. The incongruity of their union soon inspired him with doubts and suspicions. He thought it impossible that he could fix the attentions of his wife, and equally impossible that she could remain insensible to the attentions of younger men. Thinking the Duke of Cambridge not indifferent to her, he forbade her receiving him, an absurd prohibition which it was impossible for her to obey. One evening, Lord Castlereagh, on entering his wife's saloon, felt convinced that she had not been entirely alone, and asked if she had received no visitor. Terrified at his earnestness, Lady Castlereagh was weak enough to resort to a falsehood. But unluckily, a riding-whip, with the arms of the Duke of Cambridge, was lying on an arm-chair. Castlereagh caught it up and raised it against his wife. "But here," says the narrator of the occurrence, "his wrath halted. His fury had carried him so far that he was at once ashamed of it. It was the hand of a ruffian that was lifted—the hand of a gentleman descended lightly, and opened tremblingly to drop the odious weapon, that had menaced a woman, on the floor." Without uttering a word, Lord Castlereagh drove to the parliament house and took his seat. A violent invective launched against the ministry by one of the opposition members, found him, commonly so prompt and fiery in debate, silent and motionless. From the parliament he went to the royal levee, and there the strangeness of his conduct was noticed. Returning home, his reason disordered by remorse for his ungentlemanly action, he seized a sharp penknife, and the hand raised against a woman terminated his own eventful life.—*Olive Branch*.

DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no bold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them: nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.—*Bacon*.

HUNGARIAN LIVERIES.

The luxury which many of the Hungarians display in the liveries or uniforms of their servants, is far beyond anything of which we can form an idea. Almost every gentleman has a hussar fully armed and equipped as his valet-de-chambre, and some have all their footmen in the same dress. These uniforms are not unfrequently covered with gold and silver lace. It is startling to a foreigner to find himself served at table by a smart-looking hussar, be-whiskered and spurred as fiercely as if he were handling a sabre instead of presenting a knife and fork.—*Page's Hungary and Transylvania*.



THE CELEBRATED DODWORTH'S NEW YORK CORNET BAND.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BROTHERS:

—OR—

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"NED, you're a fool!"
 "Perhaps I am, Tim."
 "But I know you are."
 "Well, then, I hope you'll draw benefit from your knowledge."
 "Pshaw! don't be a fool, Ned!"
 "How can I help it, Tim, if I am one already?"
 "But there is a chance yet for redemption."
 "Then I'm afraid I am in the same fix as those unfortunates spoken of in the catechism."
 "Explain, Ned."
 "Past redemption."
 "Now you are a fool!"

This conversation was between two brothers, Messrs. Timothy and Edward Barbour, and was carried on in the store of the former early one morning, before customers began to flock in. Timothy was a dry-goods merchant, just commencing business on a doubtful capital; while Edward, the younger brother, was still a clerk, with a fair salary, in a heavy jobbing house "up town." The circumstance that had given rise to their colloquy was simply this: Mr. Aaron Simpson, a retired sea captain, had received a visit from his niece, a young, fair, and very wealthy heiress, whose father had died a year previously, and left her the whole of his immense fortune. There was also stopping with Capt. Simpson a young girl, who was engaged in sewing for the family, but who, though her occupation seemed so humble, was possessed of all those graces that adorn the true woman. Now the father of the young gentlemen, when living, had been an intimate friend of Capt. Simpson, and consequently both Timothy and Edward were frequent and welcome visitors at the mansion of the old sea captain. Timothy had seen the magnificent Arabella Forlush, Capt. Simpson's niece, and he believed himself to be deeply in love with her; while Edward, the younger and less presuming brother, did not hesitate to avow that he loved the fair Lizzy Florence, who only made shirts and pillow-cases.

"You may think me a fool," said Edward, in reply to his brother's last remark, "but will you tell me wherein?"

"Wherein?" uttered Timothy, brandishing a yardstick by way of emphasis. "Why did you not tell me that you thought of proposing to that servant of Capt. Simpson's?"

"I told you, Tim, that I would make Lizzy Florence my wife, if I thought she would accept me."

"Yes, so I understand you; Lizzy Florence—servant, sewing-girl, drudging for a living—a pretty wife, truly!"

"Serves those who pay her, I suppose, same as you and I do," coolly remarked Ned.

"Serves a fiddlestick!" petulantly retorted Tim. "If you think of marrying at your age—"

"Only a year and a half younger than yourself," interrupted Ned, with a smile.

"Then you'd better wait till you have gained that year and a half's experience, Ned, and perhaps then you wouldn't be so anxious to throw yourself away upon a penniless girl."

"I don't think I should, even then, be willing to sell myself to an heiress."

"Bah! Trash!" exclaimed Tim, finding that there was a weight at both ends of the beam. "Just look at the girl I shall have—the beautiful Arabella—with a cool half million. Egad! I know she loves me. What a magnificent creature! Did you notice her small white hands, Ned?"

"I noticed the big rings she had piled on to them," equivocally returned Ned.

"What a love of a neck!" suggested Tim.

"Must be strong to bear the weight of that chain," said Ned.

"Such hair," continued Tim.

"Such oil and paper roses," responded Ned.

"A waist like Venus!" enumerated Tim.

"More like a wasp," ventured Ned.

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" shouted Tim, as he swung his yard-stick more furiously.

"And you are knocked down to Arabella Forlush at that price, body and soul," said Ned, as he buttoned up his coat.

"You're a fool, Ned, a consummate fool, and you show it in every word you utter. Here you are, twenty-four years old, a clerk with only a

salary of a thousand dollars, and talk of marrying a poor seamstress. How'll you ever get into business with such a weight on your hands?"

"If I wished to hurry into business, I could do as you have done—go in on credit," replied Ned.

"But I shall have a wealthy wife to help me on, while you will be forever drudging," uttered Tim, with a spice of tartness in his tone. Then changing his manner to one of earnest meaning, he continued: "I am in earnest in this matter, Ned. I do not wish to see you degrade yourself by such a marriage. Miss Florence is pretty enough to look at, but she is not fit for your wife. I bid you redeem yourself while yet you have opportunity."

"Look ye, my brother," replied Edward, while a flush of indignation mantled his handsome features. "if it is degrading to be honest, upright, intelligent, kind, virtuous, and lovely, then Lizzy Florence is so; but in my own heart I have a monitor that guides my actions, and I assure you that no words of yours can turn me from its motions. I love Lizzy Florence for the truth and loveliness of her woman's soul, and if she will but say yes to my suit, then she becomes my wife. As long as I have two hands with which to earn an honest livelihood, I will not sell myself for an independence."

"Then go your own way," said Timothy, with a show of offended pride; "but mark me, Ned, if you marry that girl, you may never expect to visit me in her company, for I will not subject Arabella to the mortification of descending to the association of one who has been a servant in her uncle's family."

"Just as you please," calmly answered the younger brother, as he put on his gloves and turned to go. "With such a wife as I desire I shall not be under the necessity of seeking for enjoyment abroad. I want a wife for my own fireside—not for yours!"

As Edward spoke, he left his brother's store to seek his own place of labor; and Timothy, with a half-uttered oath upon his lips, went at work arranging his unpaid-for stock of goods.

It was a cold evening, and a searching wind, that bore upon its bosom clouds of falling snow-flakes, went sweeping through the streets; but within the spacious parlors of Capt. Simpson, this outward show of stern old winter served only to add a charm to the well-filled grates, and make the inmates more happy and contented in their comfortable quarters. Upon the stool at the piano sat a young lady, who might have seen twenty summers, or, perhaps, twenty-five. Her skin was fair to look upon—perhaps nature made it so, and, perhaps, art had a hand in its snowy whiteness. The jewelry that flashed and sparkled upon her wrists, fingers, neck, ears, bosom, and hair, bore to the world an index of wealth, and it is not impossible that they all became her. She was rather tall, but yet she bore herself with a graceful ease, and her form was really symmetrical and fair. Such was Arabella Forlush, a niece of Capt. Aaron Simpson, and she was, in fact a belle, a beauty, one of those who command a sort of wondering admiration, made to shine in a ball-room and adorn the parlor.

Nearer to the fire-place, and by the side of a work-table, sat another female, whose age was more palpable than that of the former, and who, if not so dazzling in her appearance, was by far more lovely. She could not have seen more than eighteen summers, and the years that had rolled over her head seemed to have left all the warmth and sunshine of their seasons upon her brow, with none of their chilly frost. She was as unlike the other as the dove is unlike the eagle. Though one might stand entranced by her loveliness, yet it was all so gentle, so mild, and so sweet, that it commanded only the soul's true worship of trustful, confiding love. Her face, with her soul of kindness shadowed forth in its every feature, was fair—not as the blaze of the noontide sun, but more like the beaming smiles of the sweet goddess Aurora. Such was Lizzy Florence, a young orphan girl, who had been for a month in the family of Capt. Simpson, and who, it would seem, rather to make some compensation for her board than for the sake of the pay she might receive, was doing the sewing for the family. At the present time, however, she was engaged in looking over the pages of a magazine.

Around on the other side of the grate from where sat Lizzy, reposed, within the depths of a spacious stuffed chair, the form of old Capt. Aaron Simpson, a merry old fellow, who had spent the meridian of his days in the ups and

downs of ocean life, and who had now settled down with a competent fortune to enjoy himself as best he could. He loved life for the joys it gave him, and he was never more happy than when he felt that he was imparting happiness to others.

"Lizzy," said the old man, who had been regarding the fair girl for full ten minutes, "what are you doing with that book?"

"Book?" repeated Lizzy, looking up from a page of advertisements. "O, I'm just looking it over."

"Over, is it?" returned the old man, with a merry sort of a twinkle in his eyes. "You've been looking at that same page for the last ten minutes. Ah! I'm afraid, Lizzy, that there's something else on your mind besides books!"

"Yes, your kindness in giving me a home," responded the fair girl, with a bright smile upon her face. "That rests upon my mind."

"My fiddlestick," uttered the old man. "I believe you were thinking of that young—"

Capt. Simpson said no more, for at that moment Lizzy sprang from her chair and clapped her hand over her mouth, uttering, as she did so:

"Stop, sir, I shan't allow you to take liberties with my private affairs, even though I be for the present dependent upon your bounty."

A moment after the laughter-loving girl had taken her hand from the old man's mouth, he gazed affectionately into her face, and then, in a low, murmuring tone, half to himself, he uttered:

"Ah, the man who gets you wont want money to make him happy!"

Lizzy might have made a reply to this honest piece of flattery had not a servant at that moment announced Messrs. Timothy and Edward Barbour, but as the name of the latter struck upon her ear, the old man thought the small hand which had been transferred from his lips to his shoulder trembled rather more than was its wont, and another twinkle, more roguish than the first, sparkled in his eyes.

The young gentlemen entered the room, and were received by the old man with that kindness which marked the reception of all his friends, while the young ladies expressed an equal pleasure in their visit, though they showed it somewhat differently. Arabella paraded herself magnificently, smiled bewitchingly, and did not fear to speak her pleasure in words, while Lizzy, with a feeling too deep for outward show, only blushed as she received Edward's "good evening," and then resumed her seat at the work-table.

The evening had passed half away. Mr. Timothy Barbour and Arabella had been saying all sorts of fine things about music, poetry, prose, theatricals, &c., &c., while Edward had spent most of his time in a conversation with Capt. Simpson. The old man talked of ships, storms, rocks, and foreign ports, and anon he would listen to some of his young friend's remarks upon business matters, such as stocks, stores, and markets. Lizzy, all this time, remained an almost silent member of the social company.

Now Capt. Simpson's parlors were very long. Timothy and Arabella were by the street windows, and at the other end of the apartments there were also windows which overlooked the garden, said windows being situated in deep, tapestried alcoves. At length Lizzy Florence arose from her seat by the table and went to one of these back windows, where she seated herself upon an ottoman. Why she should have done this it is almost impossible to tell, for the ottoman in that recess was not half so comfortable a seat as had been the easy chair by the fire which she had left. She could not have gone there to enjoy the garden scenery, for everything was covered with snow, nor could she have gone there to look at the moon and stars, for the thickly falling snow-flakes entirely hid them from view. The next movement was made by old Simpson, who, without a word of farewell, put up his helm and sailed out of the room.

Edward gazed about him for a moment, after he was thus left alone. A projection of the Moorish arch that divided the two parlors hid Arabella and his brother from view, but an accidental glance upon the surface of a tall-tale mirror revealed to him the solemn fact that Mr. Timothy was most ardently pressing to his lips the fair hand of the glittering belle. Perhaps this circumstance afforded to Edward an example, for with a sudden impulse he started from his chair, and went to the recess, where sat Lizzy Florence. Tremblingly he seated himself by her side, and, seeming to follow up the plan he

had in view, he took one of her hands unresistingly within his own.

"Miss Florence," he said, his heart fluttering the while as though it would, if possible, prevent his utterance. "pardon me if I put to you a question upon the answer to which may depend much of the happiness of my earthly future."

Lizzy made no reply; she let her hand remain a prisoner, and she trembled violently. Edward gained courage, and with his heart stilled to a state of anxious suspense, he continued:

"Something tells me that the dearest wish of my heart will not be crushed. When first I saw you I looked upon you as one worthy of even heaven's love, your society has been to me a bright hour of sunlight and joy, and I would ask that that hour might be extended through my life's pilgrimage. I love you, Lizzy, with a firm and ardent love, a love that springs from an honest heart. Can you return that love? Will you be mine for life?"

"Not now, Edward," murmured the fair girl. "One as poor as myself would, I fear, prove a sad weight upon your rising fortune. There are others more wealthy, perhaps, than I, who might—"

Lizzy hesitated as she spoke, and Edward felt a warm tear drop upon his hand. The silent messenger sent a thrill of almost intoxicating hope through his veins, and eagerly he uttered:

"O, lay not upon my heart such a sin as that. My soul knows not how to barter its love! I have not rushed headlong and blindly into this fond hope, for not even to possess you would I run the risk of dragging you into want. I have studied my prospects, and I know I can support a happy home. I cannot make it magnificent, but it shall be above want, and with your happy, joyful presence to make glad my heart and lead me to the altar of Christian perseverance, my hearthstone shall glow with a blissful rapture that the proud Arabella, with all her wealth, could never bestow. May I hope?"

Even in the deep shadows of the Indian tapestry Lizzy Florence's eyes might have been seen to sparkle in their happy lustrous light, and, in tones all frank and fearless, she murmured:

"As I am, you have loved me! As I am, I am yours, and I am happy!"

"NED," said Timothy, as, on the next morning, the younger brother entered his store. "I am the happiest man alive. The heiress is mine! I have pressed my suit, and the beautiful Arabella has promised to be mine!"

"Then I wish you joy of your conquest," quietly remarked Edward, "and if you look for your only joy in gold, you will surely have plenty of it."

"To be sure I will," exclaimed Timothy, as he rubbed his hands in the exuberance of his satisfaction. "And now, Ned, I advise you to drop that foolish whim about your love for Capt. Simpson's sewing-girl, and pick up a wife that is worth something. There is Fidelia Mortimer, worth thirty thousand, at least—then there is either of Mrs. Fitzcross's daughters, both rich, and they are all after you. But you want make a hit like mine. Only think! *Half a million!*"

"Mortimer!—Fitzcross!—Fitz-wheel-dee!" uttered Edward, in a tone of contempt. "I am as fortunate as yourself. Lizzy Florence has promised to become my wife!"

"Edward Barbour, are you in earnest?"

"Timothy Barbour, I am!"

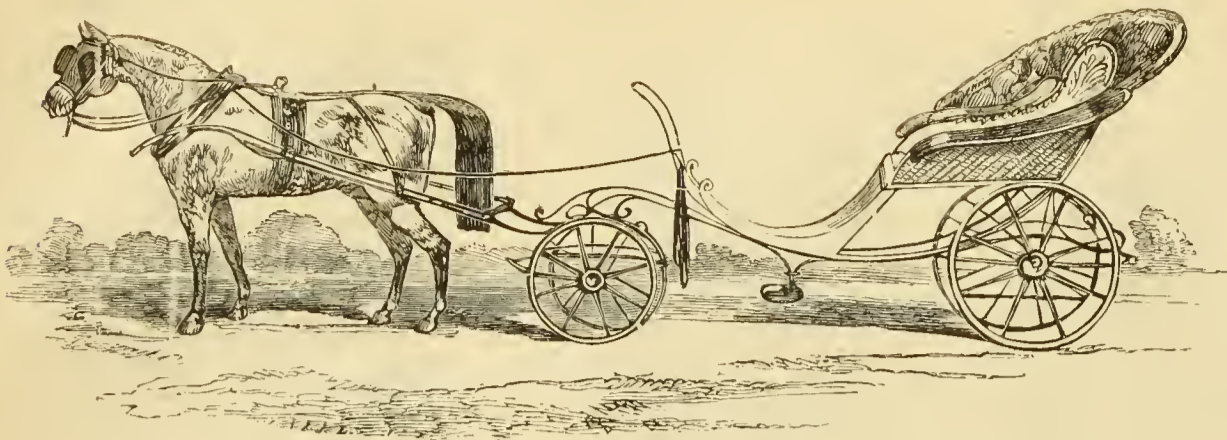
"Then go to —. Go and marry her! But don't you think to hang upon me. You might have married a moderate fortune, but as you have chosen to throw yourself away, you may now take care of yourself as best you can."

"Timothy," said the younger brother, in a tone of heart-felt pain. "this is unkind. When you first entered business I took my four thousand dollars—my little all—from the bank and lent it to you. I have asked you neither bounty nor interest; and now, though I will never ask of you pecuniary aid, yet I would ask your kindness, your good-will."

"You need not twit me because you lent me money," returned Timothy, in an angry tone. "As soon as I am married, you shall be paid, with interest in full; but I never will—"

Edward Barbour did not stop to hear the remainder of his brother's remarks, but with a sorrowful countenance he turned away and left the store. * * * *

One month had passed away, and Arabella Forlush had become the wife of Timothy Bar-



PONY PHAETON BUILT FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

PONY PHAETON.

The unique little carriage represented above, was built by Mr. Andrews, the mayor of Southampton, for Queen Victoria. The carriage was landed at the royal wharf, at East Cowes, and thence conveyed to the front of the palace, where it was closely inspected by her Majesty, Prince Albert, and Colonel Bouverie, the equerry in waiting. The queen and the prince expressed to the mayor their entire satisfaction with the style, elegance and extraordinary lightness of the construction of the carriage, which scarcely weighs 3 cwt. The height of the fore wheels is only eighteen inches, and of the hind wheels, thirty inches. The Phaeton is cane body, of George the Fourth style, with moveable head; the fore part is iron, but very light and elegant, and beautifully painted. The selection of the phaeton was, we believe, suggested by the queen, and it is intended for the sole use of her majesty, who will drive in it a very small Shetland pony. The tires of the wheels are wide, to prevent cutting up the lawns and grounds around the palace. The workmanship is very beautiful: it bears no sign of royalty, but a small crown painted at the back.

AMERICANISMS.

Reading in an English review, the other day, a severe article upon the universal love of money in the American people, recalled an anecdote of a friend, who was travelling in our immaculate fatherland last year.

A gentleman and two ladies were visiting the courts in London, when, just at the door of the Chancellor's Court, one of the ladies dropped a barege veil from her arm; a highly respectable looking, well dressed man picked it up. She said "Thank you," but he immediately turned to the gentleman with, "Can't you give me something? She might have lost it entirely!" They stopped in amazement while the gentleman, after some search, produced two pennies, which the Englishman took with an air of great satisfaction, and left the Americans wiser people than he found them; for paying for a common courtesy was a new idea to the unpolished New Englander. Throughout the country, they found money always expected, and, if forgotten, asked for, when the smallest act of attention was rendered; and that too by a class of persons who, in our own country, would consider such a tender an insult.

After their arrival in the United States, the same party accidentally left their trunks at one of the railways to Boston. Arrived at the station here, they summoned the baggage-master, told him their difficulties, and that the trunks would probably arrive by the midnight train—wishing him to see them, and send them by a safe conveyance to their hotel. He furnished a pencil and card for the address, and after a considerable time, the arrangements being settled, the gentleman drew out his purse. "Keep your money," said the baggage-master, with a somewhat contemptuous gesture, "I hope I can do a kindness without being paid for it." They told him they had been widely over the old countries, and forgotten there were such men as he at home, not having seen one at all like him in all the Old World. Travelling Englishmen, unaware of this superiority, are thrusting their money upon every one who renders them an attention they would be obliged to pay for at home, and unwittingly tending to destroy one of the peculiar features of our society.—*Boston Transcript*.

LORD BYRON'S SISTER.

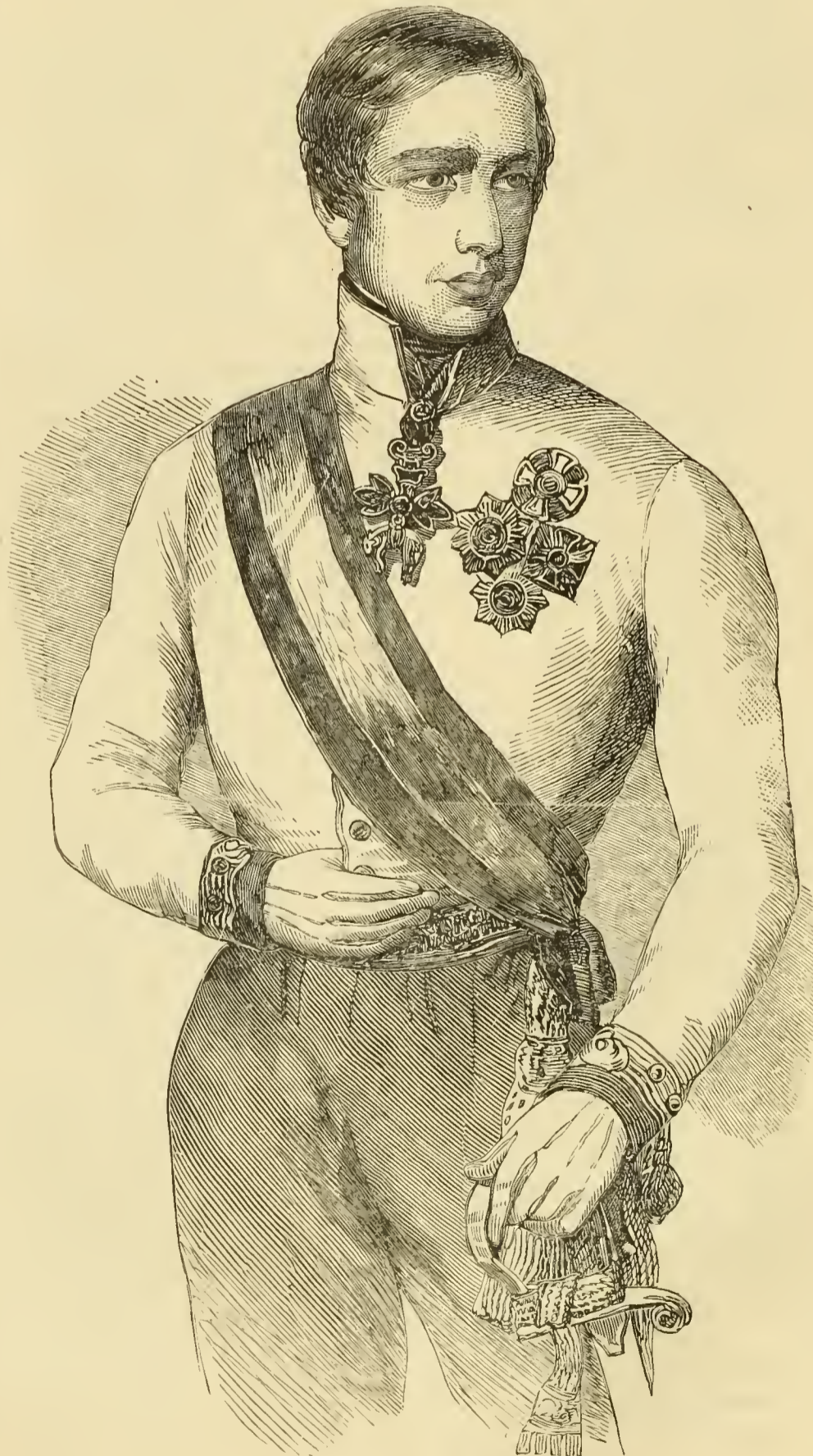
We notice that our friends of Harper's Magazine, in speaking of the recent death of the sister of Lord Byron, speak of her as "Mrs. L." This is erroneous, as her designation was "The Hon. Augusta Leigh." Chancing to have had the happiness and honor of an acquaintance with this lady, we once asked for an autograph of her brother's, and received, what is curious and invaluable, the first rough draught of one of his poems, with all its erasures and corrections. We will, some day, publish it, copied in an engraving—for it would be encouraging to young poets to see a poem of Lord Byron, as first begun. It looks unpromising enough! In the note with which Mrs. Leigh sent to us this relic,

she makes an admission which it may not be uninteresting to quote, of having shared in the universal undervaluation of living genius. We should have looked to the beloved and devotedly attached sister of Lord Byron, if to any one, for an exemption from this, but, like others, she required time and memory, to create the perspective with which to fully understand the greatness near her. In the note we speak of, she says:

* * "It will gratify me much if you should consider it worthy of a place in your collection of autographs, or I would look again among the papers I possess for one which would suit your purpose better. I am not sure whether

you did not also desire his signature, which is rather difficult for me to give, as he scarcely ever signed his name at full length, and, not anticipating the value which would be attached to them, I alas! destroyed franks without number."

Mrs. Leigh's rooms were small, and crammed with objects of taste, books, and a lady's luxurious belongings, all exquisitely arranged. In person she was tall and slender, and had the remains of beauty, with a singularly natural and easy distinction of style and manner. In the more intimate circle to which she belonged, she was exceedingly beloved and greatly admired.—*Home Journal*.



PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE CHILD AND THE TIGER.

In the far east, "on a stern and rock-bound coast," the encroaching waters of the ever restless ocean have formed an estuary, separating from the mainland a bold and beautiful promontory, called from its singular appearance, "The Dolphin's Nose," on whose green and richly wooded summit, man, with good taste, has erected a castellated building, with turrets and towers overlooking the sea. A covered way leads from the house to a detached building, surrounded by a very high wall, by way of protection from beasts of prey. This formed the sleeping apartment of the widowed master of the mansion, and in an inner room was the little bed on which reposed his son and heir, a lovely boy. A lamp was burning, and the light fell on a mirror which stood opposite the door, the only article of furniture to mark that woman once "had part and portion there." It was midnight—the infant slept "calm as a child's repose;" but the father could not sleep—fast-thronging memories of by-gone days, the thoughts of that dear partner separated from him by the hand of death, anxieties regarding the welfare of his child, and official duties, stole over him and combined to keep him watchful. The weather was oppressive, though every door and window was open to woo each passing breeze. His child awakes and cries, and the attention of the lonely watcher is at once arrested; suddenly he observes a dim and shadowy form creep by him, with stealthy step, into the room that held his child. Is it a dream or phantom conjured up by the memories of the past? The light of a solitary lamp swung from above, and glanced upon the coat of a huge royal tiger, which, impelled by hunger, and attracted by the cries of the child, had sprung over the protecting wall. O, the intense, the breathless agony of that moment, which allows scarce time for thought, none for action! The royal brute sees his own image reflected in the mirror, to him as the image of an enemy; scowl reflects scowl, and as he crouches for a spring, his silent enemy is prepared also; one wave of his snaky tail, one indignant growl, one bound, and the mirror falls clashing around him in countless glittering fragments. Scarcely two more bounds, the first through the suite of chambers, the second over the wall, and he had sped far away to the solitary lair, far away in the deep throbbing of his panting heart; and the father kneels with clasped hands over the bed of his child. And when the animation had returned, when the mantling blood flowed back through his veins, his gratitude to the Almighty hand which had willed that his child should be spared, was not loud but deep. He soon followed his loved partner to the tomb, and he both lay buried in a shady spot, side by side, unheeding the "summer sun's most piercing rays, and the vexed ocean at the topmost swell." The infant thus preserved has since been amidst the roar of cannon and the clang of war. He bears a charmed life. The hand of the God of mercy is upon him, and has not suffered that one hair of his head should perish.—*Colonial Magazine*.

SKETCH OF THE MERSEY.

It was now about seven o'clock when they reached one of the great piers outside the dock gates, and walked there to and fro, looking out upon the broad Mersey. Far down, towards the mouth of the river, ships innumerable lingered about the Cheshire shore; here opposite, they went and came like passengers in a street. Stately brig or schooner here and there moved down, with now and then a bend, like the slight courtesy of some graceful ball-room beauty; little alert steamers flashed backward and forward from shore to shore; heavy sloops and barges lay still on the water, with the great red-barked sail flapping disconsolately for want of wind; and yonder a strange sight—a great sea athlete, with its cordage bare as winter trees, and its three tall masts helplessly appealing to the sky, pounced upon and carried off by a little steaming, snorting demon, about as long as the victim's bowsprit. The one a majestic ship A I, freighted with many hundred souls, written of in newspapers, its name tremulously laid up in hearts; and the song of the sailors, clustering like bees, comes pleasantly over the river, as they heave up the heavy anchor, slowly swinging by the great vessel's side. The other is a steam-tug, with one man at the helm and another on the paddle-box, and a third expatiating idly on the deck, while some black intelligences in the engine-room keep the ogre there in play; but helplessly, hopelessly, and in desponding silence, for now the yo heave ho! has ceased, the noble ship glides through the water, in the wake of the small exultant demon, as it flies through the churned waves with its snort of triumph. Cowed and trembling looks the giant victim; swift and silent rushes on the elfin captor. Prosaic owners call this little spirit the Mary Agnes. The Mary Agnes! One feels it should be the Fate, or the Retribution, or the Terrible, or some of these stern, grim, old men-of-war names, as on with demoniac speed and silence it carries off its prey out to the wide sea, to leave it there to all the chances of peril and shipwreck; and one feels a thrill of awe, as they pass away out from the shadow of the guarding rock and peaceful river to the great water where ships are wrecked and men disappear to be seen no more. For by-and-by the spirit comes back out of infinity, where its victim is lost, and carries off another and another, and all hopelessly submit; great, noble, majestic, material form; small, invincible, created spirit, there can be no contest between the twain.—*History of John Drayton, a Liverpool Engineer*.

THE FEMALE CAPACITY.

Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called earth," who despises order and regularity as indications of a grovelling spirit; but a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the space of duties it takes in. Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no surer test of integrity than a well proportioned expenditure.—*More*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CARL, THE WRECKER.

A REMINISCENCE OF A TRAVELLER.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

During my travels in Great Britain, in the year 17—, I visited the beautiful town of B—, on the eastern coast of England. It was situated on an eminence near the sea-shore, and its appearance was so inviting, being so well adapted to my peculiar taste, that I could not resist the temptation to tarry a few days and enjoy its fresh sea breezes.

While strolling upon the beach and indulging in a pleasant reverie, one day, I suddenly found myself in the companionship of a gentleman, who, from appearances, I judged to be a man of leisure, and like myself, a lover of nature. Finding him disposed to make my acquaintance, I very cheerfully joined in conversation with him.

"A very pleasant town this, sir," said I. "I am a stranger here. I suppose you reside in B—."

"Yes," said he, "this has been my home for many years, and we think it a beautiful and healthy situation."

"I am not surprised that you are attached to it," I replied. "Its elegant and tasteful residences alone are sufficient to captivate the heart of a lover of refinement; while the surrounding scenery, combined with the commanding view which you have of the sea, affords all that could be desired to make a happy home. Pray tell me, sir, who resides in yonder superb mansion, so completely surrounded by lofty trees. It has a noble appearance, and, I should judge, must be owned by some distinguished personage."

"Ah, yes. That is the residence of the Earl of W—, and perhaps you will be surprised to learn that he was formerly a poor wrecker, and lived on the spoils of the storms on this coast."

"Indeed! How did he manage to rise from that low position to the title of earl?"

"By his own exertions, merely. He was a brave fellow, and many a happy father and husband, residing in this vicinity now, owe their lives, their all, to the free and unrewarded exertions of Carl, the wrecker."

"Ah! then you are acquainted with his history. Pray give me some account of his adventures. There is a sort of romance about the life of a wrecker that deeply interests me."

"I will do so with pleasure. I have known him from his boyhood. The first of my recollections of him commenced when he was about fifteen years of age, I should think. He lived alone with his father (who was a wrecker by profession), in a little shanty not far from this spot. In former days this was a very dangerous coast, and the wrecker's business was no sinecure post. Now it is well guarded with lights, and has as safe an entrance as any harbor in the world. 'Old Siddon, the Wrecker,' as he was called, having always been used to dangers and hardships, knew no other life; and his only ambition for his son Carl, was to make him as skilful in the profession as his father had been before him. Carl was no dull scholar at anything, much less in acquiring the love and knowledge of his father's favorite employment; and while yet quite a youth, he displayed a spirit of bravery that might put to the blush many an experienced sailor of riper years. No matter how high the wind, or how severe the storm, if there was a living chance to aid a human being, the little craft, manned by old Siddon and his son, was quickly launched upon the waters. Though the waves ran mountain high, and their frail barque fluttered like a leaf on the surface of the tumultuous element, there was no shrinking from danger by that brave crew. Their only thought was—to the rescue!"

"And the good old man is not living now, of course?" I inquired.

"No," he continued. "Old Siddon has gone to his long home ere this, but his name will live forever in the memory of those who have enjoyed the benefit of his perilous exertions."

"Carl filled the old man's place after his father's death, and but for one circumstance, he might this day have been known only as 'Carl, the Wrecker.' Not that he was wanting in intellect or ambition, for, notwithstanding his disadvantages for acquiring learning, he had managed, by employing his leisure hours in reading, to store his mind with much useful knowledge. The circumstance to which I allude was this. Though seemingly a preposterous idea for one in

his station, he fell in love with the daughter of a nobleman, the former Earl of W—, whose title he afterwards received, as you will learn.

"The humble domicile of the wrecker was situated on the borders of this beach, which has always been a favorite promenade for the young people of the place, and it was here he formed an acquaintance, which gradually ripened into an attachment with the young and beautiful Ernestine. It may seem strange that she favored his suit, considering the disparity of their stations; still, the force of circumstances might serve to account for the apparent incongruity of the association. Her mother deceased when she was an infant, and she was left entirely to the control of her father, who, for the gratification of his eccentric notions, had kept her entirely secluded from society, and her only companion was a friend of her father, a rich, antiquated old duke, who was feasting on the prospect of wedding his daughter at her majority.

"He was much her senior in age, and, to her, most obnoxious in his manners. He was her only male acquaintance, until, by mere accident, she discovered in the character of the humble wrecker something worthy even the regard of a high born lady.

"Their meetings, of course, were clandestine; and, to be brief, they were betrothed ere the first suspicion had entered the mind of the father, or the duke. It was with trembling hopes that the lovers talked of the joyful day when they might enjoy each other's society without that duplicity which was necessary in their intercourse at that time. But, alas, for their stolen joys! The earl, by some means, was made acquainted with their designs. He became enraged, and determined to remove his daughter away from the place entirely, and immediately. Without the opportunity of seeing Carl, she was directed to prepare for a journey to London, in company with her father and his friend, the duke. A yacht was secured for the trip, and the morrow was appointed for their departure. Through the aid of a female domestic, Ernestine succeeded in sending a note to Carl, informing him of the sudden and overwhelming news that they were to be separated, perhaps forever. Re-assuring him of her unchanging love, and bidding him *hope and wait* for further intelligence from her, she bade him a sad farewell.

"It was early in the spring, and the morn was bleak and cool, when the earl with his family and attendants, boarded the 'Magnet,' which was quickly launched from its moorings, while with a swelling heart the gentle girl bade adieu to happiness and home.

"They had not proceeded far from the shore, when a dead calm succeeded, and ere they had made the 'point' outside the ledge, the sails of the spirited yacht were seen to flap in the wind, and she was left in the channel, without a breath of air to steady her course for several hours. In the after part of the day a slight breeze arose, but it was 'dead ahead,' and black clouds began to arise with menacing looks from the eastward. In this critical plight she labored until near night, in the hope of clearing the coast before dark; but she was to be seen from the shore as long as the eye could discern a speck upon the water.

"Night came on, and with it a smart breeze from the eastward. The clouds grew thicker and blacker, the wind arose, and ere midnight a terrible gale was lashing the shore. All who were interested in the yacht and its passengers passed a night in an agony of suspense; feeling a thrilling certainty that no 'sail' could make headway against such a wind, or rest in safety near the coast on such a night.

"As the morning broke, the storm still raging furiously, the shore was crowded with anxious spectators, while every nerve was strained to the utmost, hoping to catch a glimpse of the yacht in some safe corner, but no signs of the 'Magnet' appeared to relieve their terrible forebodings.

"The wind howled fearfully, and the waves ran mountain high, when, what appeared to be a portion of a wreck was seen occasionally to rise upon the surface of the water. All eyes and ears were turned in that direction, and during a momentary suspension of the roaring winds, a faint shriek was heard from the distant supposed wreck."

"Allow me to anticipate you," said I, growing excited. "It was no time for Carl, the Wrecker, to look on and listen."

"You are right," he continued. "If you had been there, you would have seen that no time was lost. In a moment—in an *instant* as it were, Carl, in his little skiff was riding the angry

waves, defying all power save the Almighty, to deter him in his purpose. The storm was in no way abated, and, as his frail bark alternately poised itself upon the pinnacle of a towering wave, then plunging below, lost itself in its bed, until its re-appearance was scarcely expected, a murmur passed through the crowd—'poor Carl! he's gone!' Then, as he rose again triumphantly from the yawning sea, a shout arose from the crowd—'Go on, Carl! go on!' and his little barque took wings, as it were, and the moments sped swiftly that carried him within speaking distance of the wreck.

"*'Save! save!'* were the first distinguishable words that met his ear as he approached near enough to discover the ghastly features of the earl, who was clinging with one hand to a mere plank, and with the other supporting the apparently lifeless form of his daughter. He was nearly exhausted, and Carl saw that the chance for his rescue, even there, was very small.

"*'Save my daughter!'* again he wildly shrieked. "*'Be calm,'* said Carl, '*or you are lost.'* But he only called more frantically, '*Save! save!* and my all is yo—!'

"Just as Carl had managed to get a hold upon the plank, and was in the act of extending a hand to him, a furious wave swept over them: and while Carl had as much as he could do to keep his boat upright, the sufferers were completely buried beneath the rolling surge. For an instant he thought they were lost, but presently they rose once more, and he was sure, for the *last time*. It was literally a battle of life or death. But a single wave was between them—he awaited its advance, and with one desperate effort succeeded in reaching and seizing the earl by the hair, who still clung with a deathly grasp to the form of his daughter. He had just enough of consciousness left to be able to assist in placing himself and his daughter in the boat, and with such fortitude and management as Carl alone was capable of, they were safely conveyed to the shore. They were the only survivors of the wreck, and their description of the scene, when the 'Magnet' was dashed in pieces on the rocks, was truly terrific!

"They were conveyed to the nearest house, and the earl soon recovered; but Ernestine was insensible for several hours. The first word she uttered, on returning to consciousness, was '*Carl!*' The earl stood at her side too full of gratitude for utterance.

"My dear daughter," said he, "do you love him?"

"*'I do, father!'* was her aint reply. Then turning to Carl, said he:

"My dear fellow, you have earned your prize! *Take her,* and my fortune with her!"

"And he *did* take her. They live in yonder mansion, and theirs is the happiest family in all B—. Come along with me now, and we will go and call on him, if you wish."

"My dear sir," said I, "you are very kind. It will afford me unspeakable pleasure to have the honor of an introduction to the Earl of W—."

I followed him the distance of an eighth of a mile, and we entered the most magnificent mansion that I ever beheld. Handing his card to the servant, and speaking something in Spanish, we were shown into an elegant drawing room, hung around with drapery and pictures of the most costly styles, and furnished with all the luxury and grandeur that wealth could devise.

While waiting the appearance of the distinguished stranger, we amused ourselves in inspecting and admiring the various ornaments and curiosities in the apartment for some length of time; and as he did not enter, my friend invited me to walk into the next room. I thought it rather a strange proceeding, but not being acquainted with the etiquette of nobility, I supposed it was all right, and followed on, and was ushered into a splendid dining hall, where was a table spread with gold service, and laden with a profusion of the choicest fruits and wines.

"Be pleased to take this seat, sir," said he, pointing to a velvet cushioned chair next to his own at the head of the table.

"But, sir," said I, in astonishment, "this is quite unexpected, quite unexpected! Am I not to see your friend, the earl?"

"I am Earl Siddon, sir," said he, coolly. "Allow me to propose a health to you," at the same moment passing me a glass of old Burgundy.

I felt an indescribable sensation of absence of mind for a few moments, but the good humor of my friend soon restored my senses, and I endeavored in vain to realize that I had been conversing for the past hour with Carl, the Wrecker,

now the Earl of W—e. It seemed to be all a dream. I passed another hour with him, ate and drank with him, and was introduced to his wife, the veritable Ernestine, who was still a charming woman, though past the meridian of life.

I left the town of B— on the following day, probably never to revisit it; but its name is pleasantly associated with the never-to-be-forgotten history of "CARL, THE WRECKER."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLASTED PINE.

BY H. W. HEYWOOD.

Far away in the gloomy old forests of Maine,
Towered aloft in his pride, a dark evergreen pine;
And he said, looking down on the lowlier trees,
"None hath strength, or endurance, or beauty, like mine."

Ere the boast was well spoken, the sunlight had fled,
And the storm-cloud was bursting in wrath o'er his head;
From its bosom the bolt of Jehovah was thrown,
And the pride of the forest lay riven and prone.

"Why art thou here, my old friend?" said an oak, at whose foot,
The proud boaster, rebuked, was now helplessly laid;
Of his strength and endurance no traces remained,
Of his beauty—the wreck which the lightnings had made.

Thus the pine meek replied: "I forgot my low birth,
And rejoiced in o'ertopping my brothers of earth;
Now all broken and weak on her bosom I lie,
Unavailing to mourn, and neglected to die."

If the story be simple, the moral is plain—
Who exalteth himself, shall be humbled again.
Claremont, N. H., January, 1852.

A BIRD SEEKING LODGINGS.

During the cold storm of Monday night, at a late hour, a small bird knocked for admittance at a window of a hotel which happened to be illuminated by the light within. The occupant, supposing the noise to be the pattering of hail against the pane, gave it no attention. Presently the "rapping" commenced again, when the window was opened and in flew the little creature, apparently delighted to get into comfortable quarters, and confident of shelter and safety. After courting about the room as if to bathe itself in the warm air, it quietly selected its place, and depositing its head under its wing, went to sleep. It is difficult to say which of the occupants of the same apartment felt better satisfied with themselves, or slept more peacefully through the night. As the day broke, out broke the bird's grateful acknowledgements to the Protector of us all, in a song, which for so tiny a body and a stranger, was remarkably loud and ecstatic. It was nearly famished, and ate and drank with an enviable appetite for its breakfast. Being now able to take care of itself, and not choosing to be dependent longer on charity, the little fellow insisted on being released; the window was opened and out he went, to share his fortune with his tribe, thanking his friend as well as he could for his hospitality.—*Albany Argus.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BEAUTY.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

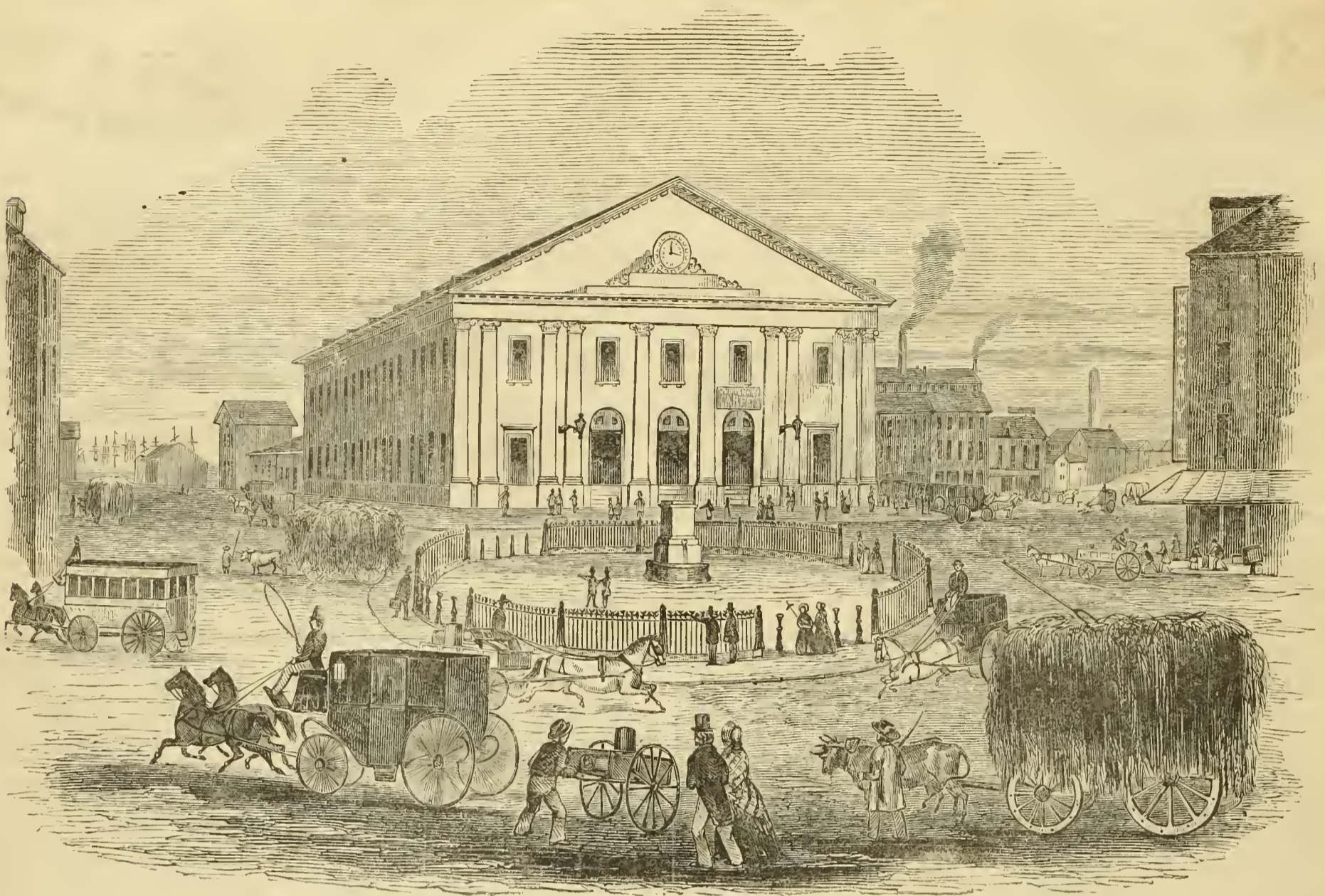
When dwelleth this fairest of graces, above—
That hath flock to this earth, on its mission of love?
In the sparkling eye? on the marble brow?
In the sunny smile? in the cheek's bright glow?
In the twining locks? on the coral lip?
In the sylphlike form, or the graceful step?

As the gaudy flower in its scentless bed,
Exultingly soars and rears proudly its head;
In its glory shall fall, be forgotten in death,
For bequeathing no morsel of sweetness to earth;
So the beauty that hath not its root in the soul,
Must decline, and its sun to the westward shall roll.

Ah! worship it not in the brilliant eye;
In the charms that at evening must wither and die;
In the grandeur of mien, nor the joyous tone,
For it dwelleth not ever in these alone;
But the beauty that glows when youth's bloom shall depart,
May be known by the fragrance that's breathed from the heart.
Melrose, Mass., January, 1852.

ELOQUENCE.

Gentlemen, do you know what is the finest speech that I ever in my life heard or read? It is the address of Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers, when he told them: "Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries;—those who love freedom and their country, may follow me." That is the most glorious speech I ever heard in my life.—*Kosuth.*



VIEW OF HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

HAYMARKET SQUARE.

Above we give a faithful picture of Haymarket Square, Boston, one of those breathing places wisely left open by the authorities, for the purposes of ventilation and business conveni-

ence. The spot derives its name from the fact of its having been for years devoted to the purposes of the city hay-scales, and as a bazaar for the sale of hay. Hundreds of teams thus loaded might often be seen here at once. Now the

scene has changed, and a fountain occupies the place of the hay scales, where old Ebenezer Clough (the last of the shoe buckles, as he used to be called), was wont to tally the weight and issue the city certificate to the hay-merchant.

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

The scene below is from a sketch taken by a travelling artist, and represents a characteristic view of the Isthmus of Panama. The scene is familiar to many gold-hunting emigrants.



CALIFORNIANS CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852.

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COFFEE PLANTATION.

Our artist presents herewith a capital view of a tropical scene, in which is represented the gathering of coffee upon a coffee plantation. A coffee plantation is one of the most beautiful gardens we have ever conceived of. An estate usually covers some three hundred acres of land, planted in squares of eight acres, and intersected by broad alleys of palms, mangoes, oranges, and other ornamental and beautiful trees. Mingled with these are planted lemons, pomegranates, jessamines, and a species of wild heliotrope, fragrant as the morning. Conceive of this beautiful arrangement, and then of the whole when in flower. The coffee with its milk-white blossom, so abundant that it seems as though a pure white cloud of snow had fallen there and left the rest

of the vegetation fresh and green! Interspersed in the alleys of the coffee plantation is the red of the Mexican rose, the flowering pomegranate, and the large and gaudy flower of the penon, shrouding its parent stem in a cloak of scarlet, with wavings here and there of the graceful yellow flag, and many bewitching fragrant wild flowers twining their tender stems about the base of these. In short, a coffee plantation is a perfect floral El Dorado. The process which our artist represents here is the gathering of the crop, and the locality is near Rio de Janeiro. The very best coffee which comes to this country is grown and exported from this section of South America, in strength and excellence of flavor far exceeding that of the West Indies and other regions of the tropics where the coffee blossoms and bears.

The picture is one of more than usual interest, as being faithful in every particular, representing the peculiar foliage of the low latitudes, and the style and appearance of those who labor on the plantations. The coffee grows upon low bushes, which are kept trimmed down to a height not exceeding five or six feet, as it is thought that by this means the tree bears more fully and produces a better quality of seed. The coffee itself grows along the slight stems of the tree, in a wart-like form, and to a person not acquainted with the shrub would appear to be valueless excrescences, something like the little tubulars that form upon the stems of the willow tree. These in the harvest season are stripped off by the fingers of the slaves, and thrown by the handful into baskets, to be afterwards raked over and

shelled of their covering, then dried and packed for exportation. After the close of the coffee harvest great rejoicings are indulged in, and the slaves are allowed extraordinary liberty and time for rest. A jubilate reigns, not unlike the rejoicings of the Italians at the close of a successful vintage season. On the sugar plantations the labor is harder, less pleasant, and the lands themselves are cultivated with a far less picturesque and pleasing aspect, stretching out broad acres of cane, relieved only by here and there the stately and graceful form of the royal palm. We have some more fine South American views in hand for our readers, which shall appear in due season, representing the peculiarities of this region of the American continent, its cities, harbors, manners and customs, and the like.



A BRAZILIAN COFFEE PLANTATION AND ITS BELONGINGS



AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF A HERD OF REINDEER.

HERD OF REINDEER.

Our artist has given us here a truthful picture of this noble animal as they herd together in their native wilds. Naturally the most timid, they are also the most beautiful tenants of the forest, and flee alike at the footsteps of man and beast. Yet when fairly at bay they are no mean antagonists to contend with, and often give fatal blows with their antlers, and are capable of striking a powerful blow with their fore feet. The uses to

which the Laplander puts the domesticated deer, is almost exactly the same as we employ the horse; and those animals well trained for the purpose and harnessed to a Lapland sledge, will carry it and the driver with his load, nearly an hundred miles a day, if hard pushed. Deer are quite plenty in many parts of this country, and are not entirely exterminated in this State, several having been shot this winter in Plymouth county and different parts of Cape Cod.

FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.

This engraving represents a scene from "Frost Fair," on the Thames, in 1814, sketched by Luke Clennell, with all the skill of his truthful pencil. The winter of this year was universally severe. On the eve of Epiphany, a frost commenced, that continued for several weeks; and during a great part of that time the Thames was frozen, to the indescribable distress of many industrious classes. On the 20th of January, a great fall of

snow rendered the highway between Gravesend and Rochester impassable, until it was removed by the laborious exertion of the military stationed at Chatham. The intercourse by the water highway between Gravesend and London, was obstructed, but from this there could be no release by human aid; and those, whose means of earning a subsistence was suspended, awaited, with anxiety, the relief that was to be expected only from natural causes.



FROST FAIR, ON THE THAMES, IN 1814. FROM A DRAWING BY CLENNELL.

BOMBARDMENT OF SALEE.

The engraving below represents the late bombardment of Salee, on the coast of Morocco, by the French fleet. Rear-Admiral Dubourdieu, with the ships under his command, having cast anchor off Rabat, demanded an indemnity of 15,000 dollars from the governor of that fortress for the destruction of French property, allowing only two hours for consideration, and threatening that, if these demands were not complied with, he would bombard the place. To this communication the governor replied that he would be obliged to communicate with the emperor before he could comply, and two days would elapse before an answer could be received. The admiral immediately prepared for action, and five hours after sending this communication, the tide being high and favorable, the vessels under steam commenced to bombard both Rabat and Salee, and continued for eight hours to pour into those places a storm of shots and shells, until Salee was nearly razed to the ground, and Rabat was considerably damaged. The Moors in the meantime did their best in returning the fire from the Castle of Rabat, and from some other pieces of heavy ordnance which they brought to bear on the French fleet; seven men were killed on board the *Henry IV.*, the admiral's ship, and many severely wounded. The object was gained, blood was spilled, honor satisfied, and the matter placed at rest.

BEAUTY.

The philosophers will never agree in a definition of beauty, though every one knows what it is. Burke was beautifully sublime on the "sublime and beautiful," but the world is little the wiser for his speculations. Whether beauty really exists in the object which is called beautiful, or whether the beauty is "all in your eye," as the phrase is,—that is to say, exists only in the mind of the observer,—has never been definitely settled, and perhaps never will be. It is not impossible that the whole truth in the matter is comprehended in both theories—that beauty is partly in the object

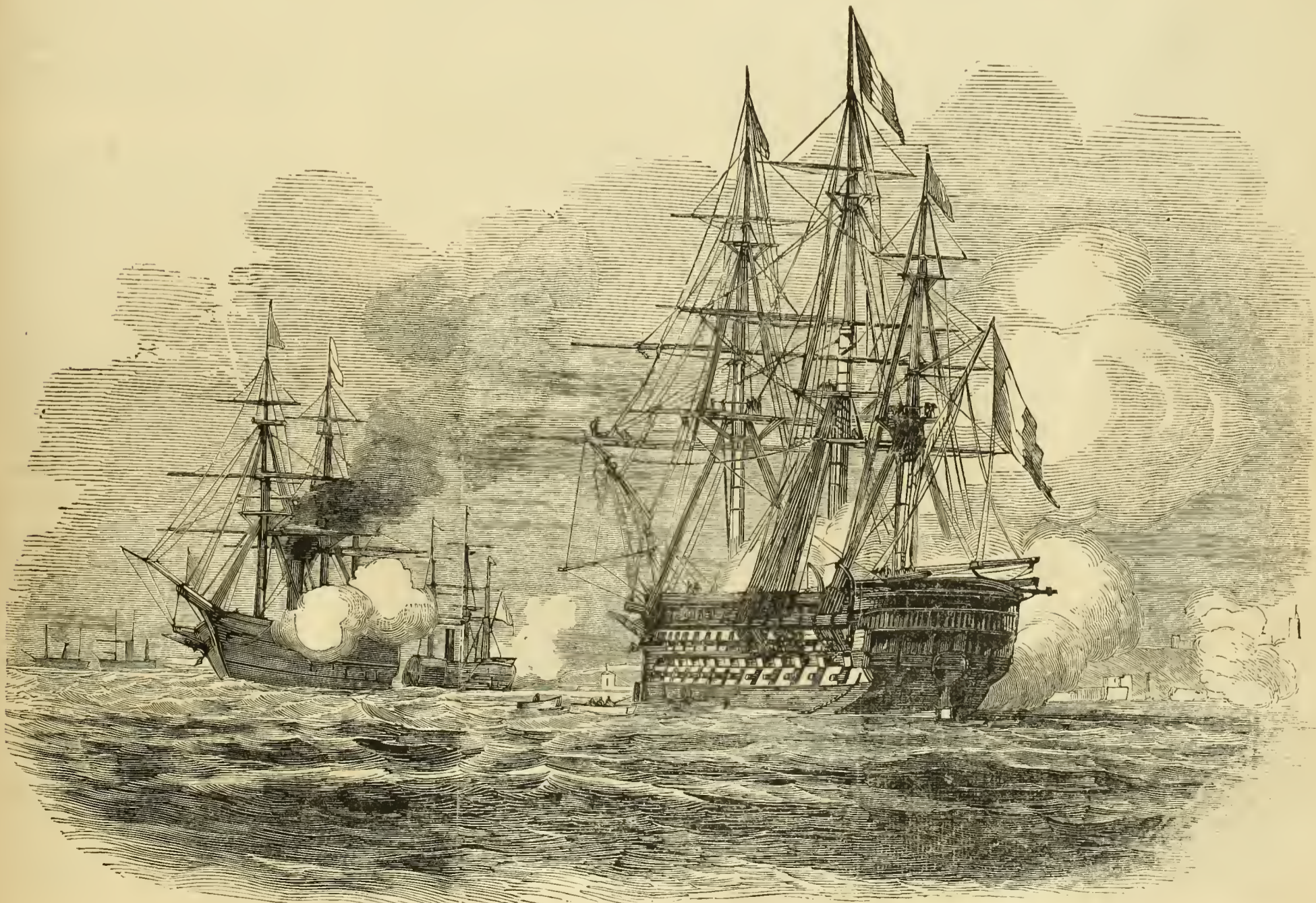


FREDERIKA BREMER, THE SWEDISH AUTHORESS.

and partly in the mind that gives it recognition. This much is true, at least, that while two persons shall both agree that a particular thing has beauty, one of them shall see much more than the other, accordingly as his taste or imagination shall be better. Of beauty in person, some writer has said that "there is none to be found after a fortnight's intimate acquaintance, except beauty of expression on association." The dogma is something too strong to be wholly true, and yet the truth doubtless lies within it. Fortunate is he who has a ready discernment of beauty in nature and art—in the world of external objects and the world of internal reflections. —*Boston Post.*

THE PARCHED CORN.

In Mr. Bayard's new and interesting book, entitled "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," when speaking of the early Pilgrims, the author relates the following interesting incident: "A single, affecting, yet very appropriate memorial of their condition at that time (in the winter of 1623) was presented at the centennial celebration of their landing, December 22, 1820, at Plymouth. After an address from the Hon. Daniel Webster, a procession marched to the court-house; and, as they passed down the long rows of tables richly laden with the luxuries of the sea and land, five kernels of parched corn were observed on every plate. They attracted attention. Some smiled as they passed along, but they who were better acquainted with the Yankee character and fondness for significant notions, knew that these silent symbols were eloquent with some hidden meaning; These five mysterious kernels of corn were memorials of that affecting incident, when, in 1623, the colony were reduced to a pint of corn, which, when divided among the settlers, gave them each five grains. When this was understood at the table, it produced a thrilling emotion. Those five grains of corn on each guest's plate, so affectingly associated, were full of the *farina* of thought and feeling."



BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY OF SALEE, ON THE COAST OF MOROCCO, BY THE FRENCH.

"Do you mean that?" cried Vincent, at the same time grasping Peabody by the arm.

"Certainly I do; but you needn't pinch my arm in that fashion. He's not only accused, but he's fully committed under a true bill."

"Ellis Banford guilty of murder?" murmured the young lawyer, to himself. "No, no, that cannot be. There's no evidence."

"There you mistake, Vin; the evidence is conclusive—actually positive."

"Then explain," said the young lawyer, as with a nervous, anxious movement, he sank back into his chair.

"The case is just here," began Peabody, taking a seat directly in front of his hearer. "A week ago this morning, the agent arrived in this place, on his way to F—, with fifty thousand dollars for the bank in that town, and he remained here transacting business until near nightfall, and then the fool set off alone. It seems Banford joined him somewhere on the road, as they were seen together some miles this side of Safford's Hill. Well, about midnight, a party of marketmen, who were driving their teams to market for the next morning, just as they entered the narrow pass six miles beyond the hill, met a man on horseback galloping away like mad. He had to haul up when he met the market-wagons in the pass, and as he seemed terribly anxious to get by, the teamsters stopped him and asked him what was the trouble. His answers were wild and incoherent, and he seemed only anxious to get past them. One of the marketmen, thinking there was something strange in all this, unhooked his lantern from his wagon, and took a nearer survey of the stranger. They found him covered with blood, and feeling authorized, under the circumstances, to examine his pockets, they did so, and the result was, the bringing to light of a large sum of money in gold and bank notes. The consequence of all this was, that these marketmen turned the gentleman about, and took him along with them; and when they arrived at Safford's Hill, they found the body of the bank agent, stiff and cold, all covered with blood, with two deep knife wounds in his breast, and a crack on the skull. That gentleman who was found under these peculiar circumstances was Mr. Ellis Banford! and Banford's clasp-knife, all bloody, was found on the spot!"

"But Banford offers some explanation," uttered Vincent, staring wildly at the doctor.

"O, he does now; but when the marketmen first stopped him, he told them not to detain him, for he was a bank agent. Then when they took the money from his pocket, he swore that it was his own property, and in a moment afterwards, he declared that he had found it in the road."

"That evidence will hang him. O, Melissa, you have brought this upon your own head!" murmured Vincent, seeming to forget his own misery in the disgrace which must attach to one whom he could never cease to love, even though she had proved so false to himself.

"But there's more evidence still," continued Peabody. "At a short distance from the spot where the marketmen stopped Banford, they met a horseman, a well-dressed, gentlemanly person, who immediately stopped and asked them if they had met a man on horseback. They explained what had occurred, when this stranger turned and accompanied them to the foot of the hill where the dead body lay. Here he explained that little over an hour before, as he was coming down the road from the hill—the road that turns off from the highway at that spot—his ear caught the sound of a scuffle. He spurred up his horse and gained the high road just in season to see some one start up from the bank, mount his horse, and gallop off. He stopped at the place from whence the fugitive had started up, and found the murdered man, but as he could of course do no good there, had quickly set off in pursuit of the murderer, when he met him in the marketmen's custody. Thus you see, Vin, your rival is rather hard up, and, from all appearances, he will be rather high up ere long."

A moment after the doctor concluded, Vincent gazed him in the face, and then starting up from his seat, he paced rapidly across the room three or four times.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," he murmured to himself, as he ran over his fingers, at the same time stopping and casting his eyes to the floor. "He'll be tried at the next term, and that's only eight days. Dick, Ellis Banford will be tried in eight days!"

"Of course he will, Vin," returned the doctor.

gazing with some degree of wonder into the strange workings of the young lawyer's countenance.

"Then," said Vincent Walton, while a look of deep determination rested upon his handsome features, "I'll be revenged!"

"What, Vin?" exclaimed Peabody, in astonishment. "You would not surely take advantage of—"

"Stop, Dick, you misunderstand me. I will be nobly revenged!"

"Explain."

"Not now, Dick; but if you will give me your companionship for a week I will explain as we go along. This highway witness—this man who came so fortunately riding down over the hill—was in my office yesterday in company with the sheriff. They were conversing about the localities in the neighborhood of Safford's Hill, but I was too busy to inquire into particulars, but now I know he was the witness of whom you speak. I—I, was on the road to F— a week ago! Now will you go with me, Dick, a day or two, or three days, or a week, just as I may like!"

"Yes, Vin, I'll shut up my pill closet, and accompany you."

"Thank you, Dick. O, I'll be revenged now!"

On the next morning, Vincent Walton, Esq., and Richard Peabody, M. D., were on the highway, driving off in a light buggy at a rapid rate. At the foot of Safford's Hill they took the by-road that turned off over the southern slope of the hill, and here they began to inquire at every house after the object of their search. Night came, and they returned unsuccessful. The following morning they were off again, and having driven some four miles up the by-road, before alluded to, they left their team at a miserable hut of a farm house, and started off through the woods on foot. A narrow foot-path led off from the by-road, and they kept this till an hour after noon, when coming to a miserable looking hovel, they stopped and asked for a few moments' shelter from the heat. A middle-aged, ragged, dirty man, told them they might come in; adding: "You must be very still, for there is a sick man in the house."

Vincent cast a meaning glance at his companion, and followed the man into the house. It had but one room, though an old coverlid, suspended from the upper logs, cut off one corner of the interior, and from a quick, heavy breathing from behind the coverlid, Peabody knew the sick man was there, and that he was in a precarious situation.

"Your friend must be very sick," suggested Vincent.

"—sh! Don't speak so loud," returned the host, casting a nervous glance towards the coverlid. "He's asleep."

"My companion here is a doctor," uttered Vincent, in a tone louder than before. "Perhaps he might help him. What is the matter with him?"

"Matter—matter!" stammered the dirty host. "Really I don't—"

"If there's a doctor out there, let him come here; I'm dying—burning up!" groaned out a weak, broken voice from behind the coverlid.

The host jumped from his chair, motioned his guests to remain seated for a moment, and then disappeared in the partitioned corner, where he kept up a low whispering for two minutes, and then came out, remarking, as he did so:

"Well, doctor, perhaps you might go in and see him. Poor fellow fell on to a bush-scythe, the other day, and stuck it into his side, and it's given him rather an ugly gash."

Peabody and Vincent both started up, and entered the sick-bay. They found the man weak and emaciated, and the moment Vincent got a fair view of his features, he gave Dick a severe pinch upon the arm. Together they turned the invalid over, cast loose a mass of clotted dirty rags, and at length came to the wound, which was on the left side, about six inches above the hip, but looking like anything save a bush-scythe cut.

"How long since this was done?" asked Peabody, as he began to examine the wound.

"Little over a week," groaned the invalid.

The wound was thoroughly cleansed, and the doctor said that by the strictest care the man might recover, though considerable mortification was already apparent; and when our two friends left, they promised to call on their return the next day, and see how the poor fellow got along.

"And are you sure he can live?" asked Vincent, as soon as they had got clear of the hut.

"Yes, he'll live a month yet," confidently returned Dr. Peabody.

"O, won't I be revenged on the faithless Melissa!" And with this exclamation, Vincent Walton, Esq., fell into a deep fit of meditation.

The day on which the trial of Ellis Banford was to take place, at length dawned upon the people of B— and at an early hour the court room was filled. The prisoner was placed at the bar, and as he ran his eye over the dense crowd, there was upon his countenance such a look of earnest, soul-sent anguish, that all hearts were moved to pity. He was young—just in the bloom of manhood. Upon his open brow, and in his dark, bright eye, there was stamped an intelligence and intellect that marked him the possessor of a powerful mind; but the weight that had been laying upon his soul had made sad inroads upon his fair form and feature, and as he sat there, in the prisoner's box, he seemed crushed beneath the searing sea of opinion that raged against him. Everything was against him. Evidence of his being a murderer and a robber was direct and conclusive! It was not circumstantial, but positive! As the unfortunate man cast his eyes once more over the assembly, he could not fail to see that all condemned him!

That morning, Vincent Walton made it in his way to pass the residence of the Widow Chapman. Melissa was at the window, sobbing as though her heart would break. The young lawyer's heart beat with a tumultuous motion, and ere he reached the end of the garden fence, he thought he heard a low, mournful voice pronounce his name. As those tones went thrilling through his soul, a giant hand arrested his steps; but the firm resolve he had made in his impetuous heart broke the spell, and he started on, murmuring as he went:

"No, not now. Wait till my revenge is complete, and then I'll see her. She weeps for Ellis Banford."

When Vincent entered the court-room, in company with Dr. Peabody, the clerk was just reading the indictment. The counsel for the government opened by a statement of what could be proved, and commenced by calling upon the marketmen. They stated the case as they knew it—recounted the strange and contradictory statements the prisoner had given them concerning himself and the money he had in his possession—his bloody appearance, and also testified to the finding of the prisoner's bloody knife close by the spot where the murdered agent lay.

Next came the highway witness—he who had seen the murderer flee from his victim, and as he gave in his testimony, all power of escape seemed cut off to the prisoner. He was clear and punctual in his relation, described all points with accurate nicety, and when he sat down, the doom of death was already upon the jury's lips. The counsel for the prisoner knew not how to reply, for the only favorable circumstance was Mr. Banford's high and heretofore irreproachable character: but yet he trusted somewhat to his client's own story, and ere long the prisoner arose and gave it, in substance as follows:

Ellis Banford said he left B— shortly before sundown, on the evening of the murder, and that at about eight o'clock, he was overtaken by the bank agent, who expressed to him his satisfaction at having found a companion, as they were both travelling to F—. Just as they reached the foot of Safford's Hill, their attention was arrested by the outlines of two horsemen, standing just within the by-road that ran up over the hill, and the idea that they might be robbed first presented itself to the agent, but before they could start their own horses by, these two men rushed out and attacked them. The agent instantly pulled out his money, and handing it to Banford, bade him gallop off, but the young man, though he mechanically took the money, still determined to stay and assist his fellow-traveller. The robbers were armed with bludgeons, and ere many minutes, both the agent and his companion were knocked from their horses, while the highwaymen leaped down after them. Banford was not seriously hurt at first, and instantly drawing his dirk-knife, he plunged it into the side of the villain who had attacked him, the darkness having prevented his movement being foreseen by his adversary, and then he leaped back upon his horse. He heard the agent and the other robber scuffling, and just as he gained his saddle, a heavy stone was hurled against his head; but

he managed to retain his seat, though the blow of the stone rendered it somewhat difficult. It was the effects of this last blow that had rendered his conduct so strange when he was stopped by the marketmen. Both the robbers were disguised by masks, so that even had the night been light, he could not have distinguished them.

This story seemed, perhaps, plausible enough, but then any one, with half a head, could have invented one as good, and it had but little influence upon the jury, though their countenances plainly indicated that they were sorry that they could not believe it.

At this point it was noticed that the counsel for the prisoner was earnestly whispering with Vincent Walton, Esq., and in a few moments afterwards, the counsel informed the court that he had secured, and should claim, the services of Mr. Walton, in conducting the case through. The prisoner was consulted, and while a ray of hope shot across his features, he seconded the request, and the court granted it. Vincent Walton stepped before the court, and requested that the highway witness, who had given his name as George Sutton, might be called to the stand again.

"Mr. Sutton, you say you were alone on the night of this murder?" said Vincent.

"Yes, sir," returned the witness, while a visible tremor shook his frame, as he met the keen, sparkling glance of the young lawyer.

All eyes were turned in the deepest anxiety upon the new counsel, for by his manner they saw that he meant something.

"Mr. Sutton, will you have the kindness to inform the court what had become of your companion when you so opportunely came up to the scene of this murder?"

"My companion?" repeated the witness, betraying considerable agitation.

"Yes, sir, your companion."

"I had no companion, sir."

"Mr. Sutton, look me in the eye, sir!" thundered Vincent, while the audience, jury, clerk and court held their breaths in suspense. "Do you remember, sir, of meeting a man on horseback, just before sundown, about six miles up this narrow by-road—this horseman going up the road, while you were coming down towards the highway?"

"I—I—might have met a man," stammered the trembling witness.

"Yes, sir—and you did, sir! You met me, sir! Now tell the court what had become of the man who was accompanying you!"

"He, sir—he had—he went—ah—off—he—"

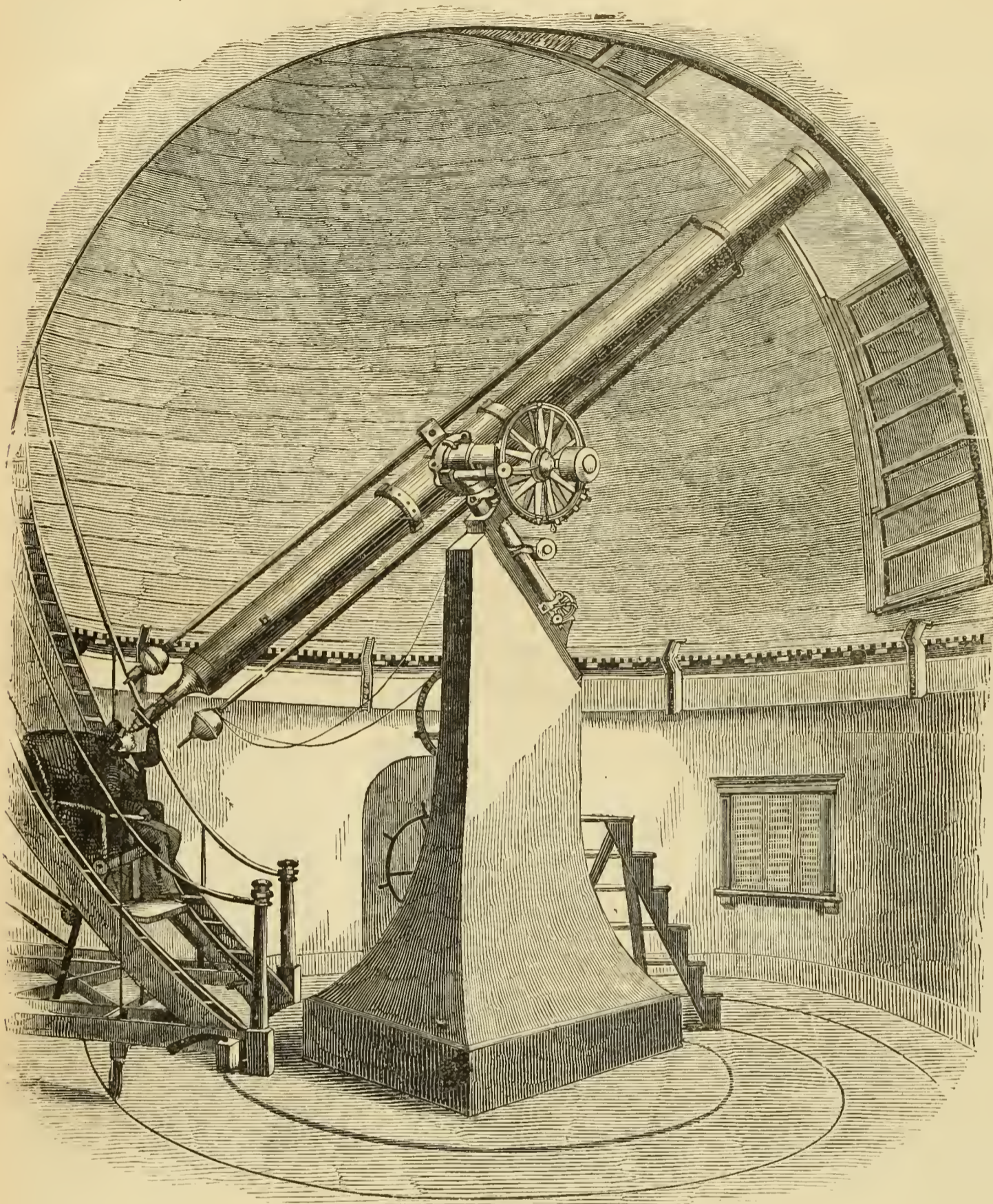
"Stop, sir! stop!" shouted Vincent, as the witness stammered, and hesitated, and turned pale. "I will help you out, sir. You lost your companion, but I—I, sir, have found him! You shall see him, sir." Then turning to the spot where stood the young doctor, he continued:

"Dr. Peabody, accompany an officer and bring in my witness. I have a highway witness, too!"

Dr. Peabody accompanied one of the sheriff's officers from the room, and ere long returned, leading in the pale and wasted form of him whom we have before seen at the hut in the woods. The eyes of Mr. George Sutton rested for a moment upon this ghost-like appearance, and then, with a sharp cry, half-way between a yell and a groan, he grasped the railing in front of him for support, while his eyes seemed actually starting from their sockets. He was ordered down from the stand, but his limbs refused him their wonted duty, and he was taken down. Dr. Peabody then assisted the new witness to his place on the stand, and having given his name as Henry Veasie, he was requested to state all that he knew of the affair.

"Yer honor," he commenced, in a husky, broken voice, "the doctor tells me as I can't live, and afore I die, sir, I will tell you the whole truth, sir. This ere man as says his name is Sutton, but whose real name is Bill Walsh, heard about the bank agent's goin' to F— with a lot o' money, an' so him an' me determined to rob him. We dogged the agent to this place, an' findin' 'at he was goin' to stop till most dark, we set off an' rode to old Winton's mill, about eight miles off 'om the road at Safford's Hill. When we was comin' back, about sundown, we met this lawyer, sir, but he's the only one 'at saw us. Then we put on our masks an' turned our clothes wrong side out, an' rode down to the high road, where we stopped till the agent come along. When he did come, he had some-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 58.]



THE CELEBRATED REFRACTOR, AT THE OBSERVATORY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE GREAT REFRACTOR.

This splendid scientific instrument was made at the establishment of Messrs. Merz & Mahler, at Munich, Bavaria. The extreme diameter of the object-glass is fifteen and a half English inches. The effective aperture is fourteen and ninety-five hundredths inches, the solar focus being twenty-two feet six inches. From the outer surface of the object-glass to the intersection of the declination axis is thirteen feet seven inches. From the intersection of the declination-axis to the solar focus is eight feet eleven inches. The tube of the telescope is of wood, veneered with mahogany, and polished on the outside; within it is lined with paper, and is strengthened by iron diaphragms. The flexure of the tube is counteracted and its balance preserved by two brass rods seventeen feet in length, having at their extremities nearest the eye end, brass spheres filled with lead, eight inches in diameter. It will be seen that the observer, without leaving his seat, can move himself upon a sort of circular railway, while by means of other machinery he can adjust his position as to altitude. The workmanship of the machinery is very beautiful, combining strength with simplicity; and so perfect is it in power, that the whole, though weighing nearly three tons, is moved easily by a single finger!

ACROSS THE RIVER.

"About six years ago," says a clergyman of New York city, "I was travelling on the borders of the Hudson, and on the most beautiful portion of that noble stream, where the waters seem to rest against the Highlands of Fishkill, and from the Newburgh Bay. I was riding on the western shore, dotted with elegant country seats, and so elevated as to command a fine view of the opposite county of Dutchess. Passing a substantial mansion, I observed a carriage standing around the entrance, and a hearse, that plainly indicated the occasion of the gathering. It was something more than curiosity; it was the dictate of natural sympathy, that induced me to stop and mingle with the multitude. It was easy to learn from the first whom I addressed, that a young man, the son of the parents now advanced in life, was to be buried. The clergyman in attendance was just now closing his remarks when I stopped at the door; and, after a short and eloquent pause in the services—for silence is always eloquent in the house of mourning—the afflicted father rose and overcoming the emotion with which he struggled, spoke a few words to the friends that surrounded him. Said he, 'a few months ago one of my sons removed to the other side of the river, and resides on the shore in view of the spot where we are assembled. And now I find my thoughts are over there more frequently than they were before I had friends there whom I loved; and I had an interest in the people, but I had no son there; but since that child has been a resident beyond the river, my heart is there often and I love to be there. So it has been with me during the few days that have passed since this other son crossed the river of death, and, I trust, has entered heaven; my thoughts are often there now. True, I had friends there before—a father; but I had no child there. Now I have an interest in heaven such as I never felt, till one of my children went there to live!'"—*Dowling's Power of Illustration.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Col. William Williams, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions: "If we are defeated in our struggle for independence, this day's work will make bad work for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army, I have written for the rebel newspapers, I am the son-in-law of a rebel governor, and now I affix my name to this rebel Declaration. My sins are therefore too great to be pardoned by our royal master; I must then be hanged." The other gentleman answered: "I believe that my case, is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army; nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done anything obnoxious to the mother country." The immediate and prompt reply was "Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged!"—*Anecdotes of the Revolution.*

NAPOLEON ON SUICIDE.

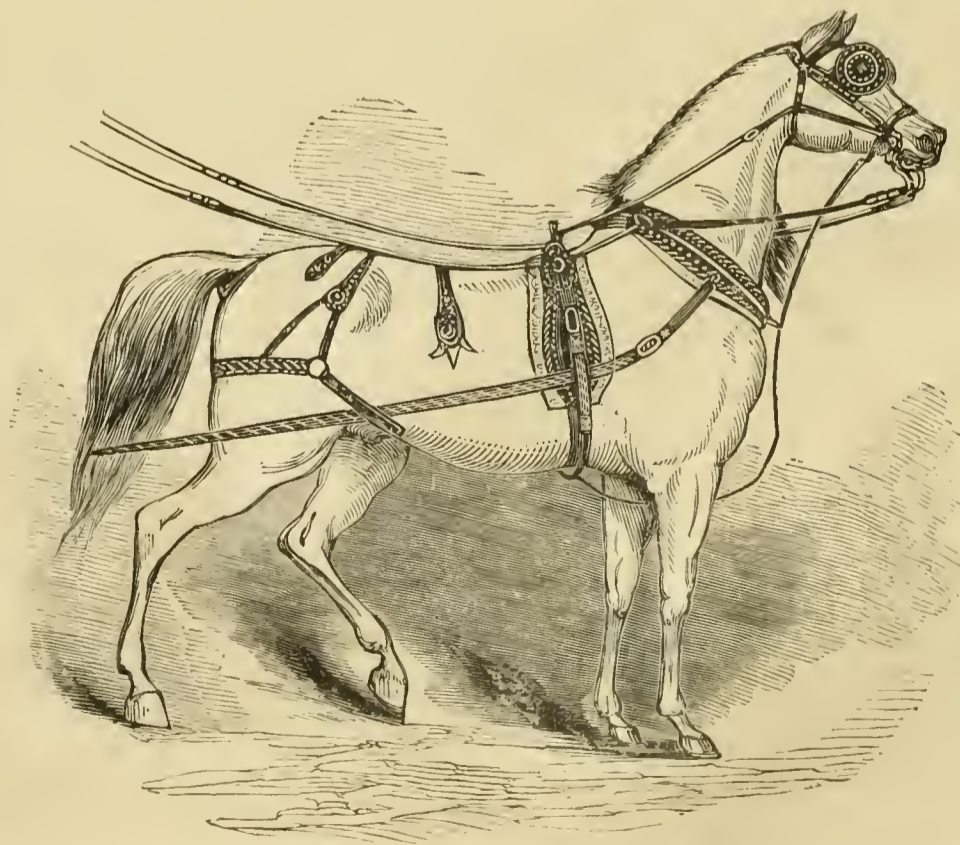
Two grenadiers having committed suicide, he added the following note to the order of the day. "The grenadier, Ganbin, has committed suicide from disappointment in love; he was in other respects a good subject. This is the second event of the kind that has happened to the corps in a month. The First Consul ordains that it shall be affixed to the order of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to overcome the grief and melancholy arising from his passions; that to bear with constancy the pains of the soul, shows as much true courage as to rest fixed and immovable under the fire of a battery. To abandon one's self to chagrin without resistance, to slay one's self to get rid of it, is to desert the battle-field before the victory."—*Headley's Old Guard.*

NEW INVENTION FOR HARNESS.

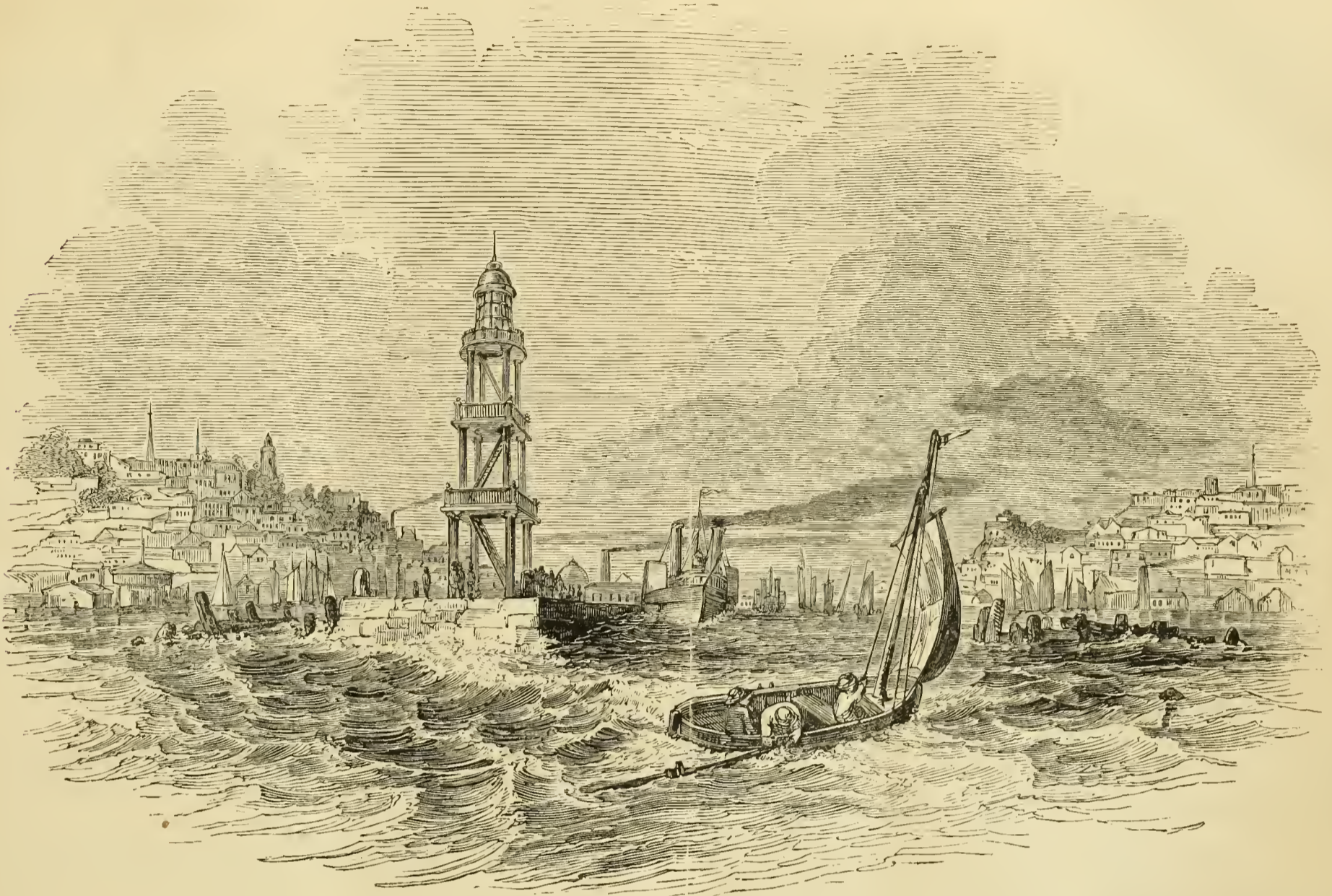
Mr. Dinsdale, the well-known manufacturer of saddlery, harness, etc., 314 New-Oxford Street, London, has recently brought out a very chaste and elegant mode of ornamentation for harness. The material used, and which has all the effect of polished ivory, is from the tail feathers of the peacock, and is worked with the needle. The design is extremely rich and elaborate. The novelty of the idea is worthy of all admiration, and the material is much more agreeable to the eye than silver, or brass, or silk; is exceedingly durable, and gives no trouble in cleaning. The *winker*, of which we give a design, was prepared for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty, the Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and other branches of the royal family are patrons of this very ingeniously devised ornamentation of harness. The trade generally speak of it as an absolute *chef-d'œuvre*.

WE ARE DEPENDENT.

No man, ladies and gentlemen, is independent of his fellow-man. No nation, however powerful, can be regarded as independent of other nations. Put the richest, the strongest, the most powerful man, only for a single week, into a position to be excluded from all intercourse with the members of his family, his fellow-citizens of the city and country in which he lives, and only look to the consequence. What would become of this man? Quite the same is also true in respect to nations.—*Kossuth.*



A HORSE WITH A NEW STYLE OF HARNESS.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, FROM THE LAKE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

In the early part of the year 1800, there was just one family residing in this place; its present population is about 20,000. A small part of the city lies on the Cuyahoga river, where the land is but little elevated above the level of the lake, but it rises by a steep ascent to a level of some eighty feet above the lake, and on which gravelly plain this city is chiefly built. The location is one of the finest on Lake Erie—a view from it of the shipping and steamboats in the port, and leaving and entering the harbor, and the numerous

vessels under sail on the lake, affords a prospect varied and beautiful. So extensive is the lake that it has all the grandeur of an ocean view. The harbor of Cleveland is one of the best on the lake, being spacious and safe and sufficiently easy of access. Cleveland was incorporated as a city in 1836, and owes its name to Moses Cleveland, formerly of Canterbury, Ct., who directed the surveying party that first laid it out. Like all our Western cities, it is hourly increasing in wealth and the number of its population, and bids fair to be, in time, a second Cincinnati.

EEL CATCHING.

During the cold weather, when the so-called Back Bay, or Mill Pond, in the rear of the city, and bordering on the Mill Dam, is frozen over, such scenes as our artist has sketched for us below are daily represented. Men who make fishing their business, and those who resort thither for pleasure, may be seen, screened by their wind tents, industriously pursuing their operations. Smelting and eeling is made a source of considerable profit in this way. Some of the smartest fishermen will spear twelve or

fifteen dozen eels in a day, and catch as many smelts. It is a sight worth a long walk to see, and some of our housed citizens, who scarcely stir abroad in the cold weather, must muffle up and go down to the foot of Beacon street and witness the scene.

Wit is its own remedy. Liberty and commerce bring it to its true standard. The only danger is the lying an embargo. The same thing happens here as in the case of trade; impositions and restrictions reduce it to a low ebb; for nothing is so advantageous to it as a free port.



EEL SPEARING, ON THE MILL POND, BOSTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.]

body with him, but we determined to tackle 'em both, and at it we went. We knocked 'em both off 'n their horses, but the one 'at I got hold of, give me such a poke with his knife 'at I had to let him go, an' he jumped onto his horse and run. Bill had finished the agent, but we found 'at the other man had the money. Then Bill asked me if I could crawl out o' the way, an' when I told him yes, he jumped onto his horse an' started off after the man as had run. I didn't see anything more o' Bill till most mornin', when he come and carried me off into the woods, where this doctor and the lawyer found me. Bill told me 'at the man as had the money was taken up for the murder, and 'at he was goin' evidence agin him out o' spite. Bill left me to die without a doctor, but I'm glad 'at an innocent man aint got to suffer for what we done."

At this moment, Bill Walsh drew a knife from his pocket, and with the fury of a maniac, darted towards the witness upon the stand; but the officers arrested his arm, and ere long he was in safe custody. Veasie was led from the stand,—the jury rose in their seats and declared the prisoner at the bar innocent. Then the whole throng of human beings within the room arose as one man, and sent forth a shout that nearly lifted the ponderous roof from its rest. As Ellis Banford was released from the dock, he sprang forward and fell weeping upon the bosom of Vincent Walton.

"You will accompany me to my house, I know you will," uttered Banford, as he raised his head and gazed into his preserver's face. "My friends shall bless you for the deed you have done."

"Yes, yes—I'll go," murmured Vincent, while a thousand conflicting emotions raged in his bosom.

"And you, too, Dr. Peabody," continued the redeemed man.

"Certainly," answered Dick, and then bending towards Vincent, he whispered:

"I'll go and see the end of your revenge, Vin."

Vincent Walton made no reply to this, but he bent his head to hide a tear that stole forth from his eye.

When the party reached the court-yard, they found that the people had dragged up a splendid carriage, and, against all the persuasions they could urge, Vincent, Peabody, and Banford were hurried into the coach, when the excited citizens seized the pole, and sending forth their heartfelt joy and praise, they started off toward the widow Chapman's.

"O, Ellis! Ellis! my dear, dear Ellis is safe, safe, safe!" murmured Melissa Chapman, as she fell into the redeemed man's arms, and clung to him with frantic affection.

"Yes, Melissa," said Ellis Banford, as he raised the fair girl's face and gazed affectionately into the tear-wet eyes. "But we owe it all, all—even my very life, and your redemption from shame and misery, to Mr. Walton. Bless him, Melissa, bless him!"

The weeping girl raised her eyes to the working features of Vincent Walton. A moment her heart leaped so painfully in her bosom as to prevent her utterance, but she stilled the beating tide, and tremblingly putting forth her hand, she murmured:

"Vincent, I will ever bless you for this. My poor heart can never tire with its gratitude to one who has saved to me my dear, dear brother."

"Bro—bro—brother!" gasped Vincent, gazing upon Ellis Banford as though he had been an angel.

"I am the child of our mother's first husband," said Ellis, as he noticed Vincent's wild look, "returned only a month ago from a European tour."

Vincent Walton gazed a moment into the beaming eyes of the fair girl he had so wronged, and then taking her unsuspecting hands in his own, he fell upon his knees.

What he said, however, was not heard, for at that moment Mrs. Chapman rushed frantically into the room and caught her son in her warm embrace, and when she, too, learned who it was that had saved her boy, she pressed upon Vincent's lips a kiss so warm that even Melissa might have felt a pang at its ardor.

Dr. Dick Peabody had to go away from the widow's house that night alone, but though his friend had lost his revenge, yet he had the satisfaction of knowing that "Vin" was forgiven for his jealous freak, having first promised, however, that he would "never do so again."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BY FRANKLIN C. S. HURLBUT.

Afar from the grasp of a despot's aggression,
Afar from the land of thy fathers before thee,
Thou art in that country unknown to oppression,
Where the angel of Freedom will ever adore thee.
Behold thyself 'neath the starred banners that wave
O'er the "land of the free," and the "home of the brave!"

No sceptre of iron our friendship can sunder,
We heed not the threats of the ghosts of the dawn;
Our motto is union—our language is thunder!
We hurl the red tides of stern justice along,
On those who will mar the starred banners that wave
O'er the "land of the free," and the "home of the brave!"

No vultures of despots around thee are raving,
The "olive of peace" is thy coronet now;
The "flag of our union" above thee is waving,
The pride of the west, the friend of the plough,
Lo! thou art at peace 'neath the spangles that wave
O'er the "land of the free," and the "home of the brave!"

E pluribus unum shall stamp on oppression!
Thy valor is yet in its glory to blaze;
Soon may'st thou check the bold foot of aggression,
Thy native land gain, to repose in its bay!
Welcome to freedom! while o'er thee shall wave
The "stars and the stripes" of the free and the brave!
Elwood Gardens, Enfield, Ct., Jan., 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE GRISETTE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

MUCH has been written of the Parisian grisettes, and much more will continue to be written, for they form one of the most interesting classes of the population of the great capital of France. One of the most complete and prettiest pictures of the Parisian grisette we remember is that of *Rigolette*, in Eugene Sue's intensely interesting "Mysteries of Paris."

The grisettes of Paris are girls who support themselves by working at embroidery, sewing, coloring prints, and various other kinds of handiwork which they can perform in their own rooms. They are ever busy as bees, frugal, kind-hearted, good-tempered, and alas! poor. Many of them are exceedingly pretty, and all are distinguished by exquisite taste in dress. Formerly, when there was a greater distinction in dress, when, in fact, each occupation or trade had its peculiar garb, these sewing-girls were wont to wear a dress of gray (*gris*), and hence their name. There is nothing now very peculiar about their dress, if we except their neat little caps (they never wear a bonnet), and their tasty aprons. Their feet are always pretty, and they wear faultlessly white hose, and in this guise, they pick their way tip-toe through the miry streets of Paris, as daintily as little birds.

On Sundays and festive days, the grisette is the gayest of the gay: then she forgets all her privations, all her hardships, and all her little disappointments of the heart, and indulges in the merriest sallies. During the carnival, her mirth is almost uproarious; and it is her great delight to figure as a *deburdeur*, and with velvet breeches, laced shirt, a jaunty cap, and a half mask, she mingles in the *gallope infernale* of the opera, with most unspeakable delight.

Every grisette has a canary bird and a lover; and she would starve herself sooner than see her canary suffer, and for her lover she will do everything within the possibility of woman. If unfortunately the pair be unhappy in their circumstances or connection with each other, a few sous' worth of charcoal finishes their romantic career, and their remains are thrown into *Pere le Chaise*.

The grisettes much affect the so-called Latin quarter of Paris, and choose their companions from among students as poor as themselves. How they dote upon their closely-clipped skulls, and prodigious dark beards, and curling mustaches, and extraordinary waistcoats, and jaunty pantaloons! How proud is the pretty grisette as she hangs upon the arm of a law student, in the whirling waltzes of the *Mobille*, or the military gallopadés of the *Chateau Rouge*, with its Bengal lights, bombs, rockets and Roman candles flashing through the air.

While health lasts and employment does not fail her, the grisette is happy; her little room is neatly furnished, and her little person is trimly attired. She can frequent cheap ball-rooms, and cheap theatres; but she never thinks of providing against commercial crises or sickness. Her scanty wages barely make her comfortable

in the present, and so when these come, she pines away and dies, like the bird in a hard winter, and perhaps entirely alone!

Of this class was Lelia Thillon; her little room was one of the neatest—though scarcely furnished at all—in the whole of Paris. Her bird sang sweetly, and her little pet rose-bush bloomed monthly, and the violets in the little wooden pot on the window sill were more fragrant for blossoming under her eyes; and here Lelia sat and sang merrily as her own clear throated canary, and worked assiduously all day long by herself. Her lover, a medical student, was true to her, and Lelia was happy.

Louis Byaule was indeed faithful to his dear little friend; but one day, led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, in some public square he had cried out a republican sentiment that had led to his arrest, and he was cast into a loathsome cell, to await a brief and meaningless trial which would but precede his execution upon the guillotine. It was a hard fate, but there was no alternative for him; his father was dead, and he had only an aged mother living, who had devoted the main portion of her little property to giving her son such an education as would entitle him to a physician's license.

Lelia or his mother were neither of them permitted to see him. The mother was weakly and nervous, and ill health carried her to the grave before a month of Louis's imprisonment had passed. How sad was the young student's heart now, when this heart-rending news was communicated to him. But Lelia had smoothed her sick pillow, and promised his mother that she would still love Louis, and be true to him to the last. To bear him these tidings she had been permitted for once to visit his cold and cheerless prison cell.

With the cheerful heart that seemed ever to sustain her, Lelia strove hard by her words and looks to cast a ray of sunshine over that loathsome cell, and she succeeded to a no small degree; and Louis, even under the sad news she had brought him, yet felt fresh strength after the rude turnkey had bid the grisette to leave him, and folding her in his arms he told her that he knew all would yet be well.

But time passed on, and Louis Byaule seemed to have been forgotten by all save Lelia, until one day, as she passed across the Boulevards, she saw a crowd following a dead cart just from the guillotine, and asked of a good-natured artizan that followed it, who had been executed.

"Louis Byaule!" replied the man.

One wild scream from the grisette, and she fell senseless upon the pavement. Some one came that way who knew her, and she was borne home, but only to be carried immediately after to the insane asylum of Paris. Her senses were gone—she was an idiot! Poor child! how she sat in her apartment with eyes on the floor for hours together, and never spoke at all. When they gave her food, she ate; when they forgot her, it was all the same; she complained not, spoke not—reason had tottered from her throne.

Three months had passed, when one day there came an order for Lelia's release and delivery to a friend. A close cab took her and a companion back to the room where she had used to live. It was precisely as it appeared when she left it; care had been taken even to put her work close by the seat in which she was placed, just where she would actually have left it; and there too were her flowers and bird!

Lelia was seated here as thoughtless as ever; a young friend was near to care for her, when there entered the door one of the students of the Latin quarter. Hasting to her side, he clasped her hands in his own and called her tenderly by name! For a moment, the blood seemed to rush to her face and temples, and then a long scream, piercing and wild, came from her lips!—the first sounds she had uttered for months, and she sank faint and breathless upon the floor.

A few simple restoratives aroused her; she looked about the room—at the bird, the flowers, and last of all, at *him*, and with another cry of joy, she threw herself into Louis Byaule's arms. Tears, scalding tears, but tears of joy relieved her pent-up heart, as she once more felt his lips upon her brow and his manly arm about her. Another had suffered whom the artizan had taken for him, while on his trial, which had just taken place: he had been fortunately declared innocent of crime.

On the Boulevards *Italienne*, there is a little sign, "Louis Byaule, Surgeon," and here lives Lelia the grisette, and her husband, two of the happiest persons in all Paris.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BLANCHE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. F. ROBINSON.

It was the year 1775. Boston wore a military looking appearance. Cannon were placed upon its eminences; tents covered the fields, and British troops daily paraded up and down the streets. A laughing, black-eyed girl, of seventeen, stood in the open door of a neat looking cottage, chatting in a lively manner with a British officer. The sparkling orbs of Blanche Evans were evidently a great attraction for the latter, and the young girl did not seem displeased with his compliments.

We do not condemn the taste of the aforesaid officer. No one could look upon the happy, smiling face of Blanche Evans, or listen to her wild, ringing laugh, without wishing to tarry a moment beside her. There was music in her voice, beauty in her countenance, and infinite grace in her motions. Who could help flattering such a being?

"We are getting on finely, Miss Blanche. Our ranks are swelling. Every day we gain an accession to our numbers. Of course you congratulate us," observed Major Liston, gallantly.

"O, certainly. A good cause should not fail for want of supporters," replied Blanche, gaily.

The major looked attentively at the young girl, thinking that the least possible amount of irony could be perceived in her words.

"Why do you look at me so intently, major?" she added, with a smile; "one would suppose I had undergone a sudden and complete metamorphosis."

"One feature, at least, is not changed," rejoined the officer, a little confused. "You can say as satey things as ever. But to tell you the truth, I was studying your countenance to learn if you *meant* what you said."

"I am astonished that you should doubt *anything* I say. You certainly know that my father is a tory," answered Blanche, with mock seriousness.

"Yes, Miss Evans, I am aware of the fact; but it does not follow that his sentiments are yours," observed the major, laughing in spite of himself.

"Would a daughter dare entertain sentiments at variance with those of a father?" replied the young girl, in the same tone. "I think I have heard my father's remarks too often on the obstinacy of the rebels in submitting to the authority of the king, not to have my own opinions in reference to the matter."

"Have you seen the regiment parade since we received reinforcements?" asked the major, abruptly changing the subject. "They make a very fine appearance."

"O, yes; they pass here often. But why don't you *act*, Major Liston? It seems to me that would be braver if not better, than tramping up and down these quiet streets, terrifying sober people."

"Act!" exclaimed the officer, "are we *not* acting every day? The cowardly degs will soon be upon their knees to us, beseeching to be taken into favor again. Have we not cut off their foreign and domestic trade by water? are not their places of business closed, and men of wealth reduced to poverty by the means? *This* is the kind of action that is needed to make them submit."

"Sure enough," rejoined Blanche, quietly. "I was extremely dull not to have viewed the subject in this light before. But why not take a few companies and march into the country? it would be much more healthy. Besides we could spare you awhile as well as not. Boston is already too much honored by your stay. Perhaps you fear bad treatment; but I dare say 'outsiders' would exert themselves to the extent of their power to entertain you," she added, roguishly.

Major Liston again looked earnestly at Blanche, but perceiving nothing unusual, he seemed satisfied.

"I should suspect you were wearied of my frequent visits if I heard such opinions expressed often; but even in that case, I should be the greatest loser by being deprived of those witching smiles."

"Sheer flattery, major! I shall 'beat a retreat' if you become too romantic. But seriously: what is the cause of this new dissatisfaction on the part of the patriots? With what other trouble are they threatened?"

LOG-DRIVING IN MAINE.

On the falls, and the more difficult portions of the river, sometimes immense jams form. In the commencement, some unlucky log swims across the narrow chasm, striking some protruding portions of the ledge, and stops fast; others come on, and, meeting this obstruction, stick fast also, until thousands upon thousands form one dense breast-work, against and through which, a boiling, leaping river rushes with terrible force. Who that is unaccustomed to such scenes, on viewing that pile of massive logs, now densely packed, cross-piled, and interwoven in every conceivable position in a deep chasm with overhanging cliffs, with a mighty column of rushing water, which, like the heavy pressure upon an arch, confines the whole more closely, would decide otherwise than that the mass must lie in its present position, either to decay or be moved by some extraordinary convulsion. Tens of thousands of dollars' worth lie in this wild and unpromising position. The property involved, together with the exploits of daring and feats of skill to be performed in breaking that "jam," invest the whole with a degree of interest not common to the ordinary pursuits of life, and but little realized by many who are even familiar with the terms *lumber* and *river-driving*. In some cases many obstructing logs are to be removed singly. Days and weeks sometimes are thus expended before the channel is cleared. In other cases a single point only is to be touched, and the whole jam is in motion. To hit upon the most vulnerable point is the first object; the best means of effecting it next claims attention; then the consummation brings into requisition all the physical force, activity and courage of the men, more especially those engaged at the dangerous points.

From the neighboring precipice, overhanging the scene of operation, a man is suspended by a rope round his body, and lowered near to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lower edge of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to move it. In the latter case, the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and strong pull when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it, or if there be even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and, in their excitement and apprehension for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the sharp-pointed ledges or bushes in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier. Accordingly, he is let down on to the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may in some cases be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the "jam;" and, ere our bold river-driver is jerked half way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope hang thus suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable. The deafening noise when such a jam breaks, produced by moving logs whirled about like mere straws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles.

—[From Mr. Springer's *Late Work*.]

IDLERS, THAT MIGHT BE SET TO WORK.

In the search after industrial power and economy of human strength, it is wonderful that dogs are left so wholly unemployed in America. Their uses, in other countries, are thus described in a letter from Brussels: "Dogs, of almost every breed, are taught to work by the Germans. It looks odd enough, I assure you, to see these sagacious animals, of all descriptions, from the thick-headed bull-dog, and mild and intelligent Newfoundland, down to the candle-leg, half-hound and snappish rat-terrier, all fully and profitably employed, instead of lazing away their time as they do in the United States. The majority of the dogs, however, are of the larger kind, and it is quite amusing to see their willingness to work, and the various ways in which they are

employed. No person is presumed to use a wheel-barrow without a dog to draw the load, and in vehicles of this kind we saw loads of milk, wood, butter, cabbages, bricks, bread, mortar, and hot coffee, and refreshments for travellers. All the labor that the person behind had to perform was to act as steersman, while the dog would draw the load, and instantly stop when so ordered. We saw a few cases where the teamsters had become intoxicated and fallen asleep, and the teams had turned around to watch them."

All artificial movements, which come not from the very hearts of the people, but are made by money, are mere revolts. Revolutions are not possible only where there is a great reason for them.—*Kossuth*.

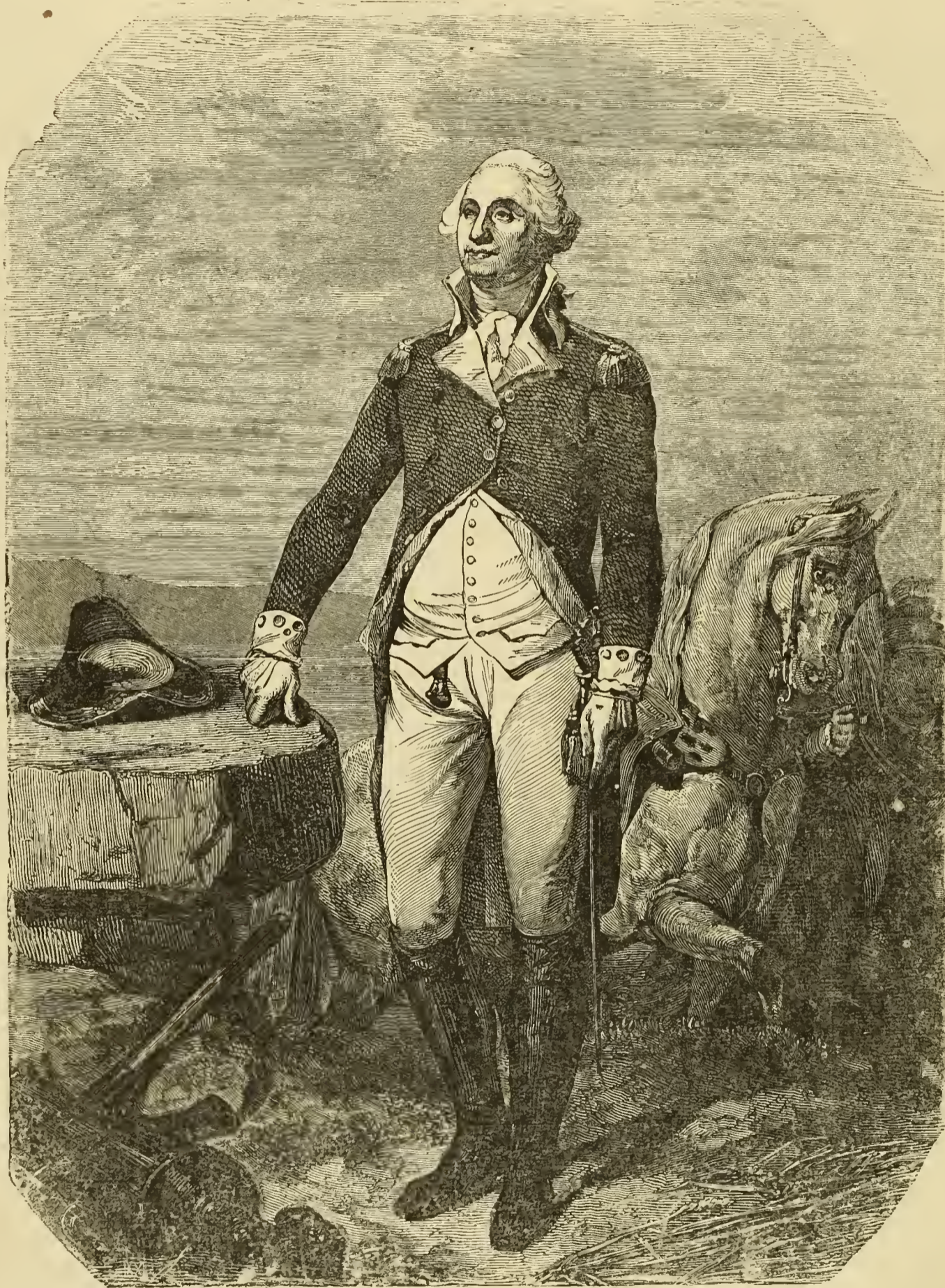
COLONEL CROCKETT.

"I never but once," said the colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quandary. It was during my electioneering for Congress, at which time I strolled about in the woods, so particularly pestered by politics that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his faculties, I guess. It chanced that I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressional; the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands, so I went feet foremost, to see if I could draw them up by the toes. I hung on the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went, more than twenty feet, to the bottom of that hole. and there I found myself almost hip deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greasiest part of a rainbow, as to get back—the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a real, genuine, regular quandary! If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement, and if they did hear me, the story would ruin my election; for they were of a quality too cute to vote for a man that ventured into a place that he could n't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after election, I heard a kind of grumbling and growling overhead; and looking, I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always "go ahead!" and as soon as she lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck-hafted pen-knife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever a member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."—*Yankee Blade*.

HIGH LIFE.

Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects of life as myself; few, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not by any means constitute the chief distinction between the high and low states. No; the signal contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness, fun, frolic and vivacity. They cared for nothing, thought of nothing beyond the pleasure of the present hour; and to these they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move. Can anything be more "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all indulgence

of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness. No; all is coldness, reserve and universal ennui, even where this starchiness of manner is unaccompanied by any very strict rigor in matters of conduct. Look, now, at these quadrille dancers in another room; they have been supping, they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked, the band is capital, the men are young and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you ever see such crawling movements—such solemn looks!—as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world! O, what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days!—*Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Allans*.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

COOLNESS.

The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things. As he was riding one day with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot, and said very coolly, "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."—[*Historical Sketches*.]

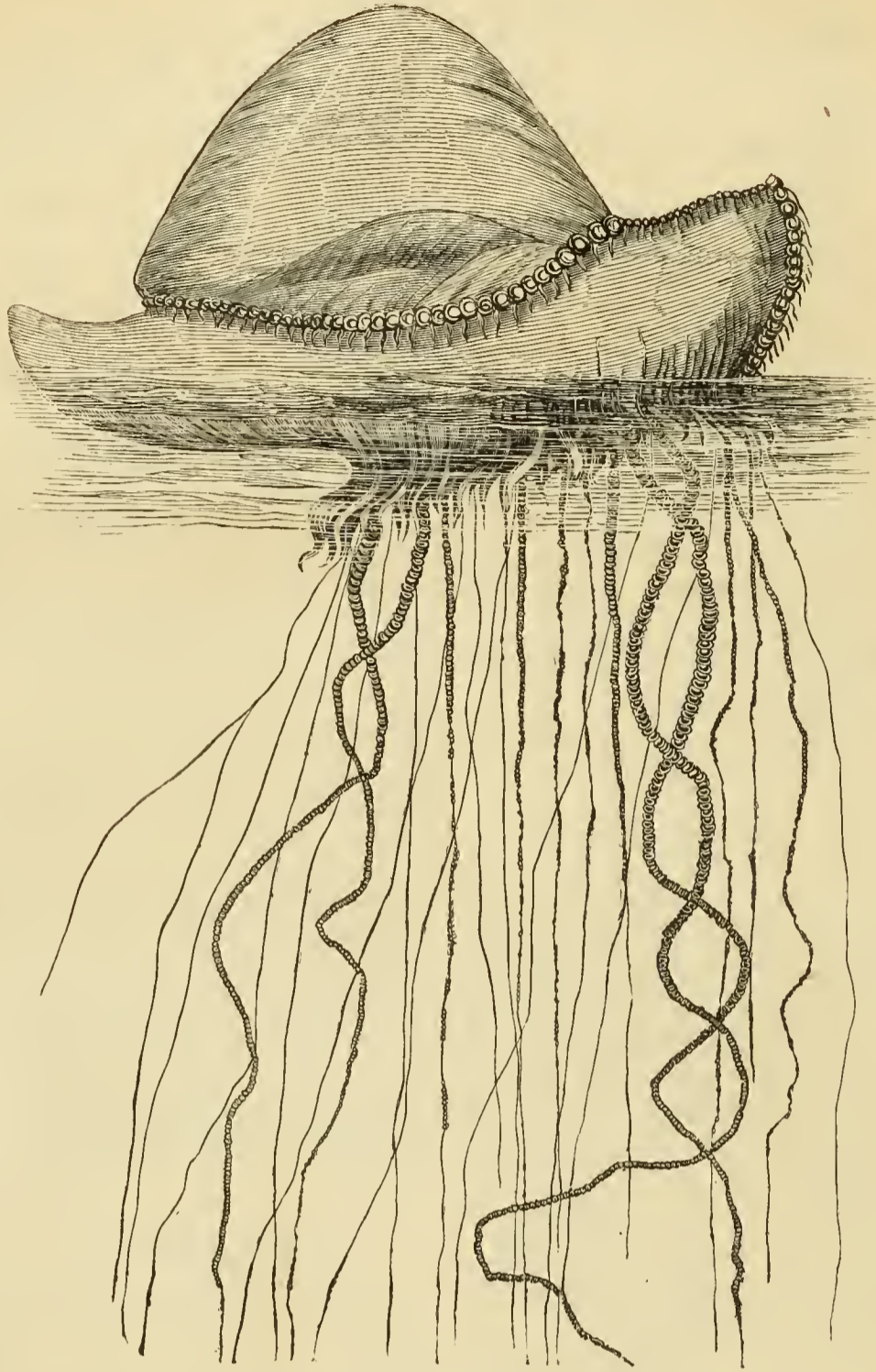
SPEED OF THE MAGNET CURRENT.

A long experience of the coast survey, with some dozen different lines of telegraph, establishes the fact that the velocity of the galvanic current is about fifteen thousand four hundred miles per second. The time of transit between Boston and Bangor was recently measured, and the result was, that the time occupied in the transmission, was one sixteen-thousandth of a second, and the velocity of the rate of sixteen thousand miles per second, which is about six hundred miles per second more than the average of other experiments. If it is desirable, the Yankee can be found who will make an effort to improve upon this speed, for in this day of rapid transition, speed is still sought for.

—*Boston Journal*.

THE PHYSALIA.

The accompanying drawing is an exact picture of the Physalia (Pyhsail Pelagica of the naturalists), one of those singular inhabitants of the great deep, which delight us by their beautiful colors, and by their phosphorescent light, and astonish the incautious observer by their power of stinging or benumbing the hand of him who seizes it. The species here represented are common in the tropical seas, and well known to mariners of most nations, from whom they have received different names—Portuguese man-of-war, Guinea ships, frigates—from their fancied resemblance, when floating on the surface, to vessels under sail. When first taken out of the water, the Physalia excites the admiration of the spectators by the elegant and vivid colors with which it is adorned. These tints, however, are as evanescent as they are brilliant; and soon after it is taken from its native element the pyramidal shaped, membranous bag, which it is said the animal has the power of inflating at pleasure, sinks. The bright crimson, green and purple tints lose their brilliancy, and the beauty which had excited so much admiration, fades, and at last totally vanishes. This bag, or sail, as the sailors term it, is fringed round the edges, and is of beautiful light blue color, with occasional streaks of a delicate sea green, tinged with crimson. The power it possesses of benumbing when touched, appear to reside in its tentacula, or feelers, a large bunch of which is attached to the undermost part of its body, some short and thick, others long and threadlike, extending to several yards in length. These seem to consist of a chain of globules, filled with an extremely acrid fluid—in color, a beautiful purple and crimson. Mr. Bennett says on taking hold of the animal, it raised its tentacula and stung me on the second and third finger. The sensation at first was similar to that produced by the nettle, and before a few minutes had elapsed, a violent aching pain succeeded, affecting most severely the joints of the fingers. On cold water being applied it was found rather to increase than diminish the effect. In half an hour the fore arm and elbow were extremely painful, and the effect gradually extending itself to the shoulder and chest, impeding the breathing. These symptoms continued for about half an hour, when they gradually abated, but the arm was benumbed until the next day. The specimen from which this drawing was made had wandered from its native sunny seas to the mouth of Westport river, where, a few weeks since, it was taken.



PHYSALIA, OR PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR.

NEW BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

One of the most ornamental as well as useful buildings in Boston, is the New Athenæum on Beacon street, a specimen of architecture worthy of the elevated purposes for which it was constructed. The building is, throughout, a splendid and complete specimen of architectural elegance. The Statuary Gallery contains several superb models of sculpture. The Reading Room is supplied with the best periodicals in the world. The Library contains 50,000 volumes. The Gallery of Paintings contains five apartments, which present to the delighted eye some of the greatest paintings of Washington Allston, full-length portraits by Pannini, Sully and Stuart, and other beautiful pictures by Cole, Garnet, Durand, Doughty and others, embracing sublime productions by several of the old masters, which cause the eye of cultivated taste to linger long and rapturously upon their transcendent beauties. The librarian of the Athenæum is Mr. Folsom, a gentleman who well merits the compliments bestowed upon him for his graceful manners and communicative disposition.—*Yankee Blade*.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.

"I like to tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up and replaced the black bonnet in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise of love, cherish and nourish each other. But what a solemn thing is matrimony, a very solemn thing where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods' store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people 'plighting their trough,' as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows."—*Carpet Bag*.

CHRISTIAN LIKE.

How admirable and beautiful is the simplicity of the Evangelists! They never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of his judges, nor of his executioners. They report the facts without a single reflection. They comment neither on their Master's mildness when he was smitten, nor on his constancy in the hour of his ignominious death, which they thus describe: "And they crucified Jesus."—*Racine*.

FAMINE.—A new and terrible foe to despotism has arisen in Germany. It is—Hunger. A famine threatens, for the prices of grain are constantly on the increase. The Prussian government has already caused purchases to be made in Southern Russia, with the hope of warding off the extremity of suffering.



SLEDGING IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, MUSEUM BUILDING, TREMONT STREET

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ST. MARK'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The fine picture furnished for us by our artist and presented herewith, is one of remarkable truthfulness and interest. Ours may be called the land of churches and school-houses; and of such a title we have good reason to be proud. No city in the country is more noted or more justly celebrated for its fine places of public worship than Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love; and it gives us great pleasure to present our readers herewith a specimen of the churches of this city. To our readers in Philadelphia, it will possess peculiar interest. This church edifice is situated on the north side of Locust Street west of Schuylkill 7th Street, city of Philadelphia, and the length of the church east and west is 150 feet in all over the buttresses. The tower is on the south side near the west end, attached to the aisle wall, projecting all its size, and makes the breadth at this point 91 feet. This new church edifice is built of freestone from Trenton, Newark, Little Falls and Thom Quarries, in the decorated style which prevailed in the last quarter of the thirteenth and first of the fourteenth centuries; a period when it may be said Gothic architecture, so called, attained its highest point of graceful proportion and luxuriant beauty.

The church comprises a chancel, nave and aisles—an organ or choir aisle, with a convenient vestry. The interior is 138 feet in length, 56 feet wide and 45 feet high. The chancel is 38 feet deep, 23 feet 6 inches wide. The floor is paved with encaustic tiles, and rises, as it recedes from the church towards the east end in four steps to the altar. The window over the altar is of five lights, and glazed with painted glass of subject design. The nave is 28 feet wide and 100 feet long. The north and south aisles are each 14 feet wide by 100 feet in length. The division is in seven bays on each side, the piers and arches are of cut stone,

supporting the clerestory, with bracket shafts between each window for the roof timbers. The roof is open timbered, framed of oak, with hammer and collar beams moulded, the whole construction being visible. The chancel has a polygonal ceiling of oak, divided into panels. The organ aisle is a continuation of the north aisle, with an arch open to the chancel. The seats are oak, and of suitable design. The windows are to be glazed in quarries set in lead, having borders of colored glass. The tower is square built, with buttresses to the height of 80 feet from the base. It is then resolved into an octagon spire, 90 feet high, banded on the angles, with three tier of spire lights alternating. The belfry has coupled windows on each face. The spire is terminated with finial and cross. The gables are to be decorated at the apex with handsome ornamental crosses, and a neat crest tile is carried on the ridges of the roof. An unusual feature in this church is, that neither paint nor plaster was used in its construction, the inside walls being all lined with stone, and all the wood work is of solid oak. Our modern style of church building would greatly astonish our Puritanic forefathers could they look into them at the present day. Improvement in all divisions of architecture is great, but in none other is it more evident than in church architecture. The Gothic order seems to predominate, though every variety may be seen in each bay

of the Union, from the stately stone battlemented Episcopal church to the neat village meeting-house with its white spire pointing towards heaven. There are one or two ancient edifices still extant, showing the earlier style of architecture adopted by our forefathers; one of these timeworn meeting-houses still stands in the town of Hingham, Mass., a venerable record of the days of puritanism. It is of wood throughout;

and the massive timbers and rafters exposed to view, are evidences of the substantial manner in which buildings used to be reared in New England, and its appearance reminds one of the earlier Anglo-Saxon mode of architecture as described so happily by Scott. The very antipodes of this is shown in the picture which we present herewith of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia.



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

A TALE OF PIONEER LIFE AND INCIDENT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
WHITE ROVER:
 — OR —
 THE LOVELY MAID OF LOUISIANA.
 A ROMANCE OF THE WILD FOREST.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED]

The first hints that he received of this matter were from his servant, who is a Banbara negro. Induced by love for his master, and promises of liberal reward, he revealed the startling news that all the Africans in the colony had conspired with the Indians for the total destruction of their masters, and all the French settlements in Louisiana.

He drew from him, moreover, that the whole plot was devised and perpetrated by a young Frenchman. At a given time all the Indian nations were to rise simultaneously, and, assisted by the slaves, slay the whole population indiscriminately, without regard to age, sex, or condition.

Exclamations of horror and indignation were heard in all parts of the room, at this portion of the captain's testimony. With flushed cheek and throbbing brow, Henri sat gazing steadily at Lesage. It was only by a strong mental effort that he could curb his resentment and keep it within bounds. His impulsive nature prompted him to leap from the prisoner's box and strangle the captain on the spot; but his better judgment told him the folly of such a thought.

The captain went on with much apparent feeling, and related the manner in which he had discovered that the prisoner at the bar was the leader of the conspiracy. While hunting in the woods, near Lake Pontchartrain, he had overheard a conversation between the prisoner and one Pierre Moran, known among the Indians by the name of the Hunter. Greatly to deponent's horror, he had heard the whole plan of the conspiracy discussed in the most cool and business-like manner.

At this stage of the captain's evidence, he entered into many minute and tedious details with which we shall not trouble the reader; but suffice it that his testimony was delivered with the most consummate art, and made a deep impression. At some portions, it was extremely difficult for de Noyan to maintain order, so much were the citizens excited against the accused.

The birch bark found upon his person at the time of his arrest was then produced, and the diagrams and characters briefly and ingeniously explained. Henri acknowledged his signature at the bottom.

Seven or eight of the Banbaras were then brought forward by the captain, and rendered their evidence with surprising readiness and unanimity.

The guilt of Henri seemed indeed to have been fairly proved. No rebutting testimony was offered, and the excitement among the citizens was every moment growing more intense.

The governor, in a stern voice, then asked the prisoner what he had to say in extenuation of his guilt.

With eyes flashing with scorn and indignation, Henri arose to his feet. He folded his arms upon his breast, and for a moment looked boldly around those present. His gaze at length rested upon Lesage, and his nether lip quivered with unutterable contempt. Drawing up his commanding figure until he was the most conspicuous object in the room, while every muscle seemed to work with emotion, and with a sense of the indignity which had been offered, and the wrong heaped upon him, he slowly stretched forth his arms, and pointing his finger at Lesage, said, in a calm, impressive, yet terrible voice:

"I pronounce that man a perjured villain. The aggravated charges which he has made

against me, I throw back into his teeth with a feeling of scorn too great to utter." Then turning to the governor, he added, in a firm, yet respectful voice: "Your excellency, I protest that I am not guilty, though circumstances in the possession of a villain have conspired to convict me. I see but too plainly my position. I know what awaits me. I will not consume time by reiterating my innocence; for I perceive that my ruin is accomplished, that my death is needful to one present—whose name I will not condescend to speak. It is true that there is a conspiracy on foot, but I am not, never was, and would scorn to be, its leader. It was but yesterday that I discovered its existence, though I have been free to mix with all the Indian tribes from first to last. In this important movement I was not admitted to their confidence. It has been said in evidence against me that I have power over the minds of the red men; it is true. Were I at large and so disposed, I could sweep away all the French settlements in a day, and at night there would not be a single dwelling standing, and every head would be scalped. But, thank Heaven! I love my countrymen too well to wish them such a fate; and it gives me pleasure, while I stand in this august presence, to know that I have saved them more than once from bloody reprisals. Governor de Bienville, permit me to advise you to station an efficient body of men at Natchez, and to increase the number of soldiers and the means of defence at Mobile, Pensacola, and Dauphine Island; and in return I ask but one favor (if the perjurer must have a victim), that I may die a soldier's death. I have done."

The White Rover bowed and sat down.

"What a proud and fearless spirit we are about to extinguish," said the Baron of Cresnay to St. Ange, in a low voice, as Henri resumed his seat.

"I will tell you who he reminds me of," replied St. Ange. "He makes me think of Iberville, de Bienville's brother."

The word Iberville reached the ears of the governor, and he turned quickly towards St. Ange. The latter looked towards the White Rover, and de Bienville seemed lost in reflection.

"Let the prisoner be removed from the bar for a short time," said the governor. "Good citizens, whose opinions are not required in the case, will withdraw."

Henri, closely guarded, was taken to another part of the edifice, and very soon the hall of judgment was vacated by all save the governor and his officials.

Their discussions were short. The prisoner was placed again at the bar. The crowd came rushing in to hear the sentence. When order was restored, the governor ordered Henri to arise. He obeyed without any visible emotion, and looked the man who held the keys of life and death, calmly in the face.

"Henri Deleroix," said his excellency, in a subdued and sorrowful voice, "a painful duty is mine; but I may not shrink from it, however much I may regret that the responsibility did not devolve upon another man. The crime of which you have been convicted is one held in detestation by all nations and races of men, and it is most heinous and unnatural. Were there any room for doubt in regard to your guilt, you should assuredly have the benefit of that doubt; but it is not so. All these honorable gentlemen, who constitute the bulwarks of Louisiana's safety, agree with me that there is but one course to pursue—that indicated by the stern finger of

justice. I can only mitigate the severity of your punishment; your request is accorded; though a traitor, you shall die the death of a soldier. By the advice of my council, two days are allowed you to prepare for the solemn change that awaits you. May you improve this brief space to such advantage that your deadly sin may be forgotten in that world of which you will soon be an inhabitant. On Friday next, between the hours of nine and ten, A. M., you will expiate your crime, and," added the governor, in throbbing tones, "may the Searcher of human hearts have mercy upon you."

"I thank you," said Henri, with a bitter smile. "for the lenity which you have shown me in the mode of suffering the extreme penalty of the law. The whole has ended as I expected when I saw Captain Lesage arise to testify against me. It is well. Men die but once; and my fate is in keeping with my previous history. Thrown upon the world without name, without friends, without parentage, born in the wilds of a new country, forsaken by him who should have reared and protected me; fostered by a stranger as a deed of charity, grown to manhood still alone and friendless, the companion of the red man and a denizen of the wild forest, a thoughtful, dreamy wanderer up and down these broad rivers and wide lakes, it is fitting that I should fulfil my destiny even as strangely as it began."

De Bienville gazed earnestly at Henri, and listened to his words with breathless attention. De Noyan (nephew to the governor) fixed his eyes upon the young man with the same eager sympathy, while the Baron of Cresnay, de St. Ange, de Bessan, de St. Dennis, the Chevalier de Loubois, and de St. Julien, shared eagerly in the interest manifested by the governor and lieutenant-governor; and there was evidently a reaction in favor of the condemned.

Henri went on in a distinct and unshaken voice:

"The French are my people, but the red man is my friend. His lodge has ever been open to me; and the White Rover never sought hospitality in vain when he presented himself at the Indian's door, cold, wet, thirsty, or hungry; but notwithstanding all this, it was never in my thought to wrong my own people. As I have previously stated, it has been my fortune to save more than one from Indian cruelty. Let me assure you that the Indian tribes will dearly avenge my death, and it will be well for you to guard ever your wives and little ones after the sun of Friday next has gone down in the west. There are two ties that death will never sever," continued Henri, with emotion.

"A gray-headed old man, a foster father, will weep for me. And there is one other who will drop a tear to the memory of the White Rover—a foster sister—a fair and loving being, whose destiny I fervently pray may never be linked with that of the lying chief." And Henri turned towards Lesage with an expression of withering contempt.

"My dear boy! my dear boy!" cried a broken and tremulous voice, and Father Davion was seen forcing his way through the crowd towards the bar. De Noyan spoke in a low voice to the governor, and then motioned to the proper officers to remand the condemned to prison. He was instantly taken from the bar, followed by Father Davion, who invoked blessings upon his head, and frantically asserted his entire innocence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

It was the hour of midnight. The sure heralds of a storm were in the skies. Dark masses of clouds were seen, at first low on the horizon's verge, and then rapidly floating towards the zenith. The low mutterings of distant thunder broke in upon the silence of the night, and fitful flashes of lightning were seen far away in the west and north.

Pierre Moran was abroad at that gloomy hour. He was moving swiftly towards Pontchartrain from the southern margin of Lake Borgne. With his trusty and inseparable companion, his double-barrelled rifle, grasped firmly in his right hand, he threaded his way skilfully through the forest.

When near the borders of the lake he paused and listened with a breathless intensity known only to the practised woodsman. Very soon he heard the shrill notes of a raven, and going forward in the direction of the sound, in a few moments stood beside the tall figure of Red-Shoe, the Chickasaw chieftain.

As Pierre joined him, a flash of lightning lit up the expanse, and threw a vivid glare upon the face of the red man; it was calm, proud, and haughty as ever in its expression.

"You imitate the notes of the raven well," said Pierre.

"I took my lessons from nature," replied Red-Shoe, with a smile.

"How do you like the night? Is it not favorable to our undertaking?" asked the hunter.

"When the voice of the Great Spirit is heard in the heavens, and his fire is seen in the clouds, men seek shelter in their lodges and cabins, and warriors relax their vigilance. The night is good," replied Onalaska.

Without farther remark, Pierre Moran and Red-Shoe moved towards New Orleans. After a short and rapid walk, they emerged silently from the forest and stood within the borders of the town. Both now halted and prepared themselves for the hazardous enterprise upon which they had voluntarily entered. They examined their rifles, tightened their belts, and carefully arranged their side arms.

"You shall lead the way, and I will follow," said Pierre Moran, who had much confidence in the skill of the chieftain.

"It is well, since my white brother requests it," answered Red-Shoe. "I shall go forward very still, as though I was going to surprise a party of my enemies while they were asleep. The great hunter will follow me very close and make no noise. When we are near the stone house where the White Rover is kept, then must we look out for the long-knives when the fire burns up bright in the skies."

"And if we find the sentinels watchful and true to their duty, what then shall we do?" asked Pierre Moran.

The chieftain smiled grimly, as he replied:

"Do as they would if they went to surprise an Indian village, creep softly—leap upon them as the panther leaps upon its prey—let the knife do its work and reach a vital spot. I would do that, white hunter."

"They are my countrymen," said the hunter, with a sigh. "I would fain spare them, if possible. Let nothing but the most urgent necessity induce us to use violence. Onalaska, you are a brave man, and can appreciate the feeling that impels me to spare a fellow-countryman."

"I can," replied Red-Shoe, "and I will respect your wish. But if the safety of the White Rover required it, I would slay the great chief himself. Ay, the knife should find its way to his heart as easily as it passes into its sheath."

"Is my white friend ready?" he asked, after a pause.

"He is ready; lead on, chieftain, and Pierre Moran will follow if it be to death."

"Good," said Red-Shoe, and the next instant he was moving towards the settlement like a phantom of darkness. Following the general direction of what is now the Bayou road, they gradually approached St. Ann street, which was to be the scene of their operations.

With cautious and noiseless footsteps they passed many cabins whose inmates were sleeping. Once, soon after entering the town, a dog came forth and barked furiously, but fortunately the thunder, which now reverberated through the skies, either stilled his vociferation, or the elementary disturbance was referred to as the cause of his outcries, if they were heard by the townspeople. Pausing until he had wearied himself with his efforts to attract attention, the chief and Moran glided on toward the prison. The darkness was now intense, relieved only by occasional gleams of lightning.

Red-Shoe paused when they reached St. Ann street. They stood near the structure containing the object of their solicitude. The building used as a prison at that period did not much resemble those bold and frowning edifices which are now to be seen fronting Orleans and St. Ann streets. It was a low, stone building, containing but few compartments. The cells for criminals were in the basement, and those for debtors above, together with a small suite of rooms for the trunk. The edifice was surrounded by a fence about five feet high, of stakes or piles, driven into the earth, the projecting ends sharpened to a point to prevent it from being scaled.

Outside of this yard or court, since the arrest of Henri, two sentinels had been placed, who were relieved from duty once in three hours. This additional precaution seemed to be warranted on account of the graveness of the offence, and the peculiar circumstances of the case; for it was verily believed that the escape of the

OPENING OF THE ONTARIO RAILROAD.

The inhabitants of the frozen and hitherto imperfectly understood region of Canada have not, until very recently, availed themselves, to the extent which has been within their power, of those estimable advances in the general progress of public improvement which the people of our own Republic have made. With the boundless resources of a country, the fertility of whose soil is proverbial, and enjoying the succor and support of the mother country, the people of Canada, composed of a mixture of races from all nations, would appear to have been hitherto absorbed in the idea of individual gain in whatever position in life, fortune or the force of circumstances might happen to have placed them. Individuality has been the active and paramount feeling, to the exclusion of others and those of a more extended nature, at all times necessary to be cultivated in a new and thriving colony. It is true that clearings in the immense forests of Canada have been made to a great extent; towns and cities have arisen; canals have been dug; and other public works have been commenced, and some completed, at an enormous expense to the colony, without yielding in return an advantage commensurate with the outlay, from the circumstance of their not being adapted to the peculiar wants and requirements of the different sections of the country in which such works have been constructed. At length, however, the spirit of public enterprise appears to have burst forth, and Canada will, no doubt, at an early period, present to the world satisfactory proof that she participates in the feeling of all the nations of Europe, that railroads are indispensably necessary to keep pace with the rapid increase of the commerce, population, intelligence and wealth of the colony. The accompanying engraving is gratifying evidence of this fact. It shows the ceremony on the occasion of turning the first sod of the "Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Railroad," on the 15th of November last, which line of road is intended to connect Lake Ontario, Simcoe and Huron by a direct communication northward from Toronto, now a central point of travel and traffic. The company was incorporated by act of the provincial parliament, 12 Vic., cap. 199, and received the royal assent of her Majesty in Council, 29th of August, 1849. Its capital is £500,000; and the length of the projected road is about seventy-five miles, through a most fertile section of the province, abounding with well-cultivated farms of great extent, and wanting only facilities for the cheap and expeditious transport of their immense produce to market. The ceremony of breaking ground for this road was characterized by a degree of enthusiasm on the part of the public, which, on no other occasion, can be found on the records of the history of Canada. The weather was fortunately fine, and the day was ushered in with the music of bands of surrounding townships, whose societies and public companies had turned out on the occasion, as well as those of the city and the garrison. By previous arrangement made with his excellency the governor-general, it was pretty generally understood that his amiable consort, the Countess of Elgin, would honor the company by turning the first sod; and the attendance of elegantly-dressed persons to witness the cere-

mony, was very numerous. Their excellencies and suites were escorted from Elmsley House to the ground by a guard of honor, and on their arrival they were received by the directors of the company: the president, the Honorable Henry John Roalton, M. P. P., conducting Lady Elgin to an elegant pavilion erected for her reception. At this moment a royal salute was fired from the garrison; the band on the ground, the 71st Highland Light Infantry, under the command of Lieut-Colonel Sir Hugh Dalrymple, playing the national anthem. The cheering having subsided, the mayor of the city, John G. Bowes, Esq., as the representative of the civic body of

casualty of any kind, terminated the celebration of breaking ground of the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron railroad, an event of the highest importance to the city of Toronto and Western Canada, and which it is hoped is only the forerunner of many more of a similar character.

SUNDAY CHRISTIANS.

Bless you! I've thought of it many a time when I've seen a church emptying itself into the street. Look here, suppose there's a crowd of people—a whole mob of 'em going down the church steps. And at the church door there is, I

the crowd, and I've said to myself, well, I should like to know how many of you will be Christians till next week? How many of you will go tomorrow morning to your offices and counting houses, and stand behind your counters, and all in the way of business—all to scramble up the coin—forget you are miserable sinners, while everything you do makes you more miserable, only you never feel it, so long as it makes you more rich? And so there's a Sunday conscience like a Sunday coat, and folks who'd get on in the world put the coat and the conscience carefully by, and only wear 'em once a week. Well, to think how many such folks go to worship—why

Master Capstick, to stand inside of a church and watch a congregation coming out, however you may stare, may be—I can't help after my fashion thinking so—a melancholy sight, indeed. Lord love you! when we see what some people do all the week—people who are staunch at church, remember—I can't help thinking there's a good many poor souls who are only Christians at morning and afternoon service.—*Charles Dickens.*

ATHEISM.

Atheism is the most terrible of all professions; if we could believe a man to be in this state, not in his speculations, but also in his feelings, we should regard him with the most sorrowful wonder; if such a man there is, his spirit dwells in darkness; futurity is to him an eternal grave, an eternal sleep, an eternal night; to him the universe is a dead and dumb conglomeration of forms without souls, and of sounds without import. The sun is day after day in the heavens, the stars night after night in the sky; but to him day unto day uttereth no speech, night unto night showeth no knowledge. Flowers bloom and fade, but he sees no meaning in the change; ocean rolls its mighty waves with the heavens bending over it in glory; he hears no voice of almighty power with which "deep calleth unto deep." The year revives; spring clothes the fields with green; the genial sun melts the snow from the valleys; verdure covers the earth, and joy sweetens the heart of all that lives. Autumn comes, painting the leaves with various hues; gentle airs begin to murmur in the woods, that sound sweetly on the

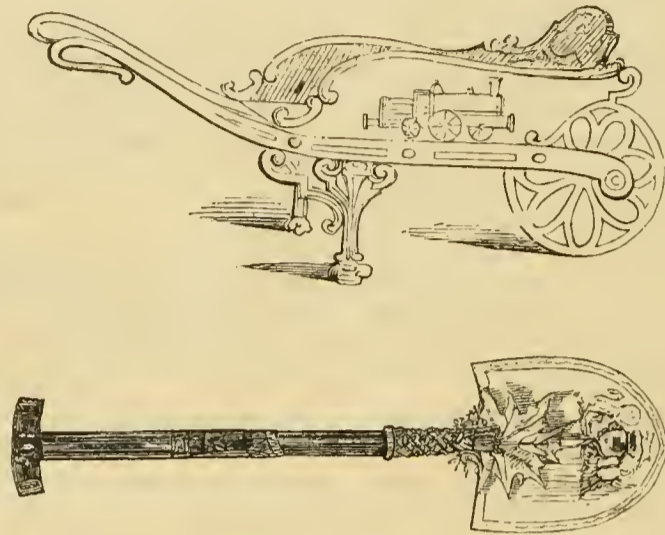
ear, with a thoughtful and solemn music. Winter enters last; the sky darkens, the wind is chilled, the beasts of the field all come for shelter to the abodes of man; the tempest gathers itself, beats the mount, and rolls down its deluge into the valleys; inmates dwell safely in the home, and comfort glows apace on the hearth. Amidst all these affecting phenomena, the atheist acknowledges no God, and thanks no Father.

Amid the affairs of nations constituting the drama of destiny and time, in all their mysterious succession of causes and of consequences, the atheist discerns no sovereign intellect, no guiding Providence; this would surely be appalling if we were not fully persuaded that all such philosophy must meet its denial and its counteraction in the living experience of the human soul. Such atheism makes a man acknowledge no rule, but that of expediency, no standard but that of selfishness, no God but that of materialism.—*Giles.*

Toronto, read to his excellency the address of the directors of the company and the city council, to which his excellency replied. The silver spade, prepared for the occasion and represented herewith, was then presented to her ladyship by Major D. P. De Witt, one of the engineers of the company, and the ornamental wheelbarrow, also given herewith, was presented by Milton Courtwright, Esq., one of the enterprising contractors for making the road. The Countess of Elgin then raised the first sod, and throwing it into the wheelbarrow, it was wheeled a short distance by the governor-general, and then turned over, amid the most enthusiastic cheers. Shortly after the ceremony, his excellency and suite took their departure from the ground, and the different societies, forming themselves in the order in which they came, followed soon after to their respective places of assembly. Thus, without the slightest annoyance or interruption, or any

don't know how many rods of Christian carriages, with griffins painted on the panels, and swords and battle-axes, that as well as I can remember, Christ recommended nowhere; and there's the coachmen, half asleep and trying to look religious; and there's the footmen following some, and carrying the Holy Bible after their missuses, just as to-morrow they'll carry a spaniel—and that's what they call humanity. Well, that's a pleasant sight, isn't it? And them, who are not ashamed to carry their own prayer books, with the gold leaves twinkling in the sun, as if they took pains in telling the world they'd been to church—well, how many of them had been there in earnest? How many of them go there with no thought whatsoever only that it's Sunday—church-going day? And so they put on what they think is religion that day, just as I put on a clean shirt.

Bless you! sometimes I've stood and watched



COMMENCEMENT OF THE ONTARIO, SIMCOE, AND HURON RAILWAY, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ELGIN.



SLEDGING IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

SLEDGING IN STOCKHOLM.

The accompanying sketch is a scene from the Swedish metropolis, and represents a young Diplomatist crossing the North Bridge in his sledge. The peasants on foot are from the province of Dalecarlia; and the whole represents a very characteristic scene of Swedish life. In the very amusing "Life of a Travelling Physician," we find some pleasant glimpses of the peculiarities of Stockholm. The women in Stockholm perform operations which in other countries are monopolized by the male sex. They labor, too, for a pittance. Still are they no race of Amazons; but a pretty set of women are the Wacker Flkas, and the sight of them proves to you that you are not in Russia. The entire people bear the character of great good-nature.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Of the perils and providential deliverances witnessed by "those who occupy their business" in the waters of the Icy Regions, Dr. Scoresby and others have given many vivid and truly heart-stirring descriptions; but we question whether any instance of more frightful peril, or more merciful and providential deliverance, is upon record, than that which recently, in the late Arctic expedition, happened to H. M. S. Intrepid, Lieut. J. B. Cator, R. N., lately promoted to the rank of Commander. The ship was forced upon an iceberg, where she was held for twenty hours, on and off, in a state of anxious suspense, which can be more easily conceived than described. The commander of H. M. S. Pioneer, Lieut. Osborne, with the Commo-

dore on board, watched her for eight hours, without being able to render her the least assistance.

In his own description of this perilous situation, Lieut. Cator says:—"The masses of ice were running near 10 feet above the bulwark, many pieces of which we prevented from falling on board with capstan bars. Sometimes when on the point, as it were, of tumbling in on our decks, the floe would again sink, thereby relieving us from great pressure. The berg slewed at this time a little to the northward, and the pressure soon after ceased. The piled up masses then sank from alongside, leaving the ship suspended on the side of the berg, with two small wedge-pieces, one at the outer side of the sternpost, and the other at her bow, being the only support to

keep her stationary and upright in that dangerous position. At 10 P. M., the pressure again came on as before, the ice piling up around us. At 2 A. M., August 28th, the floe split to the southward of us, and the ice eased off about a foot from the ship's side, and then the pressure came on again. About a quarter past eight A. M. the floe split in several places, allowing a rush of water for a moment close to the vessel, which again swept away all that supported her. At 9 30 A. M. the props gave way, and the vessel, to our joy, slid almost imperceptibly from her perilous position. At 10 A. M. the ice became stationary. One whale boat and the dingy were crushed to atoms, folded as flat as thread-paper by the last onset, the ice running over them before the men could get to their rescue.



HER MAJESTY'S ARCTIC STEAM VESSEL "INTREPID," DRIVEN FORTY FEET UP AN ICEBERG, IN RAFFIN'S BAY.

HON. BENJ. SEEVER.

Thinking a likeness and brief sketch of the life of our present respected mayor would be interesting to our readers, we solicited the favor of a sitting, which he kindly granted us, and thus from a most perfect daguerrotype, by Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row, our artist has been enabled to produce an excellent likeness. Mr. Seever was born in Roxbury, Mass., April 12, 1795, and received his education from the public schools of the day. In the year 1810, having evinced a decided mercantile taste, he entered the counting-house of Messrs. Whitwell & Bond, an pioneers and commission merchants, and was admitted a partner in that house on attaining his majority in 1816. Mr. Seever continued an active member of this firm until the disastrous times of 1837, which swept off the property of so many enterprising mercantile houses throughout the entire country. By the calamities of this year he lost an ample fortune, acquired by assiduous industry and entire devotion to business, and in the year 1840, with Mr. Whitwell, the senior partner of the late firm of Whitwell & Bond, he again commenced business, and continued it until the close of the present year. It will thus be seen that Mr. Seever has been connected with Mr. Whitwell as a partner, nearly forty-two years, a long period for the same persons to be united in business, which speaks volumes in praise of the character of both. The good and bad fortune experienced by them has seemed only the more closely to cement their friendship. Thus much we may say in relation to Mr. Seever's private life and associations; but we must not forget to follow him in his more public career. He has held many unsolicited offices; from 1845—1849 inclusive, he represented Wards 4 and 5 in the Common Council, and was chosen President of that body on the resignation of Hon. George A. Hilliard, in July, 1847, and was re-elected to the office for the two succeeding years.

Still called upon to serve his fellow-citizens, he represented the city of Boston in the State Legislature from 1846 to 1848 inclusive, and was a senator for the county of Suffolk in 1850—1851. During most of the period of his service in the State Legislature, he was appointed to hold the office of chairman of the Joint Committee on Mercantile Affairs and Insurance, a post of great labor and responsibility. Thus it will

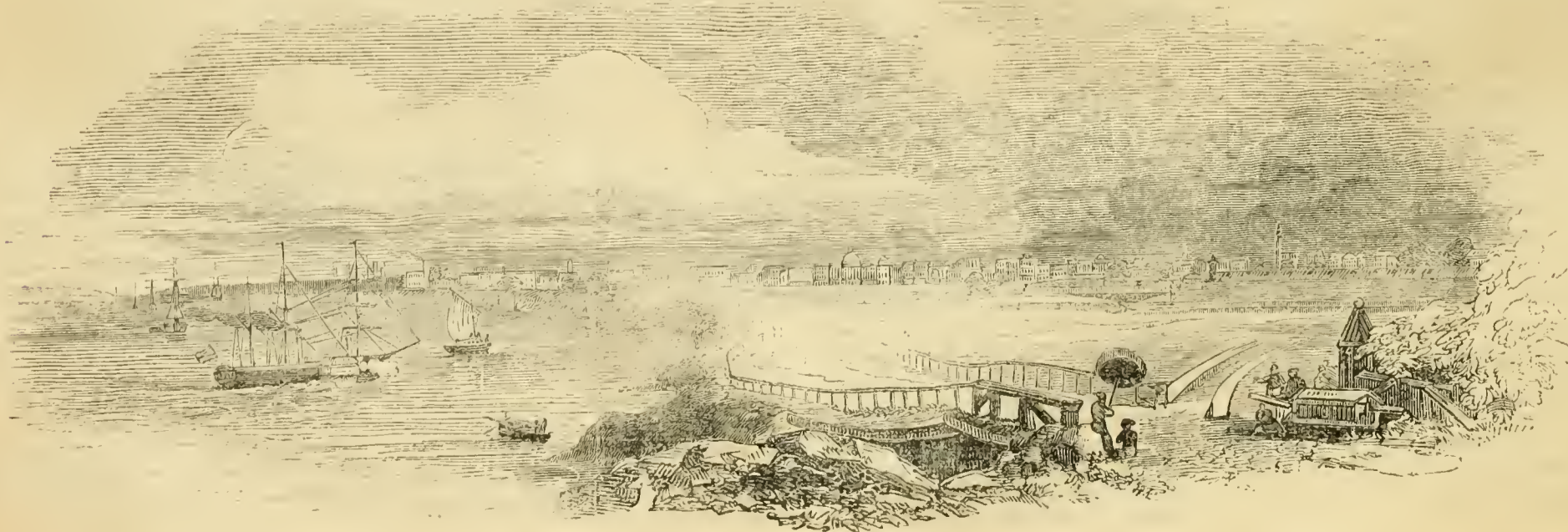


PORTRAIT OF THE HON. BENJAMIN SEEVER, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

be seen that Mr. Seever has been a constant resident of this city since 1810, and besides ever showing a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of the city, has served it faithfully in various responsible situations. At the municipal election of December last, as is well known to our readers, Mr. Seever was elected for the year 1852 Mayor of Boston, and we most unhesitatingly declare that it would have been difficult for our fellow-citizens to have given their suffrages to a more upright man, or one who has already been more tried and who has proved so faithful. Mr. Seever enters upon his term of office at an interesting period—a time when he will find ample scope for his excellent business tact and manly firmness of character, and by the proper discharge of the onerous duties of his responsible station, he cannot fail to add credit and honor to a life already so largely devoted to the service of his fellow-citizens, and the general good of the community.

1815 IMPROVED.

Louis Blanc says that there will be three empires—the Austrian, the Russian, and the French; but will not that position leave certain little irregularities unpleasant to the eye of the political geographer? Let us suggest a plan for removing them. Louis Napoleon has an army to feed and amuse; wanted, therefore, a war. Let him pick a quarrel with Turkey—about Tunis, Morocco, or the exposition of prizes, it matters not what—and having conquered Turkey, let him hand it over, with Greece of course, to Russia. Austria can then take Sardinia and German Switzerland; leaving the rest for Louis Napoleon; giving the Rhine provinces also to French desires, with Belgium. Prussia can be paid with Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark with Norway and Sweden, Liberal kingdoms. Eventually, Spain and Portugal can be annexed to the French Empire; Holland and the Danish dominions handed over to the new "Emperor" of Prussia.—When Russia has taken India, France can annex Ireland, absorbing England in the process; unless, indeed, Queen Victoria, permitted to join the quintuple alliance for the sake of Palmerston, should be suffered to stand as a new "Empress," and permitted to annex the United States of America. This would make geography much more square and simple, and save men talk about boundaries, which now cause much dispute.—London Leader.



CITY OF CALCUTTA, THE CAPITAL OF BENGAL.

TEMPERAMENT AND SUCCESS.

One of the great aids or hindrances to success in anything, lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours, but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament, namely, a combination of the desponding and resolute, or, as I had better express it, of the apprehensive and the resolute.—Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly, they rely upon nothing and upon nobody.—There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, What shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect? This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution. Then, be not overchoice in looking out for what may exactly suit you; but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that occur.

Fortune does not stoop often to take any up. Favorable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way that you have imagined. Nothing does. Be not discouraged, therefore, by a present detriment in any course which may lead to something good. Time is so precious here.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

CONSOLS.

The origin of this term, so often used in giving the prices of English stocks, is this. In England three per cent. annuities, granted at different terms, were at last consolidated into one stock or fund, and hence the name *consols*. They now constitute a vast fund of not far from \$400,000,000.—and hence their rise or fall is taken as a general index of the state of stocks.—*Merchant's Magazine.*

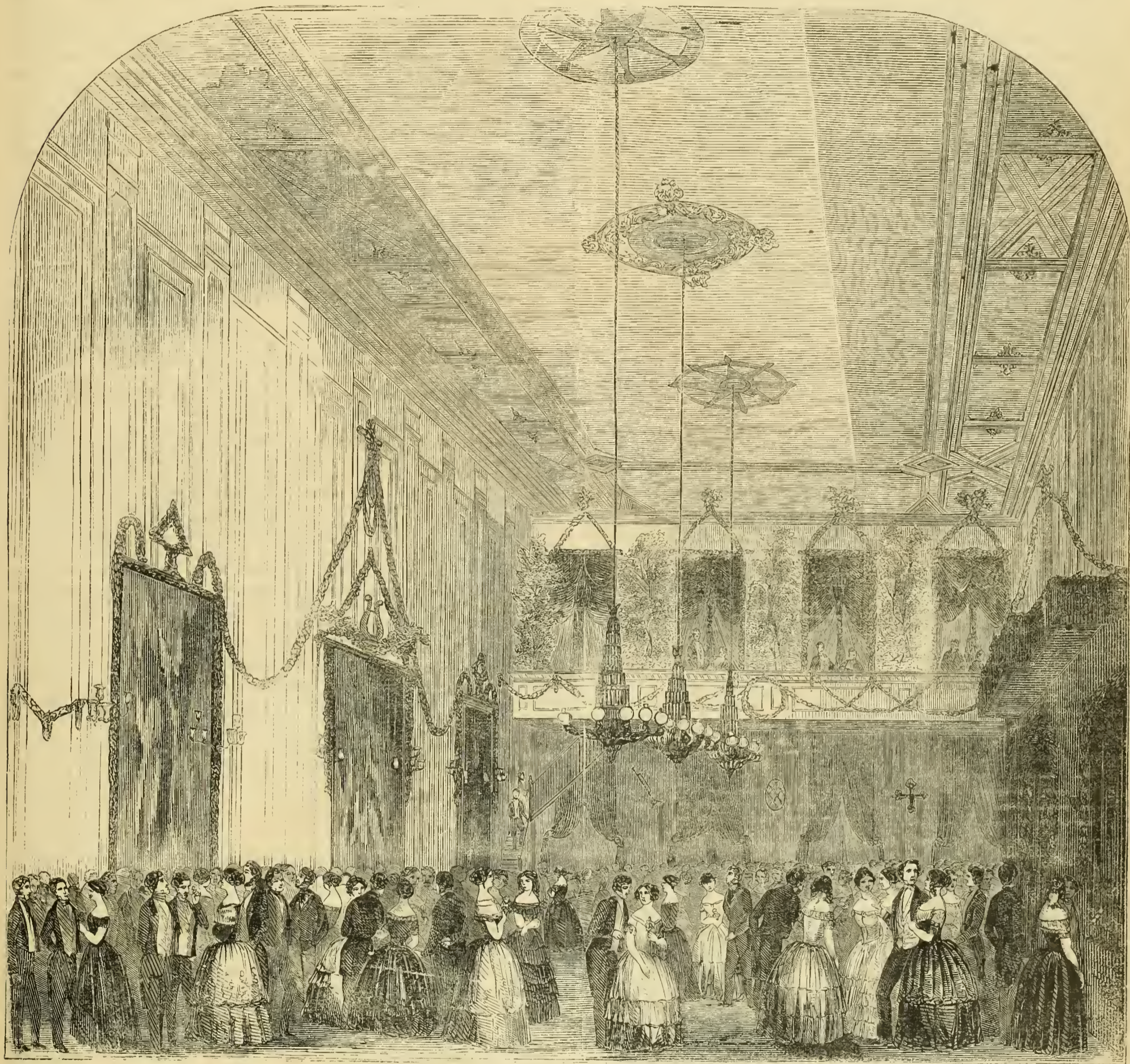
INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

If God be not in the soul by an inspiration which makes him real, as an elevating transcendent principle, that knowledge is metaphysical which asserts and makes probable a mere thought. But if God is in the soul with an inspiring vitality, there is then a central light which beams out over the universe with a radiance and elevation of harmony and hope.

Go then to the toils of manual labor, go to the cares of commerce, go to temptations and duties of any position or pursuit of rank, and you bear within you a sacred conviction, which, in the lowest estate, can enable and lift you up, and while in the loftiest can keep you humble; go then to the depths of modern mind; theorize as you may, you will recognize the divinity of your origin, and the infinity of your destiny. Go

then into every track of science, go into every mode of speculation, and the knowledge of God will be to you at the same time an incitement to goodness.

Go with the astronomer to the heights of heaven; it will be a shelter midst the blaze of suns. Go with the geologist down to the depth of the earth; it will be a lamp midst the caverns of chaos. Enter all the labyrinths of the imagination, revel in the fancies of the poet, see the visions of the painter, conceive the sounds of the musician, live in the life of all these entrancing idealities, and you will learn that to man, to man as a part of the Almighty, as the offspring of God, belongs a wonder of being compared with which all that genius feels, all that genius utters, all that genius can embody or portray, is but a feather, a trumpery and a dream.—*Henry Giles*



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF UNION HALL, LIBERTY TREE BLOCK, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND ESSEX STREETS, BOSTON.

UNION HALL.

Our artist has sketched for us here Union Hall as it appeared on the occasion of the late Abnacks' Assembly, and also the "Tigers" Ball. The Essex of this splendid ball-room, situated at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, Boston, are Messrs. A. J. and R. S. Bailey, and these gentlemen are entitled to great credit for the splendid manner in which they have arranged the hall for public entertainments. The Union Hall is beyond doubt the most elegant affair of the kind in the country, and the enterprising gentlemen who have charge of it possess all the required materials and experience to enable them to do the fairest justice to all in-ter-

ests entrusted to their care and judgment.—The hall is very large and commodious, being capable of accommodating two hundred couples with ease. A large and spacious gallery crosses the hall at each end, easy of access, both by stairs from the hall and from the drawing-rooms. Magnificent chandeliers are so disposed as to throw a flood of light into every part, while easy-inviting sofas and lounges, and large palace-like mirrors challenge the admiration of all. The hall is beautifully painted, and frescoed in the latest style of art. Large and convenient dressing and drawing-rooms, as well as a supper-room, are fitted up with every luxury that could be desired. We are confident that no hall

can be found in this country, that is so admirably fitted and furnished for the accommodation of parties, as UNION HALL. Certain it is, that the large and fashionable assemblies which during the present season have graced it with their presence, conclusively show that its merits are fully appreciated.

Though the hall has been open but a comparatively short time, yet it has already become well known to the elite of the city, and many happy associations already cluster about its brilliant recollections. In short it is just what was wanted in Boston for the fall and winter seasons, and has been abundantly patronized by the best class of our citizens.

VOLTAIRE AND CATHERINE.

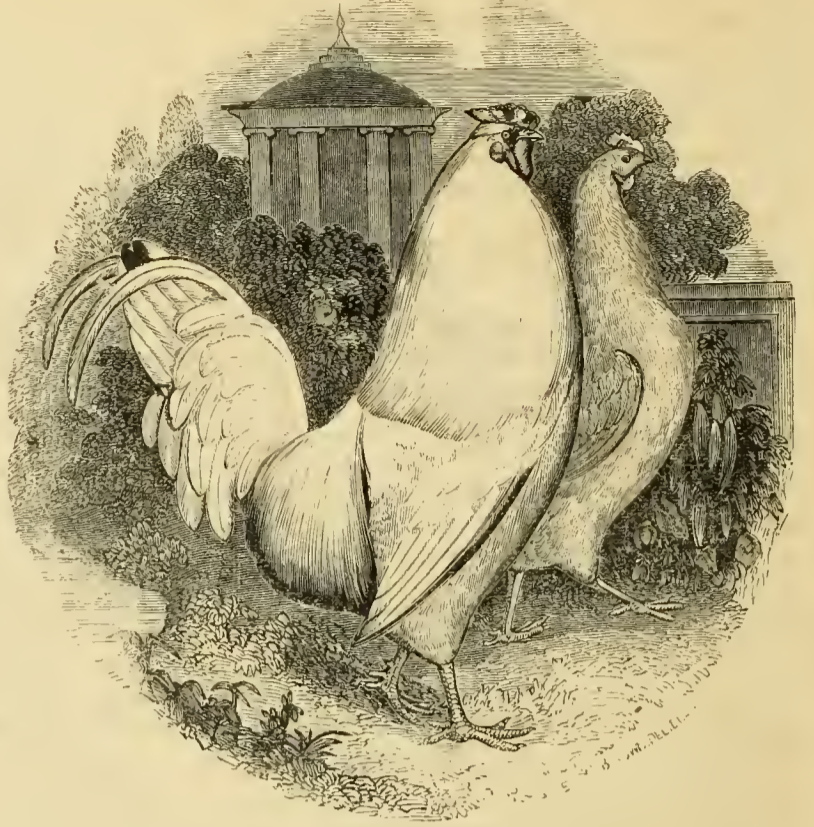
The Empress Catherine of Russia, once sent Voltaire a small ivory box turned by her own hands. The poet, upon receiving it, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually had finished a pair of white silk, when he became comely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a poetic epistle, in which he told her most gallantly that, as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship made by a woman, he thought it his duty, in return, to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work from the hand of a man.—*Scraps from History.*

False hypocrisis is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves a bad party; but when brought to the point, we find the lightness and alloy and feel the loss.



COCHIN CHINA FOWLS.

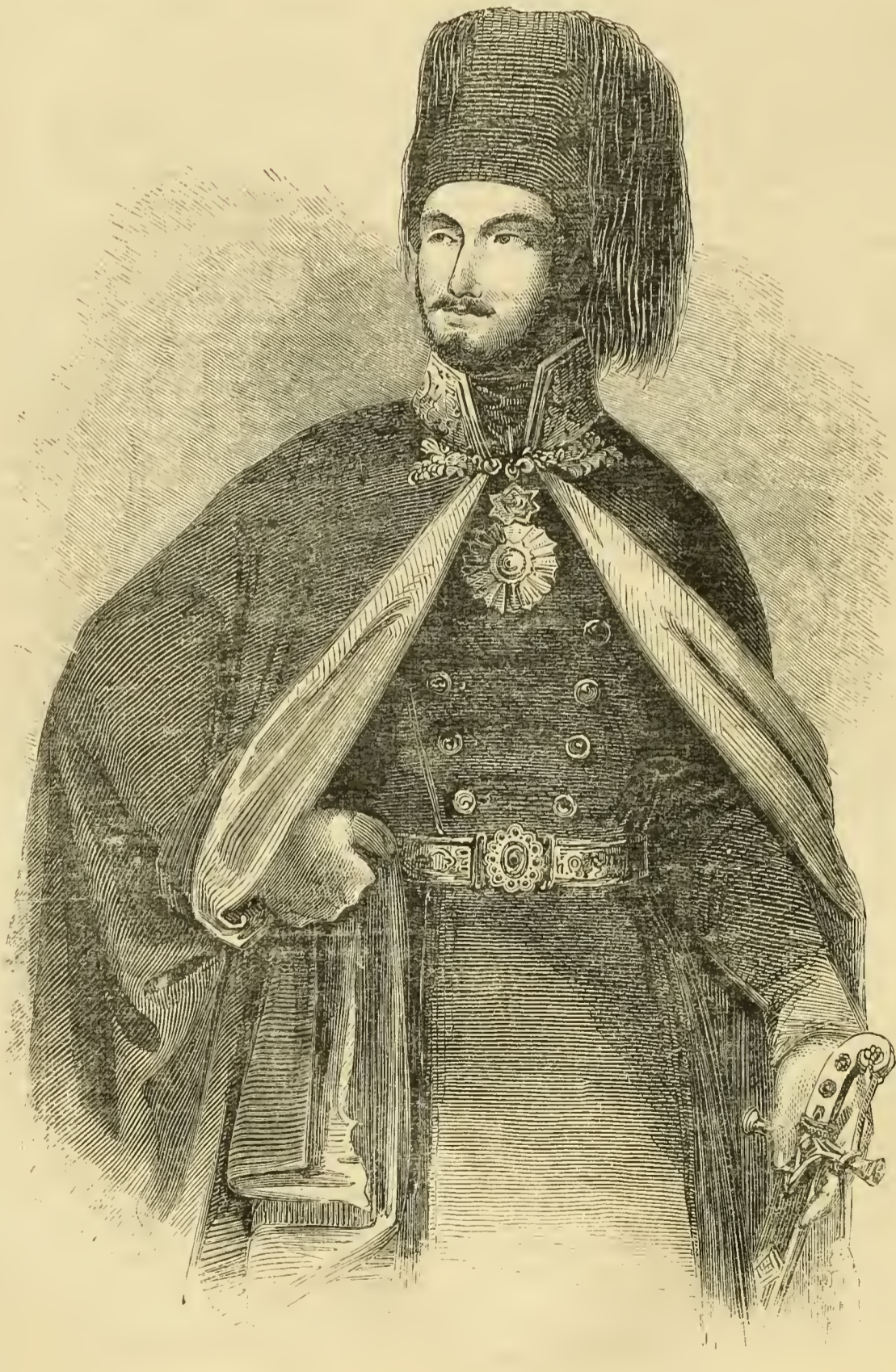
We present herewith a representation of two of the most celebrated breeds of fowls at present reared in this country—the Dorking, and the Cochin China. The Dorkings are of an ivory whiteness, and are great layers; they have large and plump bodies, with a broad, full chest, like the partridge, and in this peculiarity, hold the rank among poultry which the Durhams do among cattle. When produced at the table, there is no other breed equal to them. They are also good layers, producing a good-sized, clear, white egg, and, as sitters and mothers cannot be surpassed by any breed of fowls. The color of the plumage of the Cochin China fowls is very even, comparatively, for parti-colored birds; the legs are generally yellow, though one or two of them are darker than the rest, as are the feathers also. The combs are small, small wattles, and small head; the eye is unusually large and bright. At full maturity, that is, after the second moult, a cock and hen of this breed will weigh over twenty lbs.; this is large enough for all useful purposes. Mr. S. E. Brown, the artist who has sketched the pictures herewith, has given them with great accuracy. The Dorkings are from the imported stock of Dr. Eben Wright; the Cochin China from Mr. Geo. P. Burnham's importation. The form of the Cochin Chinas resembles that of our best bred Shanghaes, and strengthens the opinion that the two varieties sprung from the same original stock. The Cochin Chinas are clean-legged and the Shanghaes are feathered upon the legs. These birds are very prolific as layers, and cannot be excelled by any breed known, in this respect.



DORKINGS.

THE SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID.

Much attention has been of late turned towards the sultan by the reference to him by Kossuth, in regard to his noble and unselfish generosity. Against all the counsel of his advisers, who feared an onslaught from Austria and Russia combined, he stoutly declared that the laws of hospitality were sacred, and he would protect Kossuth against his enemies to the last gasp. As forming a sort of keystone to the arch of European power, Turkey must always possess a great and immediate interest. It is happily interposed, so as to break up the continuous line of Russian aggrandizement, and to give other nations the means of "check" to her ambitious policy. In 1844 a census was taken throughout the empire, and the result showed a population of 35,350,000. It might be supposed from this that there would be a sufficiently sustaining and repellent energy to guarantee the state; but the truth is that, without the assistance of other powers, Turkey would soon become a prey to some one of her ambitious neighbors. There was a time when the late Mehemet Ali of Egypt would have seated himself comfortably at Constantinople but for the interference to which he was subjected. Nor would Mehemet have made a bad sultan. His own government was essentially an arbitrary one; at the same time, it is only fair to state that, although fettered by the system with which he was identified, he introduced many reforms, and endeavored to act in an important and enlightened spirit. He did justice to all, without regard to religious or political differences. When first the overland route to India was established, he gave every facility in his power to this new mode of communication, and under his auspices the route from Alexandria to Suez, which previously could not be traversed without danger, became as safe as the most frequented region in England. Mehemet did much to purify the administration of justice. He established a good police, and did away with tortures and other punishments which had long reigned the sway of his predecessors. He did not stop here; but it is undeniable that he attempted to establish a national system of education, a task which has dismayed some of the enlightened statesmen of England. Nevertheless, it is equally true that his subjects were bowed down by excessive taxation, and he levied a conscription not as odious as that of Napoleon. Perhaps, however, the fault was rather with the system than with himself; for, although it might with resolution, he made vast efforts individually to administer the government in a mild and benignant spirit. The sultan is an absolute monarch; but his power is greatly tempered by the manners of the people, and by those institutions which have grown up through centuries and still have all the force of custom. The following particulars, which we derive from the London Advertiser, will be found extremely interesting: The reigning sultan, Abdul-Medjid, ascended the throne on the 1st of July 1839, and takes the title of Emperor (or Padshah) of the Ottomans. He names his Vizier (an office dating from 750 A. D.), in



PORTRAIT OF ABDUL MEDJID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

whose hands ministerial power is deposited. The Ulema is a sort of council, at once judicial and ecclesiastical, and exercises a power analogous to our Privy Council. The Sheik-ul Islam ranks in the hierarchy with the Vizier, and receives 100,000 piastres (£920) per month. He is the chief of the Ulema, and is sometimes called the Mufti; and he exercises functions similar to a Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury. From the conduct pursued by the Sultan in the case of Kossuth, our readers may be curious to know something of the present Turkish cabinet. It is thus composed: 1. The Vizier, or Salivazam (Prime Minister), is Moustafa Rehid Pacha. He was first named Vizier in 1846, and is a decided promoter of reform, and a friend to liberal progress in Turkey. He has great experience and a wide knowledge of life, having been referendary to the Divan in 1834, afterwards ambassador at London and Paris, and subsequently Minister at Constantinople for Foreign Affairs. 2. The Mufti, or Sheik-ul-Islam, is Arif Hakmet Bey Effendi. 3. Mohammed-Ali Pacha (brother-in-law of the Sultan) is the Serasker, or Secretary at War. 4. Ahmed-Ferih Pacha (also brother-in-law to the Sultan) is Minister of the Ordnance; he was formerly ambassador at Vienna and Paris. 5. Suleimin Pacha is the capitan pacha, or "First Lord of the Admiralty." He was ambassador to Paris in 1846, and in the same year was an envoy on the frontier between Austria. 6. Ali-Pacha is the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He was formerly secretary to the Turkish embassy at Paris. He is a zealous supporter of the cause of progress, and belongs to the school of the Vizier, of whom he is the attached friend and indefatigable ally. Doubtless these two ministers exercised great weight on the Sultan's decision in the case of Kossuth; and their own personal knowledge of the ruling powers at Paris and London must not a little contribute to give the Turkish cabinet its firmness of resolve. There are other ministers of less influence and weight. There is no want, as M. Ubicini shows, of institutions in Turkey. He gives a careful detail of the whole apparatus of authority, and exhibits a large and well-planned administrative system. But the spirit of Turkish life is stagnant and retrograde. The religion of Islam, according to M. Ubicini, is the cause of the backward state of Turkey. Its principles are so fixed as to be incapable of adaptation to the variety that the human mind craves for. The stamp of dullity and stupidity with which the creed of Islam affects to mark its imitations will be the sure cause of its fall.

CAUSE OF HUNGARY

The memory of the glorious day of New Orleans must, of course, recall to your mind the memory of the wrongs against which you so gloriously fought. O, let me entreat you, by the hatred of past ages on the grave where at the close of the past be buried with the mould in graves of those who should, and take this precious opportunity to help the great cause of humanity — Kossuth.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LOOK UP.

-BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

THERE is an old proverb, that "misfortunes never come singly," and it was certainly fully verified in the family of William Blakely. Up to a certain period of his life, the world had gone prosperously with him; but after this, there was a change. Speculations which had promised the most favorable results, failed entirely, and his affairs became involved to an alarming extent. Still there was a chance that firmness and energy would enable him to recover his former position; but a dreadful fire broke out in the part of the city where his business was located, and his own store was among the first which fell a prey to the devouring element. Unfortunately the insurance had expired the day before, and had not yet been renewed. The flames spread so rapidly that the efforts of the firemen to save the valuable property were in vain; almost everything was consumed, and in a few short hours, from comfortable and somewhat affluent circumstances, Mr. Blakely and his large family were reduced to absolute poverty. But the tide did not turn here. The anxiety of mind which he had for some weeks undergone, and the exposure to which he was subjected on the night of the fire, brought on a fever, and for many weeks his wife and daughters hung over him, losing sight of all other afflictions in the one absorbing fear for the life of the husband and father. But they were spared this trial; the fever at length abated, and though the strong man was left weak and helpless as an infant, reason had returned, and the physician had declared that nothing was now necessary for restoration to health but good nursing and freedom from mental anxiety.

CAREFUL and affectionate nursing was not wanting; but it was impossible to prevent mental uneasiness. The very presence of the dear ones around him increased the depression of his spirits, for it was no longer in his power to maintain them in their present position in society. They must share with him the poverty, and perhaps the disgrace, which had come upon him; for William Blakely knew that the investigation into his affairs which his creditors would require, would show that they had been deeply involved even previous to the fire, and that many would heap upon him unmerited reproach—unmerited, for he had in reality taken the course which would have enabled him to be just to all, had not the last dispensation of Providence frustrated his intentions. There remained but one way by which his fair name could be entirely retained, and on this course he at once resolved. The house in which they lived was valuable, and from its situation would command a ready and favorable sale.

IT was hard to part with the home which he had endeavored to render in every respect a desirable one for himself and his family, but there was no alternative; it was the only way in which he could satisfy the claims against him; and as soon as his returning strength would permit, the necessary steps were taken, the house was offered for sale and a purchaser soon found.

WE will pass over the sad farewell to a place endeared by many fond remembrances, for our story is more of after years when these trials were among the things gone by.

IT is sufficient to say that every just claim was satisfied, and the family removed to a distant part of the country, for Mr. Blakely felt anxious to quit the scene of his misfortunes. Here in a small but neat dwelling they found themselves in possession of many comforts; and in their affection for each other, which seemed strengthened by their afflictions, the mother and children soon found contentment and happiness.

BUT the father's heart was still sad. The once cheerful buoyancy of his spirits had given place to a morbid sensitiveness—a want of confidence in himself, and a distrust of his fellow-beings.

HIS whole appearance had changed. There was no longer the bright animated smile and the quick step which marks the energetic and prosperous man. His countenance was downcast and sad; his step lingering and irresolute; in short, no one would have recognized the once busy merchant in the ill-dressed and unhappy looking man, who now busied himself in the cultivation of the few acres which surrounded his little dwelling.

HIS wife sought by every means in her power

to arouse his dormant energies. She represented that the few hundreds which they had saved from the wreck of their property would soon be exhausted. He was yet in the prime of life; his health was fully restored. Why not again go forward, and endeavor to regain, at least, a part of what they had lost? Surely it was a duty which he owed to himself and his children. But her husband shrunk from again mingling with what he deemed a "cold and unfeeling world."

"IT will be all in vain, Mary," he replied. "I shall lose the little which we have left. Your knowledge of men is limited. You can hardly imagine the unfeeling manner in which the unfortunate are treated. The very fact that a man looks as if he were going down hill is sufficient to induce every one to give him a push. You will find many who will help those who seem likely to rise themselves, but very few who will extend a hand to save those who are apparently sinking."

"THIS is partly true," returned his more hopeful wife; "but, I trust, not to the extent which you seem to believe. Place more confidence in your fellow-men, and above all, have more reliance on your heavenly Father, and you will succeed. If you are unwilling to invest the little capital which you have remaining, begin at the bottom of the ladder, seek for a situation as clerk. Our present home is near enough to the city to accommodate you in such an employment, and under my direction the children can continue the cultivation of the land, the produce of which will moderate our expenses. You are certainly well qualified either for salesman or accountant, and will no doubt obtain a good salary."

MR. Blakely sighed deeply. "My health will not permit me to lead the sedentary life of an accountant," he replied; "and as salesman, I fear I should stand little chance of success."

"NOT with that sad countenance, indeed; but strive to recover your former cheerful temperament, and all will go well. You were once an excellent salesman."

"TIMES have changed, Mary. I am not what I once was. For your sake and that of my children, I will make the attempt, but I feel sure that I shall fail."

ADVERTISEMENTS were accordingly put in the papers, stating his capabilities and want of a situation; and these failing to call forth any applications, the once prosperous merchant resolved to go himself and seek for employment.

BUT, although he was willing to do this as an act of duty which he owed to his family, it was without the least confidence of success; and he left home for the city with the same sad countenance, downcast look, and slow measured step.

HIS wife watched him anxiously until he was out of sight, and then turning sorrowfully from the window, said to her eldest daughter, who, with ready sympathy, had drawn to her side and thrown her arm around her.

"IT is all in vain, Grace. Your poor father will never succeed until he can learn to look up, not only naturally but spiritually. That downcast look is a true index of the present state of his spirit. His thoughts are fixed on the dark shadows of earth, and he raises them not to the source of light and strength."

THE mind of Grace was mature beyond her years, which did not yet exceed fourteen. She understood and felt the truth of her mother's words, and her reply was well calculated to console and encourage her.

"WE will pray to our heavenly Father for him, dear mother, and the dark shadows will yet pass away, and the light of heaven will reach his darkened soul. Our misfortunes and his long illness prey heavily upon him, but his wonted cheerfulness will yet return."

"IT trust so, Grace; but in the meantime what shall we do for our support? The small sum which we have remaining ought to be reserved for an hour of need. While we have our health and strength, it should remain untouched. My time is almost wholly occupied with domestic cares, and if it were not, I hardly know what employment I could seek."

"BUT I can do something, mother," returned Grace, with animation. "I am very young, but you and father have kindly given me every advantage of education, and I feel sure that even now I could undertake the charge of a small school, if the parents could only feel confidence in me."

"WE might commence a school together," replied Mrs. Blakely, thoughtfully. "Your ex-

treme youth would be an obstacle to your success, but my name would obviate this objection, and the parents of our pupils would gradually learn to place confidence in your ability as a teacher. For the modern accomplishments I should be obliged to depend wholly upon you; but in some of the more solid branches, I could assist, and the government of the school could at first devolve upon me. But we will await your father's return. He may be more successful than we anticipate."

AS William Blakely approached the crowded city, the busy metropolis of one of our Western States, he felt more and more oppressed by the doubts and fears which he had urged in the conversation with his wife; and it must be confessed that there were rational grounds for his fears.

HE who appears to be ascending the hill of fortune, finds many to aid him in reaching the summit; but the unfortunate who, having toiled to a certain height, are now evidently descending, find few to arrest their progress. Too many seem ready to accelerate their downward course.

THE first place at which he called was the office of a commission merchant, who had advertised for a "middle aged man, well acquainted with business, &c., &c." qualifications which Mr. Blakely felt an undoubted assurance that he possessed. On stating his business, a young clerk requested him to be seated, his employer would be in directly, at the same time surveying the applicant with a supercilious and somewhat contemptuous air, which plainly expressed the opinion which he had formed of his claims to their consideration.

HALF an hour passed, and the employer entered. Mr. Blakely's name and application was laid before him by the clerk. He stood for a moment quietly observing him, and without waiting to hear the qualifications which he was about to urge, said quietly:

"YOU will not answer my purpose, sir."

THE applicant turned away without remonstrance, and left the store.

"JUST as I expected," he said, to himself. "I have every qualification which his advertisement stated as requisite, but he will not give me even time to state them. My appearance does not suit him, and that is enough."

THE next trial was at a large wholesale dry goods establishment which had advertised for a competent person in their line; but no better success attended him. The refusal was equally decisive with the other; and as he turned to leave the store, he heard the employer remark to the head clerk:

"IMAKE it a rule never to employ a person who looks as if he were unfortunate. Everything about that man shows that he is going down hill."

"AND, therefore, you will give him a push," mentally added Mr. Blakely, and half resolved not to try again, he walked quickly through the busy streets without any definite object.

BUT the thought of those dependent upon him again urged another trial; and with desperate determination, he resolved to make application at every store in the street through which he was passing.

BUT still he was unsuccessful; and with every failure, he became more and more depressed, until his anxious countenance could not fail to excite the observation of those around him.

AS he turned from the last shop, he was accosted by a benevolent-looking old gentleman in the garb of a Quaker, who exclaimed in a friendly tone of inquiry:

"LOOKING for a situation, my friend?"

"YES, sir," was the reply. "Can you aid me in my search?"

"NOT directly. But I can give thee a little advice, which, if rightly acted upon, will finally help thee to obtain what thee desires."

"WELL, sir, I shall be grateful for your advice."

"IT is this.—*Look up!*"

AT these words, Blakely raised his eyes from the ground, supposing it to be a command to look at his adviser; but, to his surprise, the old gentleman had already turned, and was walking rapidly away in an opposite direction.

"SOME insane person," he muttered. "I am in no humor for his folly;" and sorrowfully he turned toward his own home, quite convinced of the uselessness of further search.

HIS wife, not much surprised at his failure, still endeavored to cheer him, and proposed the plan suggested by Grace. With some difficulty they obtained his sanction, to what he considered as almost an absurd undertaking.

CIRCULARS were immediately printed and distributed; and Grace and her mother called upon many families in their immediate neighborhood, and made known their intentions. Their lady-like and pleasing appearance excited much interest, and they found little difficulty in securing a sufficient number of pupils to encourage them in a beginning. The school rapidly increased, and before the end of the first term, they had more applicants than they could admit. Many families in the city, attracted by the airy, pleasant situation, and the interest manifested by both teachers and pupils in the school, were anxious that Mrs. Blakely should receive their daughters as boarders, the distance being too great to permit their daily attendance. This occasioned an extension of their plan. A larger and more convenient house was taken, and arrangements made for the accommodation of boarders, and also for the reception of a larger number of day scholars.

MR. Blakely viewed with wonder the success of his wife and daughter. Why was it that he alone should be rejected because he was unfortunate? Surely his family were involved in his misfortunes, and yet their exertions had prospered, and kind friends were around them, eager and willing to assist them.

IN what did the difference consist? The words of the Quaker often came to his mind, and though he had at first regarded them as mere expressions of insanity, he now began to suspect that they in reality contained the advice which the eccentric old gentleman had said, if rightly followed, would ensure him success.

"LOOK UP!" Surely man formed in the image of his Maker, should not, like the beast that perisheth, cast his eyes upon the earth. Even when bowed down by misfortune, he should strive to look upward to the light which may yet illumine his path.

THESe thoughts had crowded forcibly upon his mind, and they were confirmed by a conversation with Grace, who, released from the confinement of the school, bounded joyously into the garden, where her father was busied with some vines and throwing her arms around his neck, told him that he must smile on her cheerfully as he used to do, for she had good news to tell him.

"YOU deserve to be smiled upon, indeed, my sweet child," he replied, gazing fondly upon her animated countenance; "but what good news have you for me?"

"ONE of the young ladies who attend our school asked me to-day if my father was in want of a situation as clerk, and when I replied in the affirmative, she said that her uncle requested him to call at his office to-morrow morning. Here is the number, 183 Water street," she continued, handing her father a slip of paper containing the street and number.

"THere may be something yet in store for me, Grace."

"INDEED there may, dear father. Only think how well our school is succeeding. The income from that alone would afford us a comfortable support. Our heavenly Father is always near to help us in the hour of need."

"HE is, my daughter, and blessed are those who look to Him for help."

THE heart of the strong man was bowed, and his voice trembled with emotion. Tears of ready sympathy stood in the eyes of Grace as she whispered:

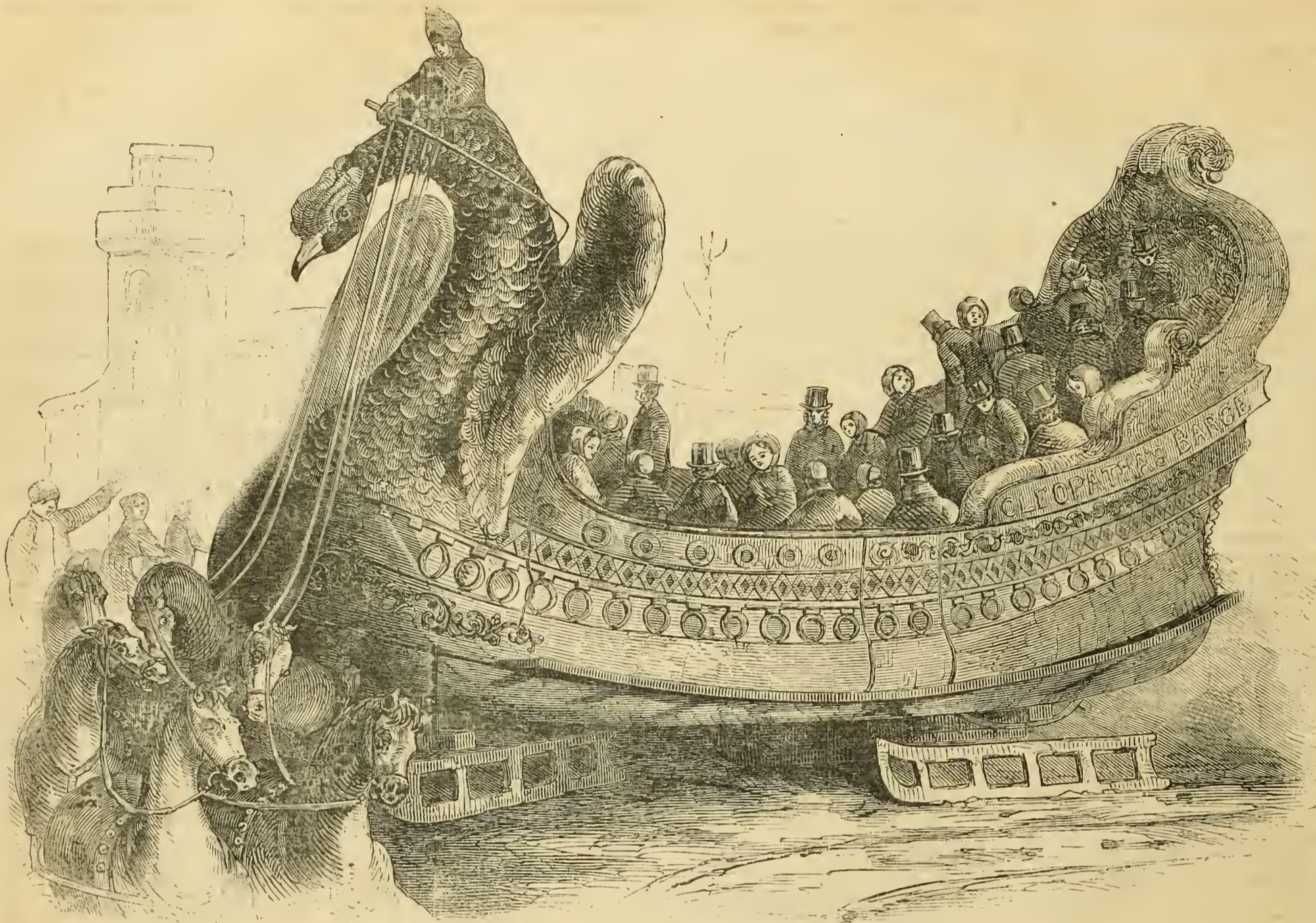
"YOUR heart will no longer be sad, dear father. You will smile upon us once more."

"PRAY for me, my child. The dark shadow has long been upon me; but, with the help of God, I will no longer be cast down. Even if this new opening proves delusive, I will not be discouraged, I will look up."

WITH a cheerful countenance, and a step which fell musically upon the ear of his wife, bringing to her remembrance the days gone by, he descended to breakfast the following morning, and at an early hour, was on his way to the city.

AS he entered the office, answering to the number upon the paper given him by Grace, he was met by the same benevolent old Quaker who had proffered his advice on a former occasion.

"WELL, my friend," he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I am glad to see that thou hast followed my advice and learned to look up. I have a situation now at my command where thee can obtain a good salary, and without working harder than is fitting for a man at thy time of life. The best remedy for a man who is going down hill is, to look up. When earthly hopes fail, there is still hope in heaven."



WARD'S CELEBRATED CLEOPATRA BARGE, WITH A SLEIGHING PARTY.

THE VIVANDIERE AT PARIS.

This is a characteristic sketch of a bivouac of the National Guard in the streets of Paris, with a fair *Vivandiere*, or sutler, that is, a female who follows the troops, and provides them with refreshments. The *Vivandiere* and the young officer are foremost in the picture; but there are other characters—as the puffy *garde*, already feeling the heat of service; another more at ease, with his *tubatiere*; and a “diner-out,” seated on his drum, and, as far as can be seen, enjoying his meal. The cavalry officer, the guns, and the spectators in the balcony are good accessories, and the whole is a scene of a-tual life.

CURIOSITIES OF WATER.

Nor is the hail-stone less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with twice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts, instead of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass. Of a plaster of Paris statue, weighing five pounds, more than one good pound is solidated water. Even the precious opal is but a mass of flint and water, combined in proportion of nine grains of the earthy ingredient to one of fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot deep, weighing about one thousand two hundred tons, at least four hundred tons of this apparently solid mass are of water; and, even the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons are water solidified in earth. Water, indeed, exists around us to an extent, and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyes of the dry salter one hundred pounds each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains, in exchange for his money, no less than forty five pounds in water in the first lot, sixty-four pounds in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to seventy-three and a half pounds in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe contains, in ordinary weather, about five grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and this rarified water no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or opal in which it is observed. Such are the chemical combinations, and so harmonious are the laws, by which the varied elements of matter are held in connection with each other, without one principle ever infringing upon another.—*Quarterly Review*.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE.

This magnificent barge sleigh is probably one of the finest and largest constructions of the kind in the world, and when drawn by eight spirited horses, with jingling bells, and well filled with a merry freight, it presents a most stirring and lively picture. It is owned by Mr. C. Ward, and was built in 1845, under the superintendence of Messrs. Niles & Ward, and has ever been in requisition since that period when there has been sufficient snow upon the ground to enable it to be used to advantage. The late long spell of

good sleighing has been improved by this splendid barge, and it has been daily seen gliding through our streets, full of gay parties of ladies and gentlemen bound to the neighboring towns, for a supper, or perhaps a dance, and (dare we name it?) a sip of mulled wine! During no winter within our recollection has there been so long a continuous period of good sleighing as we have had the past winter. Allusion will be found to this subject on the editorial page of the present number. It affords a golden harvest to stable men and horse owners.

LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA.

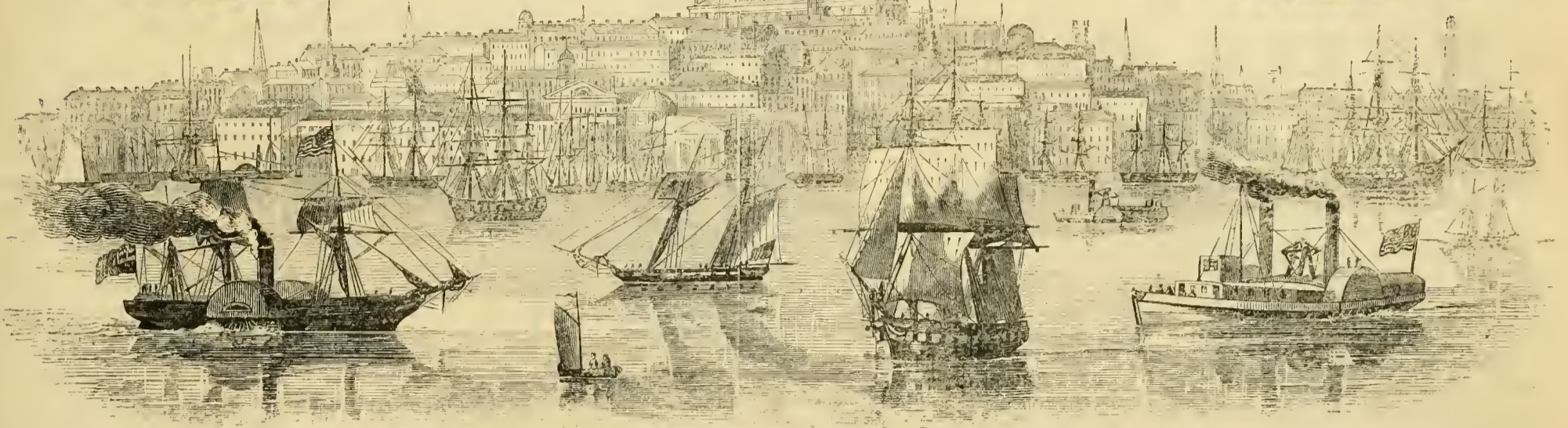
St. Cecilia, among Christians, is esteemed the patroness of music, for the reason whereof we must refer to her history, as delivered by the notaries of the Roman Church, and from them transcribed into the Golden Legends, and other similar books. The story says, that she was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 225. That, notwithstanding her having been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Roman, Valerianus, a Pagan, who, on his wedding night, was given to understand by his spouse, that she was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus, somewhat troubled at these words, desired he might see his rival, the angel; but his spouse told him, that was impossible, unless he would be baptized, and become a Christian, to which he consented; when, returning to his wife, he found her in her closet at prayers, and by her side, in the shape of a beautiful young man, the angel, clothed with brightness. After some conversation with the angel, Valerianus told him that he had a brother, Tiburtus, whom he greatly wished to see a partaker of the grace which he himself had received; the angel told him that his desire was granted, and that shortly they should both be crowned with martyrdom. Upon this the angel vanished; but soon afterwards proved himself as good as his word. Tiburtus was converted; and both he and his brother Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life, upon condition that she would sacrifice to the deities of the Romans, but she refused; upon which she was thrown into a kettle of boiling water, and sealed to death; though others say she was stifled in a dry-bath, i. e., an enclosure from whence the air was excluded, having a slow fire underneath it. The tradition concerning this distinguished lady adds, that it was on account of her great excellence in music that she was visited by the angel; that he was drawn down from his celestial abode by the sweetness of her melody; and that the transcendency of her vocal and instrumental powers caused her to be styled the *Patroness of Music and Musicians*.

Many are discontented with the name of idler, who are nevertheless content to do worse than nothing.—*Zimmerman*



THE VIVANDIERE, AT PARIS

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



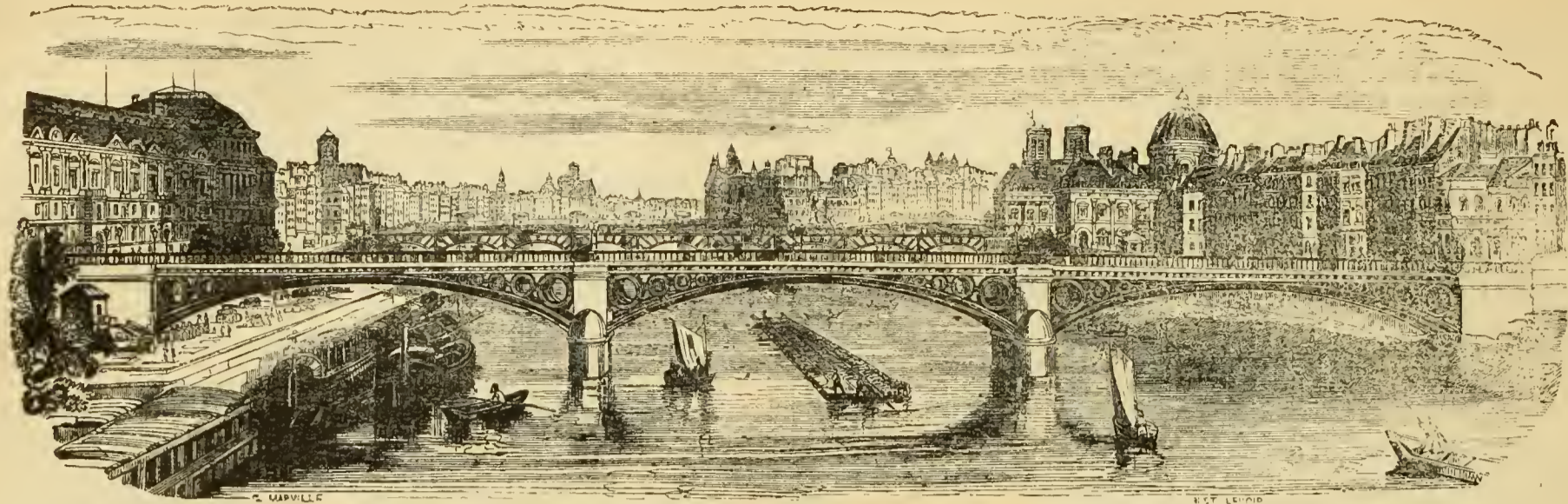
F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

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VIEW FROM OUR NEW OFFICE DURING A LATE SNOW STORM



VIEW OF PARIS, FROM THE BRIDGE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

The view of Paris which we present above is one of great accuracy and beauty, and gives a general idea of the aspect of this capital of revolutions, emperors, presidents, and mock republicanism. All eyes have lately been turned towards France, by reason of the bold stroke of political policy adopted by Louis Napoleon, who really seems successful in one of the most daring *coup d'etat* which has ever been practised on a large scale. Paris is said to be France, and it is indeed so, to all intents and purposes. Below we present a fine view of the Place de la Concorde, and a sort of birds-eye view of the city, giving some idea of the great extent of the French capital, and particularly of this far-famed and beautiful square. In this connection we can hardly resist the temptation to enlarge a little upon the present exceedingly interesting state of political affairs in France. Napoleon the Little has thus far succeeded in his object, and has been inaugurated into the position that he has doubtless resolved shall be the stepping stone to the imperial robe, and the coveted title of emperor.

PREACHERS.

If a sermon be good enough for anything, it ought to apply the Word of God to the conditions and vicissitudes of life; it ought to connect and pervade life, and to introduce and vivify eternity in time. If, indeed, the preacher, as a real "soul-cure," were to live all the week with and among his congregation, he would find the occasion and the means for this sort of preaching. In such a case, his experience of the week would suggest to him every Sunday some special and individual point to enlarge upon and inculcate, according to the capacities and wants of his hearers. But where does the clergyman thus live and preach? Nowhere; and it is for that very reason that all the sermons I ever heard or read deal in generalities; it is a mere accident if any one of the hearers can retain and apply any particular point. But whenever a sermon shows some feature of life or experience; whenever a true clergyman and "soul-curer" gets up and tells what he has seen or heard at the bed of death, or in the cottage of the poor, or, perhaps, in the care-filled house of the rich man—O, how silent is the church at such times! How still and attentive are the parishioners, who just before showed nought but indifference and weariness! It often happens that the preacher is not aware how he made the impression, and why, and that he obliterates it by reflections which he, poor man, must needs tack to the liv-

ing facts he has given us. I would often have given anything to shut the clergyman's mouth at the right time. And I will confess, I have thought it would be a great blessing for the Church, if all preaching could be prohibited for the next ten years. Since there must be some teaching, I would have the clergymen read good old sermons and homilies of the fathers and reformers, and good and short explanations of the Scriptures—but not a word of their own should they say.—*Babylon and Jerusalem.*

HORSES FEEDING ONE ANOTHER.

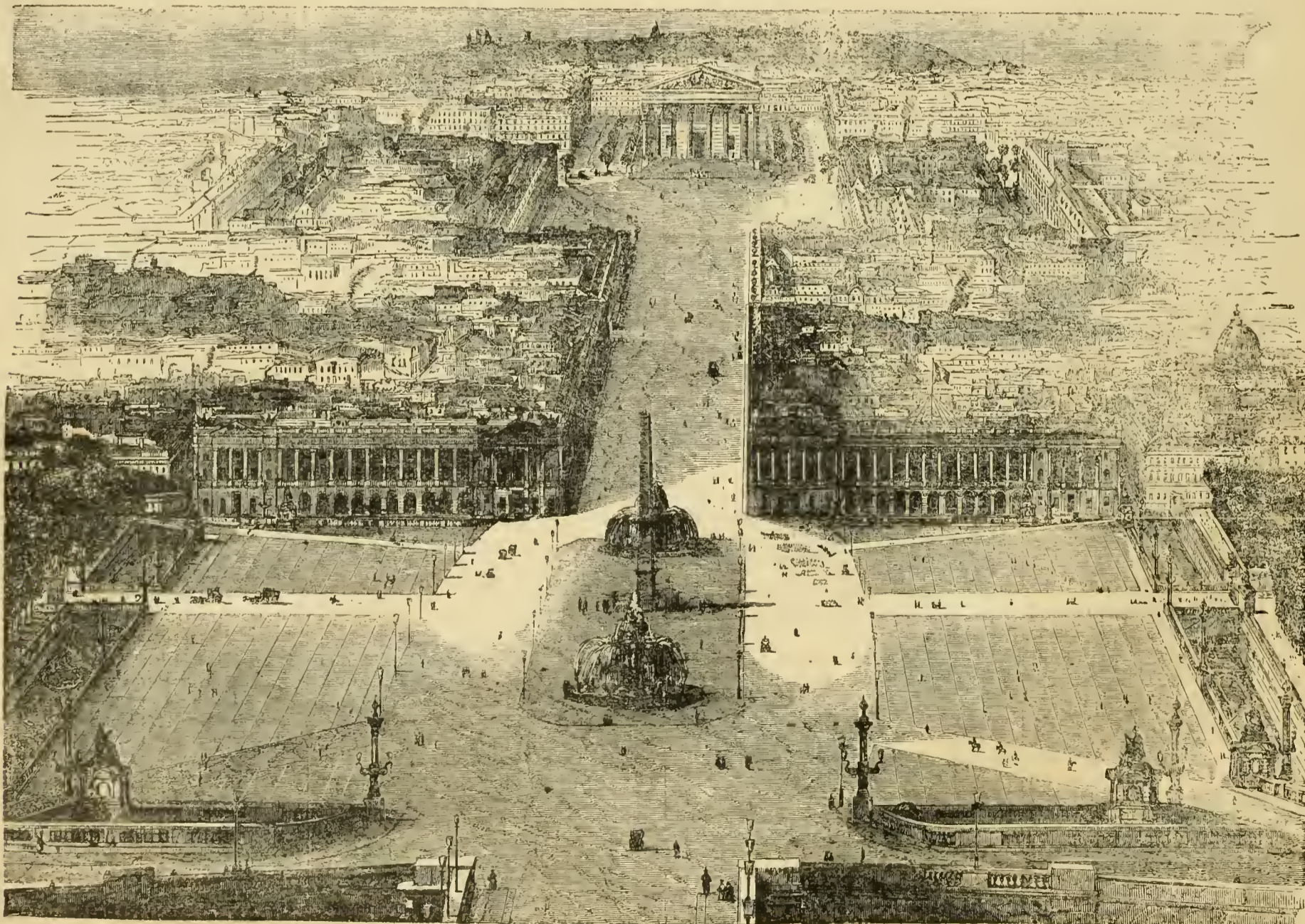
M. de Bonssanelle, captain of cavalry, in the regiment of Beauvilliers, relates, in his *Military Observations*, printed at Paris, 1760, "That, in the year 1757, an old horse of his company, that was very fine and full of mettle, had his teeth all on a sudden so worn down that he could not chew his hay and corn; and that he was fed for two months, and would still have been so, had he been kept, by two horses on each side of him, that ate in the same manger; that these two horses drew hay from the rack, which they chewed, and afterwards threw before the old horse; that they did the same with the oats, which they ground very small, and also put before him: this," adds he, "was observed and witnessed by a whole company of cavalry, officers and men."—*Military Sketches*

GRAND ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

Before quitting the subject of manuscripts, let me earnestly recommend to all who handle the pen, whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions and memorials to the powers that be, to study caligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles have been returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE MAGICAL PENNY.

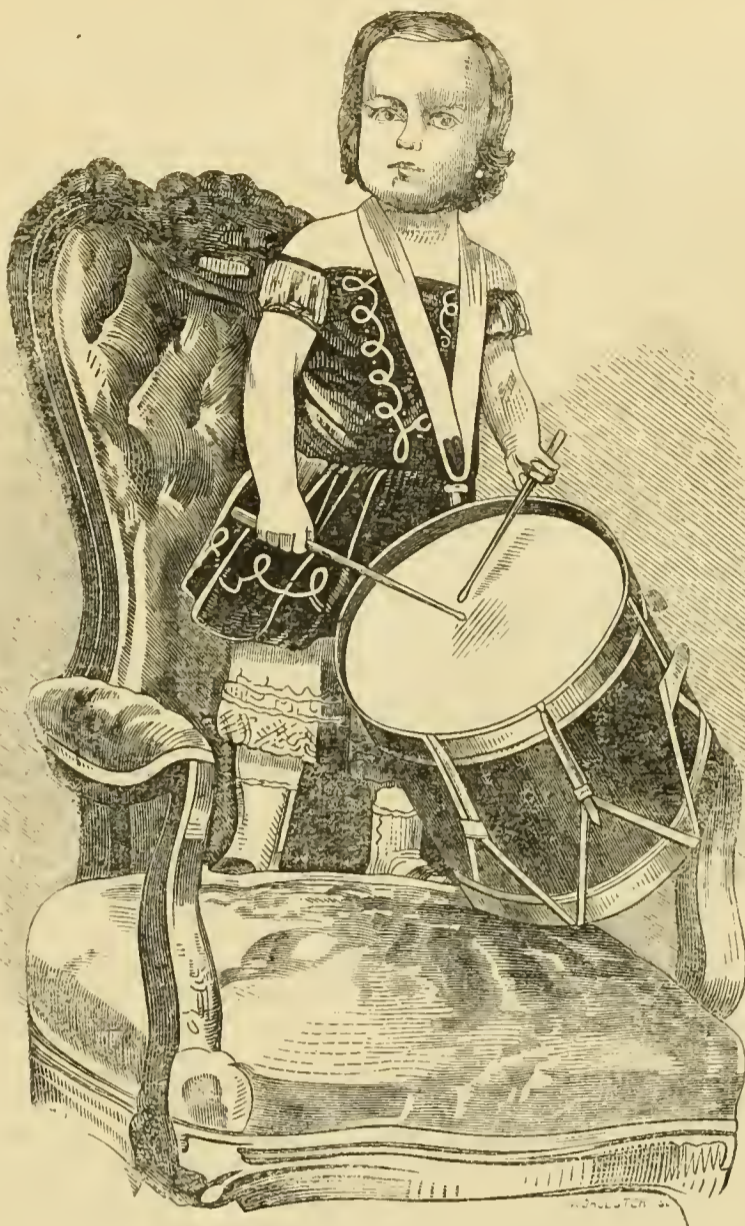
Few who know the true value of money, the following fact will teach them: "It is well known to what prodigious sums money improved for some time at *compound interest*, will increase; a single penny so improved from our Saviour's birth has to double itself every fourteen years, or, which is nearly the same, put out to five per cent. *compound interest* at our Saviour's birth, would by this time (he wrote this in the year 1773) have increased to more money than would be contained in one hundred and fifty millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold!"—*Dr. Price.*



A VIEW OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

This extraordinary prodigy, a little less than four years of age, has been creating especial surprise and pleasure among the musical world of New York, and more especially with instrumental performers. His name is William H. Marsh, and he was born in the city of New York, February 25th, 1848. From his earliest infancy, this little phenomenon displayed a remarkable appreciation of time, and as soon as he was able to use his little hands, their first impulses seemed to be an effort to produce regular musical sounds, by drumming, in perfect time, any air that struck his ear. Observing the bent of his mind, his father was induced to purchase him a twenty-five cent drum, when he was a year old, which he at once commenced using, without any instruction. Just before he was two years old, while recovering from the measles, and before he could sit up, he would cry for his drum, and sit in his cradle and play upon it, although so weak he could scarcely hold the sticks. At the age of two, having worn out the first one, his father purchased a new drum, costing fifty cents, which he was permitted to play upon in the front yard, to the great amusement of the crowds who collected in the streets to listen. During the last summer he was taken to a military parade, and instead of being attracted by the nodding plumes and gay uniforms of the soldiers, his eye and ear caught and followed the life and drum, which was the first he had ever seen, and he seemed crazy to try his hand on a large drum, with something better than whistling to drum by. Although he could hardly wield the large sticks, yet he surprised all the musicians, and became the lion of the hour. Not long since his father was solicited by a member of the corps to which he is attached, to have him presented. He listened to the drummers a moment, measured tap, then rattled away, following the music with such animation and precision as to astonish all present. The corps voted him a whole uniform like their own, in which he has appeared at their annual ball. The little drummer has recently given several concerts, in his native city, with great success, and attracted crowded audiences, as well as in this city. His performances at the Tremont Temple elicited the highest encomiums of praise from the press, and were attended by large and delighted audiences, especially the juvenile portion of our community. His touch is strong and manly, and most singularly belies the tiny arms with which he handles the drum-sticks, while his appearance is that of one who feels what he is doing. In short, little Marsh is a natural drummer.



WILLIAM H. MARSH, THE INFANT DRUMMER.

PALACE AT LUCKNOW.

Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom of Oude, and residence of the sovereign, is a wealthy and populous city. The palace shown below is a substantial stone building, strongly fortified. Many of the temples and public edifices are very picturesque, and with the numerous domes and minarets, present a striking appearance to the eye. Here all the gorgeous splendor of eastern magnificence is seen; the picturesque

dress of the high caste natives, the soldiers, attendants on the king, with numerous elephants gaily caparisoned, met with everywhere about the town and its environs, press the beholder with astonishment and admiration. The kingdom of Oude, situated on the northern frontier of the East India Company's territory, has always enjoyed British protection and friendship. A resident envoy is located there with a small retinue, and the British have always found a firm

ally in the sovereign. Indeed, were it otherwise, Lucknow would be the greatest sufferer, surrounded as Oude is, by a host of warlike rajahs, who would eagerly seize any opportunities for inroads and aggression, but whom the standing army of India keep in effectual check. On the northern boundary is the kingdom of Nepal, separated from Oude by a range of lofty hills, which form a strong barrier and keep out the otherwise troublesome Nepaulese—a fierce race, and who have, on several occasions, given much trouble. It is a singular fact, that the Nepaulese should have been engaged in warfare with the Mantchen Tartars and Chinese; still more so, that they should have been always signally defeated by the latter, generally considered so puerile a race of warriors.

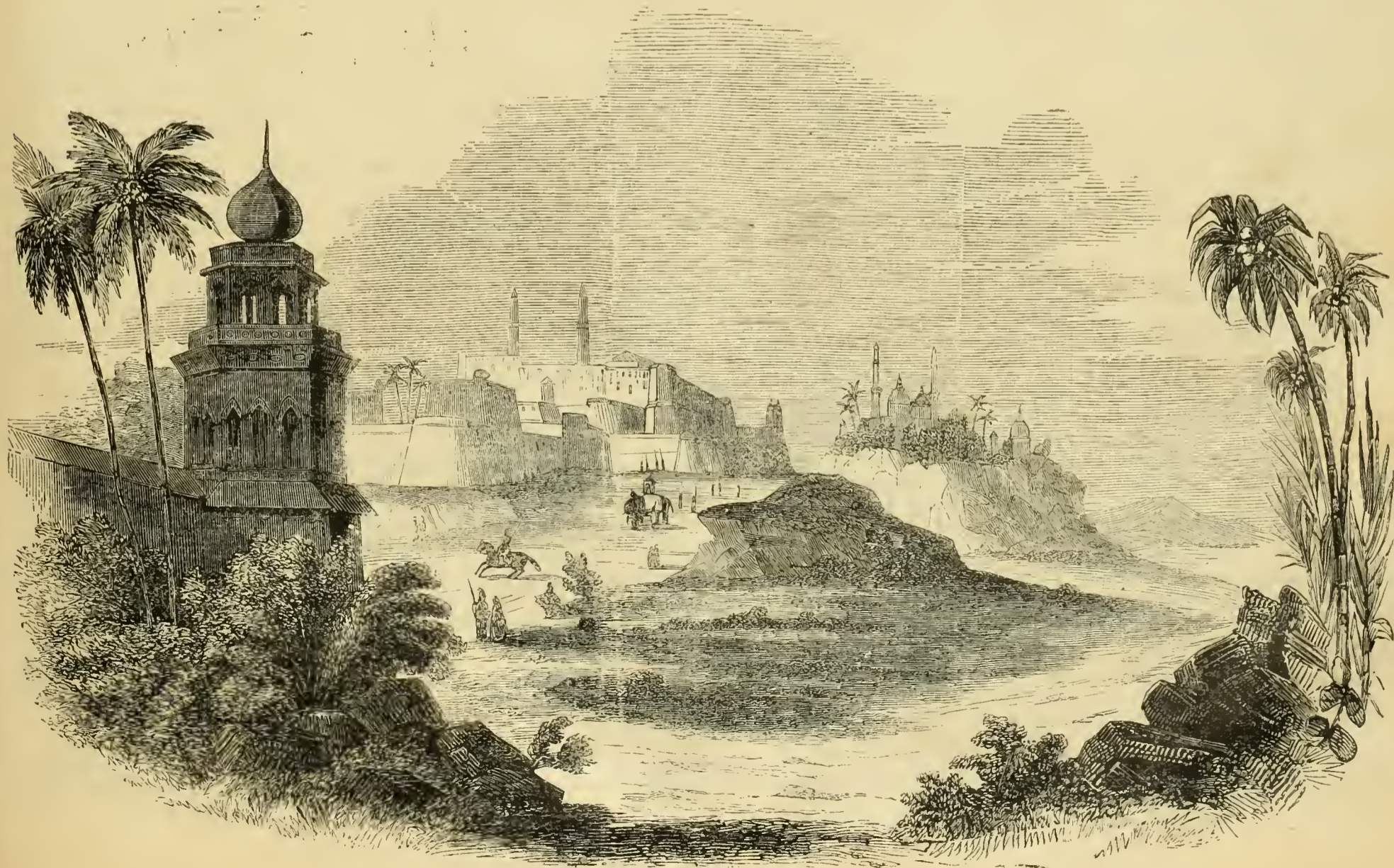
KOSSUTH AND THE BIBLE.

A large Bible was presented to the great Hungarian patriot, in London, recently. Upon receiving it, Kossuth said:

I take it for no merit in my life, that I am a religious man—not for any merit of mine, but because it is a necessity to every honest and thinking man, and because it is the most rich and fruitful source of those sentiments and those feelings which lead to happiness in this world and bliss in the world to come. I shall value it, because I take religion to be the most rich source of that consolation which I have so often wanted in my life. Being a religious man, and because religious, as well an enemy to superstition, intolerance and fanaticism, as on the other hand the friend of freedom, I readily confess that it is from this great book that I have learned the principle of loving my neighbor as myself, and strength and courage to act in the great cause which has always been the guide of my life. Judge from this how I prize this gift to me, presented on the part of some ladies, and of which a copy was also presented by an honorable working man at Winchester. This, sir, will remain as the choicest gift I have ever received.

THE ENGLISH JEWS.

Among the many traditions current amongst the Jewish people at home and abroad respecting their ante-expulsion brethren, is one to the following effect: that the spot in the river Thames, where many of the poor exiles were drowned by the perfidy of a master mariner, is under the influence of a ceaseless rage, and however calm and serene the river is elsewhere, that place is furiously boisterous. It is, moreover, affirmed, that this relentless agitation is situated under the London bridge. There are even, at the present day, some old fashioned Hebrew families who implicitly credit the outrageous rage of the Thames. A small boat is now and then discovered by a Hebrew observer, filled with old and young credulous Jews, steering towards the supposed spot, in order to see and hear the noisy sympathy of the mighty waters.—*Margoliouth's History of the Jews.*



COL. N. A. THOMPSON.

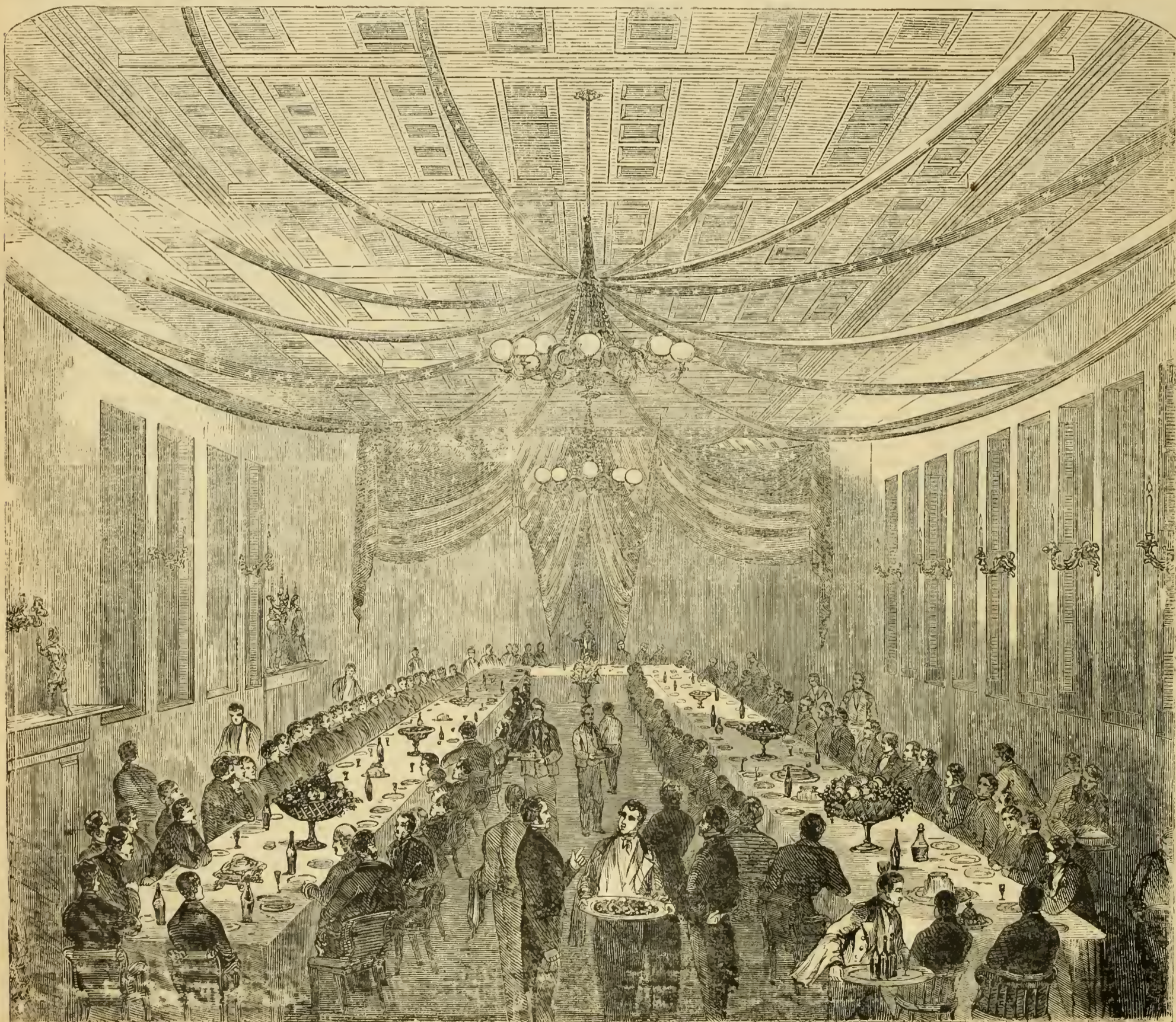
The occasion which has lately brought the subject of this sketch prominently before the public, is that of his resignation of the command of that excellent corps of citizen soldiery, the Boston City Guards, after having served a long series of years as their captain. Col. Thompson is too well known to our citizens to require an elaborate article from our pen; but our readers will permit us to say, that he is a true gentleman, an accomplished soldier, and a firm friend; more could hardly be said. At present Col. Thompson is a member of the State Legislature. In a military capacity we first hear of him above the post of a private soldier, as corporal of the Boston Independent Cadets, under Lieut. Col. Grenville T. Winthrop, in 1831; next as sergeant of the same corps, in 1834; next as ensign of the Boston City Guards, commissioned May 1st, 1835, in which capacity we believe he served until the memorable affair on Boston Common, Sept. 12, 1837, when nearly the entire battalion was disbanded in consequence of being charged with insubordination. He was next commissioned as adjutant of the Boston Battalion of Light Infantry, with rank of lieutenant, May 8, 1838; commissioned as aid-de-camp to Brig. General Grenville T. Winthrop, with rank of captain, Aug. 1, 1838; commissioned as brigade inspector of the 3d brigade, with rank of major, July 26, 1839; commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of 1st regiment Light Infantry, Aug. 27, 1840, which office he resigned Sept. 20, 1841; commissioned as brigade major and inspector of 1st brigade, with rank of major, Sept. 17, 1841, and resigned Feb. 18, 1843; commissioned as captain of the City Greys, March 10, 1843; and has held that post without intermission until



COL. NEWELL A. THOMPSON

Sept. 16, 1851. During this last commission the corps has undergone a change of name, resuming their original name of City Guards, which they were not permitted to take when they were re-chartered after the occurrence above named, in 1837. But notwithstanding this, and many other changes which have taken place during the nine years of Captain Thompson's last commission, the same spirit and energy has animated his command, that has been the proud characteristic of his worthy predecessors ever since the first organization of the corps.

The picture delineated below presents a view of the banquet scene which was given in honor of Col. Thompson, and which was one of the most *recherche* affairs of the season, and was worthy of the popular individual to whom it was given. Among the characters of note may be mentioned His Excellency, Gov. Boutwell, Adj. Gen. Stone, Henry Gardner, Esq., President of the Common Council, Francis Tukcy, Esq., City Marshal, Gen. John S. Tyler, H. W. Kinsman, Esq., and Major John C. Park, past commander of the Guard, Col. J. L. Dimmock, Geo. R. Sampson, Esq., Maj. J. A. Abbott, Lieut. J. Hedden, of the New York City Guards, and others. The banquet hall presented a magnificent appearance. At the head was displayed in tasteful order, American flags, from the folds of which were suspended the regimental colors. Mr. Parker, the experienced and gentlemanly host of the Tremont House, did himself much credit by the manner in which he got up the entertainment at this favorite house. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Boston Brigade Band, and was rich and melodious. We are indebted to Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row, for our likeness of Col. Thompson.



BANQUET TO COL. N. A. THOMPSON, AT THE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.



THE MAMMOTH SLEIGH, MAYFLOWER.

MAMMOTH SLEIGH MAYFLOWER.

We last week presented our readers with a picture of Cleopatra's Barge, one of the large Boston sleighs, and we herewith present that of another, the well known and favorite Mayflower. During the long "spell" of excellent

sleighting which we have had for more than four weeks past, this fine sleigh has been in constant demand, and many a cheerful party has enjoyed a sleigh ride in the environs, in its capacious seats. Southerners, who happen to be here just now, are delighted with our large Boston sleighs.

SCENE FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

A play, dramatized from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, has been playing lately at the Boston Museum. It is of rather a melo-dramatic character, and, owing to the poor stock company of the Museum, was but indifferently represented.

Our artist has presented us herewith a prominent scene in the play where the Vicar (Mr. Curtis) is seen introducing his daughter Viola (Mrs. Wulf Fries) to Squire Thornhill (Mr. Keach). Those who have seen the play will recognize the fidelity of the picture.



SCENE FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SHOP GIRL:

—OR—

Weak and Noble Pride Contrasted.

BY MRS. S. M. HUMPHREY.

"INDEED, mother, I am not proud," said Edith Ellis, and the large dark eyes of the fair young girl rested half reproachfully and half tenderly upon the grave face of Mrs. Ellis, who, in reply to something her daughter had indignantly related of despicable pride in a companion, had urged her to examine her own heart. "I know," continued Edith, "that my heart is filled with wrong, but pride is so mean, so contemptible, that I am sure I despise it too much to give it a place there. Even had I countless possessions, suppose you that I could despise one whom I knew to be both pure and intelligent, because of some unfortunate outward circumstances? No, trust me, mother, such an one I would love and defend."

"I trust you would, my child," replied Mrs. Ellis, as she imprinted a maternal kiss upon the brow of Edith; "but remember the deceitfulness of the heart. Under existing circumstances, you cannot be put to the test you have named, but there are many ways in which pride shows itself, and the poor as well as the rich are too often actuated by it. Happy indeed are you, if exempt from its influence. The poverty which seems to be your portion, is robbed of its darkest pang, for the bitter rankling of wounded pride can never disturb your peaceful spirit."

Edith was silent. Her mother had spoken with deep feeling, and she saw that she had only taken a superficial view of the subject. She resolved to watch her own heart.

Mrs. Ellis had a motive in what she had said, of which Edith knew nothing. The husband and father was absent on an uncertain expedition, and the tone of his last letters had been far from encouraging, while his remittances had been gradually diminishing in amount, till now they were so limited that she felt the necessity of immediately adopting a different style of living. Her health was too delicate to admit of exertion on her part, and Edith was her only hope. Hitherto, although they had not been extravagant, they had lived prettily, or to use a common term, genteelly. Their hired rooms were neatly and tastefully furnished, and located in a fashionable part of the city. Edith, it is true, had assisted in their light household duties, as they had not kept a servant. Mrs. Ellis had much of the gentlewoman about her, and Edith had constantly attended the best schools in the city. Added to this, Edith was beautiful, very beautiful, and there was a sweetness in her manner, and a graceful dignity in her bearing, which bespoke the true lady. For these reasons she had been admitted to the first circles, and had scarce realized the poverty of which Mrs. Ellis had spoken.

Now Edith must labor—labor for a maintenance, and Mrs. Ellis knew far better than her child the state of fashionable society, and how slight a thing would rob her of the consideration to which she had always been accustomed. That deep humiliation was in store for her beloved, she did not doubt, and she censured herself that she had not the more strongly endeavored to fortify her mind against coming evils. To her surprise, Edith received the intelligence of her father's want of success with composure, and the shade of deep thought was visible in her intelligent face. At length she raised her eyes, and slowly, like one waking from a dream, said: "Well, mother, I must leave school at once, and not only that, I must work. Are you not feeble and am I not strong? Why, then, am I depending on you and my dear unfortunate father? What employment shall I choose? I should prefer teaching. I will apply at once. I suppose Rosalie will dislike it, but she shall learn that Edith Ellis is not proud."

As she uttered the last words, the arch smile she bestowed on her mother, chased away the faint blush which thoughts of Rosalie had called to her cheek.

Rosalie Grey was Edith's own cousin, and very dear were the cousins to each other. Their resemblance of each other was so great, that they were not unfrequently mistakenaken for twin sisters. But the disposition of their hearts differed widely.

Rosalie was an orphan and an heiress. Her home with her guardian was with one of the

wealthiest and most aristocratic families in the city. As is generally the case with such, she was flattered, courted and petted; indeed, she was the reigning belle of the city. As a natural consequence, she was high-minded. Edith knew this, and though she regretted the failing, she loved her none the less: and though Rosalie was select, *very select*, in her ideas, the beautiful Edith Ellis, to the surprise of many, had found favor in her sight, and they were almost inseparable companions.

With deep impatience Edith waited the offer of a situation; but months rolled on and none presented, and sorrowfully she wavered in her mind the necessity of seeking some less favored vocation.

One of the fashionable dealers in fancy goods had advertised for a female assistant; but she could not think of offering her services. Still she was sure that pride did not actuate her, only a delicacy which shrank from publicity. She also reasoned, that in such a position, there would be little opportunity for self-culture. A letter from her father changed her views materially. The words of added misfortune were evidently dictated by a faltering heart and penned by a trembling hand. There was no remittance; there were many regrets, and a hope faintly expressed that fortune yet might favor him. Bitter tears were forced to Edith's eyes as she read, but as she saw the pale, anxious face of her mother, she dashed them hastily away, and with a faint smile left the apartment. She hastily threw on her hat and shawl, without pausing, as was her custom, to adjust them before the mirror, and with a quick, nervous tread, was in the street.

It was a lovely evening, and the mild blue of twilight had not yet chased from the horizon the rich sunset hues of gold and purple; but Edith's lids drooped beneath the pressure of sad thoughts, and her face was so pale, and subdued that in the twilight it might have been mistaken for chiselled marble.

So thought Rosalie Grey, as she encountered her cousin, and in an earnest tone begged to know if she was not ill, and whither she was going in such haste.

Edith blushed and hesitated, and Rosalie quickly replied: "I will not press you, Edith," while the tones of her voice betrayed grief at her cousin's lack of confidence, "nor will I detain you. Good night." And with a stately step she walked away.

"Have you not marked a change in Edith?" said she to Fanny Stephens, her companion.

"A decided change," replied Fanny. "You know she has left school; completed her education, I presume. It is quite natural that she should be a trifle more dignified. Does not Miss Ellis think music essential as an accomplishment?"

"Cousin Edith sings sweetly," replied Rosalie, somewhat vexed at the tone in which Fanny had spoken.

"Yes, but very much as the mountain maid sings to her fleecy charge. She is deficient in style. It is a pity some kind friend would not advise her of the necessity of cultivating such fine talents. A piano is certainly requisite, it seems so vulgar for one to sing without an accompaniment."

Rosalie bit her lip with vexation, and secretly wished that Edith could only play, if but ordinarily. She said no more, for she dared not own her aunt's inability to obtain a piano, lest Miss Stephens, who was her oracle in such matters, should pronounce her dear cousin unfit to move in fashionable circles.

On the following morning, ere the sun had drank the dew from the roses beneath her window, Edith was gazing out with a look that seemed to say, "O, I am strong, very strong." But one well acquainted, had not failed to see the unnatural exertion this conscious strength cost her.

Immediately after breakfast, in her street dress, she came courtesying to her mother, saying with mock gayety:

"Mr. Maynard's shop girl, to your ladyship, a shop girl with three hundred for the first year, provided my services are satisfactory. Who dares to say that Edith Ellis is proud now?" and with a laugh that sounded strangely hollow to that partial mother, Edith was gone. Mrs. Ellis hid her face in her hands and wept.

Ah! little dream the rich of the struggles of the poor, else would they cease to lament bleeding hearts, by visiting upon proud-worthy exertions the contempt which can only be merited by

deeds of darkness. None but the poor know of the heroic fortitude requisite to sustain them in their positions. Tell not of heroes on tented fields or mid the clashing of swords and the blaze of artillery. The trump of fame shall blazon their deeds and hand down their names to future generations; but go thou to you lowly cottage, study the fortunes of one finely organized and cast destitute upon the world. Witness the devotion to loved ones, the almost superhuman exertions, the self-sacrifice, and tell me, if in a state of society where poverty is visited as crime, the strength of an Alexander is not requisite to sustain such an one.

But to return to Edith. The first day in her new situation was one of trials. She could not feel satisfied with the manners and conversation of Miss Kate Irving, a young lady who had had several months' experience in the business, and upon whom the duty of instructing Edith devolved. She had scarce laid off her hat and shawl ere Miss Irving familiarly said: "Miss Ellis, you may consider yourself the most fortunate person in the world. Mr. Maynard has had fifty applicants, and you may thank your silken curls and bright eyes for the preference."

Edith checked the feeling of contempt which rose in her heart, and endeavored instead, to feel pity for Miss Irving, who was evidently a person of but little cultivation. Notwithstanding her efforts, many times through that long day, prompted by Kate's injudicious remarks, she secretly asked herself if indeed she could submit to have such an one for a constant companion.

"Perhaps it is pride," she reasoned, "that makes me feel thus miserable. Yes, mother was right. I am proud."

With Mr. Maynard she was far better pleased. He was respectful and gentlemanly. Though civil to Miss Irving, he constantly met her playful attempts at familiarity with dignified silence; and Edith was gratified to find that her employer was not as devoid of delicacy as her companion. Edith had often called at the store with Rosalie, but in vain Hartley Maynard endeavored to recall where he had previously seen that lovely face. He was, however, relieved of his perplexity, when Rosalie Grey and Fanny Stephens called to examine embroideries. It was surely with Rosalie that he had seen his humble shop girl, and from their striking resemblance he had supposed them sisters!

But Edith! poor Edith! At first sight of Rosalie an impulsive smile gladdened her cheek. Rosalie looked bewildered, but suddenly comprehending the truth, she recoiled a step, and turning with a haughty air, made known her errand to Mr. Maynard. Not a smile, not a word for Edith! But the little gloved hand trembled as she examined the patterns, and Mr. Maynard was convinced that, despite her cold exterior, she was not unmindful of her former friend.

Edith grasped the nearest object as a support for her trembling form, and though she sought to conceal her emotions by arranging some laces which chanced to be near her, Hartley Maynard saw the burning tears which coursed in rapid succession over her cheeks. He was not cold hearted, and this incident awakened a deep interest for Edith. Closer acquaintance strengthened this interest, and he found her so intelligent, so refined, that he loved her society.

Months rolled on, and Edith and Rosalie met only as strangers, and indeed, there was not one among Edith's former friends to take her kindly by the hand and encourage her endeavors to tread patiently the dark path which fortune had marked out for her. But all these troubles failed in crushing her self-reliant spirit. She had inward resources, and her naturally strong mind had been earnestly cultivated. Therefore her brow was unclouded, her step light, yet firm, her heart calm and hopeful. The consciousness of duty well performed gave a graceful dignity to her manners, even while she was quietly doing the bidding of those haughty ones with whom she had studied and grown.

Though she saw her home deserted by the fashionable, plenty and peace were there, and she had escaped all the heart-consuming anxieties of seeking to sustain a false position. Her smile was the constant sunshine of her mother's heart. Her loveliness of spirit appeared in all her conversation, and radiated her features, and strangers who passed to view her faultless beauty, were enchanted by the fascination of her conversation. To the oft-repeated saying that she was a splendid woman, Mr. Maynard's heart

gave ready assent, and he endeavored, as far as was in his power, to relieve the awkwardness of her position, and prevent the feeling of dependence. We will not here pause to analyze his motives. His kindness made a deep impression on the heart of Edith, and his companionship and delicate attentions were far from being unpleasant.

Among the early school-friends of Edith and Rosalie, was one Edward Thurston. He had ever been an especial favorite with both, and in the days of his boyhood he had dearly loved the beautiful cousins. He had rambled with them the woods and the seashore, in search of botanical and geological specimens, and many a fond word, forgotten perchance by him, had been treasured in their hearts. Often had they talked enthusiastically to each other, of his personal and mental superiority, and lived over in retrospection the happy past. Ambition had early tempted him from home, and though his wildest dreams of fame and fortune had been realized, amid all his wanderings and conflicts, he had not forgotten the intensity of his sorrow at parting with Rosalie and Edith. He had travelled in foreign lands, and ladies of rank and fortune had sought to win him by their blandishments, but the woven images of his youthful friends had rendered his heart invulnerable. Both had supposed Rosalie the favorite, and Edith had never been surprised or grieved at this, as she deemed her, in many points, her superior. She was quite happy in the degree of attention bestowed upon herself. Had Edward been called to name the object of his preference, he would have found it extremely difficult.

His return was hailed with delight by Rosalie, and he deemed her even more beautiful and fascinating than her childhood had given promise. Of Edith, he could only learn that she had disappointed the expectations of her friends early renounced her studies, and chosen a position in which she could not be tolerated by her former associates. If he ventured to allude to her, some significant look, or scornful word, led him to suppose her guilty of some gross misdemeanor. Each feeling of regret that stole to his heart was quickly banished by the winning smiles of Rosalie, and in the charm of her society and the constant round of grand entertainments given in honor of his return, she was soon almost forgotten. Mr. Maynard, who was a gentleman of some consideration, even in the first circles, and of late had been frequently admitted to their gatherings, communicated to Edith the intelligence of his return, and the sensation he was creating in the fashionable world. What most gratified her, was the description he gave of his apparent nobleness of character, and she never doubted that he would renew acquaintance with her, humble though she was. The lapse of a few weeks served to banish the illusion, and she sought to bear with her usual firmness, the pang occasioned by such cruel neglect.

Each word and act of Hartley Maynard daily carried conviction that she was beloved, but though deeply interested in him, she would not give her heart unasked. Little did she dream of the struggle going on in his mind in relation to her. He looked with an uneasy eye upon the fashionable ones with whom he mingled, for no one to his partial sight appeared half as beautiful or graceful as Edith Ellis. But alas! her position! Did not Rosalie Grey and Fanny Stephens scorn her? and should he not lose the enviable footing he had scarce gained? A shop girl! nothing but a shop girl! How must his reputation and his fast increasing business suffer! Nay, he must not be seen in public with her, though she was vastly his superior, that is, personally and intellectually. But what of that? She was a shop girl! Jealousy had no part in Edith's nature, and she would have remained ignorant of the true state of his feelings, but for her shopmate, Miss Irving, who, envious of Edith, was well pleased to occasion disaffection between her employer and companion. She had chanced to overhear Mr. Maynard apologizing for having been seen gallanting Miss Ellis. To the gentleman who had banteringly alluded to it, his reply was, "O, no, no, nothing of that kind. I can assure you. She is a splendid woman, but then you know her position, the state of society, &c. She is nothing to me, no, no indeed."

"But I don't believe him, Edith, for all that," added Miss Irving, as she concluded her narration.

Edith's heart rumbled violently, but, unable to restrain her emotions, and quite too proud to



THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKET, CORNELIUS GRINNELL.

AMERICAN SHIP CORNELIUS GRINNELL.

This fine vessel is owned by Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York, and is, by all odds, the strongest ship of her size ever built in that vicinity. She is 172 feet on the keel, 180 feet on deck, has 38 feet extreme breadth of beam, and 23 1-2 feet depth of hold, and will register about 1100 tons. She has 12 inches dead rise at half floor; a foot swell or rounding of sides, and about 26 inches sheer. Her keel is sided 16 inches, moulded 30 inches forward, and 26 inches aft; the floor timbers in the throats are 12 inches by 17 inches, and she has three keelsons, each 15 inches square, or, combined, 15 inches by 45 inches, making her back-bone about 7 1-2 feet through, from the top of the keelson to the base of the keel, of course including the mould-

ing of the floor timbers. In fine, all her works are constructed on a scale of great strength and proportionate beauty. Her bulwarks are 5 1-2 feet high, surmounted by a monkey rail; and she has a full poop, 80 feet long, and a topgallant forecastle, which almost forms a complete hurricane deck amidships. Her mainmast is 84 feet long, main yard 74 feet square, and the other spars in proportion. She is built of oak; her scantling is mostly of yellow pine; is seasoned with salt, caulked in the hold, and well ventilated. On her arrival lately in the London Docks, she excited much curiosity amongst the people interested in ship-building. This splendid craft is but one among many of the triumphs of modern naval architecture, which have rendered the American merchant marine so noted-

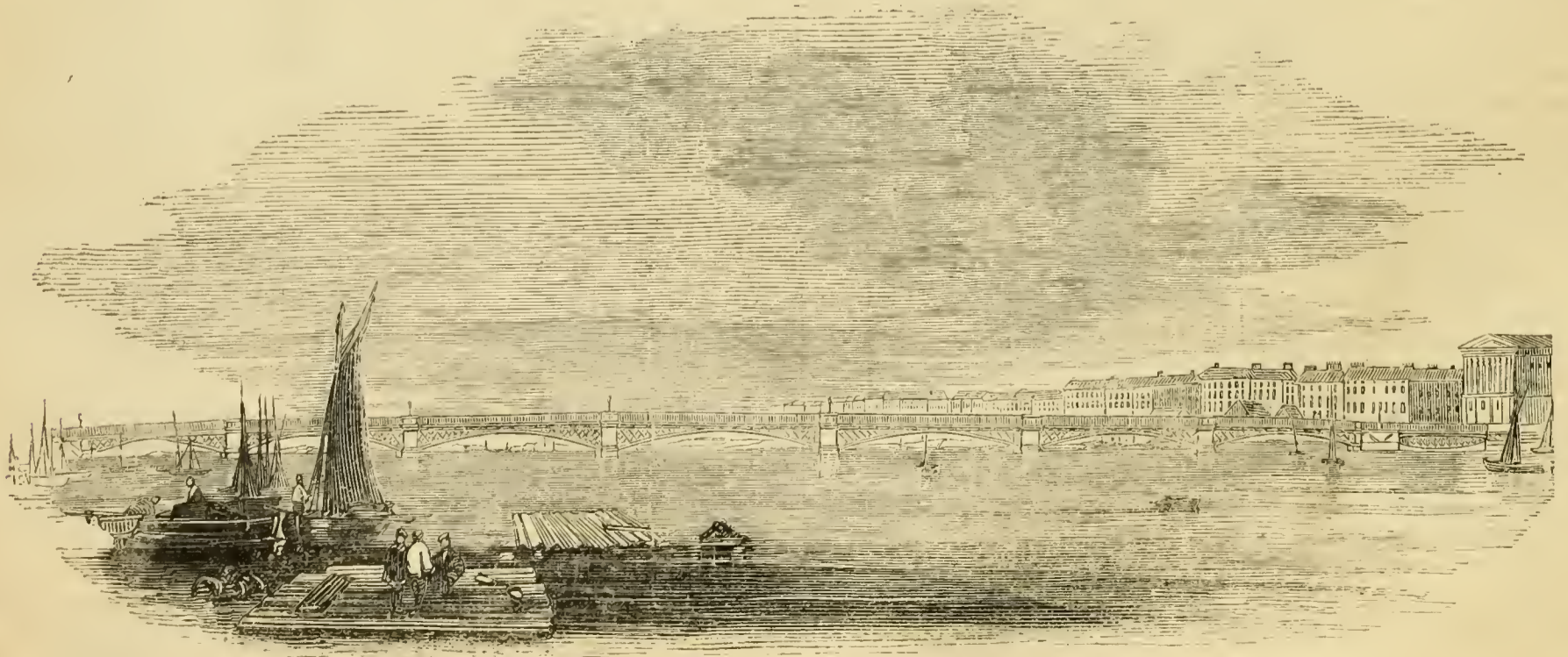
BRIDGE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The Neva, at St. Petersburg, was formerly crossed by three bridges of boats, which were removed whenever danger was apprehended from the ice, both at the beginning of winter and the spring. Attempts had been made to supersede one of those aboriginal contrivances by the erection of a fixed bridge; but the work was beset with so many engineering difficulties, that the project has only of late promised realization. Peronnet, a French engineer, submitted a design for such a bridge to the Empress Catherine. Sir I. Brunel projected a tunnel under the Neva. In 1842, the Emperor of Russia approved of the project of a fixed bridge across the Neva, with cast-iron arches and granite piles; the works were commenced in 1843, and by the winter of

1845, all the piles were driven. The new bridge is situated not far from the spot where the old canal of Krukow empties itself into the Neva. It is a truly magnificent work; for such is the elevation of the middle arch, that large vessels may pass under it in full sail. Its entire length is nearly 1100 feet.

A SIMILE.

There is a sort of natural instinct of human dignity in the heart of man, which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the heavy blows of a great adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight—even so the character of man. There is no merit in it—it is a law of psychology. The petty pang of small daily cares have often bent the character of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.—Kossuth.



NEW BRIDGE AT ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.



GOING TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

We present herewith two characteristic Spanish scenes—the one above entitled “Going to a Bull-Fight;” that below, “A Spanish Bull-Fight.” The first tells its own story; the latter requires some description. The scene below presents a picture of the Bull-Fight, the famous national sport of Spain and of the Spanish colonies.

The Spaniards are passionately fond of this cruel and dangerous sport, and provided they can have “bread and bulls” (*pan y toros*), the populace is satisfied. The figures represented are a mounted *picador*, gallantly charging the bull, while the *matador* (slayer), whose office it is to despatch the bull with a straight sword that he plunges into the junction of the

neck and spine, is diverting the attention of the infuriated animal by waving a cloak before his eyes. Sometimes, when the bull is sluggish and passive, *banderilleros* are employed, men who fling into the bull's hide little darts called *banderillas* which are provided with fireworks that burn down into the skin and flesh and rouse him to fury. The *chulos* are men who fight on

foot, with cloaks to call away the bull in critical moments from the horsemen. Life and limb are perilled in this combat, and not unfrequently horses and riders are left dead on the arena. But the united dexterity and daring of the bull-fighters generally carry them off triumphant. The Spanish ladies are enthusiastic lovers of this sport.



A REPRESENTATION OF A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TRIST STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

\$2.00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 7.—VOL. 2.
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ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.



OUR VALENTINE TO THE READERS OF THE PICTORIAL.



REPRESENTATION OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING DESIGNED FOR THE GREAT FAIR TO BE HELD IN NEW YORK.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

We present above a plan of the building about to be erected in New York for the purpose of holding a World's Fair *a la* the late great exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London. The design is by Sir Joseph Paxton, the same who drew the plan for the English Exhibition. The locality is not yet definitely settled upon, but it will be in one of the up-town squares of the city.

Its length is to be 600 feet, its width 150 feet, its height 100 feet. The materials employed will be glass and iron, but the roof will be slate and, as it is intended to be a more lasting structure than its celebrated prototype, it will be erected on a foundation of arches. The building will be more picturesque than the original one, turrets in the Romanesque style occupying the corners, and embellished with pediments.

BURNING OF THE AMAZON.

We give herewith a view of the splendid English steamship Amazon, as she lately appeared at sea when destroyed by fire, on her passage from Southampton to the West Indies. She belonged to the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, in the West India service, and was the largest timber built steam vessel ever constructed in England. She was 3000 tons bur-

then, and of 800 horse power. By this fearful catastrophe over one hundred lives were lost, and \$1,000,000 worth of property destroyed. The West India Mail Company have been the most unfortunate of all the great steam-packet associations, in the loss of their steamships. Since the establishment of the company, in 1841, no less than eight of their fleet of steamers have been destroyed by casualties on the sea.



BURNING OF THE GREAT STEAMSHIP AMAZON, ON HER PASSAGE TO THE WEST INDIES.



REPRESENTATION OF AN AVALANCHE OF SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF PARK STREET CHURCH.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE

Amelia, the lovely young Queen of Greece, whose likeness we give herewith, is the eldest daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Oldenburg, by his first wife. She was born on the 21st of December, 1818, and is consequently in her 34th year. She was married to King Otho, on the 22nd of November, 1836, and as yet has no children. Her majesty is universally beloved by her subjects, possessing all those feminine virtues and accomplishments which are the brightest jewels of a crowned head. The accompanying portrait represents her majesty attired in the beautiful Greek costume which she wears on state occasions.

A LITERARY MAGDALEN.

Daily, about noon, the loungers under the "Linden" at Berlin are startled by the extraordinary appearance of a tall, lanky woman, whose thin limbs are wrapped up in a long black robe or coarse cloth. An old crumpled bonnet covers her head, which, continually moving, turns restlessly in all directions. Her hollow cheeks are flushed with a morbid coppery glow; one of her eyes is immoveable, for it is of glass, but her other eye shines with a feverish brilliancy, and a strange and almost awful smile hovers constantly about her thin lips. This woman moves with an unsteady quick step, and whenever her black mantilla is flung back by the violence of her movements, a small rope of hair, with a crucifix at the end, is plainly seen to bind her waist. This black ungainly woman is the *quondam* authoress, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, who has turned a Catholic, and is now preparing for a pilgrimage to Rome, to atone, by penances, for her literary peccadilloes, which have given her such notoriety.—*Weser Zeitung*.



PORTRAIT OF AMELIA, QUEEN OF GREECE

AVALANCHE OF SNOW.

Any person who knows aught of city life, is aware of the constant snow avalanches that are falling from the house-tops after every thaw in winter. A few days since, one of these "January thaws" occurred, and people were forced as they walked the streets, to "keep their thoughts on things above," to avoid being crushed by the snow-slides that came tumbling from the roofs of the houses on all sides. Numerous were the bonnets and hats that were crushed, and some persons even did not escape so easily as this, being themselves knocked down and pretty severely bruised. Our artist has sketched, above, the scene as it appeared nearly opposite our office, when one of these tremendous snow-slides came rushing off Park Street Meeting-House. The street was as usual, at the hour of the day when it occurred, quite alive with pedestrians and vehicles, and the scene was a lively one indeed. Perhaps those who were hit did not see quite as much fun in the affair as the safe lookers-on.

HOW TO SPOIL A GIRL.

Tell her she is a little lady, and must not run, and make her a sun-bonnet, a yard deep, to keep her from tanning. Do not let her play with her boy cousins, "they are so rude." Tell her not to speak loud, it is so masculine; and that loud laughing is quite ungentle. Teach her music, but never mind her spelling. Give her ear-rings at six years of age. Teach her to set her cap for the beaux at eleven. And after your pains-taking, if she does not grow up a simpering, unreflecting nobody, that cannot answer a love-letter without some smart old aunt to help her, give her up—she is past all remedy.—*Golden Rule*.

SERVICE OF PLATE.

Not satisfied with the *clat* growing out of the unparalleled triumphs of the yacht America, the friends of Mr. Geo. Steers, her builder, rendered him the personal compliment of a dinner at Metropolitan Hall, New York, a short time since. Four hundred gentlemen enjoyed the feast. The room was hung with appropriate inscriptions: at one end, the words Robert Fulton; at the other, above the dais, the names of Henry Eckford and Isaac Webb, with this motto: "New York—the skill of her Naval Architects acknowledged by the world." The evening passed pleasantly; hilarity abounded, speeches were made, and applauded to the echo; the President, the famous Yacht American Ship-builders, the merchant, the mechanic, the press, were severally toasted—edibles and potables meanwhile vanishing with striking rapidity. The leading ship-owners and ship-builders having united in procuring a suitable testimonial to the guest, the presentation was first in order. The testimonial consisted of a handsome service of plate, value about \$300, comprising six pieces—two pitchers, two goblets, and two salvers, as represented in our engraving. The inscriptions are appropriate. On the pitcher:

PRESENTED TO GEO. STEERS, ESQ.,
As a testimonial of respect for his
mechanical skill, as evinced in the
construction of the yacht
"America."
DECEMBER, 1851.

On the reverse of one, is a drawing of the Yacht; on the other, a cluster of English yachts just setting out with the Yankee craft, for the regatta.

The goblets and salvers have these few words:

TO GEORGE STEERS, ESQ.,
As a Testimonial of Respect.
DECEMBER, 1852.

Mr. George Law made the presentation in behalf of the committee. Mr. Steers bowed his thanks, but was too full to speak. In a few words he returned his acknowledgements, and said he could not speak out the feelings of his heart; he had never before experienced such sensations as now filled his breast. He accepted the gift with the highest gratification. Thus was consummated a most pleasing and merited compliment to the ingenuity of Mr. Steers, and one of which he is every way worthy.



SERVICE OF SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO GEORGE STEERS, ESQ.

CROSSING ON THE ICE.

In consequence of the extreme cold weather which we have lately experienced, New York harbor has been completely frozen over, so that persons and even teams have crossed from the city to Brooklyn and other sections of Long Island and the Jersey shore. On the day when the scene occurred which our artist has so faithfully depicted below, the thermometer ranging from zero to eight or ten degrees below, the rivers and the bay became bridged with ice of about four or five inches thickness. Ferry boats were, until the turn of the tide, almost useless, and when they succeeded in getting into the stream it was a matter of uncertainty where they would land; the Fulton ferry boat, from Brooklyn, at one time landed her passengers at Oliver Street, at another, on a ship at the end of a pier near Maiden Lane, while the Staten Island boat was forced to put in at the Jersey City. The firm-

ness of the ice, however, in some degree compensated the Long Islanders for the lack of ferry boats, as hundreds of the young and venturesome risked a cold bath and trusted their lives on the ice bridge. About sunrise the scene was exceedingly picturesque. Long files of men were seen, like pigmies, winding carefully across the treacherous bridge, feeling cautiously for "air holes," and making wide detours to avoid suspicious-looking places. From a dozen points in Brooklyn, these streams set forth, and before 10 o'clock, thousands of persons had achieved a feat of which they will hereafter boast to their gaping grand-children—they had actually walked across the East River on the ice. At 10 o'clock the tide turned, and a strong current set towards Sandy Hook, by the force of which the ice soon began to break up. In a short time, the whole body of ice in the East River was in motion, except a narrow strip at either shore, which was

too firmly wedged in with the piers to be started. The moving mass was heaved up and broken in every direction by the force of the water, and as the cakes of ice were tossed up and again sank down crushing each other in indescribable confusion, the spectator might almost have fancied himself in Wellington Channel in search of Sir John Franklin. But attention was now chiefly diverted to the condition of persons who were crossing near the South Ferry. There were perhaps forty or fifty on the ice when the mass began to move; most of them made immediate tracks for New York, and reached the piers before the shore and stream ice separated. Six persons, however, were carried down the bay on pieces of the moving ice and were very soon in a critical situation. They were observed by some Whitehall boatmen, who volunteered and were successful in relieving them after long and persistent effort.



CROSSING FROM BROOKLYN TO NEW YORK ON THE ICE



CITIZEN OF MOULTAN



SOLDIER OF MOULTAN.



SOLDIER OF BHAWLPOOR.



VIEW OF MOROCCO, ON THE WEST COAST OF NORTH AFRICA.

BLACK TOM, THE SWEEP.

The accompanying engraving is illustrative of the manner in which this poor class of people support themselves in New York city. The miserable pittance they receive for their laborious and dirty but useful work, is scarcely sufficient to maintain themselves; and their joy at receiving a few pennies for a job is manifested by their simple but cheerful song of "sweep oh-o-ho!" which greets the ear of the passers-by. This young sweep has just finished a job, and is prepared to begin another; he is grasping at the bell-pull, and by the looks of his countenance he has pleasant anticipations of a job. The little rogue, hard as his lot may seem, has much of the true philosophy of life in his composition, and meets every vicissitude of fortune with a cheerful heart, thus robbing iron fortune of half its corroding power. People who tread a higher path in life than this little sweep, might learn a useful and goodly lesson of him. Treat him kindly, ye who meet the little sweep.

MAGNETIC MASKS.

Among the various useful purposes to which magnetism has been applied, the following is not the least serviceable or singular. In needle factories, the workmen who point the needles are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel, which fly from the grind-stone and mix, though imperceptible to the eye, as the finest dust in the air, and are imbibed with the breath. The effect is scarcely noticed on a short exposure, but being constantly repeated every day, it produces a constitutional irritation, dependent on the tonic properties of the steel, which is sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption. Persons employed in this business, used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entrance into the lungs by gauze or linen guards: but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be excluded by such coarse expedients. At length some ingenious person bethought him of that wonderful power which every child who has reached for its mother's needle with a magnet is acquainted with. Masks of magnetized steel wire are now constructed and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By these, the air is not merely strained, but searched in its passage through them, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed.—*Scientific American.*



BLACK TOM, THE LITTLE SWEEP BO, OF NEW YORK.

NEW ENGLAND ART UNION.

The objects of this institution are the encouragement of artists and the promotion of art, to be accomplished by procuring subscriptions of money to be applied to the distribution of works of art among the subscribers, and furnishing to artists the means of education in art. The society's rooms are situated at No. 38 Tremont Row, Boston, where our artist has sketched the scene presented below. Many fine oil paintings of considerable value ornament the rooms, and large numbers of both sexes resort thither daily to view them. Hon. Edward Everett is president, Hon. Franklin Dexter and Prof. H. W. Longfellow are vice presidents. Besides these, there is a secretary and treasurer, and a board of sixteen directors. We are gratified to know that the society is in a most flourishing and prosperous condition, and would invite our readers to drop in and examine the fine collection of paintings.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around him, and much more of all above him. The clear unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye, which can look an honest man in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be standered, he may be deserted by the world, but he has that within which will keep him erect and enable him to move onward on his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.—*Wirt.*

Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice, and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.



INTERIOR OF THE ART UNION EXHIBITION ROOMS, BOSTON.

GLEANSON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

\$2.00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 8.—VOL. II.
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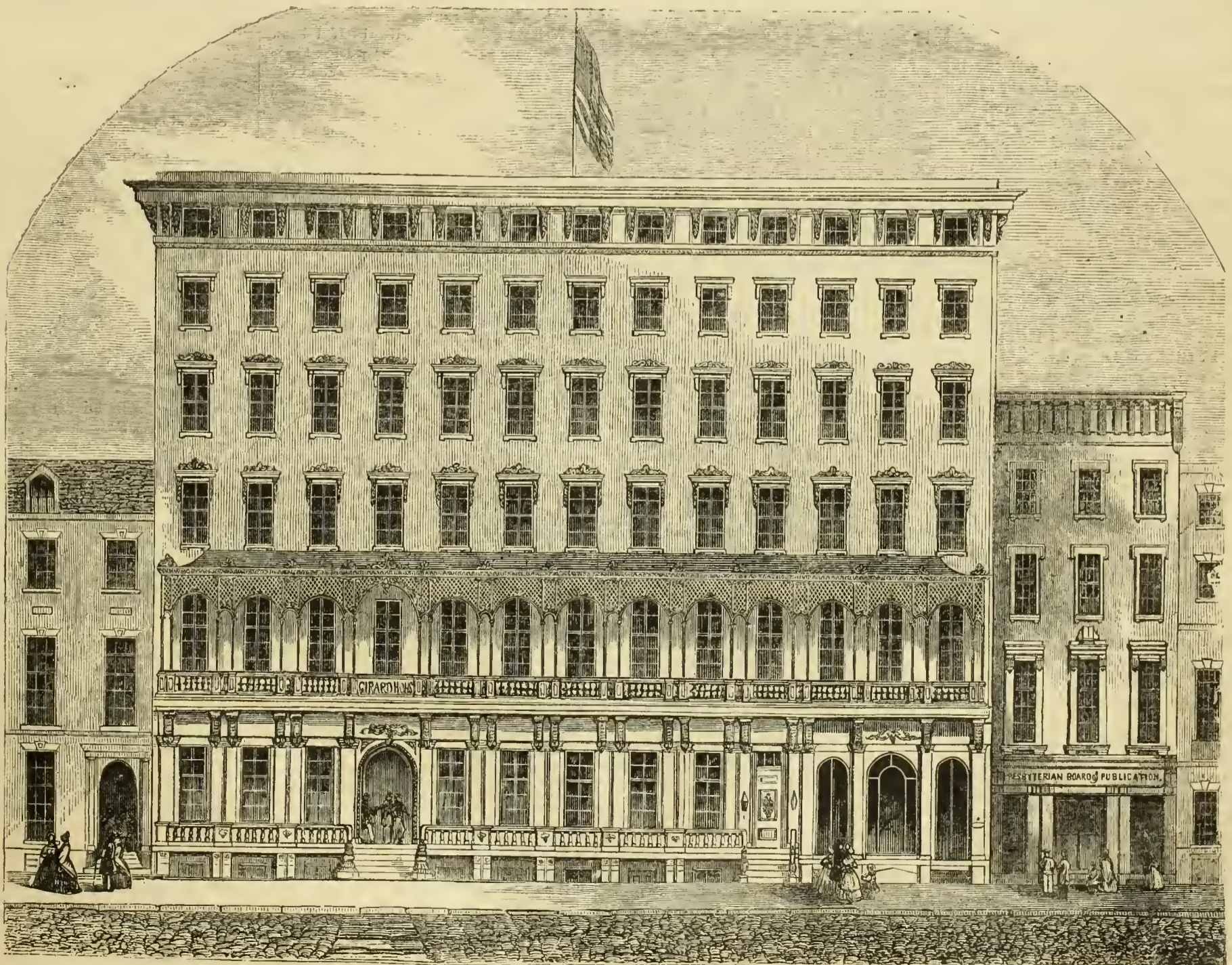
THE GIRARD HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

We have before taken occasion to remark that in nothing does our country show its growing prosperity and increasing excellence of public conveniences than in its hotels. Nearly every city in this Union boasts of its first class hotel, which, though devoted to the accommodation of the public, is yet equal to a European palace. Our artist has given us below a capital picture of the new Girard House, Philadelphia, which is another addition to the class of hotels to which we have referred. Messrs. Presbury & Billings, the very enterprising proprietors of this princely

establishment, deserve more than a passing commendation for their spirit and liberality in adding this superb attraction to the city; they deserve and must have the liberal and lasting aid and encouragement of every citizen and friend to the success and interests of Philadelphia. The halls of entrance, both public and private, are large and elegant in design; the vestibule and other doors enriched with gorgeous stained glass; the walls highly ornamented, and the floors laid in encaustic tile-work. From a private entrance, you pass through a cosy Reception Room, tastefully furnished, and enter a suite of four apart-

ments, appropriated as Ladies' Drawing-Rooms. Here expense has been literally showered on the furniture and decorations. The floors are covered with painted velvet carpets, that echo no foot-fall; the curtains, yellow satin damask, relieved by rich lace hangings, and the most costly trimmings; sofas, lounges, etageres, tables, &c., rosewood, *inlaid*; the sofas, &c., seated and backed with yellow satin, the chairs entire gilt, and yellow satin. The walls, from which gigantic mirrors blaze and multiply on every side, are decorated, and each parlor furnished with a massive chandelier of new style. We have not

room to go into a detailed account of the divisions of this splendid hotel, but will add, that the mental force of the establishment comprises Messrs. Presbury, of the late St. Charles, New Orleans, and Billings, of the Irving, New York, proprietors; Mr. J. Sykes, Jr., of St. Louis, book-keeper; Mr. A. Chadwick, of New York, clerk; Patrick Ward, late of U. S. Hotel, Philadelphia, caterer; and A. B. Darling, late of Revere House, Boston, steward. In fine, this establishment, for beauty and effectiveness of arrangement, for comfort and convenience, is fully equal to any in the country.



VIEW OF THE GIRARD HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

A GROUP REPRESENTING THE PARTIES IN A CRIMINAL TRIAL, IN INDIA.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN INDIA.

We present our readers on the page herewith a very curious group of likenesses, delineating a court scene in British India, as conducted at the present time. The persons who constitute the court proper, are, first, an *English Judge*, who is endowed with power about equal to that of the Grand Seigneur, and whose word is law, whether sustained by legal rules or not. But the Judge, he who should be the personification of sage wisdom and self-respect, he who decides upon the liberties of a man, or even dooms him to death by a single word from his mouth, how unlike is he to anything we should conceive as dignified or respectable. He is now engaged in the midst of a trial, yet his limb is thrown carelessly over the arm of his chair, his body lounges listlessly as he sits, and he is inhaling tobacco-smoke from his Indian pipe. Such a figure might be found in any of our bar-rooms, of an evening, but our court-rooms present a very different scene. With what an easy air of abandon and self-satisfaction he regards the curling smoke issuing in thick wreaths from his mouth; what matters it to him, a life more or less? Perhaps he has just dined, and requires sleep. O justice! justice! how seldom art thou meted out by frail man!



EUROPEAN JUDGE



VAKEET, OR NATIVE BARRISTER.

The *Native Barrister*, he is a "case;" having mastered enough of English to act as a sort of interpreter, he manages to "bungle" and so mix up affairs in both languages, that the Judge, at last tired of the farce—for it is nothing better, ends the scene perhaps by sentencing the prisoner, after declaring him guilty. Now if the fellow could but infuse into his soul a little nationality of spirit, so as to plead for his fellow-countryman because he was such, and brought a prisoner before a foreign judge, perhaps he might influence the sleepy Judge to do a charitable act, and so clear him, or at least sentence him lightly for the sin charged against him. But, alas! contact with the conquerors of his land has hardened him, and he feels little brotherhood with the race from which he has sprung. His hard, sharp features give little promise of any remarkable degree of possession in the way of the milk of human kindness, and the apparent earnestness of his style is more induced by the energetic character that attaches itself to the native dialect, than to any downright earnestness or interest the pleader feels in the case, which he is conducting in behalf of the prisoner at the bar. There is something fine about his profile, notwithstanding its sharp lines, and, contrasted with that of the prisoner, it seems to prove him almost of another race of people.

The *Native Policeman*, on the contrary, is the very antipodes of the accused; his sleek appearance and self-satisfied air tell a story of comfortable living, and a good situation; equally ignorant, perhaps, with the poor creature brought up for judgment, he shields his inferiority, compared with the Europeans, under an air of hauteur. His military undress cap sits jauntily upon his head, and his moustache has a most contemptuous and daring twist to it. He receives his weekly stipend, attends the court with a very sharp sword, which he never uses, sleeps sound and long o' nights, and impresses the less cultivated of his countrymen with profound awe and admiration; they do not think half so much of the Judge himself, for the policeman carries a sword, while the former is unarmed. One can hardly look upon the chap, as he stands drawn up there with so much assumed dignity, without an itching desire to steal quietly behind him and make him acquainted with the quality of one's boot leather. Hang the fellow, he deserves a kicking for the very expression of countenance that he has assumed, and wears with such a saucy and complacent air. But as we cannot reach him, even with "seven league boots," we will swallow our indignation and let him remain in the full enjoyment of his vested authority.



BURKUNDAUZ, OR NATIVE POLICEMAN.

The *Omlah* is the personification of self-realized dignity and importance. He would seem to have been chosen for his aldermanic qualities; his gray whiskers are particularly fierce, and all in all, he looks very like a baboon with specs on. He seems to read the charge against the prisoner with a malignant earnestness and satisfaction that betrays a rabid spirit. It is his duty to adduce all possible evidence against the accused, and by all fair means (and in law all things are fair), to endeavor to bring about his conviction. This is in contra force to the supposed efforts of the native lawyer to clear him, while the latter's efforts probably are gnaged by the amount of fee which his client is able to remunerate him with. And, as, judging from appearances, in the present case, this sum must be precious small, we positively tremble for the poor prisoner, who, doubtful as he looks, as to his ultimate fate, is destined to have his worst fears realized. In the meantime the *Omlah* seems particularly well satisfied with the view of matters, and reads his manuscript to the court with the utmost sang froid, while he steadies his bulky person by partially resting the weight of his body upon an arm and hand on a table before him, evidently not much interested in what is going on around him, and feeling perfectly at ease.



THE OMLAH.



THE ACCUSED.

The *Accused*, poor fellow, little comprehending the forms of English legal jurisdiction, watches in dumb show the, to him, imposing appearance of the court; he understands not a word of what is said, or charged against him, but is impressed with an indefinite idea that he is a criminal, and clasps his hands, and pleads by his uncouth looks for the mercy he knows not how to ask. His lank limbs and cadaverous countenance speak volumes in extenuation of almost any ordinary crime the poor fellow might be guilty of. What an object to challenge pity he certainly is; there is an expression of absolute want and suffering in the tapering and attenuated fingers of the poor creature. Yet beneath that scanty robe and dark skin beats, perhaps, a heart as warm, ay, ten to one, far warmer and more charitable than that of any other which the court embraces. What has he done? Maybe he has stolen food or raiment; no doubt he suffers for the want of both; but he has dared to take them from the rich and comfortable English masters that have wrested the soil from his people, and he must pay the penalty. Well; such is the fate of the poor native—such is the justice meted out to him. If they hang or shoot him, perhaps it will be quite as well for him; then he will find the rest and peace he probably never has realized, or never will realize, on earth.

The *Witness* looks as hope-bereft as the prisoner, and holds in his hand some sacred symbol while he is adjured to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Ten to one he has been forced to bear witness against his brother-countryman, for he looks down, and seems poorly to relish the business in which he is engaged. His arms are mere drum-sticks, and resemble those of a skeleton more than the limbs of a healthy, well-fed man. Poor fellow, he and his countrymen knew little of murder and rapine until the English introduced these modern refinements among them. From a simple, inoffensive race of half-savages, they have been turned into mongrel-civilized banditti, whose principal accomplishments consist in being well versed in guerilla warfare, and in the exercise of the most inveterate hatred towards all Europeans and their descendants. Now we pity that chap if the prisoner is convicted, for his comrades will point the finger of scorn at him; he will be knocked and cuffed about, and despised by every one, for the part he has taken in the proceedings against his brother, and very likely will ultimately find relief by drowning himself, or some other summary mode of getting rid of his torturing existence. His part in the drama is not by any means an enviable one.



THE WITNESS.



SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF THE ACTRESS OF PADUA, AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM. MR. SMITH AS ANGELO MALIPIERI, MRS. BARRETT AS LA TISBE.

GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE.

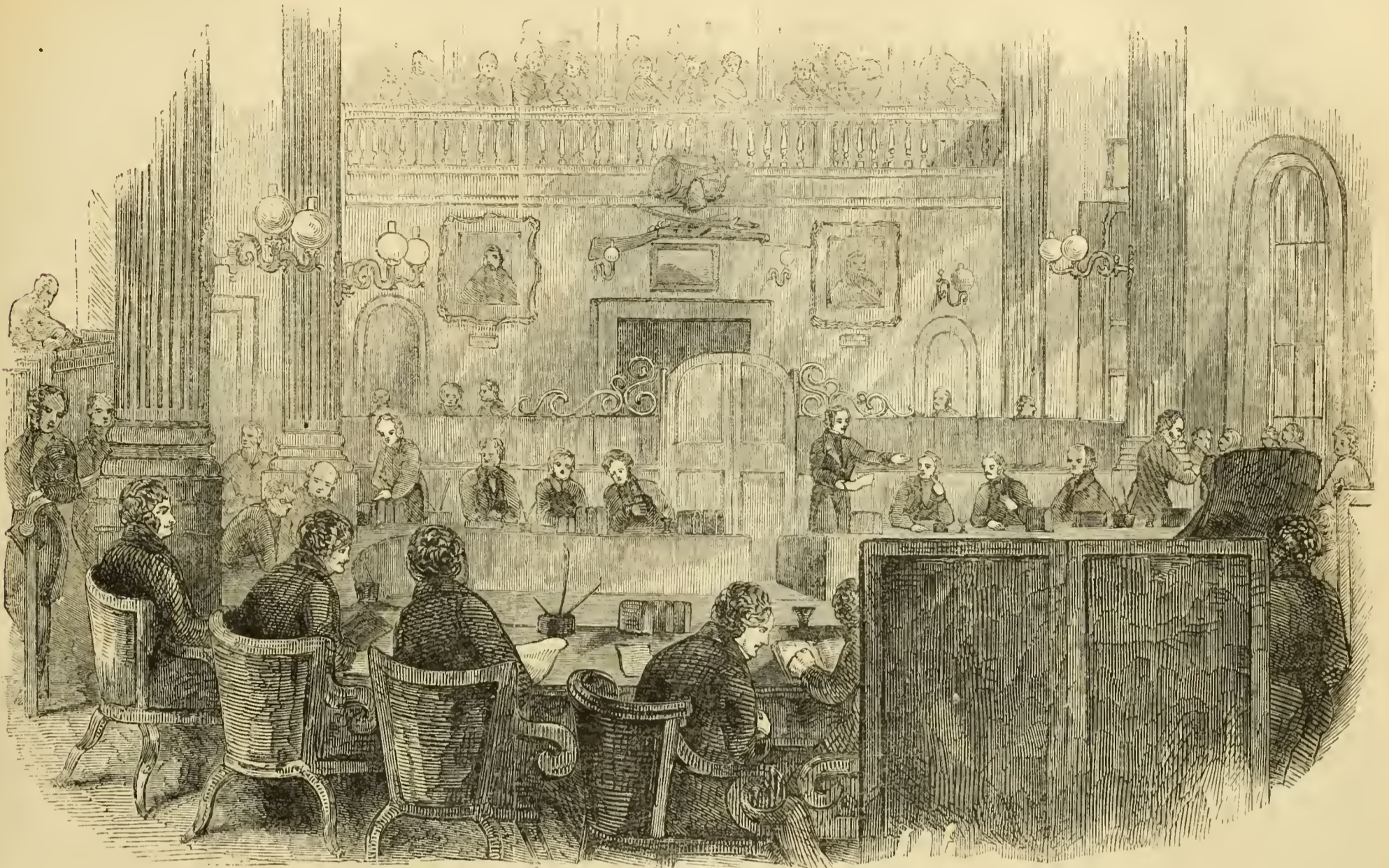
It will be remembered that we gave a picture representing Mr. Brooke, in a late number of the Pictorial, in the character of Othello, and we now present a likeness of him in a different form. Mr. Brooke was born in Dublin in 1818, and is consequently but thirty-four years of age. Since his arrival in this country he has played several highly successful engagements in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, and has challenged the admiration of the critics by his masterly personations of the Shaksperian characters he assumes. Mr. Brooke has every natural advantage as an actor that no art or cultivation could produce. To a fine, manly figure and graceful carriage he adds a face of marked intelligence and manly beauty, capable of the most earnest and passionate expression, as well as of evincing the gentler and finer traits of the heart. It is said that, next to Forrest, his rendering of the part of Othello is probably the best personation of any one now upon the stage. His voice is deep, yet musical, and even plaintive at times, and altogether we may say that we have not had in this country from abroad so fine an actor in all respects for many years. The profession he chose from a positive love for it, and from the earliest boyhood evinced the desire of fitting himself for the stage. Four-fifths of the men pursuing the histrionic profession could be far better and more worthily engaged in some mechanical employment, more congenial with their tastes and capacities; but Mr. Brooke is not of this class—he is a natural actor.



PORTRAIT OF GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE, THE TRAGEDIAN.

THE ACTRESS OF PADUA.

The picture which our artist has furnished for us above, is from the play of the Actress of Padua, lately so successfully produced at the Boston Museum, Mrs. Barrett as La Tisbe, Mr. Smith as Angelo Malipieri. To those who witnessed the play as given at the Museum, the above engraving will present a most striking and faithful scene. The piece throughout is one of a romantic cast, and of striking tableaux and vivid scenes. The immediate scene represented above, is where Malipieri gives Tisbe the secret key to the chambers where his wife is kept a prisoner, and against whom his mistress (Tisbe), a poor, but beautiful actress, has vowed secret revenge. But at last, true to her woman heart, she saves the wife at the cost of her own life. The entire piece is of the most intricate plot, and ends in a most tragic manner. Mrs. Barrett, as the Actress of Padua, on the occasion when we witnessed the performance of the play, was excellent indeed. Her personations of character, to our mind, are extraordinary for their chaste and classical characteristics. Her voice, expression, gesticulation and manner, are faultless, and it is impossible to watch her performance through an entire play, without being struck by its completeness and faithfulness of detail. Harry Smith is always good; his long connection with the stage has rendered his profession to him a second nature, and he is the same favorite now that he has been these twenty years in Boston, preserving his popularity amid the new candidates for public favor.



THE SENATE CHAMBER, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

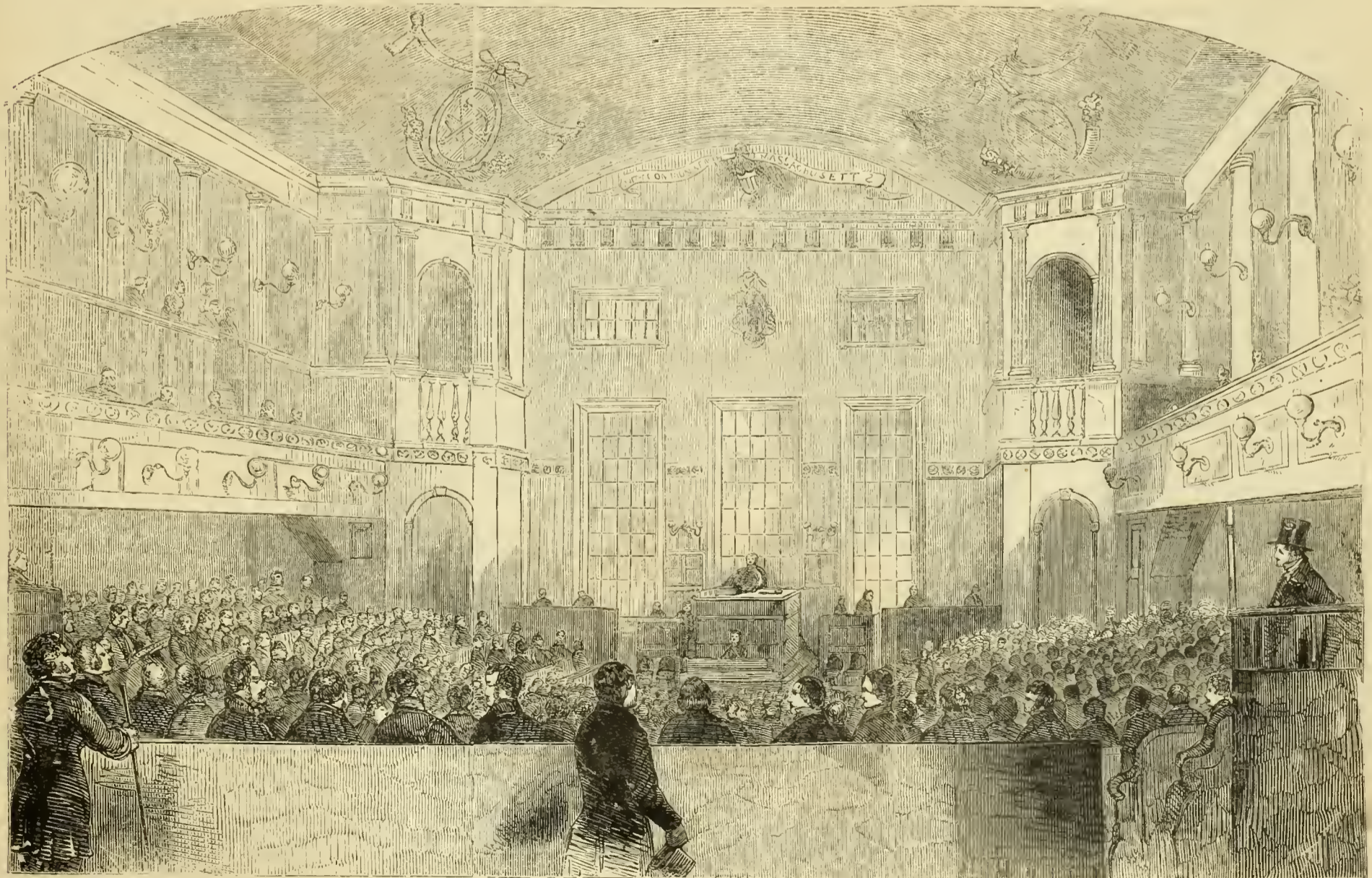
MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Above, our artist has sketched for us a fine and accurate view of the Senate Chamber in the State House, Boston, where the "assembled wisdom" are now congregated. It is a very

faithful transcript of the scene during business hours, and will be valued by our readers, especially those in the country who have friends or relatives in the Senate. Below we give a like view, equally excellent for its faithful character,

of the Hall of Representatives during its session, and as it appears each day at the present time. This scene will interest a larger number, particularly inasmuch as the House contains so many more members than the Senate. Our country

readers in Massachusetts can thus see how their neighbor, father, uncle or friend, who has gone to the "General Court," appears when in his seat at the State House in Boston. The present is a working session, and the attendance full.



THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

KOSSUTH.

ON HIS ARRIVAL AT ANNAPOLIS.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Listen! cheer on cheer resounding,
Rises on the wintry air;
Anxious crowds the ears surrounding,
Tell the warrior chief is there!
Now the exile slow advances,
Mark his noble step and mien;
How his dark eye proudly glances
On the throng with vision keen!

Magyar! bold, and stern, and daring,
In a great and glorious cause;
Chains were never for thy wearing,
Scorned by thee are tyrants' laws.
Though a shadow deep is lying
On thy distant fatherland:
And the hopes of some are dying,
Bravely to thy colors stand!

There's a righteous God above thee,
There's a fair, bright earth beneath;
And there's many a heart to love thee,
And in store a victor's wreath!
Then faint not by the roadside,
Up and onward on thy way,
For the tyrant Czar shall give thee
With the Austrian "fair play"!

U. S. Ship Preble, February, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD ROOKERY:

—OR,—

HOW BLACK SCIP GOT HIS FREEDOM.

BY HENRY W. HEYWOOD.

On the southern shore of one of the many small inlets which stud the shore of the noble bay of Chesapeake, and nearly a mile from the bay shore, stood, in the year 1820, an old two storied house, with the pointed gables and twisted chimneys of the previous century. Its aged walls, which had withstood the storms of a hundred years, were fast crumbling into dust, and the roof was so overgrown with moss that not a tile could be seen. It had long been uninhabited at the period of our story, and had the reputation of being haunted by—no one could tell what, but from the great numbers of hooting and howling night-birds that had made it their home, it had acquired the universal appellation of the "Old Rookery."

Still farther inland, and near the banks of the inlet was situated the mansion of a wealthy farmer named Dabney. His household consisted only of himself and a maiden sister, with the exception of some half a dozen negro domestics. Of these latter, an aged but honest negro called Scipio—or more familiarly, Black Scip—is the subject of our story. His wife Dinah always accompanied Miss Dabney in her visits to the neighboring plantations, while Scip himself was the trusty body guard of his master on similar occasions. And in this capacity the services of Scip were much needed; for the worthy squire, like most of the gentry of his time, liked to spin out his stories over the social bowl until a late hour of the night, and at such times his brain was none of the clearest; but Scip was always temperate, and gave to the unsteady steps of his master the firm support of his sturdy arm.

It was a mild sunny afternoon in October, that the squire received an invitation to spend the evening at the house of a friend, who lived near the bay shore. The ground being dry, and the distance not over a mile, he concluded to go on foot. Summoning therefore the faithful Scipio, they struck into a bridle-path which wound along the banks of the inlet and led near the "Old Rookery." They soon reached their place of destination, where the squire was warmly greeted by his host, and after ordering Scip to be in readiness at an early hour, joined the other guests in the drawing-room. Several gentlemen from the adjoining plantations, with their ladies, were already assembled and amusing themselves with the discussion of the various political questions of the day, which never lose their charm as a topic of conversation with the American people—the ladies not excepted. As the evening wore on, the ladies withdrew and left the gentlemen to their pipes and wine, to which they did ample justice—if one might judge by the wavering steps with which some of them emerged from the drawing-room at the midnight hour.

Black Scip had meanwhile been generously entertained in the kitchen by the ladies and gentlemen of color, and was now on hand to render the necessary aid to his light-headed master.

With some slight allusion to the earliness of the hour, he proffered his arm to the squire, who leaning heavily upon it, they took the homeward route.

The moon shone brightly out at times and anon was hidden by dark masses of clouds which were slowly drifting along the blue sea of heaven. The squire and his sable guardian had passed nearly two thirds of the distance without accident or adventure of any kind, when, as they neared the valley in which the "Old Rookery" was situated, an incident occurred which completely upset the already disturbed equanimity of the squire, and produced a marked effect on the nerves of the stout-hearted Scipio.

"O, lorra massa, look yonder!" ejaculated Scip in a hoarse whisper, as he pointed with a trembling finger in the direction of a high ridge of land which ran along the shore of the inlet, and whose outline was now clearly defined against the dark blue of the western sky. The squire lifted his head and gazed in the direction indicated. The sight which met his astonished eyes caused him to throw up his hands in terror and sink helplessly upon the earth beneath the friendly shelter of a clump of alders, while the old negro, who had not in his surprise afforded his master any support, stood staring in mute amazement.

The unusual objects which had arrested his attention were moving over the summit of the ridge towards the "Old Rookery." They appeared somewhat like human beings, for they walked erect upon two legs; but their heads were so disproportionately large as to give them the appearance of monstrous perambulating cabbages. Scipio kept his eyes fixed upon them until they disappeared within the gloomy precincts of the ruined building. But a few minutes had elapsed ere they again emerged from the ruins, when lo! their monstrous heads had vanished and were replaced by those of ordinary dimensions; the owners of which skulked hastily over the hill and disappeared. Re-assured by the natural appearance of these persons, old Scip found no difficulty in divining the mystery of the big heads. He had heard of the smugglers who, at times, frequented these out-of-the-way places to secrete their goods, and he had no doubt that the "Old Rookery" would be found to contain several bales of contraband articles.

Contact with the cold bosom of his mother earth having now restored the seared squire to consciousness, he made shift with the assistance of Scipio to regain his feet, and they hastened homeward, where they soon arrived without further mishap.

At breakfast next morning the squire undertook to relate the incident of the night to his sister; but Miss Dabney beginning to ridicule it as one of the wild fancies of a winebibber's brain, he was glad to drop the subject. Black Scip kept his own counsel, and when the servants were at breakfast, seized the opportunity to slip away unobserved in the direction of the "Old Rookery."

Having reached and entered the ruin, he began to explore its many dusty and dilapidated apartments. The marks of dirty feet were plainly visible on the broken floors, but no traces of the bales or bundles which Scip had expected to find, were to be seen.

He had nearly given up the search, when he happened to observe that the footsteps seemed to centre in the large old fashioned fireplace; and upon closer examination, he discovered a door nicely concealed in its sooty back. This door he succeeded in opening with some difficulty, and was admitted into a secret room, where his expectant eyes immediately fell upon some half a dozen great bundles tied up in strong sailcloth, and which upon examination proved to be filled with rich silks and other expensive dry goods. From having listened to the conversation of others better versed in the law than himself, Scipio knew that this discovery was worth a handsome sum to him who should first place the goods in the hands of the officers in charge of Uncle Sam's revenue.

Having full confidence in his master, Scip hastened home to communicate the facts to him. Mr. Dabney immediately visited the spot to satisfy himself by ocular demonstration; and then taking Scip with him, they went and made their affidavits before the nearest officers of the customs, who proceeded to seize and confiscate the contraband articles "as the law directs."

With his share of the money, Scip purchased Dinah's and his own freedom and built a little cottage on some land given to him by the squire.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DEATH OF ZACHARY TAYLOR.

BY CAROLINE A. BAYDEN.

A nation mourns thy loss! why should it not?
Upon thy fame there resteth not one blot;
On battle field, domestic hearth, and hall,
Thy step ne'er faltered at stern duty's call;
But calm and fearless e'er when death drew nigh,
Yielded thy spirit up without a sigh.

A nation mourns thy loss! and funeral strains
Are pouring forth their notes o'er hills and plains;
And woe's deep trappings spreading far and wide,
Mingled with stars and stripes, our country's pride;
And patriotic voices trumpet forth,
With truth's proud eloquence, thy long tried worth.

A nation mourns thy loss! her annals bear
Proud names whose well-earned glory placed them there;
Stars in our firmament, whose light shall shine
On ages yet unborn; while nobly thine
Stands forth upon the galaxy, as one
Second to none but our loved Washington.

A nation mourns thy loss! but all in vain,
Her deep, deep loss is thy eternal gain;
And now, with every trust fulfilled, thy duty done,
Go, wear the crown thy virtues well have won;
And while we count thy name a nation's gem,
A nation's grief shall be thy diadem.
Cohasset, Mass., February, 1852.

A REASON FOR CHARITY.

As regards charity, for example, a man might extend to others the ineffable tenderness which he has for some of his own sins and errors, because he knows the whole history of them; and though, taken at a particular point, they appear very large and very black, he knew them in their days when they were play fellows instead of tyrant demons. There are others which he cannot so well smooth over, because he knows that in their case inward proclivity coincided with outward temptation; and, if he is a just man, he is well aware that if he has not erred here, he would have erred there; that experience, even at famine price, was necessary for him in those matters. But, in considering the misdoings and misfortunes of others, he may as well begin at least by thinking that they are of the class which he has found, from his own experience, to contain a larger amount of what we call ill fortune, than of anything like evil disposition. For time and chance, says the Preacher, happen to all men.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RESIGNATION.

BY WILLIAM T. HILSE.

If fate denies the gift of wealth,
And buoyant hopes decay;
If shafts of sickness pierce my health,
And sorrows through my way;
Yet will I, fathoming the stream,
Life's deepest waters keep;
For only shoals and sandbars team
Along the treacherous deep.

I see upon life's boisterous main
A meteor-light afar,
Whose brilliancy hath known no wane,
'Tis Christ, the polar-star;
If guided by its light we sail,
By many a storm though driven,
We'll cast our anchor in the veil,
Hard by the throne of heaven.

Philadelphia, February, 1852.

THE OTTER IN INDIA.

We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tied together with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes on the banks. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or laying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sand-banks, uttering a shrill whistling noise, as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight.—*Herber's Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY C. JILLSON.

My mother's prayer! I hear it still,
In every passing breeze
That sighs around my forest home,
Or whispers 'mong the trees.
I hear it in the mountain rill,
And in the desert wild,
Where man has never sought a home,
Where art has never smiled.

I hear it in the wailing winds
That murmur on the sea;
And in the mellow voice of birds
That warble on the lea.

I hear its teachings everywhere,
At morning, noon, and night;
And this is what it ever imparts—
"Do right, my son, do right!"
Warester, Mass., February, 1852.

A PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

This poet of ours was then of moderate stature, and since he had arrived at a mature age, he walked a little stooping, and his walk was slow and quiet, and he was always well dressed, and in a habit suitable to his mature age. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather great than small, his jaws large, and his under lip projected beyond his upper lip. He had a brown complexion, his hair and beard were thick, black and curly, and his countenance was always melancholy and thoughtful; on which account, one day it happened at Verona (for the fame of his works had been everywhere spread, and particularly that part of the "Commedia," which was called the Inferno, and he was known to many, both men and women), that he, passing before a door where many women were sitting, one of them said to another softly, but not so softly but that she could be well heard by him, "Look at the man who goes into hell, and returns when he pleases, and brings news to us here above from those there below." To which one of them answered simply, "Verily thou must speak the truth. Dost thou not see how the heat and smoke down below have given him so dark a color and so curled a beard!" Which words he hearing, Dante looked back on them, and, perceiving that these women spoke seriously, was amused, and almost pleased, that they held such opinions, and smiling a little, he continued his walk. In his public and domestic habits, he was wonderfully composed and orderly, and in all he did, above all others, courteous and polite. In his diet he was most moderate, taking his repasts at fixed hours, and not exceeding what necessity required; he indulged neither in eating nor drinking to any excess. He praised delicate viands, and usually partook of the commonest; he blamed above all those who study much to have choice dainties, and have them prepared with great care. No one was more earnest than he, both in his studies and in any other object on which he was intent; so much so that many times both his family and his wife complained of it, before having become accustomed to his ways, when they ceased to care for it. He rarely spoke, unless he was questioned, and then deliberately, and with a voice suited to the matter on which he spoke. Nevertheless, when it was required, he was most eloquent and flowing, and with an excellent and ready delivery.—*Boccaccio.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY MRS. E. J. GREELEY.

At the calm, still hour of twilight,
As the zephyrs die away,
As night folds her sable curtain,
Now, just at the close of day;
Memory, ever-cheering memory,
Wafts us back to childhood's day.

At the calm, still hour of twilight,
As the zephyrs die away,
Ere the social lamp is lighted,
Now, just at the close of day;
One by one they gather round me,
Childhood's friends—long passed away.

At the calm, still hour of twilight,
As the zephyrs die away;
Sad, sad thoughts come stealing o'er me,
Now, just at the close of day;
 Oft I think of that sad twilight,
When my mother passed away.

At the calm, still hour of twilight,
As the zephyrs die away,
Fancy paints them all around me,
Now, just at the close of day;
Father, brother, sister near me,
All but one that's passed away.
Vienna, Me., February, 1852.

MAKING A CONFIDANT.

One of the greatest drawbacks upon making any confidence is, that, as regards that topic, you have then lost the royal privilege of beginning the discourse about it yourself; and another can begin to speak to you, or to think (and you know that he is thinking) about the matter, when you do not wish it to be so much as thought of by any one.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONNET.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

O, hast thou put the Christian's armor on,
And is thy leaver He who died to save;
View not with dread thy destined home, the grave;
Fear not the dark prelude to endless dawn.
For know, that though thou yield'st thy mortal breath,
And though corruption fee-eth on thy frame,
He who from Joseph's tomb self-living came,
Shall give thee likewise victory over death!
Methinks could we but, for the briefest span,
Perceive the joys awaiting saints on high,
This dying life would eagerly be laid by;
E'en as a child become at once a man,
The toys which feasted sense erewhile would scorn,
And rise to loftier deeds, to aims newborn.
Natick, Mass., February, 1852.

Many have been ruined by their fortunes;
Many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune.
To obtain it, the great have become little, and
the little great.—*Zimmerman.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW FLAKES.

BY GEORGE W. HUNGAT.

How gently fall the white-winged flakes of snow
Upon the frozen sod;
Like heavenly blessings to this world below,
Fresh from the hand of God!

When mercy spreads her cloak o'er human ills,
She puts them out of sight;
So now the plains, the housetops, and the hills,
Are robed in spotless white.

Like swellings of the tempest-trodden main,
The distant mountains rise;
And stand like frozen billows on the plain,
Or shafts to prop the skies.

The cheerful snow-birds twittering here and there,
Seem blown down by the breeze;
As twinkling leaves are, when the autumn air
Breathes harshly on the trees.

What made the venerable oak fall down
Amid the snow and sleet?
Like an old king he doffed his silver crown,
And donned his winding sheet.

This great white sheet, let down from heaven above,
To this fair world below;
Is pure and spotless as the changeless love
Of God, who gave the snow.

Boston, Mass., February, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHIT CHAT.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

OF all the downright fun we have ever met
with in reading, the neatest form of a witticism
has always seemed to us to be in the epigram.
For the last half hour cogitating upon this sub-
ject, with a brain half full of all the jokes and
epigrams we have ever met, we sit down now to
this chit chat with the readers of the Pictorial.

Speaking of epigrams, the following on Sir
John Vanburgh, the author and architect, in al-
lusion to the ponderous character of his build-
ings, has often been cited as an example of terse
and biting witticism:

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

A capital burlesque on the oft-repeated senti-
ment of the ancient epitaph—

"Light lie the earth on these remains!"

as well as a clever hit at Sir John.

Speaking of epitaphs reminds us forcibly of
the epigram on epitaphs in general, alluding to
their mendacious character; it is excellent:

"Friend, in your epitaphs I'm grieved,
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read."

The epigram on Colley Cibber's obtaining the
laureateship is, in point, and most tremendously
cutting and severe:

"In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Tha' Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet."

Rude, uncultivated wit and intelligence are
frequently of the happiest sort. The Duchess of
Portsmouth used to say that the most flattering
compliment she ever had paid her was from a
coal-heaver, who said: "Please your ladyship,
let me light my pipe at your ladyship's beautiful
eyes."

The Irish are famous for this natural, or
mother wit. A gentleman riding in the State of
Maine, found an Irishman fencing in a miserable
barren spot of ground. "What are you doing
that for, Pat?" said he; "the cattle will starve
on that wretched land."—"And sure it is to
kape the poor bastos out iv it, your honor," was
the prompt reply.

Equally ready are the Scotch in their replies.
At the battle of Waterloo, a Frenchman, who
could speak a little English, called out, "quarter!
quarter!" to one of the 42d Highlanders. "The
muckle de'il may quarter ye for me," was the re-
ply. "I ha' nae time to quarter ye; ye must
c'en be content to be cuttit in twa (two)," and he
suited the action to the word.

The wit of the French is light and sparkling,
and lies much in the play of words and lan-
guage. The modern Italians are particularly
famous for their repartees, and the grave Span-
iards are by no means averse to joking. Of
American wit there is no lack of specimens; it
generally has a telling directness and emphasis,
descriptive of the shrewd and practical char-
acter of the people themselves. Dr. Franklin
was the first of wits as he was the first of phi-
losophers.

At a diplomatic dinner in Paris, some Eng-

lishman gave as a toast: "England, the sun
whose beams irradiate the world." A French-
man gave: "France, a planet whose surface re-
flects the lustre of the sun." Franklin, in turn,
gave: "George Washington, the Joshua who
commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and
they obeyed him!"

This is the refinement of repartee.

A reply equally as national, though keen and
witty, yet not quite up to the standard of that
just cited, was that of an American medical stu-
dent in a London college, who, being reproved
for inattention when the professor was lecturing
upon the disease known as King's Evil, replied,
that since the Revolution in America, his coun-
trymen had not been troubled with that disease!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOME TREASURES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

You bid me leave the land I love,
The land that gave me birth;
To search for hidden treasures, which
Lie buried in the earth.
You bid me leave the friends of youth,
In other climes to roam;
But to return and find, at last,
Those treasures safe at home.

You say that in that favored land,
Are mines of wealth untold;
That they who wander, gather fast
A store of precious gold.

But what are riches, I would ask,
When broken down in health?
Useless and vain, in sickness' hour,
Is all our boasted wealth.

Then ask me not to leave the land,
The land which gave me birth;
To search for treasures which lie hid
Within the caves of earth.

No, no, those treasures I can find,
And have not far to roam;
I'll find them midst the happiness
Of my beloved home.

Baltimore, Md., February, 1852.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who
either make distinguished origin a matter of
personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of
personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the
humble condition of early life affect nobody in
America but those who are foolish enough to
indulge in them, and they are generally suffi-
ciently punished by the published rebuke. A
man who is not ashamed of himself need not be
ashamed of his early condition. It did not hap-
pen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder
brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin,
raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire,
at a period so early that when the smoke first
rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the
frozen hill, there was no similar evidence of a
white man's habitation between it and the settle-
ments on the rivers of Canada. Its remains
still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry
my children to it to teach them the hardships en-
dured by the generations which have gone be-
fore them. I love to dwell on the tender recol-
lections, the kindred ties, the early affections,
and the narrations and incidents which mingle
with all I know of this primitive family abode.
I weep to think that none of those who inhabit-
ed it are now among the living; and if ever I fail
in affectionate veneration for him who raised it,
and defended it against savage violence and de-
struction, cherished all domestic comforts be-
neath its roof, and through the fire and blood of
seven years' revolutionary war shrunk from no
toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to
raise his children to a condition better than his
own, may my name, and the name of my pos-
terity be blotted forever from the memory of
mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT VOICE.

BY EDWARD J. HANDROE.

Ever around me, with thy cold breath stealing
Through the unguarded portals of my brain;
Why wouldst thou wake within my mind a feeling,
That once aroused, may never sleep again?

Thou bid'st me think of days and hours long vanished,
Hours of passion and unholy joy;
Why, why recall what I had deemed was banished?
Why chafe a soul so deep-stained with alloy?

I have grown weary of this ceaseless gnawing,
Thy chidings fall like mildew on my heart;
Ever toward the same grim chaos drawing,
When, thou remorseless, wilt thy power depart?

I loved thee once!—that thought tears off the shielding
From memory's fount, and quick the illusion flows;
While calm thoughts fade before its current yielding,
As melt the dewdrops from a sun-warmed rose.

'T is twilight in my soul, its day is dying,
Slow o'er the horizon a cloud appears;
And melancholy's moon, far upward hieing,
Shines o'er the ruin of my youthful years.
Boston, Mass., February, 1852.

NOTIONS OF THE INSANE.

The vagaries of the insane are sometimes
amusing to witness; and not unfrequently there
is a "method in their madness" that would not
be amiss in those who are on the outside of in-
sane asylums. Many years ago, in Philadelphia,
a patient in the insane asylum of that city fan-
cied himself to be the Redeemer of the world;
and his talk and actions were always in keeping
with the character, save that he exacted a rigid
deference to his person and his divinely-derived
power. But one day another patient arrived,
whose idiosyncrasy it was that he was the Su-
preme Being. A little while after his entrance
into the institution, he went into one of the
halls; as he was passing the imagined represen-
tative of the Son, he, not liking his bearing,
reminded him who he was. "Yes, you are the
Son; but know, from this time henceforth, that
you have seen the Father and must obey him!"
"And strange enough," said the keeper of the
institution to the friend who gives us the partic-
ulars, "from that day forward, all power was
given unto the latter; and at length the fancied
Son's 'air-drawn' vision melted away, and he
left the establishment a perfectly sane man."

Some twelve or fifteen years ago there was in
the lunatic asylum at Worcester, Massachusetts,
a kind of crazy Davy Crockett, who fancied that
he could do anything that could be done, and a
little more. One day a good many visitors were
walking slowly through the halls, examining
them, and occasionally saying a word or two to
the patients. After a very courteous reception
of a gentleman who mentioned that he had
come from South Carolina, the crazy man inter-
rupted him abruptly with:

"Have you felt any of my earthquakes down
there lately?"

One of the visitors replied: "No, we've had
nothing of the kind where I live."

"I thought so! I knew it!" returned the pa-
tient, frowning. "I have an enemy! Ice! ice!
Why, I ordered one of my very best earthquakes
for your part of the country! It was to have
ripped up the earth, and sent the Mississippi in-
to the Gulf of Mexico. Look here!" he con-
tinued, pointing to a crack in the plastering,
"that's one of my earthquakes! What do you
think of that? I've got more orders for earth-
quakes than I can attend to in a year. I've got
four coming off up north this afternoon—two in
Vermont!"—*Worcester Palladium.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RURAL REFLECTIONS.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

There is unearthly balm upon the air,
And holier lights, which are with evening borne,
That man may lay aside
Himself, and be at rest.

The dreamy uplands, bathed in autumn's change,
The woodland nook retired, and quiet field,
Upon the eventide
The holy chime of twilight bell is borne—

Rising and sinking on the silent air,
Dies and dilates with echo musical;
And fitful birds hardly
Blending their notes with pensive harmony.

The white clouds slumber on the breast of heaven,
Mimic, like swans upon a limpid lake,
Making the blue expanse
More still and beautiful.

The week day cares from round our hearts unfold,
As from our Lord the clothing of the grave;
And we, too, seem with him
To walk in endless morn.

Not that these musical wings would bear us up,
On buoyant thoughts, too high for this rude earth;
But that they speak the best
Which earth hath left to give.
Washington, D. C., February, 1852.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usual-
ly rose at one or two o'clock in the day—scarcely
ever before twelve; and if he had work in
hand, he would sit over his breakfast—excessively
strong black tea, and a toasted French
roll—till four or five in the afternoon, silent,
motionless and self-absorbed, like a Turk over
his opium pouch; for tea served him in his ca-
pacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took,
and, at the same time, the only luxury; the deli-
cate state of his digestive organs prevented him
from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching
any food but beef, mutton, poultry, or game,
dressed with perfect plainness. He never touch-
ed any but the black tea, and was particular
about the quality of that, always using the most
expensive that could be got, and he used, when
living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a
week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea—if you happened
to come in for the first brewage of it—was a pe-
culiar thing; I have never tasted anything like
it. He always made it for himself, half filling
the teapot with tea, pouring in the boiling water
on it, and then almost immediately pouring it
out, using with it a great quantity of sugar and
cream. To judge of its occasional effect upon
him, it in all probability hastened his death,
which took place from disease of the digestive
organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable,
even to a degree of fascination; and not feeling
any subsequent reaction from it he persevered
in its use to the very last, notwithstanding two
or three attacks similar to that which terminated
his life.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PROMISED REST.

BY W. A. FOGG.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest
from their labors."

Blessed voice of peace and comfort,
Messenger thou art of love;
Sent to cheer the fainting pilgrim,
By the God who reigns above;
Saying, "Soul, by sorrow driven,
There is rest for thee in heaven."

Faint thee not, thou toiling pilgrim,
Travelling through this vale of tears;
Struggle bravely upward, onward,
Through a few more fleeting years;
And at last thou'lt rest above,
Safe in God's eternal love.

Battle still for truth and justice,
Servant of the living God;
Scatter still, as still ye journey,
Seeds of righteousness abroad;
Soon thou'lt rest, life's labors o'er,
Sweetly on the heavenly shore.

Murmur not, O weary mortal,
Though through strife thy pathway lies;
Toils and trials oft may cross it,
But 't will lead thee to the skies;
Where, amid the pure and blest,
Thou forevermore shalt rest.

Eliot, Me., February, 1852.

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

A writer, who lived for several years on the
western coast, says a state of civilization exists
among some of the tribes such as has not been
suspected hitherto by those who have judged
only from accounts given of the tribes with
which travellers have come in contact. They
cannot be regarded as savages, having organized
townships, fixed habitations, with regular de-
fences about their cities, engaged in agriculture,
and the manufacture of cotton cloths for cloth-
ing, which they ornament with hand-ome dyes
of native production, and exhibiting handicraft
in their conversion of iron and precious metals
into articles of use and ornament. The merchants
entrust their goods to the care of native traders
in various parts of the country, stored in huts,
without protection, yet preserved in safety, acts
of robbery being very rare. Native traders are
held in high respect, especially if wealthy, and
in some cases whole tribes engage in the busi-
ness of itinerant traders, no impediment being
offered to them, even among nations where a
state of war exists.—*Boston Post.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

BY FREDERICK WEISHAMPEL.

Another year of seasons, with their changes,
Is passing o'er this gayish clime of ours;
Emcompassing a summer as it ranges,
And trampling it to death amid its flowers.

And now, as blustering winter groweth colder,
The wheels of time bring on thy natal day;
Thou art once more a single summer older,
Another span of life is fled away.

I give thee joy, fair girl, and may the sun
Of thy existence prove a brilliant one;
And may the tenderest ties of love, among
The cares of life, around thy heart be flung.

I give thee joy, sweet girl, and did I own
Some rarest jewel of a monarch's throne;
I'd choose this anniversary of thy birth,
To crown thee, maiden of my choice on earth.

Baltimore, Md., February, 1852.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled
thought—what on earth can be so beautiful?
Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your
own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how
sparkling; in sympathy, how tender. The man
who never tried the companionship of a little
child, has carelessly passed by one of the plea-
sures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without
plucking it or knowing its value. A child can-
not understand you, you think; speak to it of
the holy things of your religion, of your grief
for the loss of a friend, of your love for some
one you fear will not love in return; it will take,
it is true, no measure or soundings of your
thought; it will not judge how much you should
believe, whether your grief is rational in propor-
tion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit
to attract the love which you seek; but its whole
soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it
were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the
hour.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

THE LUMP.

Messrs. Reynolds, Todd & Co. submitted to
our inspection, on Friday, an enormous lump of
gold bearing quartz, weighing over twenty
pounds—two thirds of which is the precious
stuff itself. This lump belongs to the Grizzly
Bear Company, and was taken out of what is
known as Holden's Garden, in Sonora. It is
said that its owners have been offered \$6000 for
it but refused to sell.—*London Journal.*

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

We present our readers a portrait of the present Pope, in the new and extraordinary character of a reformer. Pius the Ninth was the Cardinal Mastai Ferretti. He is of a noble family of Senigallia, and received the best civil, as well as moral education. Love for the study of the sciences was united with love for the study of virtue, and both grew in him with age. When he reached the priesthood he became as eminent a preacher as he was a good theologian, and learned in other matters. His merit raised him to the honor of the prelate. During all this time he was distinguished for his labors of love amongst the poor, teaching them, and exercising the ministry in the house of retreat of the poor. The education of young men was one of his most zealous cares. When the diocese of Imola was vacant, he was the only man whom the late pope deemed adapted to the difficult task of dealing with the temper of that country, and the difficult circumstances of a popular nature connected with it. He was created Cardinal Archbishop, Bishop of Imola, December 14th, 1840. Pius is about 60 years old, is of a commanding presence, his countenance beaming with an almost angelic innocence; his habits incorruptible; his manners gentle and winning; his learning eminent; his capacity and dexterity in business well proved; in a word, he abounds with all the qualities requisite to render him supereminent in his exalted station. It is a singular fact that so little did Mastai expect his own elevation to the papal chair, that he was one of the three cardinals appointed, after the third scrutiny, to open the voting papers. Thirty-four votes are the number required for the election; and on opening the thirty-fourth, which gave him the majority, his emotion was so great that he fainted and fell. His two colleagues raised him and bore him to his seat; for a long time he strenuously refused to accept the election. One of the first acts of Pius was to publish an amnesty for all political offences; and to liberate all the political persons who would pledge themselves not to abuse this act of clemency. Of the political wisdom of this act every one can form an idea, who knows the discontent prevailing in Romagna. It is said that by the amnesty, six thousand prisoners were liberated, of whom nine hundred were incarcerated in Rome, the expense of whose maintenance was about 260*l.* a day. This act of the pope threw the whole population of his States into a fever of enthusiasm. M. Rienz, the chief of the insurrection which broke out in Rimini, in September, 1845, was liberated from the castle of St. Angelo, and admitted to an interview with the pope, who would not allow him to descend to the kissing of the toe, but gave him his ring to kiss; treated him with much affability, and taking Rienz's own manifesto out of his desk,

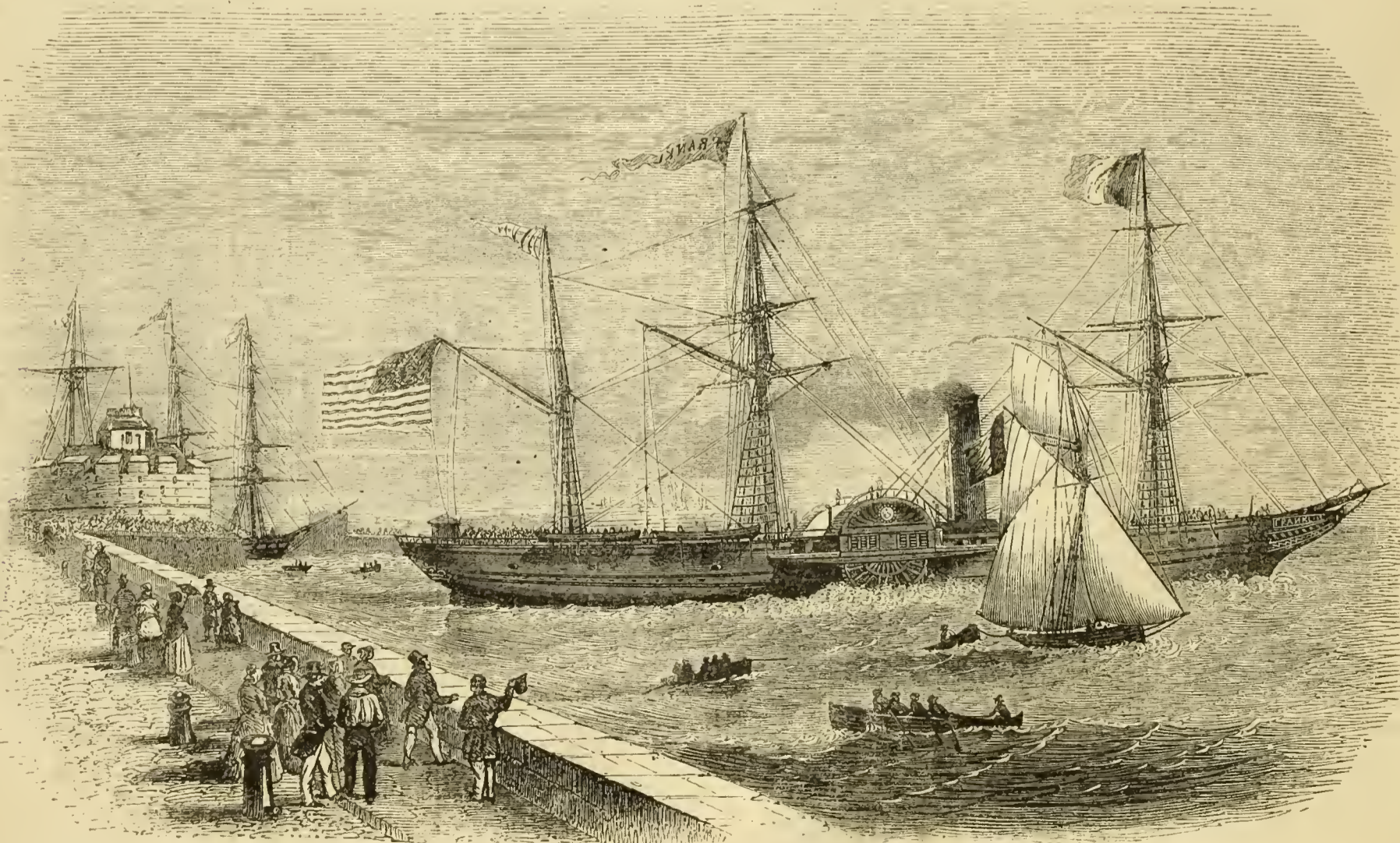


PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS IX, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

observed that it contained many useful suggestions of which he would avail himself. The *Univers* abounded with accounts of the present pope's simple behaviour, walking the streets of Rome without ceremony, and of his active benevolence and deeds of justice. He also ordered an examination of the state of the prisons, in which were found 54,000 condemned prisoners, or nearly two per cent. of the whole population. He ordered the release of all who were condemned to five years incarceration. In these and some other changes which he introduced, a bold revolution was contemplated by him. But, of all the radical reforms he nobly designed, many have failed to be accomplished. Pius has found the responsible situation which he holds to be no sinecure; trammelled by foreign soldiery, he is little better than a prisoner, and Rome is at all times under martial law; while his mandates must be tempered to suit France, Austria, Russia, and with a trembling lest there be another revolution provoked in Italy. The blind obedience that has been accorded to his predecessors is no longer given to the present head of the Romish church. In title, in rank, in outward honors, he is the same head of the church which used to govern with so proud and high a will; but in reality, he is as weak as the rest of the princes and kings of Europe, whose light is gradually, but surely, paling before the bright rays of reason and liberty.

STEAMSHIP FRANKLIN.

The fine picture below gives a very perfect view of the Steamship Franklin leaving Havre for New York. This is a splendid piece of naval architecture, and has proved to be a swift vessel as well as a good sea-boat. The multiplying of these floating palaces is fast bringing all parts of the habitable globe in close connection with each other, and one slips across the Atlantic to Europe and back again now-a-days before his friends have a chance to miss him. These immense steamships are a most curious study for the uninitiated, and seem, in their infinite detail, to be little less than a miracle. Yet every piece of machinery has its proper place and duty, and all is understood and controlled by the officers of the ship. The pier from which she is taking her departure, as seen below, bears a marked resemblance to the Battery and Castle Garden in New York harbor, as those of our readers will remember who have on file, or bound, the picture which we gave of the Battery in a former number of the Pictorial. The stars and stripes float gaily from her peak, and the French tri-colored flag from her fore. She ploughs her way over the waves in all the pride and majesty of life and beauty. All success and safety to the noble steamship Franklin.



THE STEAMSHIP FRANKLIN LEAVING HAVRE FOR NEW YORK.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Traduced, or the Unfinished Will," a story, by SILVANUS COBS, JR.
"The Knock at my Door, or a Leaf from the Journal of a Medical Man," a story, by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.
"The Ruffians and the Flints, or Better than we Seem," a story, by Mrs. E. C. LOVERING.
"Slogle and Double," a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELMONT.
"Sympathy," verses, by J. ALFORD.
"A Song," by OWEN O. WARREN.
"Stanzas on the Ocean," by KENNETH SINCLAIR.
"Jenny Lind," lines, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
"Lines to a Rose," by S. L. N. STODDARD.
"To Catharine," a Valentine, by JOHN RUSSELL.
"Winter," lines, by JOSEPH W. NYE.
"The Balm of Gilead," verses, by JAS. CRUIKSHANKS, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We shall give a full-length and very perfect picture of Madame Anna Thillon, the charming actress who has so taken our city by storm for the last three weeks.

A fine engraving, representing the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Abderrahman, giving audience upon horseback.

An accurate view of Khatmandu, the chief city of Nepal, India, situated on the east bank of the Bishumutty river.

A likeness of Mr. Hudson, the Irish comedian, who supports Madame Anna Thillon in her role of characters.

Three very fine views of the Sandwich Islands. First, a view of Honolulu, the chief town of Oahu; second, a picture of the monument raised to the memory of that intrepid navigator, Capt. Cook, at Owhyhee, where he fell by the hands of the natives; and third, a picture representing the national dance of the Sandwich Islands, in all its grotesqueness and singularity.

A view of H. M. Steam-Tender, "Alban," rescuing the crew of an American brigantine, the Mesardis, of New York, on her voyage from Chagres, Navy Bay.

A picture of a large fountain in the capital of Spain, Madrid, with the Gallegos, or water-carriers.

A capital picture from the play of the "School for Scandal," representing Mrs. Forrest as she appeared on the occasion of her debut in New York, as Lady Teazle. This picture represents the celebrated scene, with Chippendale as Sir Peter Teazle, and Mr. E. K. Mason, as Joseph Surface.

A view of Acapulco, west coast of Mexico, being the principal port of that country on the Pacific Ocean.

U. S. STEAMER MISSOURI.

A letter from Gibraltar, written by Mr. John E. Gowen, of this city, contractor for raising the remains of the U. S. Steamer Missouri, which took fire and sunk at Gibraltar in 1843, says that the work is going on successfully. By a series of submarine explosions under various parts of the machinery, he has deepened the water to such an extent that any vessel can now float over the wreck with perfect safety, although, when he arrived, there was not over two feet of water above various portions of the machinery, such as wheels, cranks, shaft, and the timbers of the sunken vessel. He has removed nearly all her machinery, and is now rapidly breaking the hull of the vessel in pieces, and hoisting them to the surface of the water. During the ensuing summer, he hopes that he shall entirely remove her remains, and leave no vestige of the steamer in the harbor.

CHEAP.—We sent to Gleason the last year's numbers of his Drawing-Room Companion, and received a volume bound in superb style, with spring back, gilt edges, and gilt embellishments, all for one dollar—a price which strikes even bookbinders with astonishment. We have already noticed the attractions of the new volume, which is attaining a wide circulation.—Nashville, N. H. Ouis.

TO LET.

Being about to remove from our publishing office, Museum Building, Tremont Street, to the large building lately known as the Montgomery House, we desire to let our present situation. Application may be made at office.

THE CAGED NIGHTINGALE.—Jenny is boarding at the "Round Hill Water Cure Retreat," at Northampton, where she has taken eight rooms for the season.

STRIPED FIG.—The "old square bottle" has found its way into Maine, under the name of "Wolf's Aromatic Scheidam Schnapps."

A HINT.—If you would not have your child grow up hard-hearted and cruel, never suffer him to misuse an animal, or even an insect.

A RICH JUDGE.—Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, pays \$3000 a year taxes on his property in Cincinnati.

CALIFORNIA.

But a brief space of time has elapsed since the gold discovery in California, and it has already produced a great and flourishing empire on the shores of the Pacific, with a splendid and populous emporium, so far west as to be on terms of easy communication with the far East, with numerous other towns and cities on the navigable rivers flowing towards, and the great route radiating from, San Francisco, all furnished with the comforts, and many with the luxuries, of life, and with the elements of order, civilization, education, intellectual and religious, within its compass, a local legislature, a State charter, and a representative in the federal Congress.

Doubtless all this would have been accomplished in the ordinary course of time; the restless spirit of the race that has colonized this continent was continually urging it onward and onward, westward and westward, in the accomplishment of its high mission to reclaim the wilderness, to destroy the wild beasts of the forest, to level the dense forest itself, and to extinguish or absorb the original possessors of the soil. But it required some mighty stimulus to undertake the vast achievement. To emigrants in pursuit of a more liberal livelihood, there were so many desirable halting places on the great western route, so many formidable barriers in the shape of wide, arid plains, and stern, forbidding mountain ranges, that, perhaps, even our energetic countrymen would have required more than half a century to reach the shores of the Pacific.

But Providence, that all-ruling power, whose designs cannot be foreseen, offered the one wanting impulse. The virgin soil at last revealed its golden secret to the few adventurers who had made their homes in California. The prospect of wealth, easily acquired, at once determined a formidable immigration to El Dorado. People poured into the new country, where the reality surpassed the wildest dreams of the early Spanish colonists of America. The fictitious tales of the Arabian Nights were outdone by realities, and enormous wealth at once discovered itself on all sides, inviting labor to gather and possess it.

Labor immediately rose into a just appreciation, and took its proper rank—at least, as it regarded capital. All the artificial distinctions of old society vanished like mist before the sun, and a man was no longer estimated by his birth, his connections, his ancestors, but by his own intrinsic worth as a man. If he were patient, temperate and industrious, strong and bold, he reaped the reward of his good qualities. Labor met and still meets in California an immediate and splendid reward. Yet we say not this to induce any one to go thither, for there are almost untold obstacles and risks to encounter in the enterprise.

To the political economist, California presents a rich field for study, presenting, as it does most prominently, the greatness and weakness of man, his high aspirations and his low propensities at one glance. We see now how incompatible with human nature is the doctrine of socialism as advocated in France; for, in California, in spite of the original equality of the colonists, we have rich and poor, idle and industrious, vicious and virtuous, and, in short, the same social contrasts that are presented in older societies and communities.

The result of the California discovery, on the whole, has thus far been beneficial. It has given new hope to the despairing, opened a new field to those who had exhausted old regions of labor, elevated manual employment in public estimation, and given us a vantage ground on the Pacific, which will eventually result in this country's obtaining the supremacy of all other nations of the globe.

THE PROMETHEUS OUTRAGE.—A Washington despatch says the British government disavows the conduct of the commander of the Express, and makes an honorable apology.

A YOUNG EAGLE, weighing about 12 pounds, was shot at Quincy, lately. His pinions, from tip to tip, measured 7 feet 1 inch. He is supposed to be 18 months old.

PERSONAL.—Earnest efforts are being made in Washington to restore Gen. Talcott to the army.

VENOMOUS.—A Mr. Weightman, of Cincinnati, is lying at the point of death from the bite of a rat.

TASTE.

Whoever would cultivate a correct taste, let him study Nature—nature in all things, first and last. Hers is the best school, hers the only true style, breathing the language of purity, echoing the voice of gladness from all her caverns, raising aloft the songs of praise from all her hills, and clapping her hands for joy throughout the earth. In the broad fields of nature is seen a sameness without weariness, a variety without confusion, and a blending without indistinctness. "Mentally," says Beattie, "men are all more or less subject to the influence of external nature." Then they who heed her gentle teachings, who most minutely study her varied phenomena, must imbibe something of her blissful spirit, and influenced by the beautiful harmony of all her operations, the practicability, the appropriateness of every portion to the grand whole; such an one, in daily converse, in friendly intercourse with his great friend and emphatic though silent teacher, must, it would seem, possess, not only the most refined taste, but also a well balanced, well ordered mind, a calmness and serenity flowing into it from the investigation and close intimacy with glowing nature, which the freaks of man should not easily disturb, and above all, would be the most happy, devout worshipper of Him who "bindeth up the waters," and "spreadeth out the heavens," and "establisheth the earth" in strength and beauty.

INDIAN SUICIDE.

The Concordia (La.) Intelligencer says, that an Indian belonging to the remnant of the Choctaw tribe, which lingers near their ancient hunting grounds, committed suicide some days since in that parish, after a very novel and ingenious fashion. Tying one end of a piece of buckskin to the trigger of his rifle, and attaching the other end of the thong to a small tree, he stretched himself deliberately on the ground—and pulling the muzzle towards him, met death from the faithful piece which may often before have been the instrument of it in his hands upon the war-path or amid the fastnesses of his native forests. The poor suicide had, while under the influence of strong drink, murdered a member of his tribe—a friend and brother—and this was the deliberate, self-decreed expiation of the crime.

TO LET.

The large granite building situated in Brattle street, near Court street, and lately occupied by us for our printing establishment. Having removed to the spacious building known as the Montgomery House, Tremont street, we have no further use for the building referred to. It is in perfect repair, and immediate occupancy will be given. Our largely increasing business rendered it necessary for us to seek more extended quarters, or we should have still retained the building for our own use.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL COMPANION is finding its way into every family throughout the country. It is far the best illustrated paper in the United States. The engravings are exquisitely beautiful. Its reading matter speaks well for its future prospect and the low rates at which it is published will insure a general circulation all over the Union.—Newport Daily News.

DECLINED.—The Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Mount Vernon Church, Boston, has declined the call of "The American and Foreign Christian Union," to represent that society in Paris.

MINERAL WATERS.—A sulphur spring was recently discovered in Nansemond county, Va. It is said to represent perfectly the water of the far-famed Harrowgate springs.

A RICH PIECE.—A piece of quartz rock from California, weighing 188 ounces gross, has been assayed at the mint, and yielded \$1713 in gold, being \$9 20 per ounce.

KOSSUTH.—The devoted Hungarian has delivered over one hundred and fifty speeches since he arrived in this country. God speed his cause!

SLEIGHING.—There have been sixty consecutive days of good sleighing in Boston and the immediate vicinity. Very unusual.

MEN KILLED.—Ten men employed on the Great Western Canada Railway were killed, a few days since, by the caving in of a bank.

A FAT DIVIDEND.—The New York Life Insurance Company has declared an annual dividend of forty per cent.

MARRIAGES

In this city, at the residence of Mr. S. G. Ward, by the Rev. Charles Mason, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of New York, Otto Goldschmidt, of Hamburg, to Madlle Jenny Lind, of Stockholm, Sweden.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, Aaron Marden, Esq., to Miss Caroline F. Cox; Mr. A. E. Brown to Miss Laura A. Bryant.

By Rev. O. A. Skinner, Mr. William C. Carver to Miss Catharine A. Kobb.

By Rev. N. J. A. O'Brien, Mr. Patrick Keenan to Miss Mary Shaw.

By Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Amos Cross to Miss Susan C. McFaden.

By Charles H. White, Esq., Mr. J. H. Graupner to Miss Anna Boston, of Gattiner, Me.

By Rev. L. Crowell, Mr. Joseph Singleton to Miss Isabella Brown.

By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Joseph W. Rutherford to Miss Lucy A. Boynton.

By Justice John C. Leighton, Mr. Thomas White to Miss Ellen Ferguson.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Shackford, Mr. John B. Kibby, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Helen M. Drew.

At Newton Corner, by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Simon Mulligan to Miss Almira Coolidge.

At New Haven, Conn., Capt. Thomas A. Hamlen, of Boston, to Miss Ann M. Bradley.

At Portland, Me., by Rev. Dr. Dwight, Mr. Nathaniel Parker to Miss Carrie E. Hanson.

DEATHS

In this city, Lydia Anna Oolthwait, 4 years; Jane Muir, 29; Mrs. Martha Hagar, 65; Miss Harriet Farrar French, 41; Mrs. Margaret Mathias Johnston, 29; Mr. Thomas Wilmott, 45; Mr. Reuben Ramsdell, 74.

At Charlestown, Mr. James R. Kennah, 30.

At Dorchester, Miss Rebecca Holmes, 71.

At Brookline, Miss Louise Klienstrup, 22.

At New Braintree, Hon. Joseph Bowman, 80.

At Provincetown, Mrs. Mary L. Nickerson, 27.

At Newbury, Miss Helen Little, 28.

At Harvard (Shaker Village), George W. Brown, 17.

At West Boylston, Amanda Janette, only daughter of George How, 15.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Hannah, widow of George Massey, 85.

At Portland, Me., Mr. Nathaniel B. Allen, 26; Mr. John Harmon, of Windham, 21; Miss Sarah B. Jordan, 23.

At Eastport, Me., Dea. Ezekiel Prince, 91.

At Bloomfield, N. J., Nancy Delano, wife of John B. Wright, Esq., and daughter of Hon. James Howland, 2d, of New Bedford, Mass.

At Baltimore, Lemuel Ludden, Esq., 61, for many years a merchant of that city, and formerly of Boston.

At Charleston, S. C., Mrs. Lucretia Harrison, 93, a native of Boston.

Lost overboard, from brig Roscoe, two days out, from Boston for Havana, Ezekiel C. Hamlin, of West Barnstable.

A SPLENDID PICTORIAL,

—AND—

LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every notable character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY ABSENT LOVER.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

Far, far o'er the perilous ocean,
He's gone, to seek fortune and fame;
Yet my lips, in adoring devotion,
Still murmur his deeply-loved name.
Though absent, he still is before me,
Enshrined in my heart's deepest cell;
His voice's rich music floats o'er me,
As when he last bid me farewell.

His dark eyes still on me seem beaming,
With a softness love only can know;
And my own with the lovelight are gleaming,
His presence so dear will bestow.
His curls with my own still seem blending,
Strange emotions my bosom will swell,
As in tones which my young heart was rending,
He murmured, "my loved one, farewell!"

Though he's far from me now, yet I love him
As maiden ne'er loved man before;
And pure as the blue sky above him,
Is my love for the one I adore.
Though 't is but a few days since we parted,
A long age it seemeth to me;
And sorrowing now, and sad hearted,
I pine my brave lover to see.

My eye has lost its star-brightness,
My cheek its rich roseate hue;
My step its gay, fairy-like lightness,
Since I, sorrowing, bade him adieu.
The storm on the deep he is heaving,
My noble young lover so true;
The star-flag is o'er his head waving,
On ocean so boundless and blue.

O, Father in heaven, protect him,
My noble young lover so brave;
In safety O guide and direct him,
O'er ocean's dark, perilous wave.
Again may I joyously greet him,
Again to his true heart be pressed;
And in happiness yet will I meet him,
And e'er in his true love be blest.

Princeton, Mass., February, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TRI-COLOR AFLOAT.
A FRENCH OFFICER'S YARN.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

THE clock over the bar of the coffee-room had struck eleven, and so thick was the tobacco-smoke that one could scarcely distinguish soldiers from sailors—travelers from the native Marsellais. A long storm wonderfully amalgamates the inmates of a sea-port, and on the evening in question the conversation had become general, finally merging into a discussion as to the relative merits of the army and the navy. The former had rather the advantage, for among the military men present was one of Napoleon's old veterans, and as he narrated the deeds of the Imperial army, one could but think that the tri-colored flag of France floated proudest, when encircled by bayonets and sabres. All at once, an old captain who sported the anchor button, threw the end of his cigar into the glowing grate, and exclaimed, in a voice which had evidently contended with many a gale:

"Belay all! You youngsters have been chattering here, like the monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar, and my sabre-training friend has spun yarn enough to rig a seventy-four, but none of you know how proudly waves the tri-color afloat. Our French navy has never had a 'little corporal' or a corps of quill-driving glorifiers, but I will give you a single leaf from my log-book, that will prove that true spunk floats on salt water. Why, there is the same difference between a soldier and a sailor, that there is between a duck and a swan!"

A smoking bowl of rum-punch was ordered, fresh cigars were lighted, and all listened with attention to—

CAPTAIN HAROL'S YARN.

"It had been a hard day's fight. Our squadron had diminished from twelve to seven, and we had sunk eight English frigates. Night rendered it impossible to point the guns, so we made all fast, and called the roll; faith, 't was an easy task!"

"I was then lieutenant of the *Eolus*, and checked until my fingers ached. Only thirty-two answered 'present' out of two hundred and forty who were fit for duty in the morning, and the lee side of the cock-pit was slippery with blood. Our 'sawbones' was an able hand, however, and by midnight every one was quiet. Even the watch on deck nodded.

"There was one, though, who did not sleep, or wish to sleep—it was the first lieutenant, who

had taken command when the captain was shot down, like a dog, by a red coat in the enemy's fore-top. About one in the morning—I wont mark time by bells, for you landsmen would n't understand me—he came on deck, and called me into the cabin, leaving an old quarter-master in command of the watch. Lights were burning, the table was covered with papers, two bottles had evidently just been made sealed receptacles, and a miniature showed that the new captain had not forgotten his home or his wife. A smile played on his features as he asked:

"Well, Lieutenant Harol, what do you think of the *Eolus*?"

"Commander," I replied, "I think that she has nobly upheld the honor of France, and that the English know the weight of her broadsides."

"Bravo, and have you examined her, from deck to hold?"

"No, commander."

"How long will it be, think you, ere she will sink?"

"What mean you, commander?"

"I mean that I have not been idle. The *Eolus* has four feet of water in her hold now, and it rises one inch every fifteen minutes! Calculate!"

"But the pumps?"

"Ay, the pumps! They might save us if you had two hundred vigorous arms to work them with; but what can you expect from thirty-two men, some of them wounded at that. Besides, to-morrow we should all be English prisoners. The fleet cannot rally—we are surrounded by enemies—night alone protects us. At daylight we shall be lost, for the grape shot has cut up our rigging, and torn our sails into ribbons, while water flows into our hold through twenty shot holes. Even since I called you, we are fifteen minutes nearer death!"

"A bad prospect, commander! But what do you intend doing? What are your orders?"

"First, sir, it will be better to die than to fill an English prison-hulk!"

"Bravo!"

"Further, we had better risk all than have the Englishmen say that they have sunk us. So call all hands to quarters, without beat of drum."

"I obey."

"One word more."

"Commander?"

"Have the long boat launched as quietly as possible. I will soon join you on deck."

"In five minutes all the surviving crew were at work; the long boat was launched, and the men then came aft to the quarter-deck rail—one poor boy dragging himself along on his hands, for his feet had been injured by a shell. The commander soon joined us; nor shall I ever forget his appearance. His eye beamed like the North Star, and his pale forehead was as smooth as a new mast. All thought he had some good news to tell.

"My lads," said he, "this has been a fine day, and they will applaud you at Paris; but it can have a better ending—listen! The *Eolus* is on the point of sinking, and were not the night so dark, you would now see the spray near the lower deck ports. We must lose no time in getting into the long boat and shoving off. So far, so good! But it must not be said, my lads, that the English could boast of having sunk the *Eolus*—no! Sooner let brave men say that the old craft blew up, rather than have her flag dishonored. And thus we will cheat the English, who now doubtless hope, with to-morrow's sun, to disgrace us, and to dishonor our dead comrades!"

"There was a convulsive movement, and had not silence been previously enjoined, loud cheers would have hailed the commander's propositions with rapture.

"All is ready," continued the commander, "and in ten minutes the fire will reach the magazine. Who will light the match?"

"No one volunteered. Some proposed drawing lots; others that the eldest should remain.

"Come, come," cried the commander, "if you are all afraid, I will stay myself."

"While this selection was being made, an affecting scene took place between the wounded young sailor and his old father, the quarter-master.

"Father," said the lad, "let me stay. At any rate I am badly wounded, and I may as well die a glorious death. You will be proud to hear my praises, and to be complimented about your son, who died for the honor of France—who saved his ship from dishonor."

"And thy mother," sobbed the veteran.

"My mother—to console her, tell her I died

thinking of her." Then, addressing the captain: "Now, sir, order your men into the long boat—I will attend to the magazine."

"Solemnly did the survivors defile before Joseph, ere they passed over the ship's side, each one silently pressing the poor boy's hand. Thirty were in the long boat, and no one remained but Pierre, the quarter-master, who stood clasping his son to his heart.

"Leave me, father," said the boy.

"No, no, Joseph, I will die with thee."

"And my mother—who needs thy support! Wilt thou kill her?"

"She will not survive thy death, at any rate."

"But thou must go—hark! they call thee!"

"Never!"

Moved by a superhuman power, the wounded boy had drawn himself to the gangway, and his afflicted father had accompanied him. There was a grapple—a struggle—a cry—and the old man fell over the side into the long boat, while his son cried:

"Adieu, my father—live for my mother!"

An instant after, the long boat was bounding over the waves, and her crew, with eager attention, gazed into the darkness. Their hearts beat loud and fast.

All at once a spark gleamed on the black horizon. A light increased in brilliancy—and then, like a crashing peal of mountain thunder, an explosion convulsed the very ocean. Then all was dark and drear again upon the waters—the *Eolus* was no more.

At the sound of the explosion, one man trembled like a leaf, but no cry escaped his lips—and his courageous silence was the salvation of the long boat, for they had drifted among the English fleet.

"My lads," whispered the commander, "let us replace the *Eolus*, and hoist the tri-color at the mast head of this fine sloop-of-war, towards which we so quietly drift. All but two of you follow me quietly into the larboard chains—and let those two then take the long boat around her bows and make a false attack. Follow!"

And with cat-like agility did the commander mount the vessel's side, followed by his desperate band. A whisper might have ruined all.

Yet old Pierre remained in the bottom of the boat, withering in apparent grief. At the moment of his son's self-sacrifice, a cry would fain have escaped his lips, but he stifled it, and in so doing irritated his throat and provoked a cough. At first he sought to clasp his mouth with his hand—his throat swelled as if it would burst—his face became scarlet. But it was of no avail—he thought of his son—he thought of his comrades—and with his left hand he plunged his sheath-knife into his heart. His writhings were the agonies of death.

Fatigued and decimated by the day's conflict, the surprised English crew was an easy prey; and at daylight, Commander Mareel found himself in possession of a fine sloop-of-war, somewhat damaged, but making fine headway for Brest. Then was it, on getting in the long boat, that Pierre was discovered. And on the gunwale, traced in his own blood, was his dying wish—"MY WIFE." Need I say that every one on board gave the widowed mother a liberal share of pay and prize money?

And now, sabre-trainers, what say you? Do not the events of that night—the martyred son and father—the brave handful of men, prove that gallant hearts exist on salt water. Ay, ay, lads, the anchor-button binds French uniforms over true hearts; and from De Joinville down, we'll sustain the honor of the tri-color afloat. *That's all!"*

We all drank bumpers to Captain Harol, and left the coffee-house. But I'll warrant not one of the party slept that night without thinking of the widowed mother.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL FOR 1852.

BY ABBIE C. ELMGAR.

All hail to thee, fair Pictorial,
With thy dress so like a bride;
With thy gem-bespangled colors,
And air of conscious pride.

With thy band of starry writers,
And pictures rich and rare,
Thou'rt the leading star for others,
None can with thee compare.

Success to thee, fair Pictorial,
May you ever be fair as now;
May not one star fall from the coronal
That encircles thy glorious brow.

Portland, Me., February, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EVELINE.*

BY FRANKLIN C. S. HURLBUT.

Calm within those azure eyes,
Where a vernal rapture lies,
Modesty upon her throne,
In her majesty alone,
There unveils her flowery tome,
Eveline.

Rosy cheeks and auburn hair,
With a forehead high and fair,
Soft enchantments dallying there!
As some angel from the skies,
Thou art ever to my eyes
Beautiful as Paradise,
Eveline.

Near perfection thou dost shine,
Like some nymph of fairy clime,
Like the dove of Palestine;
Like the violet of spring,
Like a seraph on the wing,
Where the shades of Eden spring,
Eveline.

Far too beautiful for me,
Earth had never like to thee,
Art devised thee lovelily!
As some romance, painted high,
To attract the idle eye,
Thou dost charm the passer-by,
Eveline.

* *Eveline*—a fine picture, hanging upon the walls of my chamber.
Enfield, Ct., February, 1852.

DYING LIKE AN ARTIST.

An old fiddler recently found dead in Paris from the fumes of charcoal, on the floor of his garret, has left to posterity the following auto-biography, which could only have been written by a Frenchman. "I had talent once, and have occupied the highest places in the orchestras of our first theatres.—I remember the greatest days of the Opera comique, when disdaining the noise of our modern music, we produced sentimental harmonies which went straight to the soul and the heart. I have made a great deal of money, and have lived like an artist—freely—and so I shall die like many artists, in misery. You who read the letter of the old fiddler, take warning by my case. Young men of talent, put in practice this old adage, that you must lay up something for a rainy day. I have neglected it, and die in penury. The compassion of my fellow artists would have doubtless come to my assistance; but I had too much pride. I should have blushed at recalling to myself the memory of those who had known me in my days of prosperity. I preferred, though I could hardly hold my bow, on account of my great age, to take to the streets, and become a strolling musician. I procured by this means the bare necessaries of life, but every day rendered me more and more incapable. I had counted upon the kindness of God, and hoped to gain a prize in the great lottery. I had only been able to buy a single ticket, No. 4,947,989. If it had procured me even the smallest prize, I should have peacefully terminated my old days; but as God has decided otherwise, I resign myself to death. Pray for the fiddler."—*La Presse*, (Paris.)

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MUSINGS AT NIGHT.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

In the thought of the departed,
We no more are lonely hearted;
They are with us to console,
When the gloom is on the soul,
And they dissipate our sadness,
And mingle in our gladness.

When sorrow's chain has bound us,
They are with us and around us;
From their happy home above,
They come on wings of love;
And clinging fondly near us,
Breathe the hopes that soothe and cheer us.

From the cradle and the pillow,
To our rest beneath the willow,
They guard us and they guide—
And are ever by our side,
To conduct us, at life's even,
To the glorious morn of heaven.

New York, February, 1852.

CAPTIVES AND CRAVENS

Our use of the word "captive," which is identical with "captive," only coming through the Norman French, has, in like manner, its rise out of the sense that he who lets himself be made prisoner in war is a worthless, good-for-nothing person—a feeling so strong in some states of antiquity, that under no circumstances would they consent to ransom those of their citizens who had fallen alive into the hands of the enemy. The "captives" were accounted "captive," whom they could better do without. The same feeling has given us "craven," another word for coward: the "craven" is he who has craved or craven his life at the enemies' hands, instead of resisting to the death.—*Trench on the Study of Words*.

MRS. MOWATT.

We see by the Baltimore papers that this distinguished American actress has been winning fresh laurels in a new and very beautiful play called *Ingomar*, as produced by her at the Holiday Street Theatre. It is a drama translated from the German of Frederick Haln, and is rich in beauties of the most refined and lovely character. The theme of the play is the power of goodness in woman, as an attribute above intellect or beauty, to refine and humanize a barbarian, to subdue a coarse and savage nature. The plot of the play is exceedingly simple. *Myron*, an artizan of Massilia, is captured by the barbarians of the neighboring mountains. His daughter *Parthenia*, akin to Shakspeare's *Miranda*, brave and strong in unconscious purity and goodness, follows him alone, and is accepted by the tribe as a hostage for her father, who is suffered to return to Massilia to work for his ransom. Remaining among the barbarians, her loveliness wins *Ingomar*; this chief, a savage of a romantic and noble nature, is led to forsake his tribe and their ways of life, and become a Greek, in the hope of winning the love of *Parthenia*, which hope is of course realized. This beautiful play, we understand, will be performed at the Howard Athenæum, in this city, during Mrs. Mowatt's engagement here, and we are certain that it cannot fail to create much interest and something quite new and beautiful in theatricals.

ENGLISH ANNEXATION.

Things look sad for the English at the Cape of Good Hope. As usual, they have got a bad cause, and are conducting it to a bad issue. The London Times says:

"We are spending millions in the hope of a barren conquest, which, after all, we are not destined to obtain, and we are pouring forth like water the blood of brave and honorable men in the most worthless cause that ever armed the hand of man against his brother."

FUNNY.—Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row, Boston, lately took the portrait of a lady so admirably that her husband preferred it to the original!

NEATNESS.—No lady who has any regard for herself, or any respect for the society in which she moves, will be slovenly in her appearance, or careless in her attire.

TOO TRUE.—How many human hearts, like the Arctic Pole, have an open sea around the centre, but only reachable through an almost impassable desert of ice.

CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take one tea-spoonful each of red pepper and common salt, mix with vinegar, and gargle the throat repeatedly.

ASTRONOMY.—A young astronomer, Mr. Wm. C. Langdon, aged only 20, is about to lecture in the Maryland Institute. He is endorsed by Professors Henry, Bache, and Mitchell.

BE CAREFUL.—In Bangor, a short time since, a young lady, named Elizabeth Newhall, was run into by the shaft of a sleigh, and nearly killed.

A BRUTE.—Recently, in Broadway, N. Y., a drunken man fell against a lady, knocking her down with so much force that her leg was broken.

THE ICE TRADE.—One ice merchant in New Bedford has housed nine thousand tons of clear and beautiful ice during the present winter.

EDUCATIONAL.—There are in the United States no less than two hundred and seventeen colleges and professional schools.

EXPRESSIVE.—The converted negroes of Sierra Leone call the marginal readings of the Scriptures, "talk by the wayside."

RUSSIAN SLAVERY.—In Russia, the proportion of freemen is but one to five. Out of 54,000,000 inhabitants 42,000,000 are serfs.

AGED NEGRESS.—Catherine Crevier, a colored woman, died at St. Louis, a few days since, at the advanced age of 104 years.

ARBITRARY.—The Austrian government is demanding a tax of \$225 from every full grown person emigrating to America.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Clay's health is greatly improved. Orders have been received at the Washington Navy Yard to construct a United States steamer. Mrs. Oakes Smith says that the Witch of Endor was young and beautiful.

Judge Barton, of Philadelphia, it is feared, was recently drowned at San Francisco.

The rumored duel between ex-Governor Johnson and Senator Cooper was a hoax.

There are six printers in the Pennsylvania State Senate, out of thirty-three members.

The Biscacciantis are to be accompanied by George Loder in their professional visit to California.

It is estimated that one thousand German emigrants have settled at Cincinnati within the last sixty days.

A Mr. Blakely, of Iowa, was recently burned to death by being caught in a prairie-fire near St. Joseph's, Missouri.

British steamer *Astoria* arrived at Charleston from Glasgow, with five of her crew in a state of mutiny.

The trunk of Gov. Kossuth was lost in the snow lately, between Ebensburg and Blairsville, Pa. It contained all his clothing.

Grauville John Penn, great grandson of William, had a public reception by the Philadelphia City Council on Monday.

The Grand Jury in the New York Art Union case, have returned a bill of indictment against Mr. Bennett, for libel.

The buoys in Doboy and Kenello Sounds, at the entrance to the port of Darien, have been replaced.

The Cuban excitement rioters of New Orleans have been tried, but the jury not being able to agree, were discharged.

There have been six hundred murders in Texas in the last four years, and out of this startling number, not six have been convicted.

The Rev. Mr. Gibson and two others had each a leg broken, by a collision, on Wednesday, the 21st ult., on the Georgia railroad.

An engineer on the Ohio and Baltimore Railroad, named Garrison, was crushed to death lately, against a bridge near Chester.

The last New England Farmer contained a picture of the apple tree planted in 1648, by Peregrine White, as it now looks in Marshfield.

Pennsylvania produced more wheat in the year 1851, than any other State in the Union. In the production of Indian corn, Ohio took the lead.

The French navy boast the oldest man-of-war in the world—the *Ocean*, one hundred and twenty guns, launched in 1790.

There seems a chivalry in Southern latitudes. The birthday of Washington is to be celebrated at Tallahassee, Fla., by a tournament.

California widows are reported to be abundant in Michigan; two hundred men having left one county, and twenty others a single village.

The steamer *Pitser Miller* exploded at the mouth of White river, on the Mississippi, on 24th ult. Several persons were killed, and others badly wounded.

Several persons hitched a cow to a sleigh, jumped in, and drove and goaded her through most of the principal streets of Cincinnati, a few nights since.

The net proceeds of the reception given by the Bar of New York to Kossuth amounted to \$4200. Miss Davenport, the actress, has sent \$300 to the Hungarian Governor.

The public are cautioned against taking \$100 notes on the bank of Virginia, as nearly all that are out have been stolen, and will be disputed at the bank.

Mr. Charles Black, of New Orleans, has recovered \$10,000 damages from the Carolina Railroad Company, for the breaking of the legs of his son by an accident upon that road.

Thirty-three steamers were built at Louisville, New Albany and Jeffersonville, Ind., during the past year, at an expense of \$900,500. The Eclipse cost \$120,000.

The Republic of France is to have a new kind of Government Secretary. One of the members of Louis Napoleon's Cabinet will be a Secretary of Literature and Art.

The oath now required of the public functionaries in France runs as follows:—"I swear obedience to the Constitution, and fidelity to the President."

A lad between eight and nine years of age, a son of Mr. Charles Harmer, of Germantown, was killed a few days ago, in a collision between two sleds, on one of which he was riding down a hill.

The Endicott Pear Tree was brought from England, by Gov. Endicott, in 1628. There is a pear tree still standing in Eastham, which was planted by Gov. Prince about 200 years ago. He was chosen governor in 1634.

M. Bordenave, a French Professor in Churchill's Academy at Sing Sing, was found frozen to death lately. He had previously attempted suicide. He was well known, and had been in the academy for many years.

A letter has been received from President Roberts, of the Republic of Liberia, stating that Grando, a native chief, had made an attack on Fishtown, burned the village, and killed several of the inhabitants.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Persian stage is in a most flourishing condition.

Monseigneur Dounet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has been raised to the dignity of a Cardinal.

The posts previously occupied by the National Guards, are now guarded by the troops of the Seine.

Mdme Sontag has appeared at Cologne, in "La Fille du Regiment," with the most unbounded success.

The French Eagle is re-established on the banner of the army, and on the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Advices from St. Petersburg announce the suspension of Messrs. C. Luntz & Co., of that city; liabilities £50,000.

Gorgey, it is said, has been dismissed from the Austrian service, on suspicion of being as false to Austria as to Hungary.

The Croce di Savoia, of the 50th ult., states that the Emperor of Russia would probably spend part of the winter at Venice.

The production of silk in Europe has recently undergone great improvements, owing to the introduction of Chinese methods.

The *Opinion Publique* of Paris lately appeared with one column black, the censor having struck out so much of an editorial article.

A very rich sulphur mine has been opened at Bohar, on the Red Sea. The Sulphur can be delivered pure at Alexandria, for 62 1-2 cents the cwt.

Parisian society is very much amused with the manuscript newspapers which circulate from hand to hand, discussing topics illegal for print.

The Sultan is fond of musical boxes. He has just ordered, at Vienna, a number of watches with machines attached, to play airs from the Prophet.

By letters from Hong Kong to Nov. 29 it is said that the mandarins are purchasing arms and warlike stores of all kinds. The rebels are said to be near Canton.

From an official document, just issued, it is shown that the cost of taking down, removing and reinstating the Marble Arch now at Hyde-Park Corner, was a little short of £11,000.

It is stated that the Pope has ordered two handsome blocks of marble to be prepared for the Washington Monument, and which he designs shortly to despatch to this country.

Baron Kinning, manager of the Hungarian Committee in London, under the appointment, has died of a broken heart, caused by the personalities of a correspondent of the Daily News.

Sands of Gold.

—The rarest gems often lie hidden in kennels of impurity.

—Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghosts.

—Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.

—Discovery often becomes a crime, and doubt of established error, treason.

—They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are alike fools.

—As a bird wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.

—Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice.

—Imagination is a source of torment to many. While to others it is a pleasing faculty; the cause is in physical composition.

—Youth endures nothing more easily than poverty, if only a love, either of a heart or a science, illuminate their dark present.

—Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal honestly, it is not worth having.

—A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

—Resistance to small temptations gives strength to overcome great ones. All the moral strength which a man can gain he will sooner or later need.

—It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.—*Conversations of Lord Byron.*

—He who does good to another man, does good also to himself: not only in consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the consciousness of well doing is an ample reward.

—Genius, when not under the control of virtuous principles, is very apt to pursue a wayward course, to the injury not only of its possessor, but also of society.

—When I see a young profligate squandering his fortune in bagnios, or at the gaming table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave.

—The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

Joker's Olio.

There is a lady in this place so high minded that she disdains to own she has common sense.

Bright fellow—one who does not know when it is night, unless he sees the cows come home.

Why is a printer the most successful lady's man we have? Because he always succeeds in making an impression.

Why is a man charged with a crime like types? Because he should not be *locked up* till the *matter is well proved*.

A young man in Schenectady, on being crossed in love last week, seized a dumpling and dashed his brains out.

"Pa, aint I growing tall?" "Why, what's your height, sonny?" "I'm seven feet, lacking a yard!"

Cakes sprinkled with caraway seed should be eaten by such as are harassed with business.—They may drive *care away*.

The man who outran a rumor, has been pitted against the man who lived down a slander. In our opinion it will be a draw game.

A man was recently frozen to death in Mobile; next advices from Greenland, it is expected, will bring accounts of *coup de soleil*.

Punch—a good authority—says that Mr. Barnum is in active treaty for the purchase of the celebrated "House that Jack built."

An individual, whose antagonist spit tobacco-juice in his face, remarked that he was decidedly opposed to *Virginia abstractions*.

Miss Leslie says that plain-faced girls should dress plainly. Very true, but did Miss Leslie ever see a young lady that was willing to admit that she had a plain face?

The reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall is, because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountain to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

We have actually seen the man who never heard of Stebbings! He says, in extenuation, that his principal amusements for some months past, have been attending coroner's inquests and funerals.. Poor fellow!—*Carpet Bag.*

The lady who wouldn't recognize a friend when she met him in the street, with his working clothes on, passed through this city on Saturday en route for the Springs, accompanied by the gentleman who believes all the ladies are in love with his big whiskers.

"I thought Mr. Clay never drank anything," said Jones to Walker, the other day, as the great sage of Ashland joined some old friends in a social glass at Hewlett's Exchange, in New Orleans. "Well, you can't exactly say he drinks," responded W., "he only moistens his Clay." Jones passed his beaver.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*

Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Jest sich a critter as that young'un cleaning the door-step on t'other side of the street fooled yer poor dad, Jimmy. Don't east yer eye over that way and vink. If it hadn't a been for her, you and yer dad might ha been in Californy huntin' dimms, my son.

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F. GLEASON,
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VIEW OF THE TOWN OF AROUCA, CHILI.

VIEW AND SKETCH OF AROUCA.

The view above was taken by our artist on the spot and is true to the life. The first house on the left was built by an English shoemaker, the second house is a general country store, kept by Don Manuel Montabia, the next one is owned by Don Camilo Hermosila, the opposite one is owned by his brother, Camelio Hermosila, two emigrants from old Spain. About forty years ago, an English sloop-of-war was wrecked at the mouth of the Town Bull River, three miles distant from Arouca, and these two brothers, with the country peons, drove those of the crew, that reached the shore, to the overhanging rocks, and forced them over the cliffs, where

they perished. The flag over the store is the republican flag of Chili; the higher corner is ground blue with a white star, the section on a range with it is red, the lower portion of it is white. The old walls built by Cortes, when he conquered the Spanish main, the ruins of which still remain, are to be seen each side of the entrance; they are built of adopes. On the hill is seen the church and bell-tower, to call the inhabitants to mass; there is no tongue to the bell, but the bell-ringer mounts the ladder, armed with two pebbles or stones, with which he hammers on the bell. Arouca is situated on the Bay of St. Maria, and contains, at the present time, about 700 inhabitants.

FALLS AT ST. JOHNS RIVER.

The graphic picture which we present below, is a scene at the "Falls of St. Johns River," near the city of St. Johns. The lumber-boats and rafts come from the upper waters of the St. Johns, and from the Aroostook country, presenting to the eye of the New Englander a novel and most picturesque sight, as they rise and then plunge over and into the tremendous swells and eddies of the rapids and falls. Often the passage is attended with great risk, both to life and property, owing to the strength of the current, which often dashes the immense rafts of timber upon the rocky points of the shore, and hurls them in scattered masses of logs in such a wild

manner as to astonish the beholder; and yet the raftsmen keep their footing on the raft, as a general thing, or if thrown into the eddies, are rescued by their companions. There were some forty boats and rafts plunging and crashing through this passage when our artist sketched the picture, and altogether presented a scene of deep interest. The danger attendant on this employment stimulates the energies of these hardy wood-craftsmen, and though often in circumstances of much peril, yet seldom is life lost in their undertakings. This scene is just above the place where the magnificent suspension bridge, now in the course of construction, is to be situated.



VIEW AT THE FALLS OF ST. JOHNS RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



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MADAME ANNA THILLON.

No actress since our recollection has produced such a *furor* as Madame Anna Thillon during her late engagement in this city at the Howard Athenæum. The pieces which she has appeared in have been "The Crown Diamonds," "The Black Domino," and "The Daughter of the Regiment;" this last piece having been originally written for her. She is the original *fille du regiment*, and to our mind she has never been surpassed in the character. Throughout her engagement here she has been most ably supported by Mr. Hudson, the Irish comedian, who is also a fine vocalist. During nearly all the time of her engagement in Boston, the tickets to the theatre have been sold at auction—the house bringing premiums as high as six hundred dollars on one occasion. Coming among us almost entirely unheralded, she has won a universal popularity. Never has any operatic singer of her class met with a more enthusiastic reception, or been so successful as she has been during her stay in this city. She has charmed all by the fascination of her beautiful style—so graceful, so natural, so expressive, and yet so powerful. Her delicious voice, says a contemporary, is music itself, and is only in harmony with the radiant intelligence that beams from her syren face, and speaks more forcibly to the heart than any form of words of which human language is susceptible. The beauty of her countenance, not voluptuous, but indicative of passionate love—her piquant naivete of manner—her exquisite tones—her captivating gestures—her beautiful attitudes, and the indescribable charm of nature that plays around her like a halo of light, beguiling the audience into a momentary belief that their senses are delighted with a reality, and not a mere dramatic representation on the stage, have been the theme of every tongue, and have won for this gifted lady an immense popularity. Night after night the house has been crowded to excess, and the plaudits have been, not merely the formal recognition of the presence of genius, but the warm and spontaneous effusions of the heart. She is one of those few artists that never weary by their performances, because they are true to nature, like a beautiful landscape, which imparts pleasure every time it is beheld. Hence the fact that she has performed so many as two hundred times in a single character, in London. In Paris, and in the British metropolis, she has been equally triumphant; and the critics of both countries have been unanimous in their judgment as to her incomparable charms, while the subtlety and versatility of those charms have defied the art of criticism to analyze them. It is not this or that feature in her performance, but the *tout ensemble*, like the statue of Venus de Medicis, that dazzles and captivates the spectator. Madame Thillon was born in Calcutta, of English parents, but was brought up in France from the age of fourteen. She made her *debut* at



PORTRAIT OF MADAME ANNA THILLON.

Clermont, in the opera of "Le Rosignol." She afterwards appeared in "Jean de Paris," in which she attracted the marked notice of the French critics and the public. This was the commencement of a glorious career in France, which was succeeded by an equally flattering one in England, having obtained an engagement at the Princess's Theatre in London, where she made her first appearance in "The Crown Diamonds," creating an excitement scarcely ever surpassed by that attending the performance of any other artist. Her success in France and England is crowned by her triumphs here, which, however, have only commenced, for there is a brilliant future before her. The artist that can produce such effects in the old world and in the new—in the three greatest countries on the face of the globe—differing in many respects in a most remarkable degree, but all unanimously concurring in their judgment in her favor—must be more than an ordinary woman. In truth, Madame Thillon possesses originality and genius of the very highest order, and her gifts have been cultivated with the most perfect finish. She is entirely unique, there being no other comic opera singer in the world like her. Far from having wearied the public, Madame Anna Thillon could still fill the Howard nightly for a month to come; but her engagements in other cities precluded her longer stay in Boston. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Marshall has entered into an engagement with the lady to return to this city after a brief absence, when our citizens will have the satisfaction of again enjoying her professional performances. This will be particularly interesting to some of our young gallants, who seemed to have totally lost their hearts and become slaves to her extraordinary beauty of person. In another part of the paper we give a likeness of Mr. Hudson, the excellent Irish comedian and vocalist, who has sustained Madame Thillon during her engagement at the Howard. Our artist has taken the engraving herewith presented from life, the lady having afforded him the necessary private sitting for this purpose, and our readers may be assured of its truthfulness, though to those who have seen her this assurance will be quite unnecessary. It is exceedingly agreeable to know that one who has won so much of popular esteem and favor is as worthy as she is beautiful, and that her private life is graced by all those sacred and happy associations that ennoble and purify the heart. It is to be regretted that it is too often the case, that artists who, in their profession and upon the stage, challenge our most earnest admiration, yet leave a blank in our estimation by evincing a looseness of moral character in their private lives that ruins all. Though a woman possess the beauty of an angel, though every movement be grace, and every feature loveliness, if boldness be written in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty and shadows the fairest work of the Creator.

A TALE OF PIONEER LIFE AND INCIDENT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE

WHITE ROVER:

—OR—

THE LOVELY MAID OF LOUISIANA.

A ROMANCE OF THE WILD FOREST.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

"A thousand idle tales were then afloat in regard to the facility of amassing riches in this country, not one of which could be considered true, or ought to have been thus considered. Like a silly fish I swallowed the gilded bait—Irene was delighted at the idea of visiting a new country, whose breezes were balm; whose sunshine was glory; whose forests were orange trees; whose stones were gold; whose sands were diamonds; whose springs were fountains of immortal youth. We planned cottages, mansions, summer-houses, arbors, grounds, gardens, and I know not what, to grace our imaginary paradise.

"My little daughter was a year old when we left the shores of France. After a short and pleasant passage we reached the New World. I saw the gaping mouth of a muddy river, whose banks were overgrown with dank weeds, in which lay hidden frightful monsters, who delighted to swallow men and women at a mouthful. They told me it was the Mississippi river, that watered the Eden I was seeking. I stared at the captain like one awakening from some pleasant dream; he stroked his beard and smiled.

"It's a sweet place," said the captain.

"Have you been here often?" I asked.

"Twice before," he answered.

"What kind of monsters are those rolling so lazily among those dank weeds, in the mud yonder?"

"Why, bless your heart, sir, they are nothing but alligators!"

"What do they subsist upon?" I asked.

"They used to live upon Indians, but now they feed principally upon Frenchmen. They are not at all hard to suit. They'll take anything that comes along—pick up a little boy or girl now and then, or a full grown woman of any color; or selze upon men while bathing. One large sized man makes just two bites."

"Indeed!"

"Just as I tell you, monsieur."

"Thank you."

"Perfectly welcome."

"By further conversation with the captain, I learned that the Indians were also greatly to be feared, as shocking murders were frequent in the colony. The spell of my delightful dream was broken. I felt sad at heart, and one of those horrible presentiments of coming evil crept through every fibre of my brain, and made me stagger with the dread of something that I knew nothing about.

"De Iberville, brother of the governor, and an old acquaintance, met me at Biloxi. He strove to infuse new life and courage into my heart, but it was easy to see that he felt sad himself. Something was evidently weighing heavily upon his spirits. Iberville was a noble fellow, brave, generous, and high-souled; but there was some singular mystery connected with his stay in the colony. It was some love affair, which I could never fally fathom. I entered upon my duties with what zeal I could, under the circumstances.

"Irene bore up finely under the shock which we had both received in relation to the new country. She even affected to be pleased with her condition; but I knew better. One morning I left my new home with Iberville, to visit a small party of emigrants, who had settled upon the Mississippi river. I kissed Irene and my little daughter gaily, telling them I should soon return. I observed that Irene looked paler than usual, and held my hand longer in hers than she was wont, when she said adieu."

Boisbriant paused at this stage of his narrative, overcome by his emotions.

"When I returned," he resumed, "I had no wife, no child, no home. I found my darling wife near the river's bank, foully murdered by the Indians—and scalped—robbed of her long, beautiful hair, of which I had been so proud. The body of my daughter could not be found; but some of its clothes were discovered in the river, lodged among the weeds. Its fate was but too evident; it had been thrown into the water! My frantic grief I will not dwell upon. The cruelty of this blow I will leave wholly to your imagination. I felt like a crushed and broken-hearted man, and resolved to return to France. I shall not soon forget an incident which transpired previous to my putting this resolve into execution. It was a light, placid night like this. Iberville and myself were walking together.

"Did you ever have a presentiment?" he asked, with a smile.

"I replied that I had one when I first saw the mouth of the Mississippi river.

"I have a presentiment now," said Iberville.

"And what is it?" I asked.

"Death!" he replied softly, and with an earnestness I shall never forget.

"I have observed that something unpleasant has been preying upon your mind for a long time," I added.

"It is so, my friend. My sorrow is a secret which must perish with me," he replied, mournfully.

"It is a love-secret, I presume," I replied.

"I acknowledge it; I will tell you this much and no more: I have a wife and child," he said, earnestly.

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"That I may not tell you. There are many and powerful reasons why they are not with me; but it was my destiny that this should be, and I have submitted. Keep my secret, Boisbriant," I promised to do this.

"She's a lovely girl, and is content to be my wife under any circumstances; for she loves me," added Iberville.

"And does de Bienville, your brother, know aught of this?" I asked.

"Nothing definitely. He only knows that my affections are placed upon some object; but who she is, and where she is, he does not know, and has too much delicacy to ask what he is quite sure I do not wish him to know."

"I can conceive of no reasons sufficiently powerful to induce you to keep the facts you have communicated a secret," I remarked.

"My dear Boisbriant, there might possibly be many reasons for pursuing such a course. It might even be done to secure a fortune—a vast fortune—to make my child the inheritor of wealth, and a name, perhaps. Can you not conceive of something of that kind?"

"Certainly," I replied; "such things have happened more than once or twice. But a noble name your child will assuredly have, if it bear the name of Iberville."

"But a noble name without fortune is nothing worth, and serves only to bring its owner into contempt."

"Iberville paused, and with folded arms gazed at the waters of the Mississippi. I heard the twang of a bow-string, and a low groan from Iberville. I looked towards him, and saw an Indian shaft deep buried in his bosom. He fell back into my arms—looked pleasantly into my face, despite the torture of his wound, smiled

sweetly, and expired. And thus passed the noblest spirit that ever exerted an influence upon the fortunes of Louisiana. The news of his death cast a gloom over the colony, for his manly conduct from first to last had endeared him to every one. I can even now recall the form of de Bienville, kneeling by that smiling corpse. I have seen many a stout heart shake with grief; many a daring eye wet with tears; but I never saw grief like his, for they had loved like David and Jonathan, until the twain had become as the soul of one man."

Boisbriant ceased.

"Speak on! speak on!" exclaimed Henri.

"I went back to Paris, and after the lapse of a few years returned again to the colony, drawn back to the scene of my sufferings; by some strange impulse; perchance I wished to be near the grave of Irene. I have done," added Boisbriant, sadly.

"Your relation has interested me deeply," said Henri.

"No doubt; true hearts always feel an interest in the unfortunate. And now, my brave lad, you shall hear something still more interesting; for I perceive that your mind is in a calmer state than usual, and you can hear me less impatiently."

"Go on, if you please," said the Rover.

"What I have to communicate concerns the captive maidens, and Hubert, the king's commissary."

"The commissary!" exclaimed Henri.

"I have discovered the important fact that he is even now with the captives."

"Impossible!" cried the Rover.

"Not at all. I will explain. The commissary is the accomplice of Lesage. The motives which actuate him refer wholly to Adelaide; while those which stimulate Lesage have reference to Helen. The Camanches are employed by both the scoundrels. Hubert follows them for the purpose of playing the hero. He has formed the noble resolution to aid the mesdemoiselles to escape from the Indians, and thus acquire their confidence. He imagines that by taking this course, with Adelaide under his protection, filled with the idea that he is a daring and generous benefactor, he shall be able to make an impression on her heart, and thus ultimately effect his base purpose."

"The villain!" said Henri.

"I have followed the party on horseback, and being well acquainted with the country of the Camanches, I overtook them on the second day of their journey, and have dogged them ever since. The commissary, dressed and mounted like an Indian, follows them at a safe distance, sometimes taking long detours to mislead those whom he has good reason to suppose will attempt to follow. At night he has interviews with his Indian allies, and instructs them in the part they are to act. He has twice stolen into the tent during the night time, in the character of a friend and deliverer, ready to sell his life to save the fair captives.

"I have watched all these proceedings with feelings of indignation scarcely to be repressed and kept within bounds. Having learned all that could be of any avail, and being unable to cope with six Camanches and a white man, I have ridden back with hot haste to find you. When I found you here apparently so calm and thoughtful, it carried me back to other days. You made me think of Iberville on the night of his death, and I could not refrain from speaking to you of the past, before relating these matters. Nay, do not fret and fume so. Be patient. We are on the high road to success. We can scarcely fail to effect the object we so ardently desire to attain."

"Do you not suppose," asked Henri, as they arose to seek Pierre and Ridelle, "that Lesage is already on the way to join Hubert?"

"I do. The rogues have met by this time; but we will surprise them, my lad—surprise them!"

"And punish such high-handed villainy as it deserves. Let us not lose an instant, monsieur, but follow the scoundrels immediately. I cannot rest while such a scheme of consummate villainy is being enacted. I desire nothing more earnestly than to stand face to face with that commissary. Hero indeed! If my hands were once upon him, he would never wish to play the heroic benefactor again during his life."

Boisbriant and Pierre Moran met like old friends. The strange news which the former had communicated to Henri, was now repeated. The hunter and Ridelle listened with fierce and scowling brows.

"Lead the way," said Moran, huskily, "lead the way, and we'll follow."

"It is well spoken," added Ridelle. "Let us press forward to thwart this atrocious wickedness."

"Forward—forward—upon the trail—no rest—no sleep, until the maidens are free!" cried Henri.

"I am ready, good friends. This is the way, and may Heaven speed us!" said Boisbriant.

With dark and threatening visages, and minds firmly fixed upon vengeance, the foresters followed Boisbriant.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MEETING—THE ESCAPE.

SEVERAL days had elapsed since the disappearance of the mesdemoiselles. The night had already set in. Two persons were sitting upon the west bank of the Sabine River.

"You have followed sooner than I had expected, captain," said one.

"I found it was necessary no time should be lost, Monsieur Hubert," replied the captain.

"The affair is creating quite an excitement at New Orleans; for the girls are highly esteemed there. I am suspected, notwithstanding all our cunning. In fact I met that fire-eater, my evil genius, and he accused me of the abduction of the maidens, without stopping to mince matters. I owe him another debt, and I will be sure to pay him."

"Did he do you any personal violence?" asked Hubert.

"I barely escaped with my life."

"Why did you not run him through with your sword, captain?"

"Mon Dieu!" I attempted to, but he was more than a match for me with his tomahawk. He broke my sword at the hilt, and then benevolently spared my life for a greater punishment than that of being genteelly tomahawked!"

"For which you thanked him."

"For which I fired my pistol at his head, Monsieur Hubert."

"Did you hit him?"

"Hit him? no! he was not born to be hit, but to live to be my ruin. The fates protect him, I believe. Now tell me how you speed with Adelaide. Have you played the hero with success?"

"Admirably, admirably, my boy! I have risked my precious life twice for the sweet mesdemoiselles—visited them by moonlight—bade them hope—swore to save them, or die in the attempt—hinted at the danger I incurred for their pretty sakes—and of dying in a very happy and contented frame of mind while conscious of such a high purpose. We attempted to fly—the Indians did not rest well—one got up—smoked pipe—looked at the stars and moon—frightened us—girls trembled—gave myself up for lost—favorable hour passed—left them with melancholy forebodings—Indians were aroused—pursued me—fired guns—fell—was supposed to be wounded—up and ran—and here I am alive yet."

"Capital! grand! sublime! go on, Hubert."

"To-night I have fixed on as the happy period of their escape from Indian thralldom. The Camanches will sleep soundly as death itself—nothing but the last trumpet can wake them—I shall pray earnestly that Heaven will protect youth, innocence and beauty—grasp my short sword—be pale, but firm—lead the fair tremblers forth—walk over the savages as though they were logs of wood—gain the forest—breathe more freely—the girls pant with excitement—you are near—take Helen—I take Adelaide—all right—nobody's business—sweet mesdemoiselles—Ah! Lesage!"

"Fair, but proud Helen, you shall yet be won!" exclaimed the captain, triumphantly. "You scorned me once, yea, twice; but now, haughty beauty, the power is mine. And I shall crush and humiliate, both in one—the peerless Helen, the fire-eating Rover *Sacre Dieu!* but will it not crush his proud spirit!"

Lesage rubbed his hands and chuckled over his prospective triumph. In his diabolical malice, he resembled a fiend from the bottomless pit, more than a man.

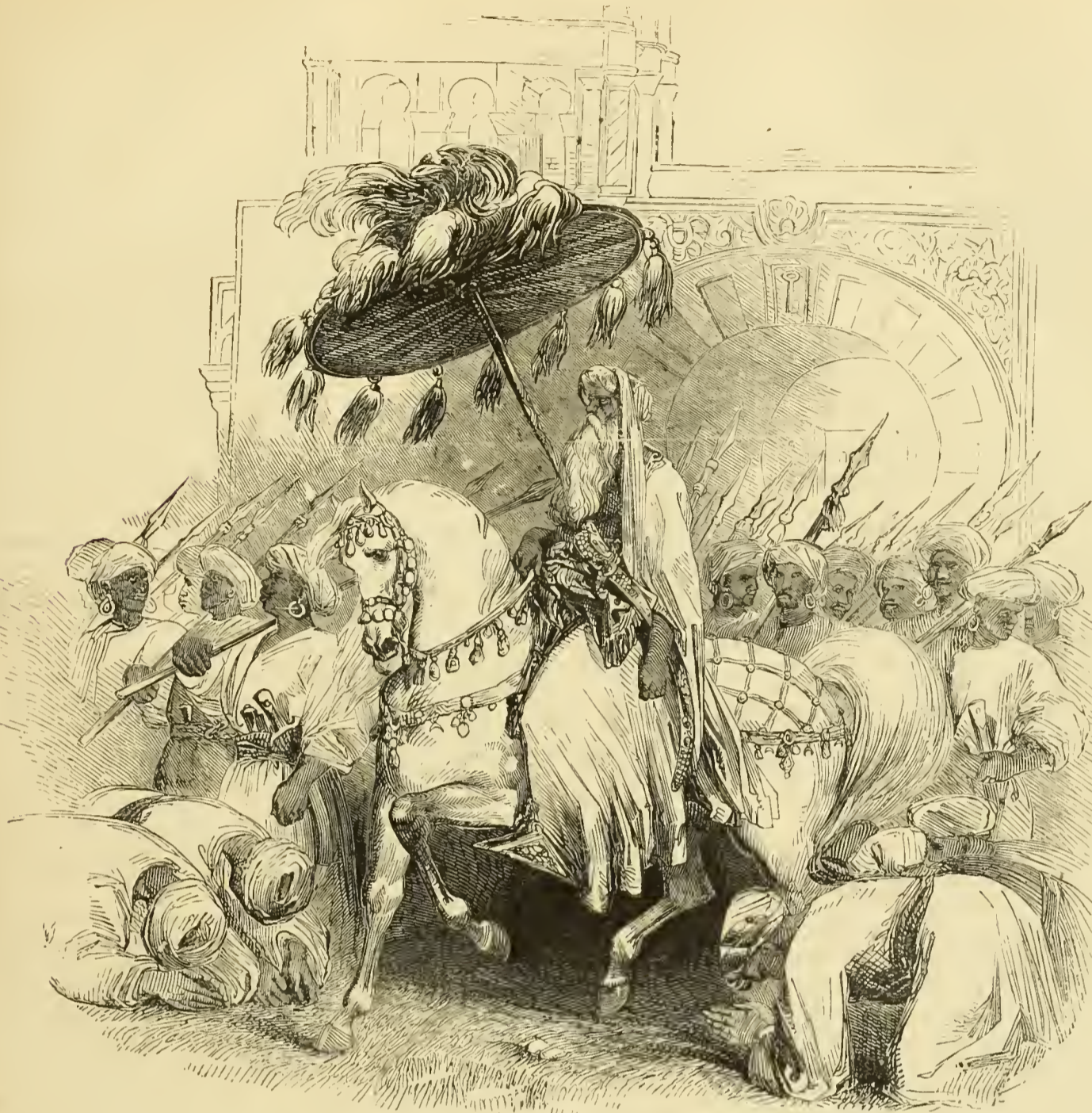
"We will pay back the scorn they have heaped upon us at different times," added Hubert. "Dearest Adelaide—sweet charmer—I come, I come—a dainty piece indeed! But I am wild with impatience," continued the commissary, with a theatrical air. "T is time, captain. The moon rides high in the heavens—the hour has come. Now shall we reap our reward for all

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

We present our readers herewith a fine and accurate picture of Muley Abderrahman, Emperor of Morocco. He is between fifty and sixty years of age, robust, and of active habit, but of brutal and cruel character, whilst he possesses a more despotic power than any other, even of Mahometan potentates. He is not even held in check by a mufti, an ulema, or even a council or divan. He is supposed to possess a divine character, and to be superior to all law. Yet, this monarch must pay respect to long-established usages and institutions; and must even give public audience four times a week to administer justice to all who may appeal to him from the *cadi*, or local governor. On these occasions he appears on horseback, in the superb state shown in our engraving, in an open interior court of the palace, his horse arrayed in trappings of gold and silks, while the Sultan's simple dress forms a striking contrast with the richness of his horse-furniture. He wears a caftan of white kersey-mere, with the Moorish girdle of white leather, embroidered with pale blue silk, fastened by a plain silver buckle. A muslin turban with the silk tuft of royalty, crowns his imperial head; and over this hangs gracefully, in full broad folds, a transparent haik of the finest fabric of Fas. His legs are equipped in boots of white morocco leather, curiously worked in devices with silk thread. Above his head is borne a very large umbrella, which is in Morocco to this day the ensign of royalty, and still continues to be in various nations of the East. The suitors prostrate themselves on the ground, and the entire scene of barbaric state is accurately shown in our illustration. The Sultan's favorite mode of gaining the objects of his ambition is by poison. It appears that he poisoned Solyman Abderrahman, his predecessor and cousin; and a letter from Tangier, published in the *Algerie*, states, that since the accession of the Emperor to the throne of Morocco, he has before his eyes the crime by which he ascended it. The fear of poison incessantly presents itself to his imagination. No one can approach him except his son; he alone is permitted to serve him, and he must first taste each dish. Such is the cost of crime—such is the penalty inflicted by a guilty conscience.

KHAMTMANDU, CAPITAL OF NEPAUL.

Khatmandu, the chief city of Nepaul and residence of the Rajah, of which we give a fine engraving below, stands on the east bank of the Bishmatty, along which it stretches in length about a mile. The breadth is inconsiderable, nowhere exceeding half a mile, its figure being said by the natives to resemble the Khora, or scimitar of Daiby. Khatmandu contains several temples on a large scale, and constructed of brick, with two, three, and four sloping roofs; and some are splendidly gilt, and produce a very picturesque and agreeable effect. The houses are of brick and tile, with pitched or pent roofs towards the street. They have frequently enclosed wooden balconies of open, carved work of a singular fashion. Khatmandu contains a population of about 50,000.



THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO GIVING AUDIENCE.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF KHAMTMANDU, THE CAPITAL OF NEPAUL.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

VESPER HYMN.

BY F. C. SYLVANUS HURLBUT.

The twilight dim is stealing
Around the rosy west;
And vesper bells are pealing,
To lull our souls to rest.

White through each ghost-like shadow,
Soft forms of old appear;
While every brae and meadow
Is full of love and cheer.

The wood birds all are singing
Their vespers to the day;
And brooks are laughing, springing,
To swell the rondelay.

The whippoorwill is chanting
Her matins of delight;
And Luna's nymphs are dancing
Upon the brow of night.

Lo! red on yonder mountain
Her mellow rim appears,
As yonder bell is counting
The days, the months, the years.

O life! so full of dreaming,
In contemplation sing;
When every field is teeming
With ravisment and spring.

Sing in the spangled morning,
The opening flowers among;
Thy thoughts with love adorning,
Be thou forever young!

Sing in the hush of even,
When mountain altars blaze;
And teach thy thoughts of heaven,
And everlasting praise.

Dost thou a moment squander,
By grieving hope deferred?
Or didst thou long to wander
With Eden's garden bird?

Beshrew thy pencil sombre!
Beshrew thy dreamy dyes!
But plume thy soul to number
With those of Paradise.

Etwood Gardens, Enfield, Ct., Feb., 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TRADUCED:

—OR—

THE UNFINISHED WILL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SOLOMON VANWICK was an old man—a man who had weathered the storms and frosts of four-score years. His frame had become weakened, his health impaired, and his mind nervous and irritable; but yet the same iron will that had marked his disposition in the prime of his manhood, was not bent beneath the weight of age. The old man had had but one child—a son. That son had died, leaving an only daughter, so that Solomon Vanwick had but one living descendant, from himself, the fair Isabella, his grandchild. Vanwick was wealthy and proud, and among the branch relations of his house, who hung about him in hopes of golden remembrance in his will, was Victor Waldamear, the son of the old nabob's sister.

Old Vanwick was sitting in his large arm-chair; near him stood Isabella, while at one of the high gothic windows stood Victor Waldamear. Isabella, though her eyes were tearless, had yet been weeping at the heart, but she trembled not, nor did she shrink before the stern gaze that was bent upon her.

"Isabella," said the old man, while a meaning frown darkened his wrinkled face, "this Alfred Norcross is not the man for your husband. Do you understand me?"

"I understand what you say, grandfather, but I think you can know little of the man of whom you speak. If you did, you would honor him for his virtues."

"When I say that Norcross is not the man for your husband, I mean it!" said the old man; "so from henceforth you will see him no more."

"No, no, my dear grandfather," exclaimed Isabella, with an imploring look and tone "you will not persist in that. You will not thus crush me beneath your displeasure."

"Not if you obey me."

"But Alfred is the son of my father's dearest friend."

"Yes," returned Vanwick, with bitterness, "and your father's friend was my enemy."

"And will you, because there was an unhappy difference between yourself and the elder Norcross, now keep that enmity alive against the unoffending son?"

"Silence, girl! Let me hear no more of this. What I have said is said, and it shall never be recalled."

"Sir," said Isabella, while an inward struggle to keep down her rising emotions gave a peculiar tremulousness to her tone, "you are an old man, and your days on earth are short; but little joy of this life is left for you, while I am young, and all of active life is before me. The steps which I take now will give color to my future, and be that future long or short, it must be made happy or miserable according as my steps are turned. My heart I have given to Alfred Norcross; in his keeping have I placed my purest affections, and I know that he is worthy of the trust. This union of our young hearts is the basis of all our joy in the future, and I cannot feel that even you have the right to rend it in sunder."

"Child, do you prate to me of right?" uttered the old man. "Young Norcross shall never touch one farthing of my money. You shall not marry him, and if he dares again—"

"Hold!" interrupted Isabella, while a strong calmness seemed to support her, "whatever you have to say against me, I am ready to hear; but speak not against Alfred Norcross, for he is my husband!"

"Your husband!" reiterated old Vanwick, grasping the arms of his chair with his bony hands. "Isabella, speak that word again!"

"Alfred Norcross is my husband!" pronounced the fair girl, in a firm tone.

"Then," returned the old man, as his face grew livid and his teeth grated together, "go and live with your husband. From henceforth you are nothing to me. I have forgotten you—your image is wrenched from my heart. Cross not my threshold again. Go! you are discarded, and forever!"

"But, my grandfather—"

"Silence, miscreant! Out of my house, and never let me set eyes upon you again!"

"Then farewell, and may Heaven yet pour the balm of forgiveness o'er your soul," said Isabella, as she half turned away; but ere she went, she gazed once more into his passion-wrought face, and with a starting tear she continued:

"Your money, grandfather, I never coveted, but your love I would fain retain. Your property may go to those who hang about you for its possession, but your old heart's affections will find no better resting-place than in the bosom of your grandchild, for there, at least, they will be reciprocated."

Old Solomon Vanwick made no reply, but while yet he gazed at the light form of his grandchild, she passed out from the room. As the door closed behind her, a look of almost fiend-like exultation rested upon the face of Victor Waldamear, and he turned his eyes away from his uncle, lest his real feelings might be seen. Ten minutes passed away, during which time the old man sat with his hands grasped firmly upon the arms of his chair, while a fierce rage seemed rankling in his bosom; but at length his feelings settled to a sort of cold, iron determination, and turning towards his nephew, he said:

"Victor, I think she's been ungrateful to me."

"Most ungrateful," returned Victor, in a fawning, pharisaic tone. "Her ingratitude to one so kind and generous as yourself, was to me as unexpected as it was bewildering. But, my dear uncle, you may yet somewhat relent towards her, for though young Norcross is unworthy of your esteem, yet Isabella may have been deceived."

"Deceived!" exclaimed the old man, again bursting into a passion. "It's me that's been deceived! Most grossly has she deceived me. No, no, Victor, you cannot palliate her offence. I have discarded her—disavowed her. Not a penny of my property shall she ever touch."

Again Victor Waldamear turned away to hide the glow of exultation that suffused his countenance.

"Dear uncle," he said, at length, in a tone so studied and hypocritical that any but a rage-blinded old man might have seen it, "let me advise you to wait awhile ere you alter your will; for though Isabella has disgraced you by her marriage, as well as forfeited your kindness by her reckless disregard of all your desires—and even though she has virtually cast herself off by ruthlessly trampling on your love and solicitude, yet—"

"Peace, peace, Victor!" interrupted the old man, with increased emotion. "Nothing, nothing shall turn me. I know you would plead for her, but even with your pleading, you cannot lose sight of her utter unworthiness. My decision is made. Here, take this key and unlock the left department of that old cabinet."

Victor Waldamear stepped to the old man's side, and with a trembling hand he took the key. It was placed in the lock, and the quaintly carved door was opened.

"Do you see that deep drawer, with a small key in its lock?" asked the old man.

"Yes, sir," returned the nephew.

"Open it. Within you will see a parchment tied with a blue ribbon, and bearing a heavy seal. Bring it to me."

Victor found the document, and he handed it to his uncle; then, at an order from the old man, he rang for a servant, who, when he appeared, was requested to bring a lighted taper.

Ere long the taper was brought, and after the servant had withdrawn, Vanwick tore off the seal and ribbon from the roll he held, and as he opened it, Victor's eyes rested upon his uncle's will! With features again set in their firm, iron mould, the old man raised the parchment to the blaze of the taper. The compact vellum began to hiss and crackle in the flame, and as it crisped and rolled in the heat, it fell in charred masses upon the table. Slowly it burned, but yet line after line of its inky import became annihilated, and at length the work of destruction was complete. Old Vanwick's will was no more.

Thus far had Victor Waldamear triumphed. He had succeeded in poisoning the old man's mind against his grandchild, by the most subtle arts. He had not dared to directly attack the name of Isabella, but he had most basely traduced the fair fame of Alfred Norcross, and by a continuous siege of petty thrusts and stabs at the cords of affection that bound the old man to his son's daughter, he had at length seen the estrangement complete. But the game was not yet won, for without a will, Isabella was the direct lineal heir. A new will must be made, and to this end, and that he might be the heir, Victor Waldamear determined to set himself at work. He was now Vanwick's sole confidant, and he held no doubts of his success. Already the broad lands and the bright gold of his uncle seemed his own, and not a pang of remorse reached his heart, as he thought of the poor, innocent being whom he had so foully wronged out of her birthright.

Isabella was not entirely happy when she turned her steps towards the dwelling which her husband had procured, nor was she really sad. The knowledge that she had been utterly discarded by her grandfather was a source of sorrow, for she had loved the old man well; but the thought that she had a husband who loved her cheered her on, and when at length she found herself clasped to that husband's bosom, the clouds were all rolled away, and she smiled in joy.

"Alfred," said she, "here in this humble cot we must make our home, for my grandfather has forbidden me ever to enter his dwelling again."

"Then he has disinherited you?"

"Yes, and he disowns me."

"Then," said Alfred, while his fine features were lighted up by a noble pride, and he clasped his young wife more closely to his bosom, "we will show him how independent we can be. I am sorry that he still clings to his dislike of me, but if I live he shall yet see that I bear him no malice in return. When my father urged your father into that unfortunate speculation by which they both were ruined, he thought to do him a pecuniary benefit, but God ruled it otherwise. Now, if Mr. Vanwick will still hunt me down for the result of my father's doings, then he is at liberty so to do; and for my poverty, too, I suppose he hates me; but look up, dearest Isabella; with my pencil I can yet carve out a fortune, or at least a comfortable means of sustenance. You do not mourn for the loss of your grandfather's estate, Isabella?"

"No, no, Alfred, I coveted it not; nor do I miss a thing I never possessed. One source of regret alone is mine—I have loved my grandfather, and I am sorry that he appreciates it not."

"Your grandfather has not come to this conclusion without some assistance from another quarter," said Alfred, with a spice of bitterness in his manner. "Victor Waldamear has had a hand in it all. His eyes have long been opened

to the possession of old Vanwick's property' and thus has his grasping ambition begun to reach its object."

"You speak truly, Alfred. But let us think no more about it. We can make our home happy without my grandfather's money, and if Victor succeeds in gaining the estate, I shall not envy him his possession."

Within the apartment where the young couple stood, there was an easel, upon which was an unfinished landscape; but yet enough had been placed upon the canvass to show that the hand that had done it, carried a bold and easy pencil. The coloring was true to nature, and the soft blending of the lights and shades betrayed an artistic taste and skill. Albert Norcross was a fair painter, and already had he engaged work enough to more than support him through the year, and he was sure of his money as fast as he could turn off his pictures. As Isabella last spoke, her husband clasped her once more to his bosom, and then imprinting a kiss upon her fair brow, he seated himself at his easel.

Poor Isabella! As she stood and gazed upon her husband as he now plied his brush, she dreamed not that the sweet flowers she had culled could be armed with thorns. In the innocence of her love, she had not thought of the future, or if she had, 'twas only as that love had pictured it. Alfred, too, looked only through the eyes of love, and he never once thought of the sterner realities that sometimes go to make up the counts of life.

At the end of a week the young artist had finished his picture, and, according to promise, he prepared to set forth for the dwelling of its purchaser. The man for whom he had painted it, lived some ten miles distant, and having kissed his pretty wife, he took the product of his labor under his arm and started off. The forenoon was well advanced when he left his dwelling, but he promised to be back before dark, and Isabella smiled as she bade him God speed.

Isabella sang and played the hours away, till the afternoon drew towards its close, and then she seated herself in the small flower-garden to watch for the return of her husband. An hour passed away, and she arose from her seat and walked around the garden,—then she went out into the road and looked off in the direction from which her husband would come; but she saw him not, and once more she resumed her seat. Half an hour more passed, and a heavy, black cloud, which Isabella had not before noticed, came lowering about her, and ere long the heavy rain-drops began to fall. The young wife reluctantly left her seat in the garden, and sought refuge in the house; but hardly had she gained it ere the rain began to fall faster, and fatal gusts swept up from the cloud-laden horizon. The dust and dry leaves danced in the air, the wind whistled louder, and a curtain of almost impenetrable blackness was drawn over the earth. Isabella peered forth into the darkness, and when she could no longer see even the trees that surrounded her dwelling, she shrank back from the window and sank upon a stool near her husband's easel.

Slowly and heavily wore away another hour. Isabella arose from her stool and went to the window. The rain was falling in torrents, and the vivid lightning had begun to dance in the heavens. Peal after peal of thunder roared along the lightning-tracked space, and at every shock the poor young wife's heart sank lower and lower in her bosom. Once she opened the door, and would have rushed forth into the darkness, but she quailed before the raging storm-giant, and shrank trembling back.

Already had the disconsolate woman's mind begun to waver beneath its load of fearful doubt, when she thought she detected the sound of a heavy footfall without. She sprang towards the door, threw it open, and in a moment more her husband caught her in his arms; she did not rest her weight upon him, however, for in a moment she realized that he trembled with weakness, and taking him fondly by the arm, she led him to a seat.

Alfred was wet to the skin, and his limbs were cold and shivering, and though he smiled in answer to his wife's earnest inquiries, yet his smiles were weak and sickly, and they dwelt only for a moment upon the surface of his countenance, and then faded away before the power of pain and almost utter exhaustion.

He explained to his wife that he had been obliged to wait some time for his patron, and that in half an hour after he started on his way

MR. HUDSON.

Mr. Hudson is certainly one of the best Irish comedians we have ever seen; and during his late engagement at the Howard Athenæum, where he has supported Madame Anna Thillon in her role of characters so successfully, he has shown himself a most excellent vocalist, as well as fine actor. We have before referred in these pages to his birthplace, and other matters touching his life and early career. He has made a large circle of friends in this city by his chaste performance upon the stage, and his gentlemanly deportment in private. Mr. Hudson has the full rich Irish brogue, and he knows so well how to use it, too, that he rarely fails to make a decided "hit" in every character he assumes, and in his songs decidedly excels even Brougham, who is his superior as a general actor. Mr. H. will return to this city, ere long, with Madame Anna Thillon, when they will once more perform an engagement at the Howard Athenæum.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF ZANTE.

My visit to Zante was during the season of the currant vintage, which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the method of preparing this fruit for the foreign market. The vines which produce these delicious little grapes were originally natives of Corinth, whence they derive the name which modern usage has corrupted into currant. They have been found to thrive remarkably well in Zante, and no produce yields so great a profit to the cultivator. When sufficiently ripe they are taken from the vine in the same manner as the common grape, and placed on a drying ground, expressly prepared for them, in layers of about half an inch thick. During the time they are exposed to the sun they are occasionally turned and swept into heaps, until they are entirely detached from the stalk, when they are fit for exportation. The only danger to be apprehended to the vintage at this time is rain, which causes the fruit to deteriorate in value, or become utterly worthless; but this is a disaster of rare occurrence in a climate where it seldom rains in summer before the middle of September. It appears that England consumes more currants than the whole world put together; should, therefore, the whim of fashion cause any change in the national taste for plum-puddings and mince-pies, not only the cultivators of Zante, but those of a great part of the Morea, would be utterly ruined; for, however excellent these tiny grapes may be, when applied to their present uses, they are utterly valueless for making wines, or any species of liquor.—*Spencer's Travels in European Turkey.*

A SNAKE STORY.

A citizen of Lynn, some time since, killed a black snake in the "Lynn Woods," and tying a string to it, he dragged it a distance of about two miles to his home, in the thickly settled part of the town. This was in the afternoon. On the next morning, a large, live black snake was found lying by the side of the dead one, and had evidently followed the track of its mate till it had overtaken it. This act seems to show an instinct and affection on the part of his "snake-ship," equal to that exhibited by some two-legged animals.—*Bay State.*



PORTRAIT OF MR. HUDSON, THE IRISH COMEDIAN.

VIEW OF HONOLULU.

The view presented below represents Honolulu, the chief town of Oahu, one of the group of the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific ocean, discovered by Captain Cook, of the royal navy, in 1778, and named by him after the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty. Honolulu is the royal residence, and a place of considerable trade, contains a large number of inhabitants, and many American residents. The efforts of American missionaries have introduced a high degree of civilization among the natives. Their habits are materially improved, their residences rendered neat and comfortable, and religious and intellectual culture is now placed within the reach of all. These islands embraced Christianity many years ago.

The group consists of ten islands, of which eight are inhabited. They lie at about a third of the distance from the western coast of Mexico to the eastern coast of China. In 1778 the total population was estimated at 400,000, but wars and the ravages of epidemic and other diseases, introduced by Europeans, have materially diminished this total. In the meantime the white colonial population has rapidly increased.

The principal islands are Hawaii, or Owhyhee, Maui, or Mowee, Oahu, Tauai, or Alooi, and Nihau, or Oncehow, which is celebrated for its culture and production of the yam. Most of the islands are volcanic, and they contain some mountains of great height. Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea are about 15,000 feet high. The climate is warm, but not unhealthy; the winter

season is marked by the prevalence of heavy rains.—The only animals found by Captain Cook were a small species of hogs, and dogs, and a kind of rat; but horses, cattle, and other domestic animals have been introduced by the Europeans. The coasts abound with sea-fowl. The principal vegetable products are yam, bread-fruit, cocoa-nut and strawberry; oranges, grapes and other vegetables have been introduced, and thrive abundantly. Sandal wood, which is burned in the temples of the Chinese, was formerly found here in abundance, and American vessels at one time almost monopolized the trade in it.

The natives are a peculiar race, tall, well-formed and handsome, with black or brown hair, frequently curling luxuriantly, and of a clear, olive complexion, occasionally a reddish brown. The language is a dialect of that spoken in the Society Islands. They are mild and gentle, but inquisitive and intelligent. Yet under their old idolatrous religion, they offered up human sacrifices, and their wars were bloody.

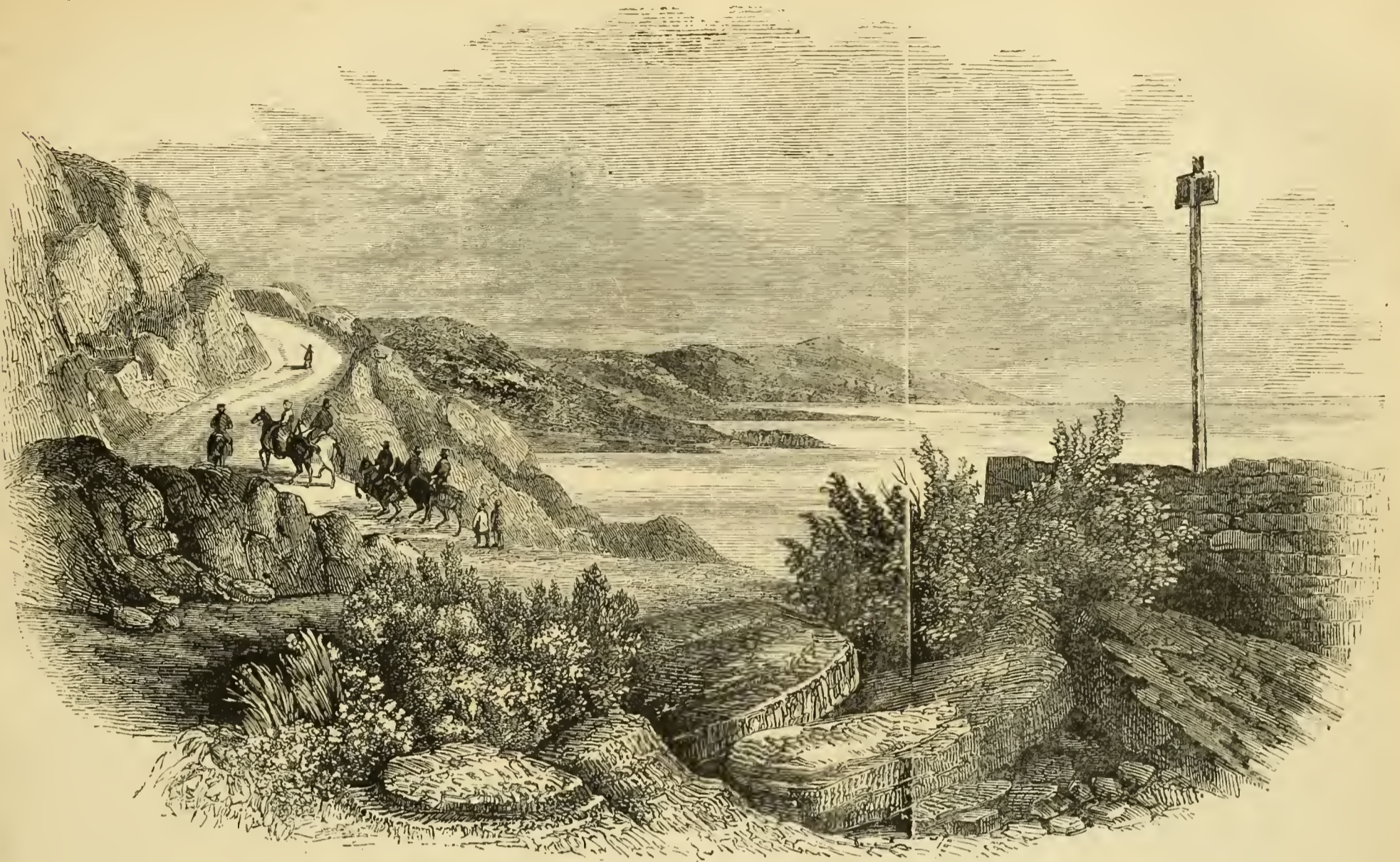
Though European costumes have been pretty generally introduced, it will be seen from our illustrations that many of the islanders yet cling to their old scanty dresses. They are fond of tattooing their persons, and among them a peculiar practice of tattooing the tip of the tongue prevails. The women are very fond of decorating their persons with wreaths and necklaces of leaves and shells.

We give a picture of the rude monument near the shore of Hawaii, or Owhyhee, where Capt. Cook, the discoverer of these islands, was killed February 14th, 1779. A boat having been stolen by one of the islanders, Capt. Cook went on shore to seize the king of Owhyhee and retain him as a hostage till the property was restored. This attempt irritated the natives, who collected around the captain's party in great numbers. One of the natives, armed with a spear and stone, made menacing gestures to the captain. On a repetition of his hostile demonstrations, Cook fired a charge of small shot at him, which, failing to penetrate his thick war mat, only served to exasperate him and encourage the other natives. Volleys of stones were hurled at the marines. They were answered by discharges of musketry on the part of the English. The combat soon became general. Capt. Cook was unharmed so long as he faced the enemy, but turning, to order his men to cease firing, he fell a victim to his humanity, for he was instantly stabbed in the back, and fell with his face in the water. He was immediately seized by the natives, dragged by the feet, despatched with daggers, and his remains shockingly abused.

"Such was the fate of our most excellent commander!" says the historian of his voyages. "After a life distinguished by such successful enterprises, his death can hardly be reckoned



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT, AT OWHIHEE, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

premature, since he lived to accomplish the great work for which he seemed particularly designed, being rather removed from the enjoyment than the acquisition of glory."

We conclude our series of Sandwich Islands sketches by the representation of a dance got up

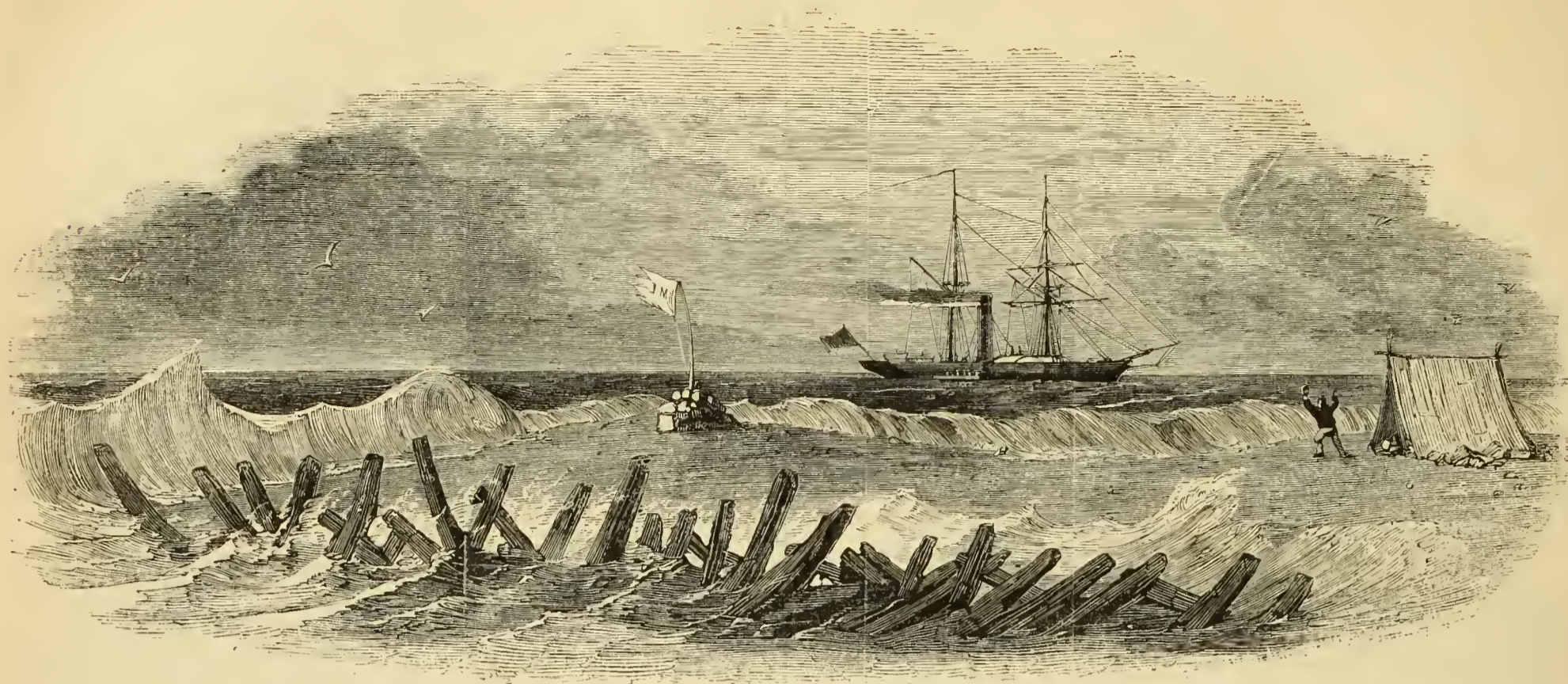
by the natives to amuse the officers and crew of an American frigate, who are seen "fraternizing" with the natives as spectators of one of their national dances. The natives are very fond of dancing, and exhibit extraordinary agility and activity in the exercise, and not a little

grace. Their movements resemble not a little those of the Spanish cacaucha, being wild, irregular and free. The accompaniment, in the present instance, is a hollow drum of peculiar form, beaten by the hand, and aided by a sort of musical chant and the clapping of hands. The lady,

who is the centre of attraction, is about to execute a pironette, after the fashion of our opera dancers, though it must be confessed her personal appearance is not so elegant and attractive as that of Ellsler or Montplaisir. The whole scene conveys a lively idea of the inhabitants.



REPRESENTATION OF A DANCE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS



H. B. M. STEAM TENDER "ALBAN," RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "MESARDIS," OF NEW YORK.

STEAM TENDER ALBAN.

The view which we present above, is that of H. M. Steam Tender "Alban," as she appeared rescuing the crew of the American brigantine Mesardis, of New York, on her voyage from Chagres. The Alban started on the 21st of November from Port Royal to the Serranilla Bank, in search of distressed American seamen believed to be located in Beacon Cay, in the immediate vicinity of the above bank. On approaching her destination, a tent was observed erected on the Cay, out of which a man was remarked to go waving his hat in great triumph and joy; the steamer then stood as near the Cay as practicable, and observed the wreck of the

vessel, which was almost broken up, lying on the most exposed point of land, with the force of the sea sweeping over her. The Alban was then brought to in the safest place, when the gig and cutter were lowered, and were speedily manned, for the purpose of affording whatever services might be necessary. On arriving at the tent, it was found that the crew of the unfortunate vessel consisted of nine persons, who were cast away August 31st. The master and two of the crew had, two months later, started towards the Mosquito coast for assistance, and four of those remaining had fallen victims to the climate, and the other two would soon have perished but for the Alban's timely arrival.

MADRID, SPAIN.

The picture which we give our readers below, represents one of the fine fountains at Madrid, Spain. The Gallegos or Water-Carriers are by no means the least characteristic portion of the population of Madrid. By them the water is conveyed from the fountains to the houses of the inhabitants. They are the exclusive Water-Carriers; and a Gallego who has established an extensive trade, when he has made a little fortune of two or three hundred dollars, wherewith to retire to his native mountains and rear a family, has the privilege of either selling his business, or of bequeathing it gratuitously to a relative. To lay up money on their scanty earn-

ings, of course, requires the most narrow economy. Accordingly, we find them doing menial offices for a family, for the sake of sleeping on the entry pavement; or else, clubbing together, a dozen or twenty, to hire an attic. They buy their food at a *taberna*, or from old women who keep little portable kitchens, or rather furnaces, at the corners, and either eat it on the spot, or seated on their water-jars about the fountains. Others there are, who, instead of carrying water for domestic use, parade the streets and sell it by the glassful to those who pass. The common mode of conveying the large jars, a number of which are seen in the illustration, is by carrying them on the head or upon the backs of mules.



REPRESENTATION OF A FOUNTAIN AND GALLEGOS OR WATER CARRIERS AT MADRID, SPAIN

MRS. FORREST AS LADY TEAZLE.

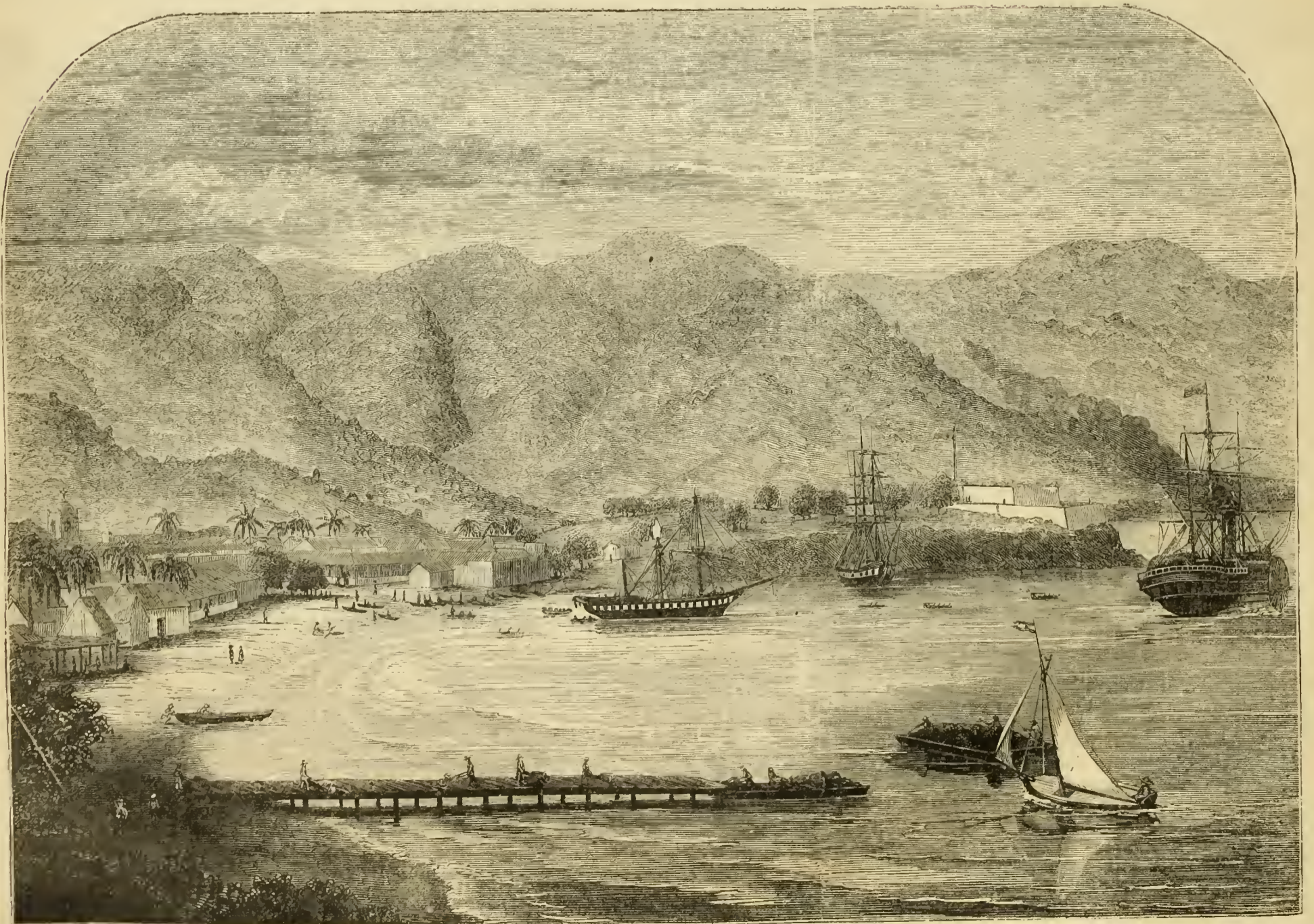
The picture which we give herewith represents Mrs. Forrest as *Lady Teazle*, in the "School for Scandal," in which character she recently made her debut, at Brougham's Lyceum, New York. The particular scene is that of the famous screen scene, where *Lady Teazle*, is discovered by *Charles Surface* and *Sir Peter*, secreted behind *Joseph Surface's* library screen. When this play is well cast, and this tableaux is properly performed, it is one of the best that we can at this moment recall as having ever seen upon the stage. The chagrin of the lady and her would-be deceiver, *Joseph*, the astonishment of *Sir Peter*, at discovering his wife in such a position, and the surprise and delight of *Charles* at the confusion he has innocently produced, are admirable. In the present scene Mr. Chipendale was the *Sir Peter*, and those who know this excellent actor will at once recognize the likeness in this picture. The occasion which our artist has portrayed, was one of much interest, as Mrs. Forrest's late trial before the courts of New York had excited considerable feeling.

ACAPULCO.

Acapulco, of which our artist presents a faithful picture below, is situated on the west coast of Mexico, and is the principal port of that country on the Pacific. Its commerce may date from the middle of the seventeenth century, and for a number of years it sent an annual galleon to Manila, with a cargo to the value of over a million of dollars, carrying cocoa, cochineal, silver, Spanish wool, etc., and returning with spices, silks, china, jewelry, cottons, etc. Of late years its trade was on the decline, until more recently the California trade has infused into it new life. It is now the principal port for supplying the California lines of steamers, and the fertile country in the rear enables it to meet all demands in this line. The National road connects this place with the city of Mexico. This road, in the days of the Spanish dominion, was one of the best in the world, being paved its whole distance. A line of stages still connects with that city and Vera Cruz. The population is about 5000, mostly descendants of the Aztecs. The climate is unhealthy, and the inhabitants are subject to cholera morbus, bilious fevers, &c. The harbor is completely land-locked, being surrounded by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, and second to none but San Francisco, on the Pacific coast. The view represents the landing and anchorage as seen from the west end of the town, showing the strong fortification of San Carlos. Behind the rise of ground on which the fort is built, lies a good portion of the town.



SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. MRS. CATHARINE N. SINCLAIR (LATE MRS. FORREST) AS LADY TEAZLE.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ACAPULCO, MEXICO.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { MUSEUM BUILDING,
TREMONT STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

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NIBLO'S GARDEN.

No place of amusement in the city of New York is better known or more popular with all classes than Niblo's Garden, Broadway. It was established more than thirty years since, and has undergone yearly improvements until it has reached its present condition of a refined and beautiful place of public amusement. At first it was laid out as simply a large and finely cultivated garden for the purposes of promenade and the partaking of refreshment. Niblo's Theatre has always been a popular and fashionable resort. It is mainly devoted to the laughter-god, Comus, and has in its brief day given the best of pantomimes, comedies and vaudevilles. The theatre has a light and graceful appearance, the interior columns and tier fronts being of iron, and is well finished and tastefully decorated. Instead of the old fashioned pit, it has a parquette which has become the favorite part of

the house for gentlemen, and is much frequented by ladies. There are seats in the whole house for about three thousand persons, and the means of egress are the best of any public saloon in town; all the doors are spacious, and open outward, and the lobbies are roomy and cool. The dimensions of the theatre are—length, one hundred and forty feet; breadth, eighty-four feet; height inside, forty-five feet. Such is a brief description of the extensive establishment of which we present an engraving below. It embraces, within a space of three hundred by two hundred feet, all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, as well as a theatre (a fine view of which has already appeared in this paper), and a ball room, all of them enjoying at present, and promising for the future, a most unexceptionable reputation. The earliest associations we can recall in connection with this place of amusement, are intimately connected with the famous Ravel

family, those unequalled pantomimists who have won fame and fortune by their extraordinary power of agility and mirth-provoking powers of pantomime. Who of our city readers have not been astounded by the wonderful pranks of Gabriel and Antoine Ravel? Who has not trembled while Charles Winthers so fearlessly performed upon the slack rope? In short, who has not seen and been delighted by the Ravel family at Niblo's, New York, from whence they always hailed in all of their peregrinations? It is not long since a melancholy accident occurred on the boards of Niblo's. One of the Ravels was dancing in her character of a sylphide, when in one of her pirouettes she approached too near to the foot-light. Her thin gauze dress became lighted at once, and before it could be entirely extinguished by the promptness of her companions upon the stage, the poor girl received sufficient injury to cause her death but a few days

subsequent. However, when there are so many delightful associations connected with any place, we must expect considerable of shade will creep into the picture of brightness which our memory conjures up for us. The engraving below presents a very perfect interior view of the garden, with its shrubbery, ornaments, gas-lights and various belongings. Our readers will find in this picture an illustration of the excellence of our purpose in giving accurate and interesting views of all that will amuse and instruct the general eye and improve the mind. Now there must be thousands and thousands of our readers, who have never visited even New York city, and yet they get in this number as perfect an idea of one of its most popular places of public entertainment, as though they had passed hours within its walls. This is our object, as it regards the introduction of various localities, buildings, personages, and the like, which grace these pages.



NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A REVIEW IN THE CHAMP DE MARS.

When the regiments of the line had all passed, there ensued a short pause, after which I saw approaching us the cavalry, headed by an infantry regiment of "chasseurs a pied," who, I was astonished to observe, were advancing very rapidly.

As it approached, there first of all trotted very proudly by the President, with bodies half shaved, two white poodle dogs of the regiment. Then came trotting by on foot, waving an ornamental pole, a magnificently-dressed tall tambour-major, followed by his brass band, all of whom, playing as they advanced, trotted by, and then suddenly wheeling to their left, formed in front of the President, where they continued, tambour-major and all, dancing up and down, keeping time to the air they played. As each company rapidly advanced, their appearance was not only astonishing but truly beautiful. Although, according to French regulations, they had come to the review, not only in heavy marching order (knapsacks and great coats), but laden with camp kettles and pans for soup, &c. (they are not allowed when reviewed to leave anything behind), they advanced and passed with an ease and lightness of step it is quite impossible to describe, and which I am sensible can scarcely be believed, unless it has been witnessed. In this way they preceded the cavalry, who were at a trot; and as soon as the last company had passed the President, the band and tambour-major, who had never ceased dancing for an instant, accompanied by the two white half-shaved poodle-dogs, darted after them, until the whole disappeared from view.

On expressing my astonishment at the pace at which they had passed, I was assured by two or three general officers, as well as by the President himself, that the "chasseurs a pied," in the French service, can, in heavy marching, keep up with the cavalry at a trot for two leagues; indeed, they added, if necessary, for a couple of hours;—the effect, no doubt, of the gymnastic exercises I had witnessed, and which I had been truly told by the French officers superintending them were instituted for the purpose of giving activity and celebrity of movement to the troops.—*A Fagot of French Sticks, by Sir F. Head.*

REPOSE OF MANNER.

Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gesture or quick movement inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade—but one sits for hours, lost in thought, and gazing upon the still water of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him. To be bodily tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort, are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.—*Balzac.*



"ORLANDO CHESTER," THE YOUNG HUNTER. SEE PAGE 146.

CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

The scene below depicted by our artist, represents the interior of Castle Garden, New York, as it appeared on the occasion of the late magnificent complimentary opera given to Max Maretzek, leader of the Italian Opera Troupe. The scene so spacious and brilliant in effect was one blaze of splendor on the occasion referred to, and there was not a seat empty in the house, or a standing-place left vacant. The talent en-

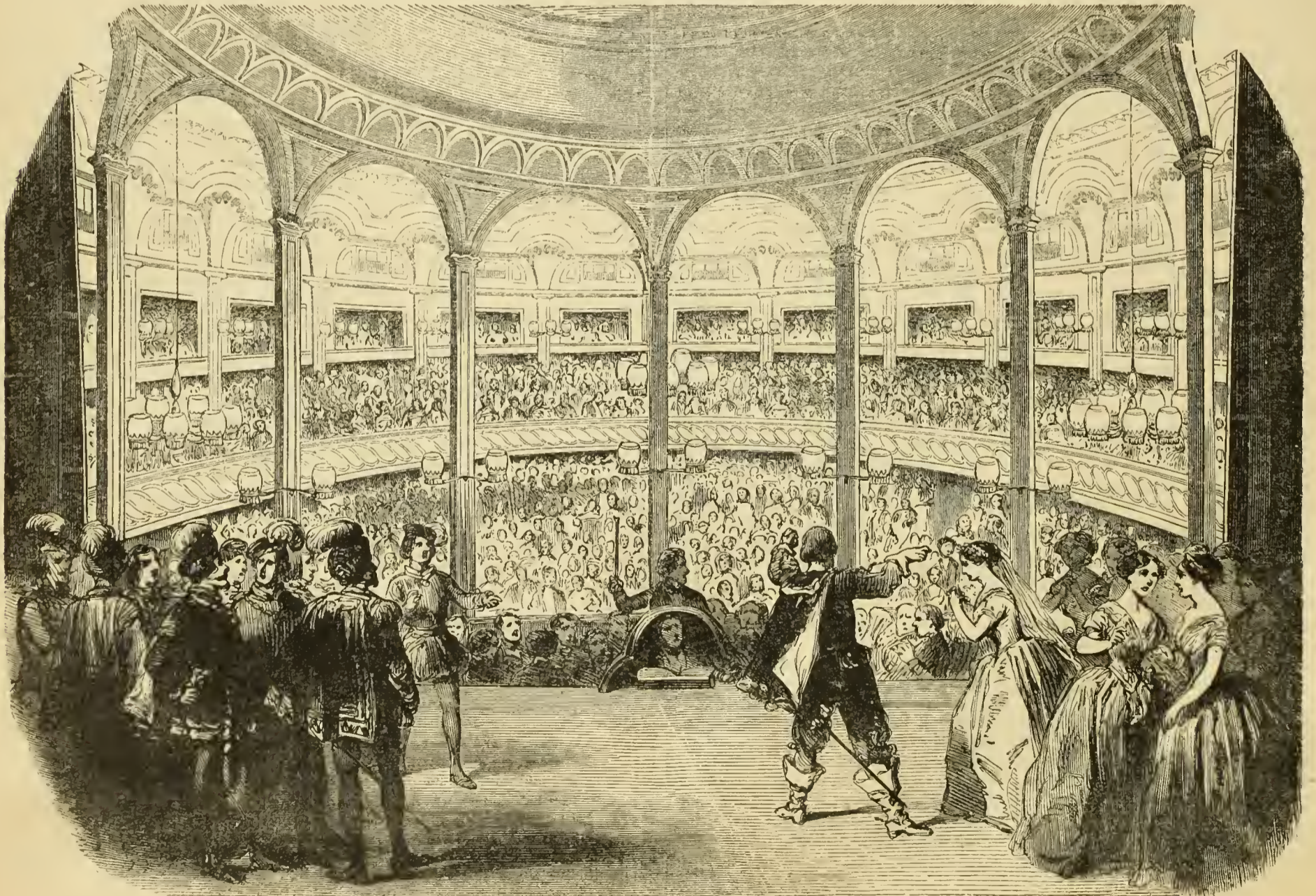
gaged on the occasion comprised all the best musical artists in the country, and such a galaxy of stars will probably never again be united in one performance. Maretzek's career in this country has been anything but a successful one to him, pecuniarily, and the object of this demonstration was to replenish his purse for him, and give him the means of starting once more anew. We need hardly add that the plan was eminently successful.

LARGE FORTUNES.

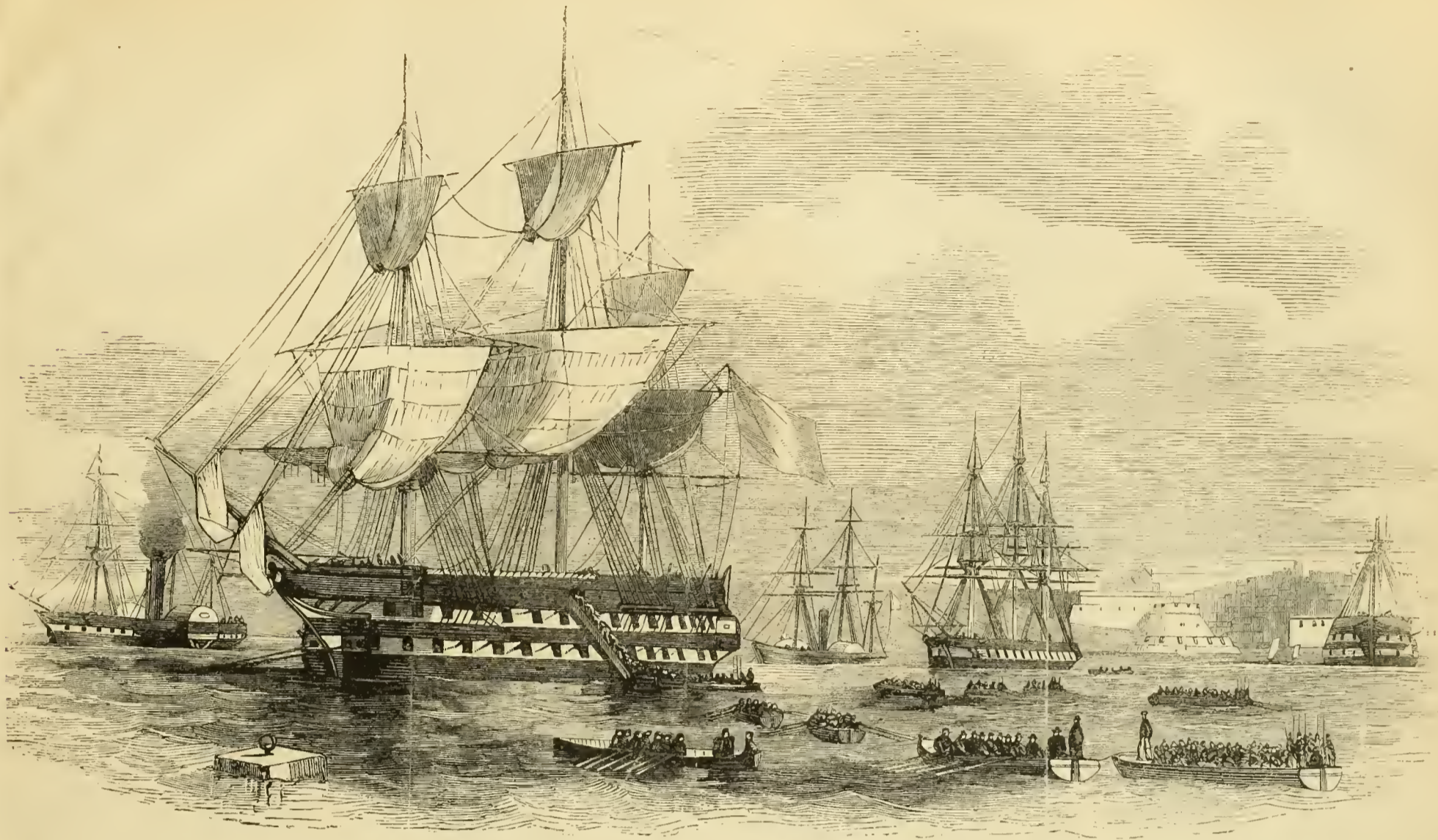
Croesus possessed in landed property, a fortune equal to £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say, that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army, or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £3,500,000. Tiberius, at this death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the State at £35,000,000. The debts of Milo amounted to £600,000. Caesar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000. He had purchased the friendship of Curio for £500,000, and that of Lucius Pannus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Caesar, Antony was in debt to the amount of £300,000; he owed this sum to the ides of March, and it was paid before the kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000 of the public treasures. Appius squandered in debauchery £500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, he had no more than £80,000, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Caesar gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Antony, dissolved in vinegar, a pearl worth £80,000, and he swallowed it. Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000, and Heliogabalus £20,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was £20,000; the fish from his fish ponds sold for £35,000.—*Ancient Annals.*

A HINDOO LETTER.

In external appearance and construction of expressions, a Hindoo letter is worthy of notice. It is written on a palm leaf, with an iron stile, four to six inches long, and sharp-pointed at the end. In writing, neither chair nor table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand, and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along the surface, but after finishing a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish his line. This becomes so easy by long practice, that one often sees a Hindoo writing as he walks the street. As this species of penmanship is but a kind of faint engraving, the strokes of which are indistinct, they make the character legible by besmearing the leaf with an ink-like fluid. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereon is written the address. In communicating the decease of a relative, the custom is to singe the point of the leaf upon which the afflicting news is written. When a superior writes to an inferior, he puts his own name before that of the person to whom he writes, and the reverse when he writes to a superior.—*Exchange.*



INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN AT THE TIME OF MAX MARETZEK'S BENEFIT.



EMBARKATION OF POLITICAL PRISONERS, AT BREST, FOR CAYENNE.

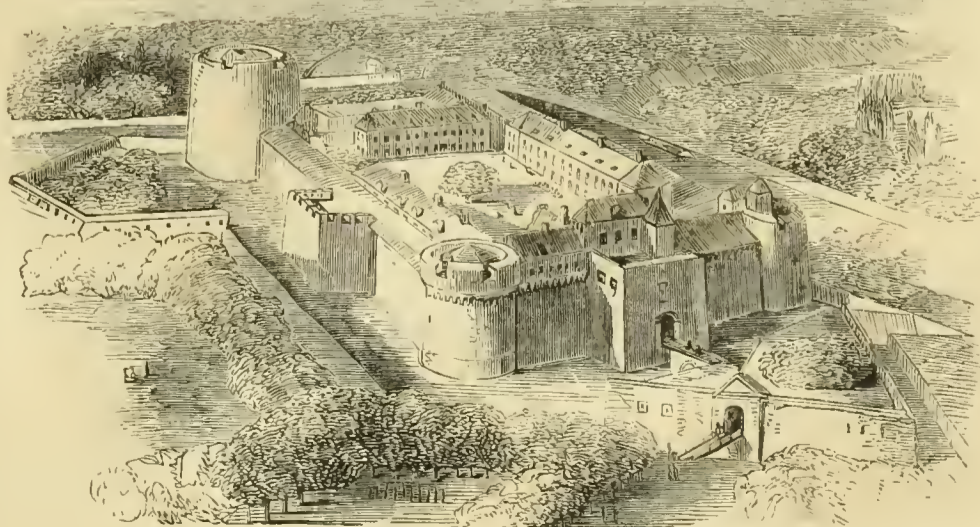
EMBARKATION OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The above engraving represents the embarkation of those French personages who by their political course had made themselves obnoxious to the jealousy of Louis Napoleon, and were transported to the fortress of Ham (prior to their banishment to Cayenne), as the victims of his despotic measures. The circumstances of their incarceration were so recently before the public eye, that a detailed account seems unnecessary to be given here. Cayenne stands as a penal colony in the same light to France that Australia does to England, except, perhaps, that its climate is far more unhealthy and fatal. It will be recollected that great numbers of the political exiles have been sentenced to transportation to Cayenne, in French Guiana, and have, accordingly, been sent in batches to Brest, there to embark in vessels provided for their conveyance. The illustration shows the scene of their embarkation, with a general view of the harbor of Brest, the chief naval seaport of France, and an arsenal of war and fortress of the first class, most advantageously situated on the French "Land's End." It has one of the finest harbors in the world, nearly land-locked, accessible only through a narrow and well fortified throat.

Ham is a small town on the Somme, surrounded by marshes, in French Flanders, and its citadel has acquired much notoriety as a state prison, more especially in the French revolutions of the last one and twenty years. The engraving presents a bird's-eye view of the fortress, which was originally built in 1470 by the Comte St. Pol, afterwards beheaded by Louis XI.; and it bears over the gate his motto, "Mon Meux." This citadel has been much strengthened by modern work, so as to be now a fortress of importance. The donjon tower is 100 feet high and 100 feet wide, and the walls are of masonry 36 feet thick. The Prince de Polignac and three other ministers of Charles X, who signed the fatal *ordonnances* of July 25, 1830, were confined here; as was also Prince Louis Napoleon, and several of the political prisoners arrested during the recent *coup d'etat*—among the latter, Generals Changarnier and Leflo, and M. Baze, whose release was characterized by the following incidents. It appears that at the moment these three distinguished prisoners arrived at Valenciennes to take the train for Belgium, in company with six police agents, the intimation of their arrival had not yet reached the authorities of that town. One of the last-mentioned having

recognized General Changarnier, who, as well as his companions in misfortune, was travelling under an assumed name (it is said, by order of the government), the Valenciennes police imagined that they were escaping from the fortress at Ham. They paid no attention to the explanation given by their *confreres* of Paris, who were regarded as accomplices of the prisoners; and thus, notwithstanding that they showed their papers and their authority for acting as they did, the commissary of police of Valenciennes arrested them all, and imprisoned them, as a measure of security. The mistake was not discovered for more than two hours, when the official notification of the minister of the interior was transmitted from the sous-prefecture, informing the authorities of Valenciennes of the measure of expulsion against the prisoners of Ham, as also the confidential mission to the police agents, who were, as is usual, in such cases, dressed in plain clothes, and who were, equally with those entrusted to them, subjected to temporary captivity. On the 6th of January, 1852, a private of the 6th regiment of the line, by the name of Girardin, who claimed the merit of having favored the escape of Louis Na-

oleon from the fort of Ham, in 1845, was tried by court-martial in Paris, for desertion. On being reproached with making common cause with the anarchists, the soldier replied warmly, "O, no, colonel, I am too much devoted to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, to have entertained such an idea. It was I who, when the Prince was detained at the fort at Ham, had the advantage which many others envied me, of favoring his escape. Colonel, I must tell you that I was on guard at that moment. The Prince passed before me disguised as a mason, bearing a plank on his shoulder. When I saw him approaching me, I very quickly perceived that his was not the step of a *mufle*, but that it was the Prince himself. I was much affected, and turned on my left heel to leave a free passage for the mason carrying the plank. I was punished for not having kept a stricter watch by one month's imprisonment." However, the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. So prominent is French politics before the public at this time, that any truthful scene connected with and illustrating these matters is of much interest, and knowing this, we present with pleasure this engraving.



FORTRESS OF HAM, THE FRENCH PRISONERS' PLACE OF EXILE.

A CROCODILE STORY.

A cayman from the neighboring lagoons of Lyson's estate, in St. Thomas's in the East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings, having free warren about the water mill, was taken in his prow and killed. All sorts of suspicion was entertained about the depredator among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds, after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at and wounded him; and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he was hit with such sensitive effect that he immediately rose out of the pond to gain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up; and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being at the shoulders, he was exposed only to severe jerks as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile, *eighteen feet long*, for so he measured when killed, was held *manu forti* by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the head.—*Tales of Travel.*

NIGHT ON MONT BLANC.

The stars had come out, and looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grand Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its ice-bound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone arose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CAPITOL OF MAINE.

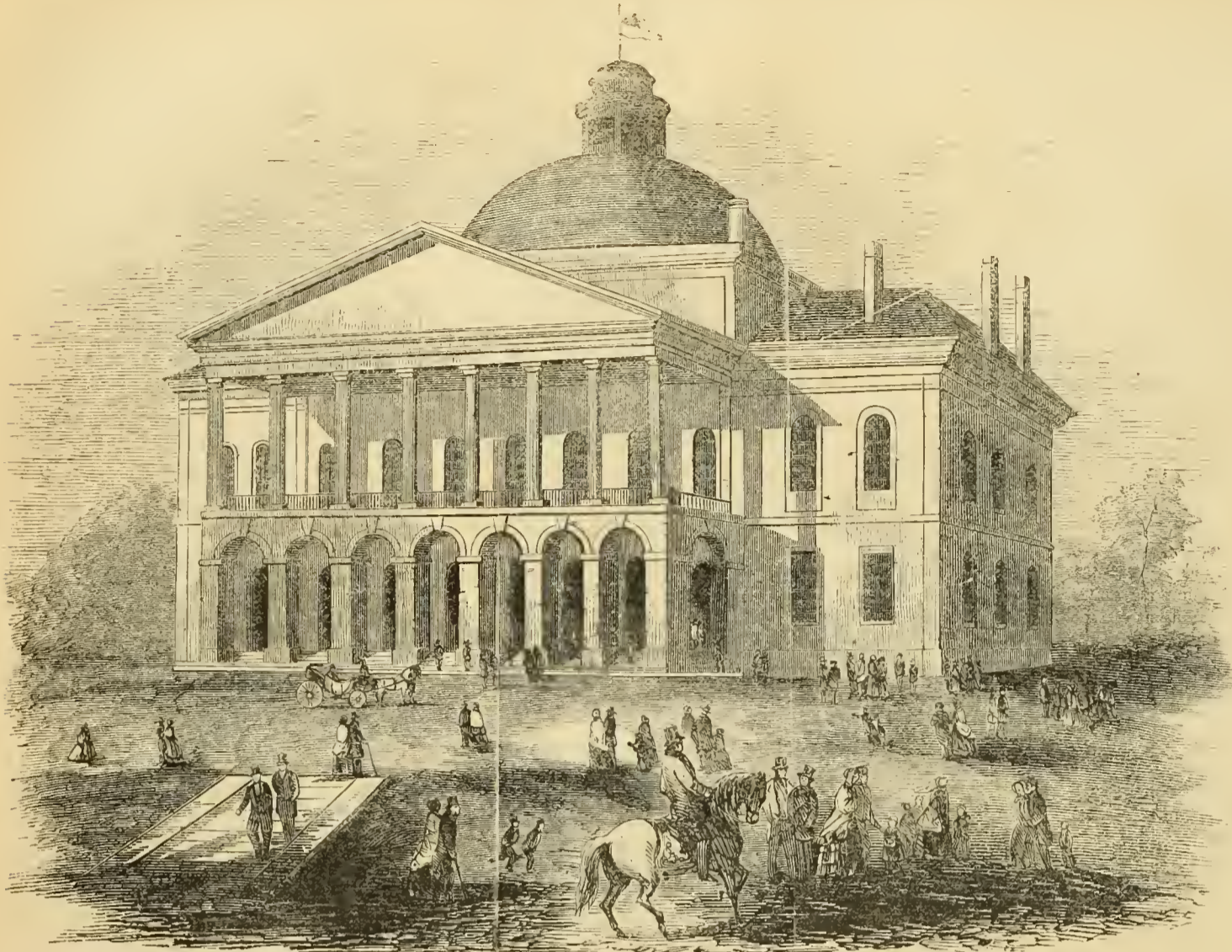
This elegant building is situated near the western bank of the Kennebec River, within the town of Augusta, Maine, and between that village and Hallowell, on an elevated site, from which is a pleasant and extensive view. The capitol was erected about eighteen years since. It is built of granite, and is of agreeable proportions, and a fine architectural ornament. It has a spacious room or hall for the representatives, and two of convenient size for the senate and executive council. There is an arsenal of the United States in Augusta, consisting of ten buildings of stone and many other large and fine buildings. Augusta is situated at the head of sloop-navigation on the Kennebec River, forty-three miles from its entrance into the Atlantic, and sloops of one hundred tons come to its wharves. The State House, of which we give the fine view herewith, is built after the same plan as the Boston State House, though smaller in dimensions. Before the building is a spacious park ornamented with walks and trees. Augusta contains a population of about ten thousand inhabitants, and is highly prosperous in business matters.

THE FOPPERIES OF RELIGION.

Meanwhile it is past melancholy, and verges on despair, to reflect what is going on amongst ministers of religion, who are often but too intent upon the fopperies of religion to have heart and time for the substantial work entrusted to them—immersed in heart-breaking trash, from which no sect is free; for here are fopperies of discipline, there fopperies of doctrine (still more dangerous as it seems to me).—And yet there are these words resounding in their ears: "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." And the word "world," as Coleridge has well explained, is this order of things, the order of things you are in. Clerical niceness and over-sanctity, for instance, and making more and longer sermons than there is any occasion for, and insisting upon needless points of doctrine, and making Christianity a stumbling-block to many, that, excellent clergymen, for there are numbers who deserve the name, that is your world, there lies your temptation to err.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

CONTENTMENT.

Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf!—*Hazlitt.*



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TEA CULTURE.

Tea having become so extensive an article of commerce and consumption, a source of such revenue to tea-growing countries, that various attempts have been made to introduce it into different places from China, as in Rio Janeiro, and other parts of Brazil. In South America, where our engraving was taken, the culture has proved quite successful. The plant grows from the seed, and is of little value till the third year, after which the leaves may be regularly gathered.

PRESENT TO KOSSUTH.

Mr. J. Weisman has caused to be prepared a daguerreotype representation of Canova's statue of Washington, as an appropriate present to Gov. Kossuth, which is taken from a finely colored lithograph, dedicated by Mr. W. to the Legislature of North Carolina. The statue was executed in Italy, at a cost of \$30,000 or \$40,000, for the public authorities of North Carolina. It was brought to Wilmington in a national vessel, and removed from thence to Raleigh with great pomp and parade. It was placed in the rotunda of the Capitol of that State, and destroyed by fire, with the building, about thirty years ago.

In this beautiful work of art, Washington was represented in a sitting posture, clothed in Roman costume. His left hand supports a tablet, his right extended holding a pen, as if in the act of writing. Upon the pedestal is portrayed the well-known historical event of the Revolution—"The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis." A boy appears in the act of sketching upon one of the sides of the pedestal. On the right of the pedestal, Lafayette, much affected, is observed standing, looking upward at the statue. The materials of the beautiful design were furnished to Canova by Thomas Jefferson.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



A REPRESENTATION OF THE PROCESS OF TEA CULTIVATION



REPRESENTATION OF THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

FIRE IN PORTLAND.

Our artist has faithfully delineated above a representation of the great and fatal fire that lately devastated so much property in the city of Portland, Me., consuming the American Hotel, stables and horses, with many other dwellings and stores. The loss of property was immense, but fortunately less personal injury was sustained than was at first apprehended. One man was crushed beneath the falling walls of the hotel. Portland has seldom been visited by such a conflagration as this. Grocery stores, oyster shops, dry goods stores, eating-houses, confectionaries, dwelling-houses, and the like, were swept off by the devouring element with such speed and power as to defy all human intervention. Of the firemen, says the Eastern Argus, we can only say, every man was a hero. The utmost devotion and untiring energy characterized them from the beginning to the end of the severe struggle, amid showers of fire, suffocating smoke, and piercing winds. They are noble fellows, and richly merit honor for their self-devotion and untiring exertions in behalf of the public weal.

SCENE FROM PIZARRO.

This standard play is too familiar to our readers to require any recapitulation from us of its plot; every school-boy has read it in his school-book. Our artist has given us here a faithful scene from the play as it was lately enacted at the National Theatre, Boston, with Mr. Murdoch as Rolla, Mrs. Tyrrell as Elvira, and Mr. Prior as Pizarro. When we say that Mr. Murdoch was as excellent as ever in this character, we say all that is necessary, for he has few superiors in the part, now upon the stage. The superior stock of scenery and capacity at the National enables the proprietors to bring out the pieces produced at this house with unequalled correctness as to perspective and stage effect. We are pleased to know that Mr. Murdoch's late engagement at this house has been so successful, both to himself and the managers, whose exertions to please merit a liberal response from the public. We never fail to compliment the stock company of this house, when we refer to theatrical performances in Boston, because it has really the best selected one in this city. This is the department where our managers generally fail; they hire a cheap, poor company, and they get in consequence cheap and poor patronage.

HISTORY.

Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and his desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with grand, glorious aims—with immortal longings—with thoughts which sweep the heavens, and "wander through eternity." A pigmy standing on

the outward crust of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches onwards to the Infinite, and there alone finds rest. History is a reflex of this double life. Every epoch has two aspects—one calm, broad and solemn, looking towards Eternity; the other, agitated, petty, vehement and confused, looking towards Time.—*Exchange.*

AMERICA.

Happy is your great country, sir, that it was selected, by the blessing of the Lord, to prove the practicability of a federative union of many sovereign States, all conserving their State rights and their self-government, and yet united in one. Every star beaming with its own lustre, but, all together, one constellation.—*Kossuth.*

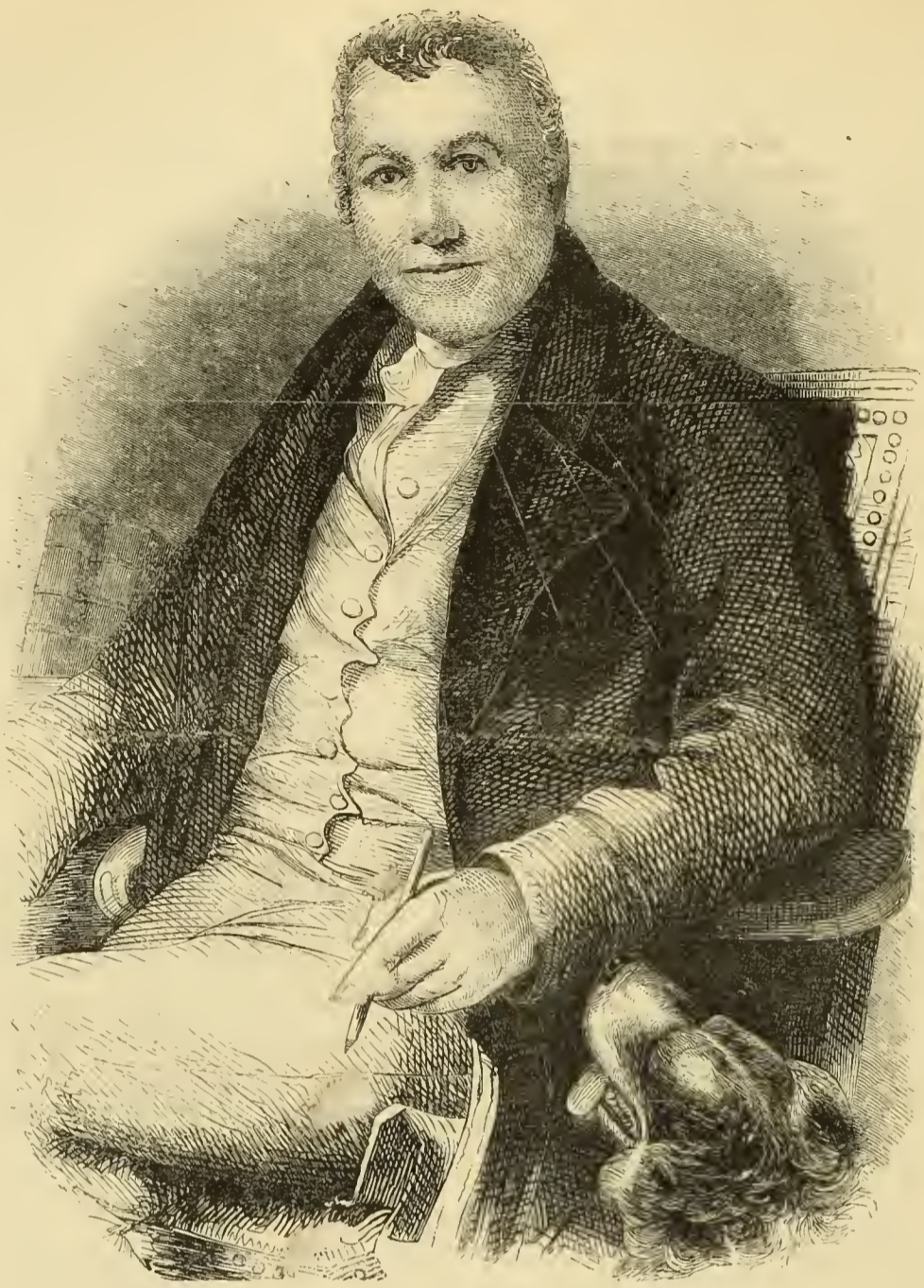


SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF PIZARRO.—MR. MURDOCH AS ROLLA. MR. PRIOR AS PIZARRO, AND MRS. TYRRELL AS ELVIRA.

THOMAS BEWICK.

We this week present our readers with a striking portrait of the father of Wood Engraving. It is now too well known to require more than a passing allusion to the fact, that before Thomas Bewick gave a new impulse and a new life to this beautiful art, it had fallen into the lowest condition of contempt, and though not entirely extinct, having ceased to be used for the embellishment of books, and being chiefly retained for the rude ornament of the most wretched songs, and the imprint of ships, the gallows, or a man running away with knob-stick and bundle, in newspapers. Bewick saw all that it was capable of, and introducing it into works of taste, the best known and most perfect specimens of which are his own Natural Histories, the whole public were astonished and charmed with the effect. George III., who was, according to Peter Pindar, filled with amazement at the way that the apples could have got into the pudding, was, if possible, still more amazed at the engravings of Bewick. When they told him they were done on wood, he declared that he would not believe it till he saw the blocks.

The taste for wood engraving has, since that time, constantly grown, and now gives employment to a host of admirable artists, both as designers and as engravers. There is scarcely a living painter whose productions now adorn the walls of our houses, or are seen annually in our exhibitions, who is not proud to see his fame spread still wider, by means of this art; and the number of works now exhibited by it is immense. The number of periodicals, especially weekly ones, that are now illustrated by wood engravings is great. The great beauty, taste and finish of the illustrations, and the spirit with which all the important passing events are seized upon, and by which whole galleries of scenes of the hour are given, making the chief personages of the day, and the places in which they perform their public duties, or pursue their pleasures, as familiar to the eye, as the press does to the mind, deserve particular notice. It is invidious to mention names, as we cannot mention all, such is the amount of talent now employed in this art; such, in other words, are the benefits which Thomas Bewick has conferred on the public, and the world of artists. The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. 'T was a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milk-house on the ground-floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. Bewick was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of "the little window at his bed-head;" which room this was, however, none of the family



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS BEWICK, THE REVIVER OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

knew.—About 1785, Bewick began a series of illustrations for a history of quadrupeds, and the work, when issued in 1790, attracted much attention. This work, and those on natural history, executed by Bewick, were remarkable for possessing a small order of engravings on wood, called *tail-pieces*, from being given at the terminations of chapters.—At the west end of the church in Ovingham is the tomb of the artist. A square plot of ground adjoining the west end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron

palisades. Three graves there are covered with flat stones, and on the church wall above, stand, side by side, these inscriptions: "In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man."—"The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st of February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick died on the 8th of November, 1828, at the age of 75 years."

COLONY OF LABUAN.

The sketch given below is a representation of the new colony of Labuan, founded by Sir James Brooke, in the month of August last, of the honorable East India Company's war steamer *Phlegethon*, on a cruise in the Indian Archipelago, in search of pirates, thirty of whom she succeeded in capturing and carrying to Singapore; these men forming the residue of the crew who seized and destroyed the *General Wood*, and murdered several hands and passengers on board, about two years ago. In the sketch, the buildings shown upon the banks are the government bungalows and guard-house; the navy well, left of the flag-staff; and, further left, the bath-house and other offices of the *Phlegethon* steamer, in front of the picture. An interesting letter from an English correspondent, under date of Sarawak, Sept. 16, says "I find Sarawak just what I expected. The Rajah's bungalow is cool and comfortable. The fort, which mounts six guns, is in excellent order. The garrison went through their manoeuvres in a style that did them great credit. I examined the antimony factory, which is rather a large establishment. I am writing in the hall of the bungalow; one of the Pangerans and a son of the late Rajah Muda Hassim are sitting by my side. Mr. M'Dougall and the other missionary, Mr. Wright, are living in the courthouse on the other side of the water, and I hear are making great progress; they have a school of fifty adults and children. M'Dougall widely diffuses the benefit of his medical science. Both are much liked by the inhabitants. We have an expedition out against Sadong, consisting of ninety English and five hundred Sarawaks. The Sadong people have been in communication with pirates. Crookshank, who commanded the natives, has orders to make prisoners of the Sadong men, and bring them to Sarawak for examination. On the return of the expedition, we are to give a grand feast to the native chiefs and officers of the ships in the river. The sultan is said to be dying, and the villain Macota (the abettor of piracy) is again in power and carrying on his intrigues. I hear that Sir James Brooke is drawing up a treaty, which will be entered into by all the chiefs of the rivers between this and Bruni, acknowledging him as their chief and protector—an union for mutual assistance against piracy. Three days afterwards, this correspondent adds: "The expedition against Sadong returned, having effected their purpose and thoroughly frightened the inhabitants of that river: they brought back several prisoners. We have recently had a boar hunt. An enormous boar had made many visits to us, doing much injury. In company with one other we sallied out one night, as he stole on the settlement, and succeeded in killing him. He was a powerful animal, 3 1-2 feet high, and measuring 8 feet from tip of tail to snout."



VIEW OF THE NEW BRITISH COLONY OF LABUAN.



VIEW OF ALBANY, N. Y., FROM GREENBUSH.

ALBANY.

The view which our artist has sketched for us above, represents Albany, N. Y., taken from Greenbush. We need hardly mention that this is the capital of the Empire State, and is situated on the west side of the Hudson river, one hundred and forty-five miles from New York city. Albany numbers some 50,000 inhabitants, and is in a highly prosperous condition as it regards trade and commerce at the present time. The

streets were originally narrow and irregular, but those more recently laid out are spacious and elegant. State street, for instance, is from 150 to 170 feet in width, and lined with large and elegant structures. At the head of this street, which has a somewhat steep ascent, is the capitol, a fine stone edifice, 115 feet long by 190 feet wide, with ample accommodations for the State Legislature. Albany contains besides this many very beautiful specimens of architecture.

FALLS OF THE GENESEE.

Below we give a fine view of the Falls of the Genesee, at Rochester, N. Y. What Sicily was to Europe, and Egypt to the States of the Mediterranean—store-houses and granaries—the Valley of the Genesee is to the world. The starving millions of Europe wait upon the action of its mills, and our own wasteful and improvident poor will eat nothing coarser in the way of "bread-stuffs" than the finest "Genesec."

The flour mills of Rochester are among the most stupendous works of modern art; being built of granite, and of such size and strength as to be analogous only to the massive workmanship of ancient Egypt. These mills are so constructed that the grain can be delivered from the boat into the hoppers of the mills, and the returning boat receives, from another side of the building, the same grain, converted into the most beautiful flour ever manufactured.



FALLS OF THE GENESEE, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

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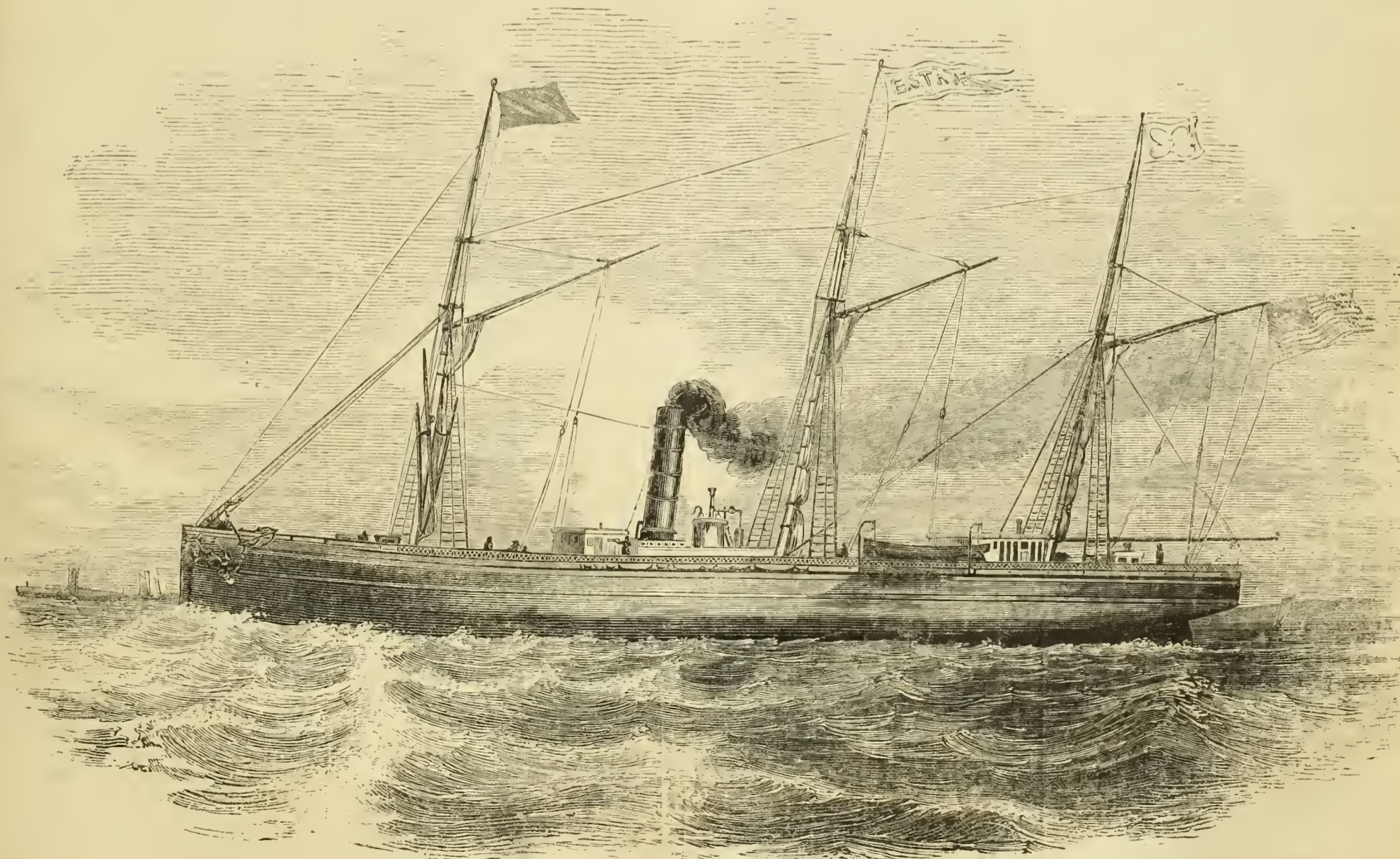
STEAMSHIP EASTERN STATE.

We this week present to the public a picture of this splendid ship, built in Philadelphia, by R. F. Loper, Esq., for the Bangor Steam Navigation Company, to run between this city and Bangor, Me. She is owned by Capt. Loper and the enterprising company—to whom the credit is due for placing upon this important route a vessel on which the public may confidently rely as being one of the safest as well as fastest of her class. Her hull was constructed by Bireley & Son, and is built in the most solid and substantial manner, entirely of white oak. She is strapped with 4 inch bar iron running diagonally around her and let into the timbers the thickness of the iron, and where the bars cross each other, is bolted through and through timber and iron; her bulwarks are solid, and she is also braced inside between the clamps and thick streaks, something like railroad bridging, which renders it

impossible for her to strain or work in any way; her bow is very sharp, being 7 feet solid, dead wood, and 6 feet through keel and rider. Her engines were constructed by Reamy, Neafie & Co. They are of the direct action, Loper patent, with cylinders of 30 inch diameter and 26 inch stroke, having the apparatus connected with all of this patent, by which they can, in an instant, be changed from high to low pressure. Her single wheel has four flanges, and is 8 feet 10 inches in diameter, with a pressure of 28 pounds to the square inch; she makes 60 revolutions, and her speed will average, in a sea way, 12 miles per hour. Her rig is admirably adapted for the tempestuous route on which she is designed to run; having no bowsprit and three poleare masts, carrying 4 large fore-and-aft sails and a very large square-sail, and with a strong breeze and all sails set, it will trouble any side-wheel boat to overhaul her. She is, moreover,

very stiff and easy in her motion; and there being no jar or noise from the machinery, nor any disagreeable smell, she is particularly agreeable to passengers. Her cabins are 80 feet long, and the two saloons are most beautifully ornamented in white and gold, with black walnut, and are furnished throughout in the most splendid style. She has three of F. S. Johnson's patent sofa tables, costing over three hundred dollars. She has no open berths in her cabins, they being all in state-rooms, which are comfortably and elegantly fitted, and all well lighted and ventilated with patent lights in the sides. She is 420 tons burthen, 170 feet long on deck, 25 feet beam, 9 1-4 feet hold, and will stow 3000 barrels, exclusive of coal, of which the consumption is about 6 tons a trip. She has now been running a month, and has carried over 600 passengers and full freights *each way* without accident or any important detention; she has en-

countered the severest storms of this remarkably severe winter; has cut her way through miles of ice, and proved herself, in every respect, a vessel in which, for safety and regularity, the travelling public may place the most implicit confidence. In the charge of her very gentlemanly and experienced commander, Captain Flowers, who has superintended her construction from her keel up, and with a most able, careful and practical engineer, Mr. Foot, for a long time engineer of one of the Portland boats, the Eastern State bids fair to be, as yet the only, successful propellor ever run from Boston. So well satisfied are her owners in the success of their experiment that they intend to place another boat on the route in connection with the Eastern State as soon as she can be built. The ship leaves the end of *T wharf* every Friday P. M., at 4 o'clock, and as she is a very beautiful vessel, we recommend our readers to visit her.



STEAMSHIP EASTERN STATE, IN BOSTON HARBOR.

PRUSSIAN OFFICERS.

In no part of Europe is military discipline carried to so rigid an extent as among the people of Frederick the Great. The army becomes a mere machine, without intelligence or any will of its own, the word of the commander acts like the bolts in an engine, that set the wheels in motion in whatever direction he pleases. The common soldier eats uncomplainingly what is put before him, and looks upon his officers as a superior grade of beings, and renders to them the blindest obedience, whether it be to march to certain destruction, or to perform the most trifling duty. The vast difference between the Prussian service and our own is, that the former is compulsory, while in this country the service is always voluntary. The officers of the Prussian service, a picture of whom our artist has given us herewith, are not noted for intelligence or gentlemanly traits of character; the service in which they are engaged is far from imparting any ennobling feelings to them, and as a class they are little removed above the rank and file of the army.

WHEELBARROW EMIGRANT.

Many of our readers will remember the account published in all the newspapers, nearly two years ago, of a California emigrant, who crossed the plains "on foot and alone," with a wheelbarrow, conveying all his earthly goods, that is, his provisions, clothes, tools, &c., in that humble vehicle, and outstripping in his march numbers who started for the land of gold, with more show and expensive appointments. His name was Brookmire, and he is an Irishman by birth. His residence is at Warren, in Pennsylvania, where he left a wife and family of children in very indigent circumstances, when he went over the Rocky Mountains to "try his fortune." Brookmire has lately returned from California, with about \$15,000 of the dust, all which he dug and washed out with his own hands. And as it is very apt to pour when it rains, his wife received legacies during his absence to the amount of \$10,000, falling to her upon the death of some relations in Scotland.—*Syracuse Journal*.

YOUNG MEN OF GENIUS.

I will not inquire whence the young men of our day acquire the notion that they are born with that which has hitherto been attained only by the study and experience of many years; but I think I may observe that this presumptuousness, now so common in Germany, which strides over the steps of gradual culture, affords little hope of future master-pieces. The misfortune in the state is, that nobody can enjoy life in peace, but that everybody must govern; and in art, that nobody will enjoy what has been produced, but that every one wants to reproduce on his own account.—*Goethe*.



A GROUP OF PRUSSIAN OFFICERS, AT PLACE D'ARMES, COLOGNE.

THE CRESCENT CITY.

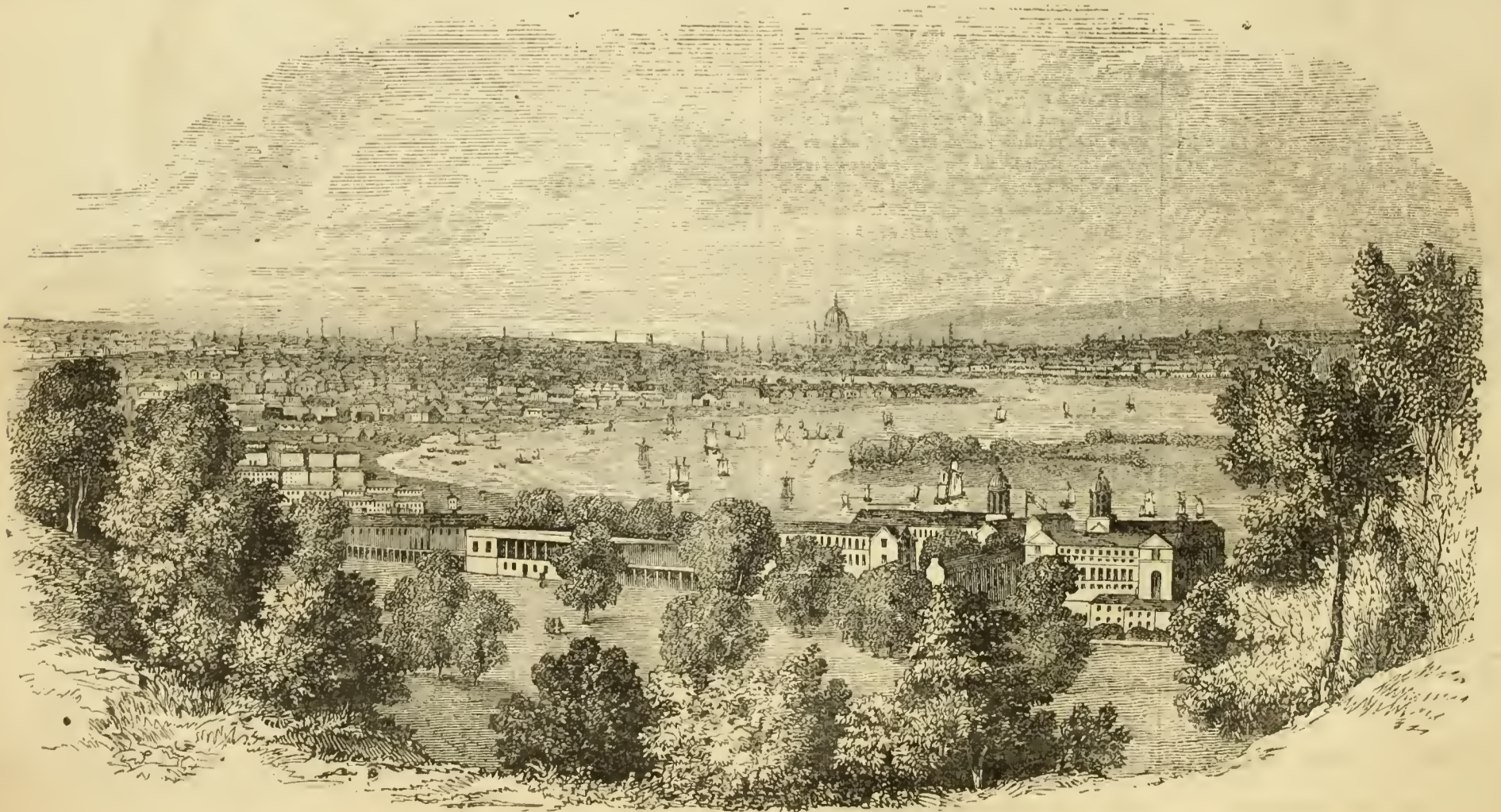
Our artist has given us herewith a fine view of that great capital of the South-West, the Crescent City. It is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi river, which by a singular bend causes the city to be on its N. W. side, facing the S. E. The city is built on an inclined plane, descending gently from the river towards the swamp in the rear; so that when the Mississippi is full, the streets are three or four feet below the surface of the river. To prevent inundation an artificial embankment called the *Levee*, has been raised at a great expense, extending from fort Plaquemine, 43 miles below the city, to 120 miles above it, which is 15 feet wide and 4 feet high. Directly in front of the city, it affords a very pleasant walk. The position of New Orleans, as a vast commercial emporium is unrivalled; for the Mississippi, with its numerous tributaries, brings to it for a market, the products of 20,000 miles of navigation, and the immense resources of the great valley are yet but partially

developed. The city proper is in the form of a parallelogram, running along the river 1320 yards, and extending back 700 yards. This portion of the city is traversed by 22 streets, forming 82 principal and 14 minor squares. The whole extent of the city, including its incorporated faubourgs, is not less than five miles parallel with the river, and it extends perpendicularly to it, from a quarter to three quarters of a mile; and to the bayou St. John, two miles. The houses are principally of brick, except some of the ancient and dilapidated dwellings in the heart of the city, and some new ones in the outskirts. The modern buildings, particularly in the upper part of the city, or Second Municipality, are generally three and four stories high, with elegant and substantial granite fronts. Many of the houses in the outer parts are surrounded with gardens, and ornamented with orange trees. The view of the city from the river, on ascending or descending, is beautiful, and unlike that of any other American city.

to wonder most that such wisdom should ever assume the mask of folly, or that such folly should permit the growth and development of any true wisdom." It is, however, an apparent rather than a real difficulty. The wisdom is never sublime, and the folly but seldom abject. Each is but a different aspect of a nature, of which the parts are, indeed, inharmonious, but not incompatible—of a genuine Epicurean gifted with gigantic powers, but of cold affections and debased appetites; ever worshipping and obeying his one idol, pleasure, though at one time she bids him soar to the empyrean, and at another commands him to wallow in the sty.—*Sir James Stephen's History of France*.

THE TURKISH CRESCENT.

The Crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip, the father of Alexander, in besieging that city, set his workmen to undermine the walls, by night, that his troops might take it by surprise; but the moon suddenly appearing, discovered the design to the besieged, who succeeded in frustrating it. Grateful for their deliverance, the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana—the moon—and took the crescent for their symbol.—*Travels in the East*.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

RABELAIS.

From the revival of heathen antiquity, Rabelais had gathered a mass of learning resembling the diet of his own Pantagruel, who had 4600 cows milked every morning for his breakfast. From the revival of Christian antiquity, he had learned to despise the authority and the superstitions of the Church of Rome, without at the same time learning to reverence the authority and the doctrines of the Gospel. He thus traversed the boundless expanse of human knowledge without the chart or compass which may be discovered only in that knowledge which is not human, but divine. He traversed it under the guidance of his own wit, sagacity, and humor; a wit vaulting at a bound from the arctic to the antarctic poles of thought; a sagacity embracing all the higher questions of man's social existence, and many of the deeper problems of his moral constitution; and a humor which fairly baffles all attempts to analyze or to describe it; for it was the result, not of natural temperament alone, but also of the more assiduous and severe studies. The language of Greece had become as familiar to him as was his mother tongue; and while he learned from Galen and Hippocrates to investigate the properties of living or of inert matter, he was trained by Plato to spiritual meditation, and by Lucian to a skepticism and a buffoonery alike audacious and unintermitted. From the union of such a disposition and of such discipline emerged the strange phenomenon of a philosopher in his revels. In contemplating it, one knows not, as it has well been said, "whether

FRAGRANCE.

O, world of mystery that everywhere hangs about us and within us! Who can, even in imagination, penetrate to the depths of the commonest of the phenomena of our daily life? Take, for instance, one of those pots of Narcissi. We have ourselves had a plant of the variety known as *soleil d'or* in flower in a sitting-room for six weeks, during the depth of winter, giving forth the whole of that time, without (so far as we know) ceasing, even during sleep (for we need hardly tell our readers that plants *do* sleep), the same full stream of fragrance. Love itself does not seem to preserve more absolutely its wealth, while most liberally dispensing it! That fragrance has a material basis, though we cannot detect it by our finest tests. What millions of millions of atoms must go to the formation of even a single gust, as it were, of this divine flower-breath! Yet this goes on, through seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and ceases only with the health of the flower petals. Where, then, in these petals—these thin unsubstantial cream-flakes—may we look to find stored up all these inexhaustible supplies? Where, indeed? and if they are not stored up, but newly created as given forth—is not that even more wonderful? Would that any one could show us the nature and modes of operation of such miraculous chemistry.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

A HIGHLAND GUARDSMAN.

The Scotch, as a nation, are as peculiar and original in their characteristics, as are any we could name; so closely allied to England geographically as well as politically, her people are as different from those born on the English side of the border as are the Irish. The Scotch have succeeded in preserving, to a greater degree, their national peculiarities than almost any other people of the present day, save the North American Indians. Of course these peculiarities are evinced in various ways—in dress, in speech, in manners and customs, and above all, in *costume*. The picture which our artist has given us herewith is that of a Highland Guardsman. It is very theatrical in effect, and cumbersome beyond any rule of regular service, but to the Scot it is particularly dear, because his father wore it before him. We have some specimens of this style of military costume at the North, in the Canadas, where her majesty maintains one or more Highland regiments of infantry. The one presented herewith is in full national regalia, and is a sample of his people as they dress in the national military service. The dress is very picturesque; and when a body of men, to the number of an entire regiment, accompanied by the music of their national instrument—the bagpipe—are marching together, the effect is really quite unequalled for novelty by any European corps. The plaid is worn in all its varieties in the cities of Scotland to this day, but it is only in the Highlands and far inland among the lochs and hills that the full costume is retained.



A HIGHLAND GUARDSMAN.



PORTRAIT OF A KAFFIR QUEEN.

COL. JOHN BIGLER.

The portrait below of the second governor elected by the people of California, will be recognized by many of our readers to whom Col. Bigler is known, from the prominent position he has heretofore held, and from the very extended personal canvas made by him immediately previous to his late election to the chair of state in California. Col. Bigler was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1806, and very early in life removed to Mercer County, in the same State, where his mother still resides. He was an apprentice to the printing business in Pittsburgh, in 1827. He removed to Brown County, Illinois, in 1846, where he resided till the spring of 1849, when he emigrated to California, with his family consisting of his wife and one daughter. In the long and perilous journey across the plains, he drove his own team—consisting of a wagon and four yoke of oxen—arriving in the valley in the month of August, 1849. In November, 1849, he was elected to the legislature, and upon Dr. T. J. White's resignation of his place, was chosen Speaker of the Assembly. Col. Bigler was returned to the legislature in 1850, and again elected Speaker, which position he ably and honorably filled. Col. Bigler received the Democratic nomination for governor, at the Benicia convention, in May, 1851, and having received the highest number of votes in the election, which took place in September following, will occupy the executive seat on the assembling of the next legislature. Col. Bigler possesses all the indomitable perseverance and moral courage that are so essential to a pioneer, and especially to a person called to exercise his functions in such a country and over such a people as those in California. His universal popularity with all classes speaks well for his character, both for fairness and liberality.

THE PETTY MISERIES OF MANKIND.

When we talk of "the ills that laws or kings can cause or cure," our thoughts refer only to the functions of direct and open government; but the laws which regulate the intercourse of society, public opinion, and in short, that almost impalpable code of thought and action which grows up in a very easy fashion amongst man and man and is clothed with none of the ordinary dress of power, may yet be the subtlest and often the sternest despotism.

It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could move for returns, as their phrase is in parliament, for the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time, throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads; and we should then see what the world has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fear of others, of miserable quarrels amongst relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary flights, of undue cares, of false shames, of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexation that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves. What a wonderful thing it would be to set down in figures, as it were, how ingenious we are in plaguing one another. My own private opinion is, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress worn entirely in deference, as it has before been remarked, to the most foolish of mankind, in fact to the tyrannous majority, would outweigh many a great evil.

Tested by these perfect returns—which I imagine might be made by the angelic world, if they regard human affairs—perhaps our every day shaving, severe shirt collars and other ridiculous garments are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years; and we should find that women's stays did about as much harm, i. e., caused as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say, for instance, the cholera. We should find perhaps that the vexations arising from the income tax were nearly equal to those caused amongst the same class of sufferers by the ill-natured things men fancy have been said behind their backs; and perhaps the whole burden and vexation resulting from the aggregate of the respective national debts of that unthrifty family, the European race—the whole burthen and vexation, I say, do not come up to the aggregate of annoyances inflicted in each locality by the one ill-natured person who generally infests each little village or community. There is no knowing what comparisons I should have been led to—

KAFFIR QUEEN.

Every trait of the natives of Kaffraria is especially interesting at the present moment. This characteristic portrait shows us one of the women of rank in Kaffraria, and affords a good specimen of the female costume. It is far from being destitute of ornament: the lappets of the front of the dress, and the longest portion of the robe, being thick set with metal studs. The rings worn upon the wrists are also of metal. The upper portion of the head-dress and the band worn round the bust are white, with broad blue stripes. The necklace is of coral and dead-white beads; and the ear-drops are of the latter. Mrs. Ward, in her entertaining "Five Years in Kaffirland," tells us that the Kaffir women carry their love of ornament to such an excess, that they have certain fancies relative to their beads, which have as much sway over the notions of the sable belles of Kaffirland, as any fiat, or caprice from the divan of a Parisian *modiste*, or the penitralia of a Mayfair beauty. One year the leathern bodice of a Tambookie bride is *parmented* with beads of a dead white; another season the T'Slambie girls will quarrel for a monopoly of bright blue, and the Gaikas set up an opposition in necklaces of mock garnet and amber. Birmingham buttons ornament the skin cloaks of the women of Kaffraria, and brass bangles from our manufactories conceal the symmetry of their arms, which are models for sculpture. Altogether in natural formation these women are very beautiful; but their habits and manners detract from their naturally beautiful figures.

INTELLECT.

The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and I think the strength of their genius was over. Raffaele, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before "he gave the world assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich druggut, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written his *Comus* at twenty-six; but he was upwards of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy," and all his greatness was yet to come.—*Old Bachelor.*



PORTRAIT OF COL. BIGLER, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

perhaps the love, said to be inherent in the softer sex, of having the last word, causes as much mischief as the tornadoes of the tropics; and the petty annoyances of some servants is equal to any sufferings that have been caused by mad dogs since the world began.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

YES OR NO.

BY JOHN H. TAYLOR.

I know you loved me once,
I read it in your eyes;
I saw it by your glance,
I knew it by your sighs.
I heard it in the tone
Of every word you spoke;
And every thing you did,
You did it for my sake.

I know you loved me once,
By many little ways;
By many little gifts,
Which love alone repays.
By every anxious care,
By every tender name;
And very soon I found
How dear I then became.

But do you love me now,
As you did long ago?
'Tis but a simple word,
And that word *yes* or *no*.
The reason why I ask,
Because I cannot tell,
By all those many signs
I understood so well.

For now in vain I try
To read it in your eyes;
To see it by your glance,
To know it by your sighs.
And when I look for words,
Which once did freely flow,
I fail to get one now,
Not even *yes* or *no*.

Philadelphia, March, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I'LL THINK OF IT:

—OR—

THE WARNING DREAM OF ALICE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

"I'LL think of it, Willie—I'll think of it!" and the earnest, startled face of Alice Dale turned hastily to the window, to conceal the rapid flush which was gathering upon it, and the pleasant face of the suppliant assumed its old look of wonder and perplexity, as its owner, with a hurried, agitated step left the room, and sauntered leisurely down the little path leading to the river.

The color faded out of the cheek of Alice, and she leaned heavily against the window, and followed with her eyes the slight, graceful form of her young lover, until the dense trees shut him from her sight. Only a little week before, and she would have bartered all her hopes of earthly happiness for one word of love from the lips of Willie Wilde. That word had been spoken with a wild, passionate vehemence, which could have left no room for a single doubt of its sincerity, and yet she had received it with a startled, terrified glance, and a deprecating "I'll think of it, Willie," which spoke of surprise, terror, repugnance, perhaps—but not of love! True he had preserved her life at the hazard of his own, and she had clung to him in that hour of gratitude with tears and sobs, and it might have been the glad, passionate joy which beamed from her eyes, as she lay helplessly upon his bosom, which emboldened him to give utterance to the thoughts that had haunted him like an unattainable dream for years of his young life. There was a long step between their positions in society—the step of poverty. Willie Wilde was active, proud, ambitious—but poor! Alice Dale, gentle, affectionate, loving—but an heir; and if she ever thought of her inheritance—if she ever prided herself upon her riches and her power, it was, that through their possession she might—not win his esteem; she would have scorned that—but that she might in some way, unknown to him, perhaps, soften his dark future, advance his present interests, and make that easy to him which seemed so difficult to attain—the acquirement of fame and popularity in the artist-life he had chosen. They had been children together—always with that long step of poverty and pride between them—and Alice remembered how she had first seen him, a handsome, passionate boy, weeping upon his dead mother's bosom, refusing all attempts at consolation, until her hand rested upon his, so momentarily that another might almost have doubted the proximity; but with him, it struck a chord which never after ceased to vibrate to her touch; and she remembered, too, how pleadingly he had murmured, "love me, Alice—I'm all alone now," and she had loved him with a shy, girlish love,

which even dark forebodings of his restless, wandering impulses could not subdue—which even the tongue of scandal, coming barbed with rumors of dissolute hours, and vicious companions, could not shake. She would not judge him as the world judged him! Why should she! They could only take a pitiless, scornful view of his faults. She only saw the sweet gentleness which should be extended to them. They could shut their eyes to a knowledge of his human virtues, and see only his human frailties. She could only comprehend his virtues, without their attendant frailties: and so in time, the love of her heart grew into blind, unconscious idolatry. The less he was to others, the more he became to her! The less the kindness and consideration extended him from those about them, the more assiduous were her attentions and courtesies, yet always stopping within the bounds of friendship—always loving, yet never seeming to love, until between hope and fear, the heart of the young enthusiast grew weary; and to silence its murmurings he proposed a long absence from the village to aid him, it was said, in his studies.

And the night had come—the last night of their pleasant companionship, and he had asked for hope in the future—that future so dark and trackless; he had pleaded for one word of love to carry with him into his voluntary exile, and she had answered him carelessly, coldly—"I'll think of it, Willie." If she could have found words for the deep thoughts within her heart—if she could have given vent to the smothered wildness upon her lips, the spirit of Willie Wilde would not have turned away so bruised and chilled, but would have sprung into hope and joy, like a bird to its wildwood nest. If she could have recalled him, even, when he had turned so sorrowfully away, there might have been something of hopefulness in that slight act—but her coward heart refused even that small crumb of comfort to one for whom she would have died.

"It is because I love him," she murmured, and the wild, passionate thought sank down into her heart again, like a pebble flung into a quiet stream. Loved him! he might have seen it in the strange earnestness of her anxious eyes—in the violent throbbings of her troubled heart, and more than all, in the marble paleness which superseded the old, sudden blush, when he spoke of his departure. For hours and hours Alice Dale sat by the open window under the shadow of the honeysuckle, and the night came, and the moonlight lay in an unbroken sheet over the meadow, down to the very brink of the river, where its brilliancy was lost in a fringe of shadows. She leaned from the window, and looked out upon the earth, and over the waters. The clear stars shone down upon her, and the flowers sent up their fragrance on the passing breeze, and the waves glittered in the warm light; but between her and the stars, between her and the river, between her and every object in heaven or on the earth, she saw nothing but the dear form of him who had loved her from infancy; whom she had loved from infancy; yet who, so loving and so cherishing, she had suffered to leave her, perhaps forever, without one word of the kindness—of the affection thus struggling for utterance. All at once there rushed over her spirit a violent flood of regretful feeling. What would life be to her, and Willie Wilde away? How would she bear the lonely, weary years which must intervene before they could meet again? What if he should love another—not as he had loved her, but in his yearning for companionship, some one else should usurp her dominion—should become his wife? She started impetuously from her reverie, with an echo of his own passionate vehemence, and passed out upon the same path that he had trodden but a moment before. Her woman's nature was gaining its strength; she would see him once more, whatever the result might be. She felt a certain shame in the acknowledgement she was about to make; but she could not part with him; only let her see him once more—only let her tell him how grateful she had been; how she had loved him from the day she lay in his arms when he had saved her from the falling tree; and the future was in his hands—to do as it pleased him; the best for them both. She passed rapidly over the rough, broken ground—over the flowers gleaming in their freshened beauty—over the clinging bushes which lay between her home and the humble dwelling of Willie Wilde; for she was on a mission of tenderness, and tenderness gleaned from every object about her. A sound of voices startled her from her imaginings. She

paused, spell-bound by the sight which met her earnest glance. Willie Wilde stood leaning against a tall tree, with his hands clasped in those of a young girl whom she had never met before—a girl so strangely beautiful, that she almost expected to see her vanish like a dream. The murmur of their words, but not their import, reached her listening ears. They must have been of pleasantness, for a bright smile flashed over the face of the animated girl. She turned to retrace her steps, but her limbs refused their office. She saw him gather her more closely in his arms, as the incarnation of the old ideal loveliness which he worshipped in any form—she saw him press his lips upon her cheeks, and lips, and brow, and her own eyes closed away from the sight; but she knew that they had parted, for she heard the crackling of branches as he passed near her side, and when she again opened her eyes, she saw only the river, and the sky, and the wood, as she had seen them on that long ago day when Willie Wilde had caught her from under the branches of the falling tree!

And he came again the next morning, with the shadow of that lovely girl's kiss fresh upon his lips, and renewed his suit to Alice Dale; and she received him calmly, coldly, without the accustomed blush which had always heralded his coming. She told him she had thought of it—that her affections were not concentrative enough to fix themselves upon one person, with any degree of safety—that she could not love him (O, mockery of a heart that could so belie its nature!) as he ought to be loved—as she should desire to love the man she married—that they were better apart—better living free, and in friendliness, than bound together by ties which each might wish at some future period were broken! She told him his happiness would ever be dear to her—that whatever lay in her power to aid him he might at all times command; but not one word of reproach escaped her lips; not one intimation of the scene she had witnessed the night previous; and he turned away with a bitter smile, refusing even the small white hand extended to bid him God speed. She watched him from the window, as he passed down the river path, until her head grew dizzy, and her eyes blinded, and then she saw no more but a jumble of trees, hills and rocks, rolling together in a confused mass. And for weeks and weeks after, she lived in a bewildered dream—conscious that loving, pitying friends were around her—conscious that kind voices were murmuring to her—but always knowing that the voice and the face of Willie Wilde were not of their number—always feeling that the one presence needful, was missing—until at last her senses assumed a more tangible form, and she was pronounced out of danger, although held from the grave by the slightest possible tenure. In a few weeks more, she was able to walk out to her accustomed haunt by the banks of the river, and morning after morning found her gazing into the clear depth with eyes which saw not even the pale, sad face mirrored there; and as she watched the ripples dancing first in the light, then in the shadow, she wondered if in all their seeming gladness, they were conscious of the change that had come over her since the last time she had paused to gaze upon their brightness.

But a deeper, darker trial yet awaited her. Willie Wilde was to be married to the beautiful girl, whose memory had never left her for a moment. Vague rumors of the approaching nuptials had reached her, but not until he came himself and told her of it, would she credit the announcement, and then she smiled a glad, pleased smile, and Willie Wilde thought of it, and pondered over it, and at last felt sure that none, of all his friends, felt happier for him than did herself. He did not hear the silent moan, the unheard prayer for strength, the wrestling with the strong spirit for that forced assumption of calmness, which seemed so real; he only saw the outer placidity which had drifted over her heart, like the waves over the shattered wreck, and so seeing, he could not dream of the ruin beneath. And the morning came for the consummation of that union which was to set the seal of despair forever upon the tomb of hope; and her smothered wildness and suffering had enused a slight fever, which would keep her within doors. She sent her congratulations to the happy pair—was too ill, unfortunately, to attend the ceremony—would pray for their happiness now and forever—but that her strength would not allow her to indulge her wishes.

The morning came, and the marriage-peal sounded joyfully upon the still air, and over the

village, and was echoed among the far-off hills. With a restless, tottering step she hurried to the window, and gazed anxiously up the path leading to the village church. Groups of happy faces were peering curiously in at the open door, and beyond them all she could see the bride and groom, in their triumphant beauty, standing before the sacred altar. The bells had ceased to vibrate—there was a pause of a few moments, and then the glad chant of the organ told too truly that all was over! In another moment, the same smiling faces were hurrying from the church, and taking the different paths to their village homes. The sun which had shone so brilliantly all the morning became obscured; the shadows of the trees fell gloomily across the meadow, and when the carriage which contained the wedded pair flashed rapidly past, she crept from her concealment, and wept, and prayed, as those weep and pray who have seen the last star fade from their shrouded sky of happiness!

Only He who reads all hearts, knew how wildly and bitterly Alice Dale pleaded with him for death, on that, to her, fearful morning; and yet she lived through it all! Through the agonizing desire for the companionship lost to her forever—through the knowledge that her still unconquered love was basest crime—through the certainty, that in the cold dark world she had looked her last upon happiness—and O, more than all, through the trial of meeting him day by day the husband of another,—she had lived through it all—and through years of loneliness, uncheered by a single gleam of sunshine. True, everybody loved her as something more than mortal, she was so humble, so self-sacrificing. Her home was by the side of the suffering and the sorrowful—her energies were devoted to winning for those about her the blessing she never could enjoy herself—happiness. The deserving poor were relieved by her bounty—the sick were nursed by her own hands! Everywhere that good could be effected were the steps of Alice Dale directed, through calm or storm. But a change was at hand, which would turn the current of her feelings into another channel. The village had been unusually gay, and the brilliant, petted wife of our artist Wilde had grown more beautiful, more brilliant—but alas, for her husband, vain, frivolous and unprincipled. Home had no longer any pleasure for her—her husband's love no longer any attraction. Her nights were passed in frivolous dissipation; her days in dreamy inactivity; and Alice saw it all; and if the shadow of grief was ever lifted from her heart, it was when his loneliness and his isolation made her forgetful of her own sorrow. "If he had been happy," she would urge, in extenuation of her own wandering impulses—if he had found peace and comfort, it would have mattered little to her whether she lived or died; but to see him so patient so uncomplaining, under the injuries heaped upon him by the one of all others who should have cherished him, made her regretful for herself—regretful for the false words she had spoken—words which had placed an irrevocable bar between their lives. And so she lived on, day after day, through all her trials and temptations—not daring to trust herself in his presence, lest some unconscious word should escape from his lips, on which she could hang the burden of her own wild impulses—not daring to look him in the face, lest he should read the secret nesting in her heart. And the days were dreamy and monotonous, and the years were like the days, always bringing with them the same sensation of despondency.

It was a clear, beautiful morning, with the sun laying in a sheet of gold over the meadow, and the birds singing, as if the world there could be nothing but the echo of their own joyousness, when a servant entered, and placed a letter in the hand of Alice Dale, bearing the village postmark. All the morning she had sat mournful and vacant, hoping nothing, and fearing nothing; but as she gazed upon the well-known writing of Willie Wilde, over her spirit swept the same wild torrent of grief, which flooded it on the evening she had seen him for the first time with the beautiful girl by the brink of the river. And when that was past, she opened the letter which had already become saturated and blotted with her tears. There were but few lines, and those few carelessly and hastily written.

"Come to me, Alice," it said. "You, who are so kind to every one else, will not refuse the plea of an old friend. Little Willie is suffering, dying! Of all the miseries that have ever fallen upon my heart, this is the heaviest." She re-

MAX MARETZEK

Was born in Austria, and is about thirty years of age; and his quick blue eye, glancing, lightning-like, from object to object, never resting for an instant quietly in any direction, gives unmistakable evidence of that intellectual activity which is his strongest characteristic. Mr. Maretzek came to this country about four years ago from London, where he had been engaged for some time as conductor of Her Majesty's Theatre, and where he was an immense favorite. The management which imported him having broken down, he was left the alternative of returning to Europe or assuming the management of the Italian opera here. He chose the latter course, and although surrounded and hemmed in by difficulties on every side, and with a gloomy and darksome prospect for the future, yet in his ambition to be the means of permanently establishing the Italian opera in this country, and of doing something to assist in conducting the taste of the musical public, he embarked his whole fortune in the attempt.

Less than two years ago Mr. Maretzek married Mlle. Bertucca, a pleasing actress and delightful vocalist of the warbling school, who had been engaged in Paris to divide with Signorini Truffi the heading business of the Italian opera. Their union has thus far been a peculiarly happy one; and indeed with so much talent, so much sweetness of disposition, so much beauty, and so many social virtues, it would be impossible to imagine that the most fastidious of men could be other than happy as the husband of Madame Bertucca Maretzek. The management of Mr. Maretzek has been characterized by indomitable energy, scrupulous punctuality towards both artists and public, and a liberal and ambitious spirit in everything that he has undertaken.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Upon this and the next page we give a view of the Capitol at Washington, together with a highly graphic representation of the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives of the United States. The corner-stone of the Capitol was laid by General Washington on the 4th day of July, 1793. It is built of a pale free-stone, obtained from a quarry near Aegnia Creek, in Virginia, and painted white. The length of the entire building from north to south, is 352 feet, 4 inches. In this direction, it is divided into three principal parts. The centre portion, on the principal floor, is occupied by a circular vestibule or rotunda, 96 feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome 122 1-2 feet high. From the rotunda, passages radiate, leading

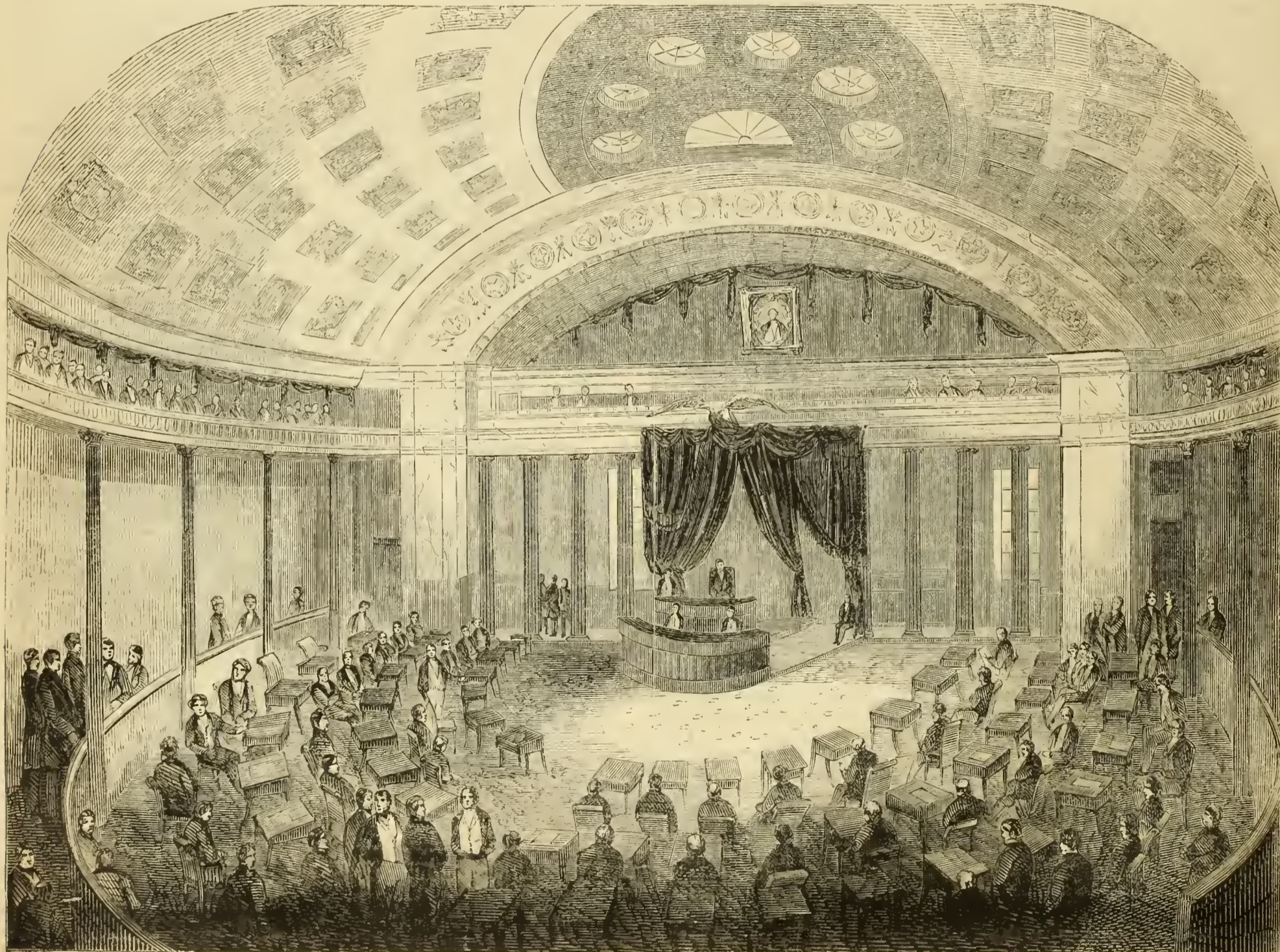


PORTRAIT OF MAX MARETZEK, OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

to the floor, galleries, and offices of the Senate, in the north wing; to those of the House of Representatives in the south wing, and to the library, which occupies a projection on the west front. The entrance to the rotunda, on the east

is from a portico of 160 feet width, composed of finely-proportioned columns of the Corinthian order, of 30 feet height, supporting a highly-wrought entablature and pediment, the tympanum of which is ornamented with sculpture in

bas-relief. The portico is approached by a spacious flight of stone steps, flanked by massive cheek-blocks. Both halls of legislation, which are in the second or principal story, are finished in a semicircular form, with seats for the members facing the chairs of the presiding officers, which occupy the centre of the straight side. That of the Senate, located at the east front of the north wing, is 74 feet in its greatest length; that of the House of Representatives, occupying the main portion of the south wing, 96 feet within the bar. Both are surmounted by arched ceilings and domes, through which they are lighted. Each hall is surrounded by galleries for the accommodation of spectators. The architectural order of the building is Roman-Corinthian; pilasters peculiar to that ornate order are introduced upon all sides of the structure. Various portions of the building are ornamented by rich specimens of art, in painting, statuary, and fresco, illustrative of features or signal events in the history of our government, or of our character and objects as a nation. The building has, however, been found to be defective, and inadequate to the wants of that branch of the government it was designed to accommodate; and, for several years, the subject of a new Capitol, or additions to the present, has been contemplated. Accordingly at the session of 1849-50, there was appropriated "for the extension of the Capitol, according to such plan as may be approved by the President of the United States, one hundred thousand dollars, to be expended under his direction by such architect as he may appoint to execute the same." A number of plans were submitted to the President, many of them possessing merit, and some of them strongly advocated. From them, in June last, he made selection of one submitted by Mr. T. U. Walter, a distinguished architect of Philadelphia, who has been appointed to carry out the plan. The corner-stone of this extension was laid by President Fillmore, on the 4th of July, 1851. The work has since been prosecuted with much vigor, to the extent of the appropriation, and already the progress made presents quite an object of attraction and admiration. The extension of the Capitol, under this plan will consist of the addition of two wings (see engraving) at the ends of the present building, with which they will be connected by corridors 44 feet long and 50 feet wide. The wings are to be each 143 feet from north to south, by 238 feet from east to west, exclusive of the porticoes and steps. The entire length of the whole building, when completed, will be 751 feet, including porticoes and steps; its area on the ground 153,112 superficial feet, or over three and a half acres,—the additions



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



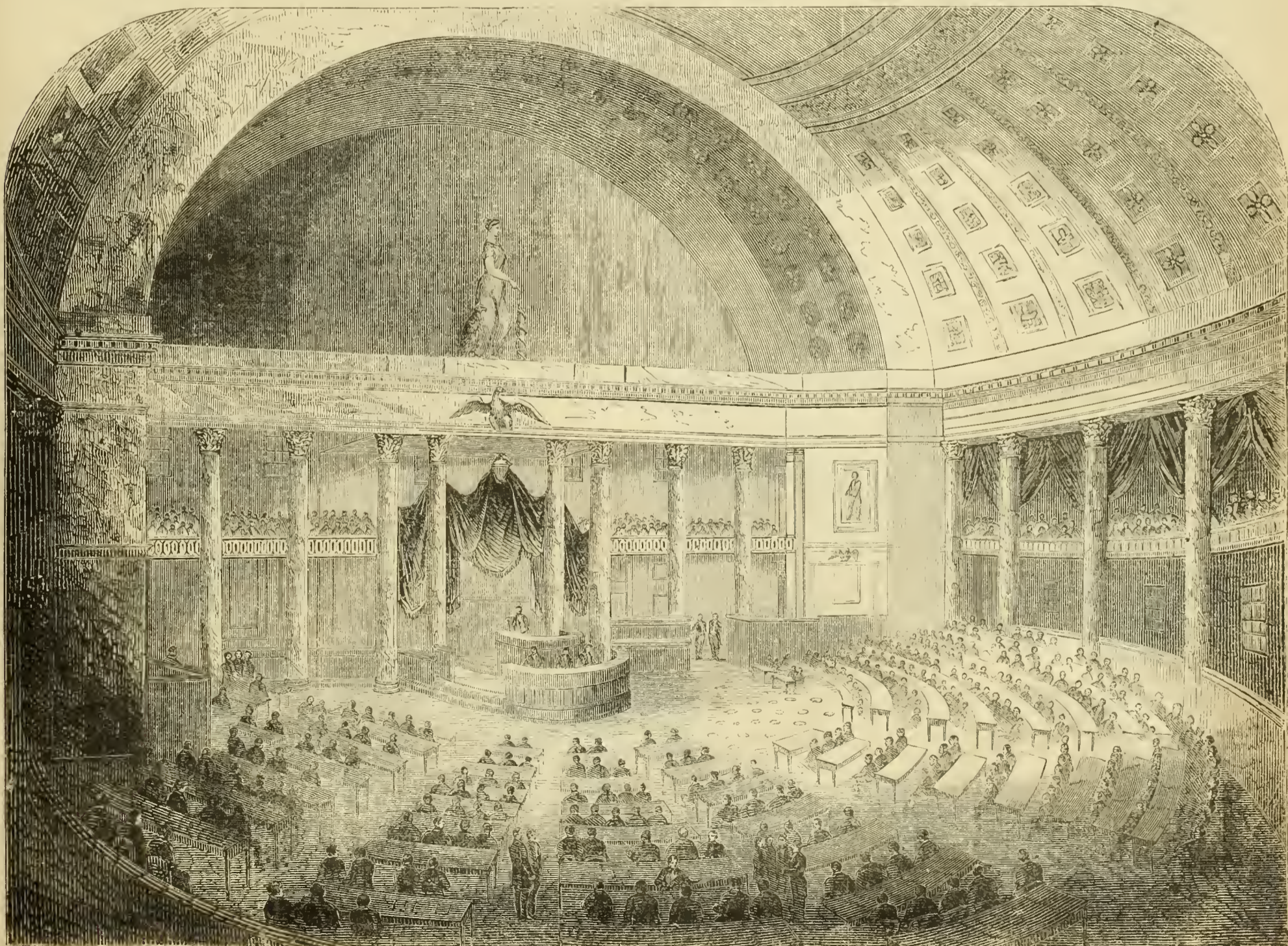
REPRESENTATION OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, WITH THE NEW WINGS.

covering 92,000 feet, or over two acres. These additions are to be constructed of white marble. The general style of architecture will be consistent with that of the present building, with such projections and porticoes upon all the disconnected sides as tend to produce an agreeable

composition with the present structure. They will contain nearly one hundred additional rooms, for the accommodation of committees and other purposes connected with legislation. The new Representative Hall, which will be located in the second story of the south wing, will have

three hundred seats within the bar, and, it is believed, ample accommodations on the floor for all privileged persons. The Senate Hall, which will occupy the west front of the north wing, will have one hundred seats within the bar, and space, correspondingly with that of the other

House, for those privileged to enter upon the floor. The galleries to each will be arranged to accommodate between one and two thousand spectators. Each wing will have a large and elegant portico for the exclusive use of the members of the two Houses.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

CALIFORNIA, ETC.

How multifarious are the singular results that have arisen in consequence of the discovery of gold in California; how many poor people have become enriched, and how many have lost their lives in their mad zeal to obtain a hoard of the glittering dust. No modern event has been the cause of so much romance in real



A NATIVE CALIFORNIAN.

life, no branch of trade perfected by long experience has employed so many ships, or produced so rich a return to the maritime capitalists; indeed, nothing within the last century, except the perfection of steam and the telegraph, approaches so nearly to magic, as this Aladdin-like discovery on the shores of the Pacific. The class who seem to prove the most successful in gaining wealth in

California is not the miner; he does well, but his dust must be turned into legal coinage or ingots, and he must be supplied with various necessities to guard against the many contingencies of the climate and his manner of labor. For these he must pay enormous prices; and here it is that the merchant often reaps the richest harvest. Young men, far too slight physically to labor with their hands, have thus emigrated to San Francisco, started in business, and are now some of them worth half a million. Throngs who have gone thither, on the other hand, have died of fevers contracted by deprivation and change of climate, while others have contracted habits that must sooner or later carry them to the grave. Besides the pecuniary and moral point of view in which this discovery may be regarded, it is not without its importance in a national respect. It has given us a foothold on the Pacific, and one of the best harbors that is laved by the waters of that ocean. A naval depot is thus secured to us of immense value and strength; just such as was wanted for the interest of our commerce in the East Indies. A fresh impetus has been given also to western navigation, and gradually the entire country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific shore must be peopled by free and independent republicans, devoted to the union and the constitution of the United States. The effect of so much gold being exported from California is to cheapen, in some degree, the intrinsic value of the precious metal, which has actually decreased as to its relative value to silver so far in England, as to cause the Bank of England to permanently establish a rate of reduced value per ounce. It is merely nominal, however, and should gold continue to arrive from El Dorado for ten years to come in the same proportion that it has done for two years past, no sensible diminution will be realized by the markets of Europe or America. Our artist has given us here a picture of a native Californian from the life, and true to life. No people have displayed more proficiency in horsemanship than the native Californians. Their graceful and daring feats of equestrianism are universally admired and extolled. They seem to heed very little the discovery that others have made in their native soil, and leaving their eastern neighbors to dig the dust, they prefer the chase, and are wonderfully expert in lassoing wild cattle. Our artist has also given us here a characteristic and expressive picture of a California miner; he has had the fever "bad," but has nearly worked it off; he hopes for a "streak of luck," and is encouraged now and then by seeing his more fortunate companions turn up a lump of the ore mixed with rock, of great value. In this connection, also, our artist presents a very fine view of Vallejo—the new capital of California. It is pronounced by persons who have visited and are familiar with the spot, as singularly accurate and faithful. The members of the California legislature when they first met were compelled to sit on nail kegs, with a board placed across the open head, or upon temporary benches, which now and then broke under the weight of legislative dignity, and let down a row of honorable gentlemen flat upon the floor, to the great hazard of the gravity of the house. This was in consequence of the unfinished state of the capitol. The boarding-houses were not much better prepared for the reception of the public dignitaries, and in many instances members had to take turns in occupying chairs during the night. However, as soon as it was decided that the government would remain at Vallejo, these inconveniences were removed. Gov. Bigler, whose strikingly accurate portrait we present on page 165, was elected by a clear majority of 370 votes, without counting the disputed returns, and 451 admitting them. The State House, on the summit of the hill, the public offices, hotels and every tenement in the place is presented, together with much of the surrounding scenery, constituting as it does one of the most beautiful points in the entire State of California. The three pictures form an appropriate set for presentation together, and we thus give our readers the trio complete. Let us repeat here what we have often taken the precaution in these pages to reiterate, that it is far from our object to induce any fresh emigration to the valley of the Sacramento; business having settled down there to a reasonable condition, such miraculous fortunes are not to be made as formerly; and those who make money there have to work as hard and exercise as much industry as they would do at home, in addition to which they have all the risks of life and limb to encounter, contingent upon so long a route and so varied a climate. Many of those personally known to us, who have embarked in this enterprise, after having accumulated a handsome property, have only done so to die at last on foreign soil before they could so much as enjoy one cent of their



A CALIFORNIA MINER.

hardly earned fortune. The money thus accumulated and transmitted to their families, must seem to the surviving relatives, the wife, the son or daughter, dearly bought wealth that has cost a husband and a father's life. We are glad to know that the moral condition of the people of California is fast improving, and that female society is having that chastening influence which it never fails to exert over the sterner sex, and we look hopefully for the growth in all that is good and worthy of this new and wealthy acquisition to our widely-extended and glorious confederacy, whose confines now reach to the borders of the eastern world, and upon which the stars and stripes of America are yet to exert a powerful influence in modifying social and civil life.



VIEW OF VALLEJO THE NEW CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

See page 173, for description.

CHASE OF THE TIGER.

Our artist has presented us here a spirited scene of the manner in which the natives of India hunt the tiger. It is a perilous sport, but yields to these swarthy sportsmen a handsome

remuneration, when we add to the East India Company's bounty for each head, the price that they obtain for the skins. The risk to the native is comparatively small, since his extraordinary agility and long practice have rendered him

expert in the business. Planting his arrows as near as possible to the heart and eyes of the tiger, he avoids his attacks by springing behind trees, and often mounting them with the speed of a cat. To the European hunter, who uses

fire-arms and trained elephants, this sport possesses peculiar zest, and is often entered into by men who have come thousands of miles for the purpose of waylaying and capturing one of these monsters of the Indian forest.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE CHASE OF THE TIGER, IN INDIA

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

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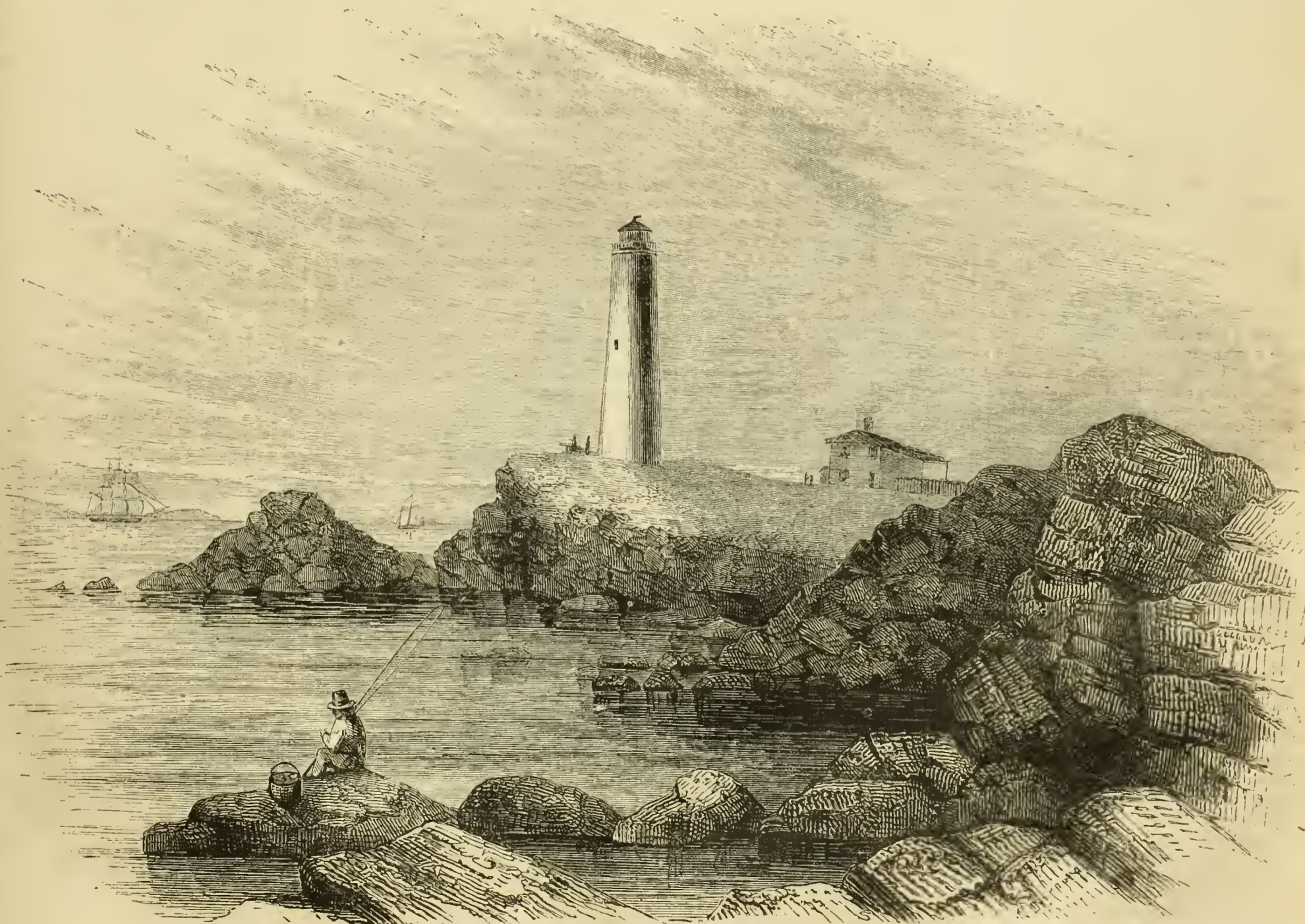
BOSTON LIGHT-HOUSE.

Probably there is not a point on our entire Atlantic seaboard where mariners are so little pleased to approach in the winter season as Boston harbor. New England has proverbially an iron and rock-bound coast, and its shores require a careful and experienced pilot to guide a ship in safety through their intricate channels. The two capes of Cape Ann and Cape Cod, with their outspread arms, extending seaward, form the outer waters of Massachusetts Bay, and from the Outer Brewster, or Boston Light, up to the wharves of the city, is the fine, island-

dotted harbor of Boston itself. Thousands of first class ships might lie here in safety at anchor, at one time. There are two light-houses in the harbor, one known as the outer or Boston Light, situated at the narrow entrance of the harbor, and the other, Long Island Head Light, just sufficiently within the harbor to make the channel-way clear, and form a proper steering point for mariners, as to its bearing outside the harbor, in connection with the outer light, and also as to guidance when within the harbor as to the direct channel-way for ships of heavy draught. Our artist has depicted for us here a very fine and

truthful view of Boston Outer Light, with its natural rocky standard or tiny island, that seems placed by the hand of nature in this spot for the especial purpose to which the hand of man has appropriated it. Though greatly exposed to the storms, and facing the severe eastern gales that blow up between the capes from the ocean, it yet is perfectly safe and secure in the hardest weather. Near the base of the light there is placed a gun, which is fired at intervals in foggy weather, to warn off the mariners who may have got too near the breakers. A fog bell is also at hand to be rung by the keeper of the light in thick wea-

ther. It is difficult to express in words the thrill of delight that nerves the breast of the tempest-tossed mariner of the long voyage, when Boston Light heaves into sight, and its bright, steady eye beams forth over the sea. The present keeper of Boston Light is Mr. Zebedee Small, lately appointed to this post, a careful and energetic man, who, with one assistant, has charge of this important post. Mr. Small and his family reside on this tiny bit of terra firma, quite secluded and isolated from the dwellers upon the main land, being apparently very contented and happy upon this lone spot.



REPRESENTATION OF THE OUTER LIGHT-HOUSE, BOSTON HARBOR.

TANGIER.

Tangier, of which our cut affords a representation, is situated near the western entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, and is the town where the European Consuls-General reside. It is on a hill, near a spacious bay, 14 miles west of Cape Spartel. Three small fortresses defend its harbor. The houses are generally small and inconvenient, excepting those belonging to the European consuls, and a few wealthy persons. The streets are, however, wider and straighter than those in other towns of the empire. The Roman Catholics have a church, which is the only Christian establishment of the kind in the empire; but the Jews have several synagogues. The commerce of the place is limited to some trade with Gibraltar and the opposite coast of Spain. The population is between 8000 and 9000 persons.

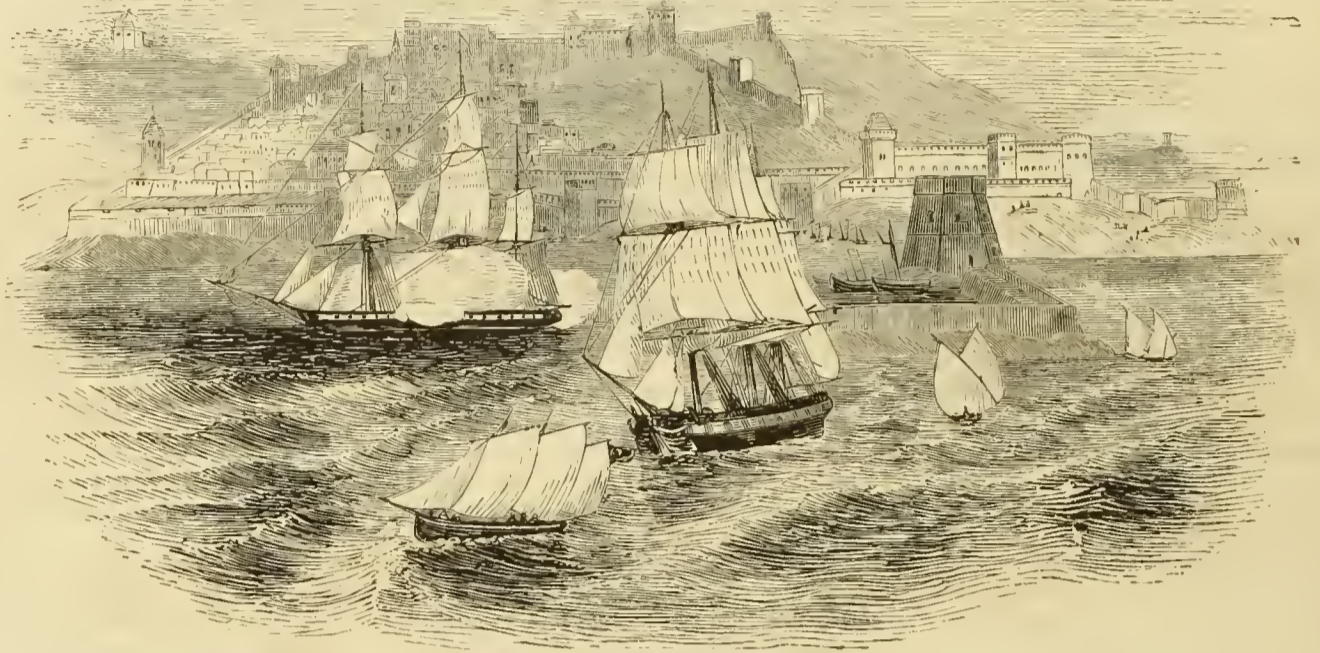
STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

We present our readers below a characteristic scene in the capital of the Sultan, which will be viewed with more than usual interest. Everything in the east is ancient and classical; nothing has given way as yet to modern innovation, and the state carriage is, as of yore, still drawn by the patient oxen, and the same indolent habits characterize the Turk and his capital as have done for a century gone by. The graceful minarets and spired mosques still lift their pointed turrets towards heaven, and seem to point thither the souls of the faithful. The same peculiar architecture yet characterizes the houses, palaces and bazaars of this ancient capital of Constantine. Everything relating to oriental history is to us of a most inviting character—so classic, so ancient, so scriptural. The city is shaped somewhat like a harp; the longest side of the triangle being towards the sea of Marmora, and the shortest towards the "Golden Horn." Its length east to west is about three and a half miles; its breadth varies from one to four miles. Its circuit has been variously estimated at from ten to twenty-three miles, but measured upon the maps of Kauffer and Le Chevalier, it appears to be about twelve and a

half miles in circuit, and contains, according to Dallaway and Gibbon, an area of about 2000 acres. Like Rome, Constantinople has been built on seven hills, six of which may be observed, distinctly enough, from the port, to rise progressively above each other from the level of the sea to 200 feet above it; the seventh hill, to the south-west of the others, occupies more than one third of the entire area of the city. Each of

these hills affords a site to some conspicuous edifice. The first is occupied by the Seraglio; the second crowned by the Burnt Pillar, erected by Constantine, and the mosque of Othman; the mosques of the sultans Solyman, Mohammed and Selim stand on the summits of the third, fourth and fifth; the west walls of the city run along the top of the sixth; and the Pillar of Arcadius was erected upon the seventh. This

amphitheatre of peopled hills, with its innumerable cupolas and minarets interspersed with tall dark cypresses, and its almost unrivalled port, crowded with the vessels of all nations, has, externally, a most imposing aspect, to which its interior forms a lamentable contrast. The expectations of the stranger are, perhaps, nowhere more deceived. The streets are narrow, crooked, steep and dirty.



VIEW OF TANGIER, NEAR THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.



A STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH THE FOUNTAIN AND MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMET.



VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF AUCKLAND ISLAND.

THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

The Auckland Islands remained unknown to Cook, though he penetrated many degrees beyond their latitude; and the honor of their discovery, which took place in 1806, was reserved for Captain Bristow, of the whaling ship *Ocean*. The Auckland Islands were visited in succession, in the year 1840, by the ships of the American, French, and English South-Polar Exploring Expeditions, under Wilkes, D'Urville, and Ross, who have each given some account of them in their respective narratives. The two engravings now presented to our readers are, the first, a view of part of the chief harbor (called indifferently "Rendezvous Harbor" and the "Bay of Sarah's Bosom") of Auckland (the largest) island; and the other of a natural grotto on Enderby Island, situated at the entrance of the harbor in question. Sir James Ross rounded the group at this, its northern extreme. He describes the northwest

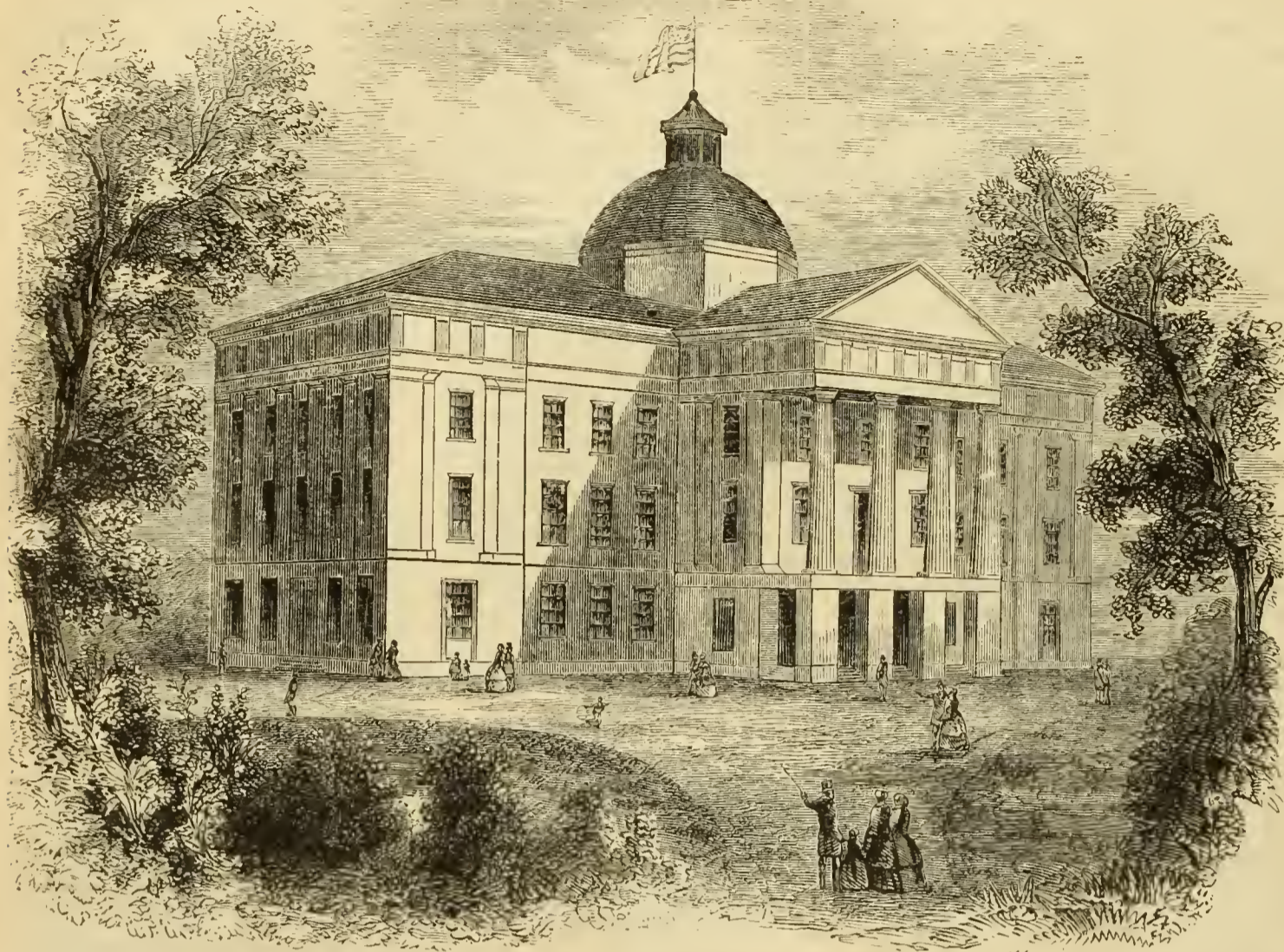
cape as "a very remarkable headland, with a rocky islet and a curious conical rock off it." He says "there is ample space for entering the harbor, and no concealed dangers." "If ever," says M. Dubouzet, one of the French officers, in his journal, "the fine harbor (Laurie Harbor) of these islands and their temperate climate should attract colonists thither, this would be the most suitable point for the site of a town." Another, M. Jaquinot, says: "The vast bay is encircled everywhere by elevated land, clothed with trees from the seaboard to the summit. The soil, of volcanic formation, is covered with a thick layer of vegetable *debris*, producing a vigorous growth of large ferns." And a third, M. Roquemarel, observes: "The bay of Auckland Islands affords several safe and convenient anchorages; the various creeks which exist along its shores have each good fresh water and wood at hand: while line-fishing furnishes a valuable resource for the

refreshment of the crews of vessels putting in." Lieutenant Wilkes, the American commander, concludes a brief account of Laurie Harbor with the remark that, "on the whole, it is a very desirable place at which to refit." Mr. M'Cormick, Dr. Hooker (the botanist attached to the British Expedition), and Dr. Holmes (surgeon of one of the American vessels) all agree in their observations on the soil, which is described by the first as being "generally good, and composed of a rich black mould, in many places of considerable depth—the result of decomposition of the volcanic *debris* and a redundant vegetation—so highly productive that it would render the islands well worth the attention of colonists." The same authority remarks, that "the climate, although somewhat humid and subject to heavy squalls, is, nevertheless, very healthy." As regards the botany of the Auckland Islands, it is shown to be characteristic of New Zealand.

though containing many new forms typical of the Antarctic regions. Dr. Hooker, who has published separately a very elaborate and interesting account under the title of "Flora Antarctica," remarks, in his notices of the Auckland Islands, embodied in Ross's narrative, that "the whole land seemed covered with vegetation, and a low forest skirts all the shores, succeeded by a broad belt of brushwood, above which, to the summits of the hills, extend grassy slopes." As regards the ornithological branch, it appears to be limited to seven or eight species of land birds, all belonging to New Zealand, amongst which is the beautiful melodist the *Tui*, and to embrace a great variety of water birds." With reference to the general fitness of the Auckland Islands, for their destined purpose, Sir James Ross remarks, that "in the whole range of the vast Southern Ocean no better spot could be found for a fixed whaling station."



REPRESENTATION OF THE GROTTTO, ON ENDERBY ISLAND



VIEW OF THE STATE HOUSE, AT RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

The view of the State House, at Raleigh, which we present, is taken at the southeast corner of the public square. It is entirely built of cream-colored granite, taken from a quarry about a mile distant. The model of the building is from the Temple of Minerva, at Athens, commonly called the Parthenon. The cost of it was nearly \$400,000. The corner stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1833, and it has been finished about fourteen years. It is located in the centre of Union Square; is 166 feet long and 90 feet wide, surrounded by massive granite columns, 5 1-2 feet in diameter and 30 feet high. It has a fine dome, and is furnished with spacious and handsome legislative halls. Raleigh is laid out with great regularity, and is altogether one of the prettiest cities in the Union, and is enjoying a flourishing trade.

SCENES IN PERU.

Upon this and the next page, we present our readers with three accurate representations of striking and celebrated scenes in the republic of Peru. The first is a general view of Callao, the seaport of Lima, and which is situated at the mouth of the river Lima, about two and a half leagues from the city. The harbor of this place is excellent, and has generally been regarded as the best in the South Sea. It was strongly fortified by the Spaniards, and the fortifications have been maintained to the present time. It is a place of considerable trade, and visited by ships of all nations. It is chiefly memorable for the terrible earthquake of the 20th of October, 1746, which occasioned the total destruction of the town on the site of which the present Callao stands. The sea destroyed in a few moments what the earthquake had spared. "The sea,"

says Ulloa, "receding to a considerable distance from the shore, returned in mountainous waves, foaming with the violence of the agitation, and suddenly turned Callao and the neighboring country into a sea. There were then twenty-three ships, great and small, in the harbor, of which nineteen were absolutely sunk, and the other four—among which was a frigate called the St. Fermus—carried by the force of the waves to a great distance up the country. At Callao, where the number of inhabitants amounts to about 4000, two hundred only escaped.

Lima, the capital city of Peru, was called by Francisco Pizarro, the Spanish founder, *Ciudad de los Reyes* (City of the Kings); but derives its present name from a corrupt pronunciation of the river Rimac, on which it is situated. It stands about 7000 feet above the sea, and its distant view from Callao is impressive and beau-

tiful. The city is entered by a broad avenue called the Almada. The streets are broad, and intersect each other at right angles. It is irrigated by streams diverted from the river. The houses are principally of wood, and seldom more than two stories high, to guard against earthquakes, though exceedingly rich in decorations, and picturesque in the architecture, which is of the quaint and gorgeous Moorish.

On entering the plaza, the eye of the stranger is immediately arrested by the elegance of the cathedral (given in our second engraving), the spires of which, as if in defiance of the earthquake-scurge of Peru, rise heavenward in grace and beauty. The engraving gives a better idea of the elegance and character of this fine building than any description can convey. The material is chiefly stone, though there is much elaborately carved woodwork in the details. The riches that have been lavished on this cathedral are almost beyond belief anywhere but in a city which actually once paved her streets with ingots of silver in honor of the inauguration of a new viceroy.

The square before the cathedral exhibits the character of the population which throngs the streets of Lima—a population composed of creoles, Spaniards, negroes, Indians, half-breeds and resident foreigners. Here we see the gentleman, with his steeple-crowned and broad-leaved *sombrero*, and the invariable *capa* or cloak, and the lady with her mantilla, or *manto*, as it is here called, worn over the head and frequently serving the purpose of disguise, and her curiously-cut skirt, or *saya*, intended to display the general contour of the figure. Here is a group of market-women; and in the centre of the picture one of those scavengers of the feathered species, a turkey-buzzard—tolerated and even protected on account of their appetite for offal. The Limenas, or ladies of Lima, are so proverbial for their exquisite beauty, that their city has been termed the paradise of women. They are passionately fond of dress, music and cards; too indolent for dancing, although the most graceful walkers in the world. Some women, of even the lower orders, scantily enough attired, wear bracelets and jewelry worth two or three hundred dollars.

The convent of San Francisco, represented in our third engraving, is one of the most picturesque buildings in the city, and is of vast extent, decorated, like all the religious houses of the new world founded during the plenitude of the Spanish power, with a total disregard of expense. The principal entrance, flanked by two square towers, is surmounted by a carved representation of the sun, in commemoration of the early worship of the Peruvians before they were displaced by the followers of the cross. The towers have not the prodigious altitude of those in



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CALLAO, PERU



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL OF LIMA, PERU.

the old world, but are sufficiently high for the latitude of earthquakes. A Spanish traveller remarks that "these two towers would be very bad neighbors in the time of an earthquake;" and adds, "wo be those who shall then be near them!" We have heard it remarked that the cathedral of Monterey in Mexico was modelled

upon the elegant convent of San Francisco.— The population of Lima is between 60,000 and 70,000. It is the general emporium of wealth and trade, and, on many accounts, one of the most remarkable cities of South America. It was formerly one of the handsomest and richest cities in the world, and called by the

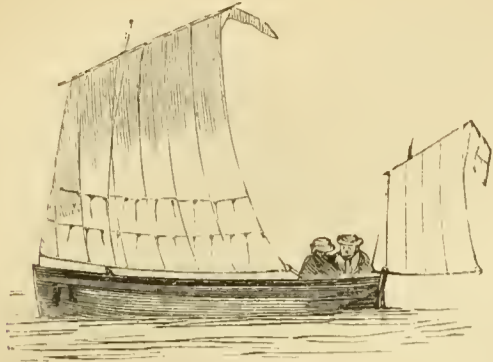
Spaniards, the queen of cities; and though it has declined in greatness and splendor, it still embraces much wealth and magnificence: It has the advantage of enjoying a much milder climate than might be anticipated from its degree of latitude—12 degrees, 2 minutes, south. All seasons are temperate. The mercury at

noon never falls below 60 (Fahrenheit), and never rises above 85 in summer. Spring begins about the end of November; and the vernal season is marked by the disappearance of the fogs, which prevail through our autumnal and winter months. Dew supplies the place of rain, which never falls in Lima.



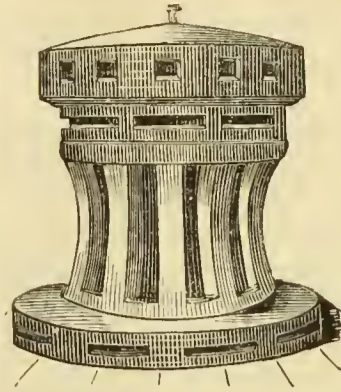
CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, AT LIMA, PERU

INTERIOR ECONOMY OF AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.



SHIP'S CUTTER.

We present herewith a series of illustrations showing the interior economy of an English man-of-war, which will be especially interesting at this time, when points of nautical skill are so earnestly discussed. There are two boats of this sort, generally called the first and second cutters. They are suspended over the quarter on either side of the ship for the purpose of being quickly lowered into the water, in case of need. They are light boats, and are generally employed in conveying officers on duty, messages, and in the various duties incident to the ship.



THE CAPSTAN.

The capstan is an instrument of great power, and has two drum-heads, one of which only is used at a time. To each drum-head are from twelve to fourteen spaces, in which are fixed an equal number of bars or levers of fourteen or fifteen feet in length, and to which are stationed, in the operation of weighing the anchor, a part of the marines, waiters, and afterguard, amounting to about 112 men, a power that weighs the anchor, or warps the ship by a hawser.



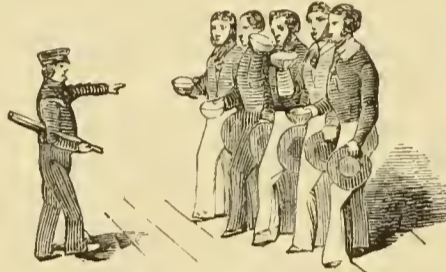
SHIP'S PINNACE.

This is one of the smaller boats of the ship, and can be rigged with sails when desired, and is used for lighter purposes than the cutters and large boats. It always has its regular crew and coxswain, who are kept ready at a moment's call.



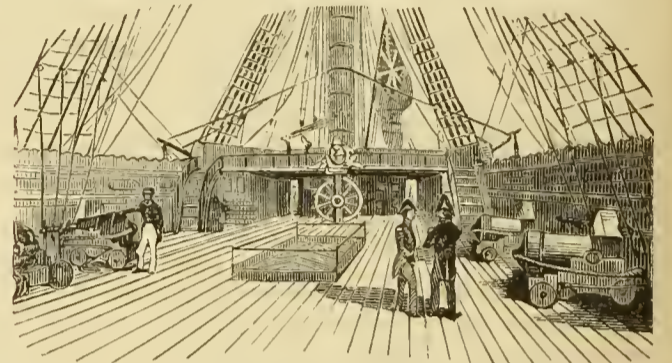
SICK BAY, OR HOSPITAL.

The place devoted to this purpose is usually on the starboard side of the ship, forward, and is under the charge of the surgeon and his assistants; in well regulated ships it forms a separate establishment of its own, and its extras are supplied by subscription among the officers and crew of the vessel.



SERVING GROG RATIONS.

A seaman or marine used to be allowed half a pint of rum or brandy, or, in lieu thereof, one pint of wine, *per diem*; but, when spirits were issued, it was done twice in the day. The scene above represents the "ship shape" fashion in which the men drink.



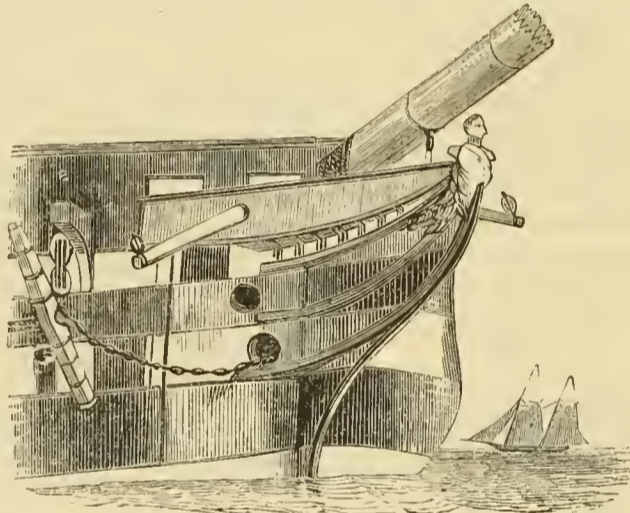
QUARTER-DECK AND POOP.

This is the after part of the ship—the post of honor—from whence emanate those orders to which the invisible arm of discipline ensures the promptest compliance. It is the atmosphere of *epaulettes*. Jack's home is in the fore-castle.



SAILORS' MESS TABLE.

The mess tables are ranged between the guns, and here, in messes of eight or twelve, the men partake of their meals. The tables are portable, and in time of action are unshipped and stowed away. They are supplied with stools, or forms, for the men to sit upon, which are also portable.



SHIP'S STEM.

As is represented above, this is the fore part of the ship, to which the planking of the bows is fastened by the "gammoning" and "bobstays"—nautical terms for ropes and lashings.



WORKING A GUN.

The picture above represents the working of a gun during action or exercise, and firing of salutes. Each piece has its crew and officer, and great care is taken to instruct the men in the use and perfection of artillery science. Seamen profess great affection for the piece to which they are attached.



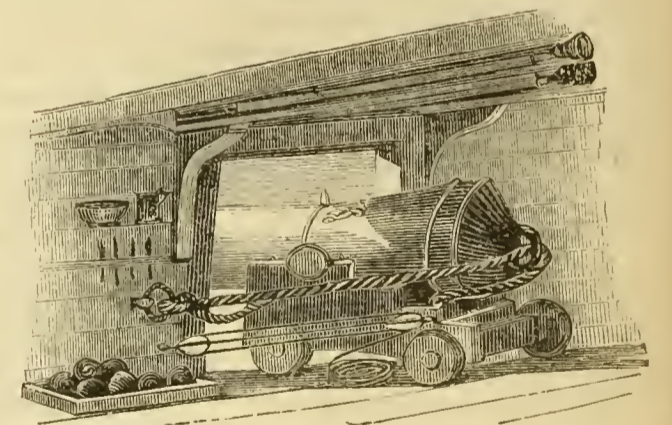
WARD, OR DINING ROOM.

This picture represents the dining, or mess room of the officers, and in its contrast to the mess table of poor Jack, above, shows the difference in the comfort and grades of the two parties aboard ship. The rations of an officer aboard ship permit him to live, with proper economy, most sumptuously.



BOATSWAIN'S MATE.

The boatswain's mate is a petty officer, whose duties are similar to those of a sergeant of soldiers. He carries a whistle or call as a badge of his office; it is blown to excite attention, and by it many manœuvres are put into practice. He is also the bearer of the cat-o-nine tails, and inflicts punishment by the captain's orders.



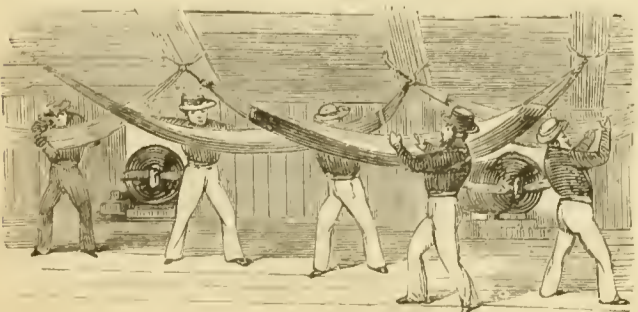
LOWER-DECK GUN.

This is one of the guns of the principal battery of a line-of-battle ship, and is generally of the calibre to receive shot of thirty-two pounds weight. In modern armaments are introduced four guns of the calibre of sixty-eight pounds, for throwing shells.



BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE.

This is made of silver, and is hung about the neck of the boatswain and his mate, and serves to call attention to any object, or order about to be issued. It is used to pipe to quarters, etc., etc.



LASHING THE HAMMOCKS.

The picture above represents the busy scene that daily occurs on the gun-deck, where all hands are piped to lash their hammocks, or in other words, make up their beds for the night.



WEIGHING ANCHOR.

The crew are so disposed of, or stationed, that one watch, or half the crew, are employed weighing the anchor, while the other half are employed in loosening and making sail.



STOWING OF STOCK.

There is in all ships, between the fore and main hatchways, on the main-deck, a regular fixed sheep pen of two tiers, each about four feet high, and capable of holding 18 or 20 sheep each. One part is appropriated to the admiral or captain, and the other to the officers of the ward-room, the sheep being under the charge of the sheep butcher, who attends them three times a day.

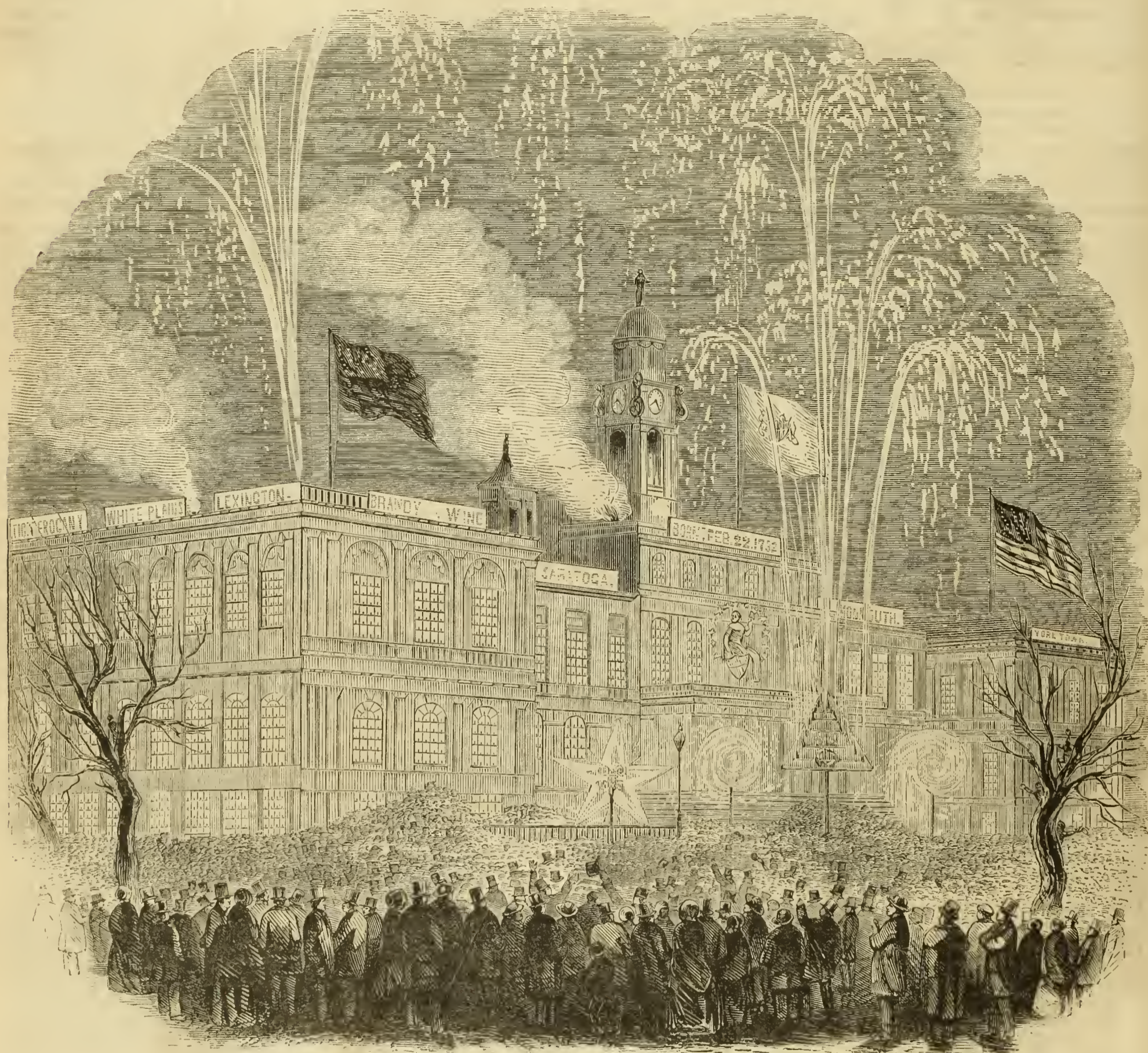
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The New Yorkers, who do nothing by halves, but go heart and hand into all that is spirited, generous and national, celebrated Washington's birthday in a manner worthy of themselves and the noble spirit whom they commemorated. The scene which our artist has sketched for us below was taken on the spot, and represents the fireworks that were exhibited before the City Hall. At sunrise, the national and city standards were displayed from the City Hall and other public buildings, as well as from the fort on Governor's Island, and the various military stations around the city. From an early hour, a large number of independent companies and societies, among which the Order of United

Americans were conspicuous from their great force, paraded through the principal thoroughfares with flags flying. At 12 o'clock, national salutes were fired from the Battery and Hamilton Square, by detachments from the First Division, New York State Militia, and about the same hour the National Guards and Continentals were reviewed in front of the City Hall by the mayor, Gen. Sanford, Gen. Hall and some of the members of the Common Council. The appearance presented by the military was very imposing, as each company filed in succession past the City Hall. In the early part of the day a transparency of Gen. Washington, provided by Mr. Aekerman, of Nassau Street, was placed in the balcony, which was 24 feet high

by 16 in breadth. It was so arranged as to be illuminated in a second—a dark curtain being hung between the picture and the light, which dropped suddenly as soon as the gong was sounded. The windows of the building were also lit immediately, 170 men being provided for the occasion, who were all stationed at their posts at the appointed time—7 1-2 o'clock—and, as if by magic, in a sudden flash the immense structure became illuminated. The effect was fine. The main piece of the pyrotechnic display, in front of the building, was a figure of Liberty, seated, holding in one hand a spear, surmounted by a cap. The side pieces were mostly composed of fancy work, such as scrolls, stars, wheels, &c., of various colors. On the

top of the building were transparencies, bearing the names of various battles of the Revolution—"Brandywine," "Saratoga," "Monmouth" and "Yorktown," while on each of the wings were others, representing "Bunker Hill," "Ticonderoga," "Trenton," "Camden," "White Plains" and "Lexington." The central transparency, over the portrait of Washington, bore "Born Feb. 22, 1732," and all were lit up at the same time with the windows. Notwithstanding the unpleasant condition under foot, a large number of spectators were congregated in the open space before the portico of the hall, and anxiously waited for the approaching display. Underhill's Brass Band was in attendance at the governor's room, to perform the duties of an



DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, AND ILLUMINATION OF CITY HALL, NEW YORK, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

orchestra between the intervals of the different explosions, while outside, a considerable body of police were on hand to preserve order, and, if possible, prevent accidents. The arrangements throughout all the departments were well planned and executed. The first piece let off was a wheel, which, as it revolved, changed into different colors, and discharged a variety of juggler's balls—blue, green, yellow and crimson. Next followed another wheel, which changed into a star, the rays of which were composed of golden sparks. The side pieces were then ignited, and quickly communicated with the main one, the

representation of the Goddess of Liberty, surrounded by a constellation of stars. The effect was very beautiful, but it lasted only a few minutes, and then, like a gorgeous vision, melted into air. At 8 1-2 o'clock the performances were over, and the mass of human beings wended their way to their respective homes, after standing about an hour up to their ankles in mud. Thus ever let the day be celebrated. Thus ever may its memory be cherished in the heart of every American. It is well for us, as a landmark in our institutions, well for us as cultivating the memory of all that relates to our

past and eventful history to make the occasion of our returning anniversaries also the occasion of marked interest and celebration. The 22d of February will be a chronicled epoch in this country so long as Americans remain true to themselves.

The art of pyrotechny has not until within a very few years been brought to any great degree of perfection. In China, it has long been superior to the efforts of European artists or those of this country; but as if to keep pace with railroads, telegraphs, and other developments of science and art, powder has at last consented to

burn as brilliantly and in as many beautiful ways as it has heretofore done among the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. Any one at all acquainted with effect in drawing will perceive the difficulty of justly portraying a night scene, and especially where the picture consists of fireworks, without the aid of paint; and yet the effect produced by our artists here—both designers and engravers—one and all, must pronounce very fine, to say the least of it. This art of wood engraving is improving, like all other things (fireworks, for instance!) and our pages shall from time to time show proof of this fact.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

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TEA-PARTY AND BAZAAR.

The illustration below presents a delightful place and occasion in the gardens of the Hon. Judge Wilmot, in Frederickton, New Brunswick. An excursion from Eastport, Maine, to St. John and Frederickton, was made in August, of last year, and afforded to all who were so fortunate as to be present, a share of true enjoyment not often experienced. The season, the weather and scenery, and, not least, the people, seemed "made for the occasion," and never was more kindness and cordiality shown to strangers than

on this occasion, by the kind hearted provincials. They seemed like brothers and sisters, and made more rapid and sure—by their attentions to us—the advancement of annexation principles, than could be effected by months of diplomacy; though, perhaps, this may have been a diplomatic *coup*—the English well knowing the charming effect of hospitality tendered by their smiling and beautiful daughters. Be this as it may, after a sail of ninety miles up the magnificent St. John, and midst the most enchanting scenery, the party landed at Frederickton, the seat of gov-

ernment of New Brunswick. Most of the party were unable to procure places at the already crowded hotels, thus being without prospect of a single comfort, when, to their joy, the true spirit of old English hospitality sprang to their relief and the greater party were made the happy guests of the whole-hearted and noble feeling citizens of Frederickton. The next day commenced with the opening of the "bazaar" for the benefit of a Methodist society, and was held in the gardens of Hon. Judge Wilmot, whose generosity was shown in the noble contributions

and arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the vast company present. The gardens are extensive and beautiful, and show evidence of the taste of the judge and the skill of the gardener. The "bazaar" was continued for three days, and concluded with a splendid "tea-party" in the evening within an immense pavilion, containing some thousand souls, seated at the well-laden tables, and refreshed by the choicest viands, as well as by the superb music of the celebrated band of the 97th regiment. There were also several exhibitions of fireworks.



REPRESENTATION OF A PICNIC TEA PARTY, AT FREDERICKTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

SCENES IN CALIFORNIA.

We present on the page herewith a series of California scenes of much interest. First, a very fine head of the native male Indian, and opposite to it that of a female head of the same tribe. They must tell their own story to the reader. In the man's eye there is all the fire and vigor of his race expressed, while the head of the woman is as equally expressive of the milder characteristics of the other sex. For the Indian women are the patient, laboring and willing slaves of their lords—far more so than can be found in any portion of the white race on the face of the globe. They do all the domestic drudgery, cook, cultivate the few vegetables that are used by the people, do all the household labor, and, indeed, carry all the burthens; in short, they are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The male, on the contrary, is "monarch of all he surveys;" and he disdains aught else but smoke, drink (when he can get spirit), hunt, and murder the whites, for their property, and lead an abandoned and reckless life. Such seems to be their nature. As to digging gold, it is difficult to induce them to do it, even by liberal offers of coin and rum, but some few are thus engaged by miners. They look upon the whites as a poor deluded, drudging, labor-loving, and degraded race of creatures, and never fail to stab them when they can do so in the dark and from behind. They do not possess one chivalric principle that has yet been discovered, and are treacherous and deceitful to the utmost degree. Below will also be found an admirable and characteristic picture of an Indian Rancheria, a place primitive enough for even the most fastidious, but true to the life, and sketched by a strolling artist gold-digger on the spot. There is probably no Indian settlement of any considerable size in California so well known as the Rancheria on Feather River, opposite the mouth of the Yuba. It contained a year ago, a population numbering over two hundred, which has continued gradually to grow less, and very soon the whole tribe are likely to seek a more remote location. The digger race is variously described by those who have written on the subject in this country. In seasons of war, they have been set down as brave and formidable enemies, and by their stratagems and success in escaping the hostile demonstrations directed against them, have given some coloring of truth to this view of their character; indeed, it might reflect upon the military achievements of the past year to draw a different conclusion. By those



HEAD OF A CALIFORNIA NATIVE MALE INDIAN.

who judge of the native Indians from observations of their appearance, manners and customs when living in their rancherias, at peace with the whites, they are seldom esteemed other than meek, spiritless, undefensive, and altogether the most utterly worthless of the savages of America. The number of Indians in California is reckoned from twenty thousand upwards. In the northern part of the State toward the Oregon border, they exhibit evidences of civilization in their way of living, and a knowledge and practice of some of the useful arts, besides being more brave and warlike than elsewhere. Their food is confined to acorns, game and fish. In the valley of the Sacramento they live in holes about five feet deep, roofed over in a conical shape, with a network of wood and bark, covered with earth. Theft is the chief natural vice of the diggers, besides their filthy and slothful habits. In the proximity of the whites they are perfectly docile, sluggish and indifferent, caring for naught but food and water, which they beg or barter for some servile labor. Had the Indians of the country been treated according to the Spanish policy, the discord and animosity now generated between the races, would have been avoided. As it is, however, the disposal of the native tribes of the country has become one of the most embarrassing and vexatious questions of the day; the settlement of which threatens no ordinary political and social calamity. But it is of little importance in the discussion of the subject, since it seems to be the design of Providence that they shall gradually die out and vanish from the face of the globe. Why then should we hasten their demise? They have generally gone from State to State in the Union, gradually growing less and less in number, until Indians are



HEAD OF A CALIFORNIA FEMALE INDIAN.

becoming, as it were, curiosities and relics of the past, and rarely to be met with except in distant wilds and without the borders of civilization. They have gradually been pressed westward, where the Pacific must at length stay their course, and the waves of its bosom flow over the last of the persecuted and forlorn race. Like prairie dogs and wolves, they seem almost to burrow in the ground; and the low, gipsy-like tents covered with undressed buffalo hides, as seen in the picture below, are the very best habitations that the California Indian enjoys. And yet some of them have a pride, or a "weakness," if you please to call it so, for some one thing that partially ennobles their general character. Some of them will possess themselves of a colt and rear it to a horse that would astound an eastern horse jockey for its fleetness, docility and training. Another has a passion for a rifle, and he so perfects himself in the use of the instrument he has stolen or purchased from the whites, that he would put a Kentucky sharp shooter to the blush. Another throws the lasso with such precision, as scarcely ever to miss

his aim, though it is always done from horseback, and when at full speed. In this exercise they are said to far surpass the wild cattle catchers of the plains of South America, who make it their entire occupation thus to obtain hides, horns, etc., for exportation. We have often thought how novel must all these peculiarities appear to the Yankees—town bred, for instance—who leave a comfortable home, to dig gold in El Dorado. Once here, comforts, even necessities, soon become scarce and difficult to attain, and life and health are risked every hour. Out of this fiery ordeal of chances some come forth in safety, but the larger portion are generally lost to themselves and their friends forever. Year upon year must transpire before California presents any real attractions for the refined and intellectual. It is a child yet; a whining, capricious infant—one of Uncle Sam's *youngest*—but experience will teach it to become a man; and that it may grow to the full and goodly stature of one is our most earnest and reiterated wish. The eyes of the world generally have been turned to this new acquisition to our regularly represented territory and directed with so much of earnest curiosity to the present important position which it fills, as it regards the Union, that it has been difficult to keep pace in the imagination with its strides of improvement, and people abroad, have even looked upon the representations made public, as it regards the growth and increase generally of California,

as somewhat fabulous and questionable; but the heavy receipt of the pure metal by every steamer from thence, gotten, no matter at what cost, displays at all events the richness of its mines and placers, and gives the stamp of authenticity and truth to its story. San Francisco is destined to exert an influence beyond the mere value of the gold that her soil yields. In possessing her harbor we are made strong on the Pacific ocean, that great field of commerce, where the battles of trade and industry must in future be fought. Bloodless battles, but important ones, nevertheless, and the results will be far more interesting in history than those of the battles fought with destructive weapons. It will be curious, fifty years hence, to record the story of California's rise and progress in the history of states and colonies. It will look no less fabulous to our descendants than it does now to ourselves; for it is, indeed, little short of an absolute miracle, although the evidence of its wealth and internal resources is brought so distinctly before our eyes.



VIEW OF AN INDIAN RANCHERIA, YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA.

THE WELL OF REBECCA.

The well was to the south-west, without the town. This was the direction she would have come from; and of all the wells, this alone was sweet and good. * * * As we sat, camels came and knelt by the well; and then the veiled girls came out in long file, each with her pitcher on her shoulder, as in Holy Writ it says, "Rebecca came with her pitcher on her shoulder." And they one by one let down their pitchers; the bearded men knelt to indulge in the draught they asked for. At such a well could any ask in vain? The Bible says, "she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand." With each family is a rope; this is attached to the handles of the pitchers, and the drawer—generally, as now, a woman or maiden—lets down the pitcher, the rope held by her hand, or resting on her

hand. And here we sat and saw this very scene. We might pursue the simile further: the ornaments, the dress, even the well; for we hear, when Rebecca knew that the man who sat in the field was Isaac, she took a veil and covered herself. This shows she had done so before, or she would not have had one ready, or even at all. The objection Eliezer made was one that would arise this day among all Easterns, and perhaps among them only: "peradventure, the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land." The well, like many others, had a square stone at the top, with a circular hole to draw water, and near stood (this is usual also) numerous stone troughs, some higher, some lower, for the different descriptions of animals to drink out of; and we read, "she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough." The pitcher itself, as may

be seen from the Nineveh and Egyptian excavations, was of exactly the shape used still. Little did those laughing girls—Rebeccas, Rachels, and Sarahs, perhaps—think of the reason we watched their every motion so closely, and of the deep interest we took in every step of what seemed to them a mere daily duty.—*Wolpole's Travels.*

AMERICAN INDIANS.

The calm, high-bred dignity of their demeanor; the scientific manner in which they progressively construct the frame work of whatever subject they undertake to explain; the sound argument by which they connect as well as support it; and the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence with which, as they proceed, they adorn every portion of the moral architecture they are

constructing, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest; and yet it is not astonishing to reflect that the orators in councils, whose lips and gums are, while they are speaking, black from the wild berries on which they have been subsisting—who have never heard of education, never seen a town—but who, born in the secluded recesses of an interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following zigzaggedly the game on which they subsist, through a labyrinth of trees, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of such islands as I have described. They hear more distinctly, see farther, smell clearer, can bear more fatigue, can subsist on less food, and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren; and yet we consider the red Indians of America as "outside barbarians."—*Sir F. B. Head.*



CALIFORNIA MINERS WORKING THE "LONG TOM."

On this page, as well as its mate opposite, we present a continuation of our California scenes. The numerous letters which we receive from all directions in relation to these themes, show us how interested the public are in anything relating to the gold region, whence so many thousands of our immediate neighborhood have gone to seek adventures and fortune. Now, who that has a friend in California can recognize the head herewith. It is a likeness, and an honest one, but of whom, we cannot say. It is the head of one who has been more than a year in the valley of the Sacramento, who has become toil-worn, and embrowned by the combined action of the climate, who has been gold seeking to his heart's content, and who has saved something, hardly earned. He would give half he is worth to be at home now—*home?* how sweet a word to his ears; how musical it sounds to him! surrounded by the rough comrades that form his mates, and, perhaps, at this moment on the look-out for hostile Indians, with his rifle half cocked. What pictures will sometimes rise up before the mind's eye of the man at leisure moments—pictures of his distant fireside: mother, brother, perhaps a sweetheart, or still dearer, a little son or daughter, who nightly pray for the soul of the far-away parent. He looks shabby, his beard is unshorn; but the native fire is still in his eye, the warmth in his heart. His cheek has become attenuated, but his soul has enlarged; on him hardships have been as the refiner's fire, and have burned out the dross in his composition. He will soon return, we know he will. The Panama fever will spare him; and with his hard-earned gold, he will settle down in the midst of friends and home, contented and happy, no more to roam. The toil and fatigue undergone

by the miner, in quest of the golden deposits, are scarcely to be realized by those who have had no experience of life in the diggings. The lofty mountains which he climbs, the deep and dangerous gulches into which he descends—exposed to hunger, the Indian and the wild beast—all unite



HEAD OF A CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT.

to make his existence full of interest and adventure. Now rigging up a temporary ladder, ascended on the right, he descends into some cavity, formed by underground streams, gives it a careful examination, and, perhaps, is rewarded by the discovery of several ounces of gold. Two

generally join together in these prospecting excursions, and share equally the proceeds of the search. One watches while the other descends the pit, so as to give warning if the Indians appear, and also to render such other assistance as may be needed; and two can perform together to better advantage than singly. Oftentimes they are sent out by gangs who are at work on a good "strike," so that when that is exhausted they can turn their steps at once to another point without loss of time. When this is the case, they are paid by subscription among the gang, say an ounce of dust or more per day. In the picture, presented herewith, two are thus at work, and are bringing up to the surface of the plain deposits of sand and dust to wash and examine, to judge of the character of the spot for mining purposes. It is no boys' play, as we have so often intimated; and unless a man possesses an iron constitution, he is almost sure to give way under its hardships. The fever and ague he is almost sure to encounter, and this will "shake" the flesh off his limbs and sides with most miraculous speed. In short, it is a game of chance; a throw of the dice, he may turn up a trump, get a good throw, or realize a blank—risks we should far rather avoid by the quiet enjoyments of those blessings that a quiet lot hath given to us in our pathway of life. The picture which we give above is a representation of the "Long Tom," which consists of a trough, two or more feet in width, five to ten inches in depth, and of a length from twenty-five to two hundred

feet, according to the locality and the number of hands to be employed. The machine is placed at an inclination sufficient to give the water a strong current through it. The water and dirt pass through a perforated plate of iron, which forms the bottom of the lower end of the trough into a box, five or six feet long, and about two feet in width, where the gold is retained by three ripples on the bottom. The machine requires at least three men to work it. One stands at the foot of the "Tom," throwing out the stones, while the others dig and shovel in the dirt. With such a force, one thousand buckets of earth are easily washed in a day. The Chain Gang "institution" given below, has been confined, in California, to San Francisco and Sacramento. It was founded at the former point in 1849; several of the party, called "Hounds," were among



MINERS PROSPECTING, OR HUNTING FOR GOLD.

the earliest to enter its ranks. Its existence was of short duration in Sacramento, the services of the prisoners being now engaged by Col. Hays, in brick making, near San Francisco. All parts of the world must have its villains. Texas used to be the resort for the greater portion of unwhipped rogues, but California is the point at which they aim their course now. But even in El Dorado, justice will sometimes overtake them; and in the sketch given may be seen heads of murderers, thieves, and all sorts of villains. Want of female society in California has led the inhabitants to seek for amusements and occupation in various modes of dissipation, among which gambling has predominated, and this is a vice that seems to lead in the direct road to all others. The consequence is, that until lately, crimes have been numerous—murders not unfrequent, and robberies common as noonday.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN COMPOSING.

We may here take a picture of two great symphonists with a work still undergoing the process of gestation. Mozart when he washed his hands in the morning could never remain quiet, but traversed his chamber, knocking one heel against the other, immersed in thought. At table he would fasten the corners of his napkin, and while drawing it backwards and forwards on his mouth, make grimaces, apparently "lost in meditation deep." Beethoven, in a fit of abstraction, would pour several jugs of water on his hands, "humming and roaring." After wetting his clothes through, he would pace up and down the room with a vacant expression of countenance, and eyes frightfully distended. Schlietgroll has observed that Mozart's physiognomy was remarkable for its extreme novelty. The expression changed every moment. His body, also, was in perpetual motion; he was either playing with his hands or beating the ground with his feet.—*Mozart's Life.*



REPRESENTATION OF A CALIFORNIA CHAIN GANG

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Sophia, almost speechless with astonishment. She would have withdrawn the hand, but this she could not do, and he went on passionately:

"I will not release this fair hand—I will not leave you until the words are spoken that will decide my destiny. Do not reject the heart of one whose sole wish is to make you happy."

"Leave me, monsieur, I entreat!" replied Sophia, who was becoming really alarmed. "I can encourage no feelings that I cannot reciprocate."

"I have surprised you by this sudden avowal, and thereby made you angry, have I not?" pursued Durand.

"I am surprised, but not angry," answered Sophia, disengaging her hand with an effort. "I respect you for services you have rendered my parents."

"Respect!" exclaimed Durand, contemptuously, "I would have something more than esteem. It is but a cold word. Mademoiselle Sophia, you love another!"

"I do not recognize your right to question me, Monsieur Durand," she replied, with dignity. "I am accountable to no one for my thoughts or actions." But immediately resuming a softer tone of voice she went on. "I will throw myself upon your generosity—I will trust to your honor, and make a confession, though it do violence to my modesty. I do love another—I am the affianced bride of the Chevalier Montemar. Be generous, monsieur, and do not inflict upon me the pain of hearing those words you have just spoken repeated again. After hearing this acknowledgement, you will understand the motive that prompted me to betray my secret," added Sophia, earnestly.

"I can appreciate it. It does you honor, and was nobly said!" rejoined Durand, ironically.

"Do not think I am not grateful for the honor you intended me," added Sophia. "Let us bear no ill will, and when we meet again, may this conversation be forgotten."

Alas! Durand had any but honorable feelings towards the young girl. His designs were dark, villainous, and fatal to the honor of Sophia. The latter had felt nothing but disgust and aversion towards him, and it had required an effort to speak so respectfully as she had succeeded in doing; but apprehensions for the safety of herself and mother had overcome her repugnance.

As Sophia ceased speaking, she stepped past Durand, who no longer attempted to detain her. As the door closed, the whole expression of his face changed. A dark scowl appeared upon his brow, a satanic smile of triumph played about his compressed lips as he muttered between his closed teeth:

"She must—she shall be mine! I can find means to subdue the proud beauty. She was grateful for the honor intended her! Ha! ha! love—marriage indeed!" and he hastened from the house. Durand had several times attempted to make himself agreeable to Sophia, without any definite object in view, as he was aware of the inequality of their rank; but she had treated him with such perfect indifference and quiet contempt, that it was extremely galling to his feelings, and he had inwardly vowed to revenge himself and humble her pride, as he termed it.

Count de Julien had invested Durand with entire authority to make use of his house whenever he saw fit, and direct affairs to his satisfaction. The weak character of the countess had increased this authority, and he soon became as one of their household. Sophia had not informed her mother of the conversation we have related, knowing it would be productive of no good, and might cause her much anxiety.

Durand met Sophia as though nothing had passed between them; but the latter was not satisfied with these appearances, and suspected they were assumed as a mask to hide his real feelings. She watched him closely, but he was ever upon his guard, and she could detect nothing.

Time passed on. Durand was not idle. He saw that to build his fortunes, and get Sophia into his power, he must in some way dispose of the mother as well as the lover; for it was by secretly denouncing the Chevalier Montemar as having evaded the law of requisition, that the latter had been sent to the army. Nothing was more easy for him to effect. Intercepting the correspondence of the countess, he obtained possession of a missive from her brother—the emigrant.

We must here add that Durand had become a member of the Revolutionary Committee, and

one of its most active agents. He found it easy to prosecute his infamous scheme, and undermine the fortunes of de Julien at the same time. The letter was sent on to Paris, and the countess was immediately arrested by order of the Committee of General Safety, and immured in prison.

While these events were transpiring, the Chevalier Montemar could no longer resist the desire to see the amiable object of his affections. He had been informed of the foregoing events, and risking the consequences that might result from leaving the army without "furlough," he visited Sophia privately. The young girl received her lover with mingled emotions of joy and terror. Absence, and her sorrows, had but rendered him more dear.

"You are lost, Montemar!" she exclaimed, wildly. "The result will be fatal if you are discovered. You will be watched and betrayed by the detestable Durand. I am but too certain that he has been the chief instrument in the arrest of my mother. He must have detained her letters, and made use of them to carry out his purpose. No one out of the family knew of the correspondence."

"Can such baseness exist!" cried Montemar, indignantly. "But be calm, dearest Sophia. I can return as I came, without being perceived. I heard of your distress, and determined to venture hither to comfort and console you if possible."

"But you are risking everything—your life is at hazard. You do not know Durand. There is no wickedness he is not capable of consummating. I knew not his real character until lately. He offered me his love—I rejected him, and God alone knows what will be the consequence," rejoined Sophia, sadly.

"You terrify me!" exclaimed the chevalier, in alarm. "There is more danger to apprehend than I had supposed, and I am powerless to assist and protect. In a higher power alone, dear Sophia, must you put your trust."

"Hark! I hear footsteps!" cried his companion, trembling with terror. "Fly! conceal yourself without. Follow that passage, and you will find egress," and she almost forced him through a side entrance, from the apartment.

Hastily seating herself, she endeavored to calm her agitated feelings, and be prepared for anything that might happen. But she was not disturbed. The noise that she had heard proceeded from some visitors of Durand's, who now exercised the same command in the chateau of de Julien that the latter would have done. Montemar, perceiving visitors in the house, did not again venture to see Sophia, but began to retrace his steps towards his regiment.

But Durand was beforehand with him. The former had employed spies to watch both Sophia and the chevalier, and even before his interview with the young girl, Durand had despatched a message to the committee, denouncing him as a deserter; and he was accordingly arrested before he reached his post.

The anxiety of Sophia was intense in regard to the safety of her lover. All she could do was to hope he had reached the army without his absence being remarked. Durand, meanwhile, saw himself steadily progressing towards the period of his triumph. He was aware Sophia had no near friends to look to for assistance, and fortune had favored him so much that the game was now in his own hands. Having had no conversation with her of any importance, since her mother's arrest, he resolved to see how she would receive him.

"You look sad, mademoiselle. Your thoughts cannot be very happy ones," he remarked, abruptly, entering the room where Sophia was sitting engaged in mournful reflections.

"And is not the fact of a beloved mother's arrest and imprisonment of sufficient importance to create unhappy thoughts?" answered Sophia, reproachfully.

"I will allow it is not a very pleasant occurrence," rejoined Durand, in a tone utterly devoid of feeling; "but why did you not consult with me in your trouble? Perhaps I can yet be of service. You are aware I have some power, and that my influence among certain persons at Paris is not inconsiderable."

"I recollect that your word was passed to my father, previous to his leaving France, to the effect that you both could and would be of service in an emergency like this," resumed the young girl, coldly.

"And that word shall be kept, provided certain conditions of mine shall be complied with," he replied.

"What mean you?" asked Sophia, quickly.

"It rests with you to determine whether your mother shall be restored to you and happiness, or suffered to remain in her desolate abode. Be mine, and—"

"Hold!" cried Sophia, with dignity. "Say no more. You already know my sentiments on this subject. In any case I would not purchase your services."

"Sophia de Julien," answered the other, with a cold, contemptuous smile, "save your fine speeches. You are now wholly in my power. Through my means you are left friendless, but only through yours can these misfortunes be remedied. I could send you to the guillotine to-morrow, were it my will."

"Act your pleasure, monsieur," remarked Sophia, with a firmness and courage which even astonished herself.

"Your pride has yet to be humbled, I perceive. Weigh well your words, for upon them depend the lives of the Countess de Julien and the Chevalier Montemar. The latter was imprisoned two days since for desertion, and without my intervention will pay the forfeit with his life. In this case the liberties of both hang upon your decision. One word, and they are free. I await your answer." And Durand coolly folded his arms, and with his piercing eyes attentively examined the countenance of Sophia.

"Perjured villain!" exclaimed the latter, recoiling to the end of the room. "It is thus then that you reward the confidence and trust reposed in you by one who has been your friend and benefactor. Was it for this that you labored so assiduously to wile my father from the shores of his native land—was it for this that you intercepted the correspondence of my mother, and gained a weapon to destroy her at your pleasure—was it for this that my affianced husband has been incarcerated in these gloomy walls to await the order of the executioner?"

"Even so," replied Durand, with triumph. "Once you repulsed me with cold words and contemptuous looks. Then, perhaps, I might have offered you marriage; but now, Sophia de Julien, expect nothing so honorable. You shall have just one week to consider this subject. If, at the end of that period, you are as obstinate as ever, both the countess and the chevalier will ascend the scaffold; while you, remember, are as much in my power as ever."

"I scorn—I despise your conditions, alike with yourself! Know that my mother or the Chevalier Montemar would never value their lives, purchased at such a sacrifice. My life and theirs are not at your disposal; they rest in the hands of One who never forsakes the innocent and helpless, and who suffers not the guilty to escape from justice."

"Fine sentiments, but they will avail you nothing," rejoined her persecutor, with a sneer. "Remember. In one week I shall expect your answer." And without waiting for a reply, he left the apartment.

Sophia now realized the extent of the catastrophe which threatened Montemar and her whole family. She did not doubt that Durand would be true to his word, and resolved, at all hazards, to escape from him by means of some of the servants. But this was no easy task. She had feared for some time that her actions were observed by watchful eyes, and upon the coming of night these conjectures proved sooth. She found it impossible, during the three following days to converse with one of the servants alone. Durand himself was not visible; but one of his aids, named Gaspard, a disagreeable, sinister-looking man, kept his eagle eyes fixed continually upon Sophia when in the presence of the domestics. The latter, by their compassionate and sorrowful looks, evidently pitied her, and would gladly have aided one who was by them so much beloved, had they dared. Threats, obviously, had produced inaction and silence.

The fourth day arrived, and Sophia was in despair. She had not been suffered to leave the house, or see any one but her formidable looking jailer. To him she dared not speak, perceiving no pity or mercy in his repulsive countenance. Her surprise and joy were extreme, when night came, at seeing a young country lad take the place of Gaspard, as guard. She was informed that the latter was violently ill, and that Durand was in Paris.

Hope once more entered the desolate heart of the unhappy Sophia. Now was the time to act. She did not find the lad at all unwilling to assist her, for her tears and beauty had already moved him to compassion. The servants, now freed

from the vigilance of the hated Gaspard, hastened to lend their aid. Everything was arranged. At midnight Sophia left her father's chateau, and proceeded by the least public route to Paris, to avoid meeting Durand. She arrived safely at the house of a friend, who promised her concealment as long as it was in her power to afford it.

Sophia had endeavored to expel the image of Montemar from her mind, knowing that no supplication, no entreaty could save a life which had been devoted to her happiness, and would be sacrificed in her behalf. Death was the penalty awarded to the crime of desertion, and even had it not been thus, Durand would not fail, in some way, to accomplish his ruin.

Suddenly she heard a great commotion without. Flying to the window, she perceived an infuriated mob in the street, which, in its onward course, trampled upon all who opposed it. Cries of terror, joy, agony, and victory were all combined in that one overwhelming shout. She distinctly heard the words, "Robespierre has fallen! The Republic forever! Liberty forever!" burst from the lips of the excited assemblage, while her eyes were fastened upon an object which seemed carried upon the shoulders of the crowd. As it gradually drew nearer, she discovered it to be the figure of a man. The features seemed familiar. Straining her eyes, Sophia recognized the betrayer of her family—the nefarious Durand. Cries of agony, and vain petitions for mercy, issued from the pale lips of the terrified wretch. His prayers were vain. The maddened populace sent up another clear, ringing shout. For a moment the figure disappeared from the fixed gaze of the horror-struck Sophia. Now it appears again, but horribly disfigured, and is thrown from one to another, and once more disappears among the feet of the mob, a trampled, disgusting mass of human flesh.

Following close upon the steps of the crowd, came the fatal death-cart, the rumbling of whose wheels had sent terror to so many hearts. In it were several individuals, among whom were the two Robespierres, Henriot, Couthon, and St. Just—names that will always be remembered in conjunction with the Revolution. The head of the elder Robespierre was enveloped in a cloth, saturated with blood, his piercing eyes sunken, his countenance livid. The imprecations of the mob followed them as they went to the scaffold, where so many thousands of innocent victims had suffered.

Sophia stood as if paralyzed. She wished to turn her head from the dreadful spectacle, but possessing neither the power to move, nor to close her eyes, she remained as if fastened to the spot. The blood curdled in her veins; a mist gathered before her eyes; the murmur of the furious crowd came but faintly to her ears; her head whirled with dizziness, and she sank to the floor insensible.

The Reign of Terror was indeed over. Robespierre, and his companions in tyranny and murder, ended their lives at the hand of the executioner. General rejoicing prevailed throughout Paris, and in fact, all France. The people manifested their joy in every extravagant way. The inmates of the numerous prisons were set at liberty, and universal excitement was the order of the day.

Durand, as we have mentioned, was a member of the much dreaded Revolutionary Committee. He was well known in Paris, and had fallen a victim to the just vengeance of those whose homes he had helped to make desolate. The countess and the chevalier were, by reason of these events, soon at liberty, and returned to the chateau. Montemar and Sophia were married soon after, and found, upon the return of the count to France, that happiness of which they had been deprived so long.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES TO HELEN.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

It is not for thy form and face,
Though these are decked with every grace,
That I, dear Helen, now so pine
To press thee as my Valentine.

No, beauty is a fading flower,
Changing as an April shower;
A phantom to delude the heart,
Which listens to the siren's art.

But yours the charms which last for aye,
When time and earth shall fade away;
The higher beauties of the mind,
Where sense and virtue are combined.

St. Louis, March, 1852.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

It is a custom too common with the men of the world to keep their families in utter ignorance of the situation of their business. The wife knows nothing—has not even an idea of the amount of her husband's fortune, whether it is to be counted by thousands or tens of thousands. What can a woman kept in such ignorance learn? She spends, as a matter of course, all he gives her to spend, with the full confidence that when that is gone, and she asks for it, he will give her more. I have never been a dependant, but it does seem to me that there is nothing in all the social regulations of society so calculated to break down a woman's independence of feeling, ay, even her husband to supply her wants. If an unmarried woman works, she may go with a bold, unblushing face and demand her wages; but a wife can demand nothing, her claim is only for bare necessity; and I have sometimes thought that generous men, on that account, often were too indulgent, too fearful of letting a wife know the exact state of their finances.—It's all wrong. Husband and wife have a mutual interest; every wife should know the exact state of her husband's finances, understand his plans, and aid him, if possible, with her counsels, and then these terrible catastrophes would not so often happen. Many a wife who is plunging her husband deeper and deeper into debt from ignorance, would, if she knew his embarrassments, be the first to retrench, the first to save, and with true womanly sympathy and generosity, help him to reinstate his falling fortunes.—*Mrs. F. D. Gage.*

THE INDIANS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

About eight miles up the river we anchored for a short time, and landed among a party of Indians, who were engaged in hauling their nets, and from whom we procured some excellent fish for breakfast. They had a fair character for honesty and docility, but are indolent and half civilized. Their canoes are formed out of the trunk of a single mahogany or cedar tree. The children are often quite naked, but the men wear a loose cotton garment from the waist downward, and generally, also a serape or cloak, not much like those worn by civilized nations, and a straw hat. The form of their face was mostly oval, with pleasing features. Their frame is rather muscular, and their height somewhat under that of a European. They are capable of enduring much fatigue, bearing heavy weights for long distances, and this in a singular manner. Almost everything is carried in a net which hangs behind them, while the band which is attached to it is passed across the forehead, and thus a considerable part of the weight is thrown upon that part of the head. The women are strongly formed, and of a low stature, their faces round, and not very prepossessing. They wear necklaces with crosses suspended, and their only covering at this season of the year is a cotton garment, reaching from the waist to a little below the knee.—*Dale's Excursions to the Isthmus of Tehautepec.*



THE WOUNDED INDIAN—STEPHENSON'S CELEBRATED STATUE.

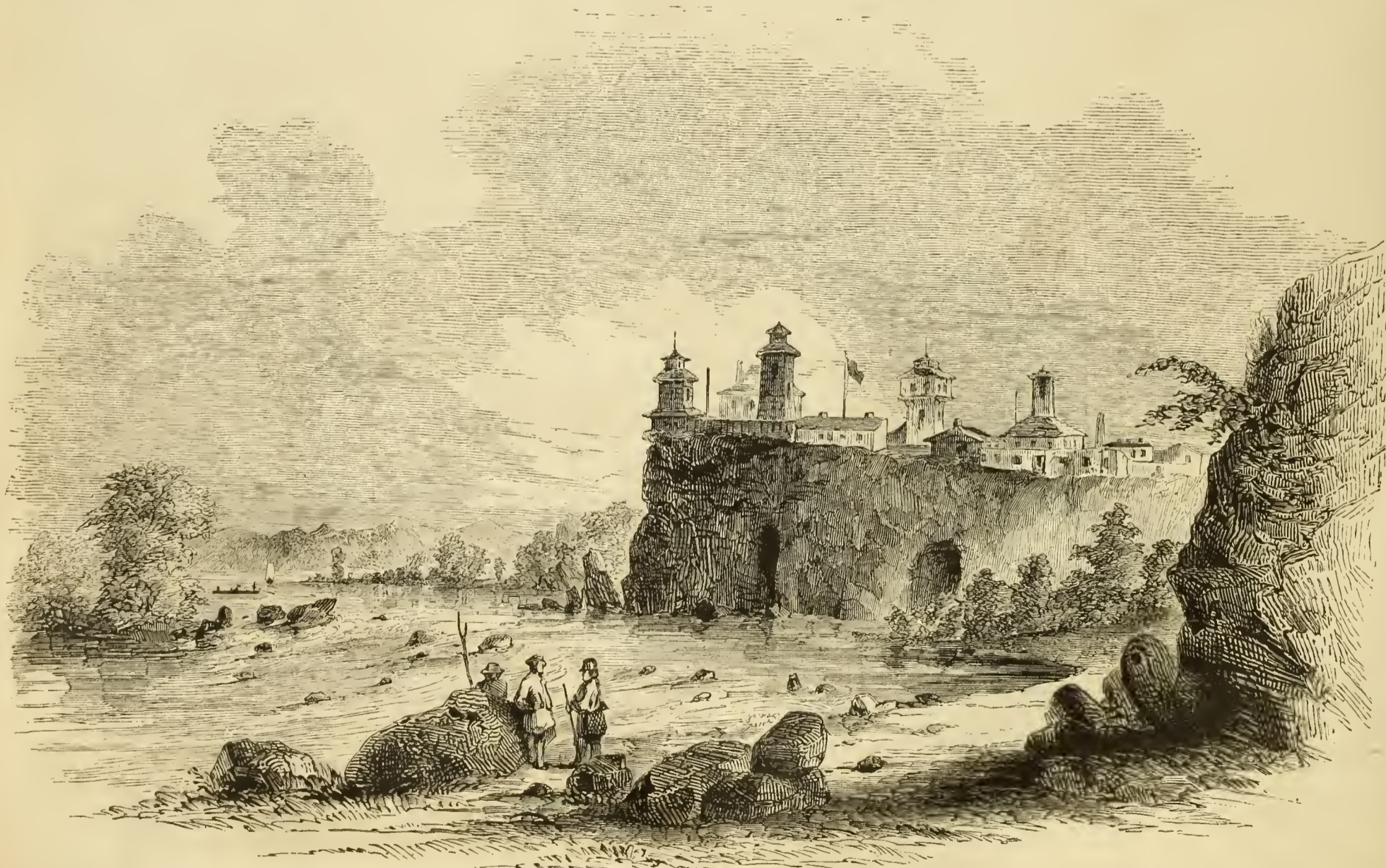
STATUE OF THE WOUNDED INDIAN.

This fine piece of "embodied thought in marble," by P. Stephenson, is the first ever executed in American marble, and is pronounced by competent judges to be a gem of art. The figure standing erect would measure seven feet, or a little above life-size—a draft upon reality that is necessary to give a truthful and artistic effect. The model for the Wounded Indian was commenced in the year 1848, and the marble finished

in its present style in 1850. Many of our Boston readers will remember having seen the statue, as it was drawn through the streets of the city at the time of the great railroad celebration not long since, in common with other productions of art, mechanics, etc. It was sent to the world's fair of 1851, where it was admired by the connoisseurs of all nations, and received the highest encomiums of praise from some of the first European artists.

BLOCK ISLAND FORT.

Our artist has sketched for us below one of the old frontier forts, the ruins of which are still to be found in many parts of the west and particularly along the banks of the Mississippi River, where the scene herewith depicted is located. Could its old walls open their sides and speak to us of the past, what horrible tales they could tell of Indian massacres and the hardships endured by the white pioneers.



VIEW OF BLOCK ISLAND FORT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



REPRESENTATION OF OLD SPANISH RUINS, AT SAN JOSE, TEXAS.

CAPITOL OF NEW YORK, IN ALBANY.

This elegant edifice is situated some distance from the North River, and near the height of land which rises moderately for a third of a mile or more. The Capitol is situated 130 feet above the level of the river. The cost of the building was \$120,000, of which the city corporation paid \$34,000. It is a substantial stone edifice, of 115 feet in length, 90 feet in breadth, and 50 feet in height, consisting of two stories and a basement. It contains the Halls of the Senate and Representatives, the Common Council Chamber of the Corporation, the Supreme and Chancery Court Rooms of the State, the State Library, &c. In front of the Capitol is a handsome square, surrounded by an iron railing, and ornamented with walks, trees, and shrubbery. On the north of this, and separated from it by a street, is another corresponding square, the whole constituting a fine public ground, on the east side of which is the City Hall, a splendid marble edifice with a gilded dome; and on the same side of the same square is the State Hall for the public offices, a corresponding marble building. The following interesting statistics we gather from M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary:—"The Albany Academy, of freestone, is a fine edifice, situated on the north square. The other public buildings are a Medical College, a Female Academy, the Exchange, a large building of granite, at the foot of State Street, and thirty churches, four Presbyterian, one Associate Reformed, three Episcopal, four Methodist, one colored Methodist, two Baptist, one colored Baptist, two Lutheran, one Friends', one Independent Mission church, one Bethel, one Universalist, two Roman Catholic, and two Jewish synagogues. The old State Hall, on the south side of State Street, is fitted up for the reception of the geological cabinet, collected in the geological survey of the State. The Albany Academy has able instructors, 400 students, and a liberal course of study. The Albany Female Academy has from 300 to 350 pupils, and has a high reputation. The Young Men's Association has a room in the Exchange building, 1500 members, a library of 3200 vols, a reading-room; and sustains through the winter season an able course of scientific lectures. The Albany Orphan Asylum supports 80 or 90 female children. The St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Asylum sustains 40 females, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. There are in the city 100 streets and alleys, eleven public squares, three markets, ten public school buildings, with dwellings for the teachers, and a State arsenal."

RUINS AT SAN JOSE, TEXAS.

Above we present an original and accurate sketch of the ruins of an old Spanish building, situated in the State of Texas on the San Antonio river, six miles from the town of that name. It is one of a chain of posts, half-military, half-religious, erected by the Spaniards before the independence of Mexico, extending to the Gulf. It is built of stone, beautifully and elaborately carved in front—five statues of the natural size,

representing saints of the Roman Catholic faith, being among its ornaments—and stuccoed. It has not been used for many years, and has consequently fallen into decay and ruin. It is built in the centre of an area of about two acres, walled, and was at one time a formidable fortress; the land for miles around has once been irrigated, as innumerable ditches testify. It was then the centre of wealth and influence; but all these things have passed away. When Mexico

became involved in wars, external and internal, she could bestow no attention on her distant posts; and thus neglected, they were unable to protect themselves against the incessant attacks of the Indians of the prairie, and were abandoned to the influences of time and those Bedouins of our continent. The present Mexican population of Texas revere their names and hold sacred their precincts. They and some of the adjoining lands are claimed by the Church.



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AT ALBANY.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CINDERILLA'S WISH.

BY F. C. SYLVANUS HUBBUT.

O, I would be a butterfly,
To float among the flowers;
To sip the morn-encrimsoned dews,
And dream in orange bowers!

On gorgeous wings of starry gold,
Emblazoned to the view,
I'd mount the vast, ethereal vault,
And range the bending blue.

Where condors' wings have never swept
The subtle fields of air,
I'd rise in boundless joy to fan
My spangled pinions there.

I would all gloomy cares forego,
Repose on banks of thyme,
And list to brooks, and birds, and bees,
Or dream of Wendeline.

My soul should feast on every page
Of God's stupendous plan;
And revel in the woods' repose,
Far from the haunts of man.

The trackless wilderness of thought
My wings should ne'er explore;
But it should be my humble lot,
To tremble and adore.

A lily-cup should be my bed,
My prayer, the sighing breeze
Which comes at twilight from the west,
To sing amid the trees.

'T were pleasant thus to pass my days,
And when my life was run,
To fall to earth, like vernal flowers,
That droop at set of sun.

The moralist might deem me vain,
And slight my pomp of wing;
Nor think his God created me
Companion of the spring.

O I would be a butterfly,
His volume to explore;
And leave this wilderness of thought,
To tremble and adore!

Elwood Gardens, Enfield, Ct., March, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LOVE-PATRONAGE:

—OR,—

ART, MYSTERY AND HEART.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

BUT a few steps from the "Boulevards," that broad channel through which incessantly ebbs and flows a living tide of Parisians, is the "Place Royale." It is a pleasant square, filled with handsome trees, and enlivened by sparkling fountains, but the old mansions which encircle it have such a sombre air of massive seriousness as to cast an involuntary gloom over the stranger, as he treads the almost deserted sidewalk. Even the gay and light-hearted Parisians assume a grave look as they pass through the square, and the residents are gloomy poets, disappointed politicians, or those to whom stern poverty forbids any choice in a locality, save the cheapness of the rents.

In an attic-room of one of these dismal mansions, near the close of a bright summer's day, in 1847, sat Raymond Dalton, busily engaged in copying a picture. Out of repair, scantily furnished, and with a ceiling discolored in spots, where the loose roof-tiles admitted the rain, the apartment had but one redeeming quality. Light—the bright outgushing of heaven's glory—shone in through a large window, and as it illuminated the canvass upon which the young artist was at work, little cared he about the desolation around him, or the scanty pittance in his purse. At last came the rich and prolonged glow of sunset, and laying down his palette, Raymond awoke from his day-dream of fame and honor—past penury, present want and future uncertainty casting shadows upon his ardent heart, far gloomier than those of the approaching night.

Raymond was a Virginian by birth; and the Daltons had once been in the foremost rank of that wealthy and chivalrous race so justly renowned in the annals of our republic. But those who attend to public business are too apt to neglect their private affairs, and but little remained for Raymond when left an orphan early in life. Devoted to art, he declined the liberal offer, made by his guardian, to join him in business; and no sooner was he of age than he left for Europe, where he carefully studied the masterpieces of the old painters. But long ere he could

think of returning, his finances became exhausted, and he was forced to labor for a keen Bostonian, who speculated on the artistic verlaney of his countrymen. Visiting Paris every winter, with a few thousand francs in his pocket, he easily engaged the services of a score of young needy artists. And the copies which they made, after having been carefully smoked and time-stained, were exported to the United States as the "original productions" of Raffaele, Rubens, Corregio or Rembrandt. Profitable as this imposture is to the principal, the artists only engage in it from necessity; and although Raymond had been interested while copying a Carlo Dolce, yet his heart sickened, when, as night came on, he reflected upon his position.

Another subject crossed his heart, but while penury swept across its sensitive chords, like the tempest through the rigging of a foundering ship at sea, love came, gently and softly, as the summer breezes murmur over the strings of an Æolian harp. And yet his affection was but a dream—a happy dream, indeed, but it was almost madness to hope that it would ever be reciprocated. The object of his idolatry resided under the same roof, but he knew her not except by sight. She was the daughter of a peer of France, noble, wealthy and aristocratic; he was but a counterfeiter of other men's genius—an orphan artist, "to fortune and to fame unknown."

Such were the thoughts of Raymond as he closed the door of his room, and descended the staircase. The Marquis de Lorraine occupied the lower floor (the houses in Paris being divided by stories into separate tenements), and as the young artist passed the door, his heart again beat quick and warm, for there stood the fair Adele, the object of his secret adoration. Was it fancy? Or did a deep roseate hue tinge her cheek as the artist timidly raised his hat as he passed? And did he not see in her liquid dark eyes, fringed by long lashes, a sympathetic glance? His very soul was inflamed; and after walking about the square for nearly half an hour, he determined to abandon his usual evening visit to the "School of Design," and to return to his solitary chamber. There, undisturbed, he could recall the fugitive glance which had so enraptured him, and could revel in the bright dreams of hope, and love, and happiness, with which imagination gladdens a truly affectionate heart.

Slowly ascending the massive staircase, Raymond arrived at his door again, but ere he had drawn the key from his pocket, he was surprised by hearing voices within, and involuntarily listened.

"And must I go, Adele?" said a deep, manly voice.

Adele! It was the name of her whom he loved, ay, and he recognized her voice in reply. He had heard her singing oftentimes, and there could be no mistake.

"Yes, Gustave, for the artist will soon return, perhaps. Take care how you walk on the roof, for some of the tiles are loose."

"Never fear, dearest. And now, adieu. I will be here again to-morrow evening, if the painter is away, and do hope you will have good news for me."

"Adieu, dear Gustave." And the maddened artist heard—there could be no mistake—a kiss. Laying his hand upon the latch of the door, he found that it was fastened within, but in an instant it was opened, and opened by Adele de Lorraine! Raymond, infuriated, rushed to the window, but only in time to see a young man who was clambering on the roof slip to the gutter, throw up his arms convulsively, and then, with a faint cry, fall. A heavy, dull sound came up from the pavement, and there were loud calls for assistance.

Horrified at this terrible sight, Raymond stood gazing on the spot from whence the young stranger had been so unexpectedly launched forth into eternity. And when he turned, he found himself alone. Adele had probably glided down stairs the instant that Raymond entered.

Descending into the street, Raymond found a large crowd gathered around the corpse of a young man, the head of which was so disfigured that the features could not be recognized. Prominent in the group was the occupant of the next house to that which Raymond inhabited, who stated that the deceased lodged in one of his attics.

"Poor fellow," said he, "he probably fell asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism walked out of his window."

Just then a patrol arrived, and as no one knew the name of the deceased, he was taken to the Morgue. The young artist said not a word.

Raymond had known sleepless nights, and had suffered mental agony: but that night was a night of wretchedness. At times he reproached himself as the cause of the fatal accident—then he denounced the audacity of Adele in using a stranger's room as a place of rendezvous; and then, sure proof of his affection, he pitied her. It was near sunrise ere he fell asleep.

"Open your door, sluggard!"

This imperative command, with an accompaniment of knocks and kicks, awoke Raymond from a troubled slumber, and he hastened to admit his visitor. The new-comer was a manly, jovial-looking young fellow, clad in an artistic garb, and smoking a huge pipe. Raymond stammered out some excuses.

"Not another word, or, as sure as my name is Hal Vincent, you shall be proclaimed at the School of Design. What a capital indictment I could draw up against you! Asleep at ten o'clock, with eyes that betoken an uneasy night, and—per Bacchus—why, here is a miniature of the lady!"

Sure enough, a miniature of Adele de Lorraine lay on the floor, and only added to Raymond's confusion. At last Vincent, having teased his friend sufficiently, changed the subject of conversation.

"Is your noble fellow-lodger dead?"

"Who? The marquis below stairs?"

"Ay. I noticed as I entered the house that they were removing the furniture, and met a young lady who was leaving the apartment occupied by the marquis, bathed in tears."

Here was a fresh mystery, and Raymond disclosed his secret to his friend. On inquiry at the porter's lodge, they learned that the marquis had left at an hour's warning, leaving instructions to have his furniture sold at auction.

"I am of the opinion," continued the garrulous porter, "that Mademoiselle Adele did not wish to go, for her eyes were very red this morning. Perhaps, Monsieur Raymond, you were the cause! Mademoiselle used often to inquire of my wife about you—where you passed your evenings, &c."

"Bravo!" said Vincent. "Well every American citizen is a prince royal, so the old marquis cannot object on the score of rank. But come, lover of swain, the doors of the Louvre are open, and we must hasten to our easels."

Raymond sought diligently for traces of the marquis, but could not discover his abode. So he toiled and struggled on, his heart surcharged with recollections of that eventful life. His only solace was the miniature of Adele, and although he could not doubt that the original had pledged her affections to the unfortunate man who had clandestinely met her, still he loved her. Dreams of rapture flitted through his brain in rapid succession, yet each one was dispelled by the remembrance of what he had overheard, and left the dreamer's heart a blank. His countenance wore a mournful expression, and he even so far lost interest in his art as to paint mechanically, unmoved by any thoughts of improvement or consequent fame.

But when a visitor in the gallery came one day to his easel, complimented his execution, and ordered a couple of original pictures, for which he paid a round sum in advance, Raymond's artistic ambition was again aroused. And when the pictures finished, their gratified purchaser ordered twelve more, to be landscapes on the Rhine, love had to occupy a subordinate place in the delighted painter's heart.

The visit to picturesque Rhineland restored his sorrow-stricken heart; and his pencil revelled in the delineation of ruined castles, vine-wreathed crags, or those glorious old gothic fancies, whose stone-arched walls reminded him of the forests of his native land, with their column-like trees and their intertwining branches. At length he reached Baden, that resort of fashionable notables and of gamblers, which combines the bustle of a capital and the repose of a rural solitude. One night he attended a masked ball, and while sauntering through the brilliantly illuminated and crowded hall, a sweet voice pronounced his name. He did not recognize the tones as familiar to his ear, but they fell with electric effect upon his heart. The speaker was a gracefully formed and apparently young lady, clad in a magnificent Russian costume. Raymond offered his arm, and she accepted it.

"You may deem this a forward act," said the lady, "but justice to myself demands an explanation."

"Adele! Mademoiselle de Lor—"

"Hush!" interrupted the mask. "And believe me when I say, after asking your pardon for the unwarranted use of your room, that it was not sullied—"

"Could I think—" exclaimed Raymond, but ere he could finish his sentence, a man disguised as a monk, who had been closely following the couple, came alongside of the lady, and said, in an angry tone:

"Enough of this, my daughter."

And Raymond, as he watched her departure, felt all his old feelings renewed with greater force. But who was the unfortunate young man whose sad fate he had witnessed? Did Adele love him? Was she faithful to his memory? These three questions were the staple of many an imaginative tissue, some of them gay and bright—others sad and dark.

The next morning Raymond inquired at the hotels for the Marquis de Lorraine, and he was informed at the "Golden Eagle" that the object of his inquiry, accompanied by his daughter, had left in the first train for Frankfort. The artist followed them, but could not overtake, or rather discover them. It was evident that the marquis wished to get away from him, and this afforded a new theme for conjecture. Never was a young man so bewildered, nor did his heart offer a sunny or a joyous resting-place for his phantom thoughts. At length, weary and dispirited, he returned to Paris, hoping either to unravel the mysterious scene with which the idol of his love was associated, or to forget both amidst the studies and the fascinations of the French metropolis.

THE very day of Raymond's arrival he called on his friend, Hal Vincent, and found that worthy busy in "manufacturing" a portrait of Christopher Columbus, which was to command a high price in New York, although the artist received a mere trifle for it. While the two were chatting away, a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Vincent changed color.

"Dalton," he asked, "do you wish to please me?"

"That I do, Hal."

"Then, my dear fellow, step into that closet, for here comes my tailor on a dunning expedition, and if you are here, he will seek to mortify me by some unmanly remark—just as a small boy will tease a caged lion. So imprison yourself for a while."

Raymond stepped into the closet, and the stranger entered. It was not the importunate tailor, however, but a notary with whom Vincent was slightly acquainted. He was a corpulent old gentleman, and was evidently tired and out of breath.

"Ouf! ouf!" he at length gasped out. "The caprices of women!"

"You are a bachelor, I believe," said Vincent.

"Thank my stars, yes—emphatically yes!

But I am nevertheless often a slave to some bright pair of eyes, and that is the case just now. Just imagine, young man. A few months since, the daughter of one of my most profitable clients came to my office, and with her pretty face, wheedled me into a promise that I would serve her. Consent I must—consent I did. Well, the service was nothing more nor less than to put money into a young painter's pocket, and make him think it was for pictures. To be sure, the task was easy enough then—for I could always find him in the Louvre; but she must needs have him sent to the Rhine; and now she has returned, and fancies that he must be here too. And such a chase as I have had after him to-day!"

"Supposing you give me the funds," said Vincent, in a jesting tone. "Your fair client may be as well pleased."

"Egotist," merrily replied the old notary. "But have you any receipts in the shape of twelve landscapes painted on the Rhine, so as to make it delicate for you to pocket the cash? or, do you love the daughter of a marquis? or, is your name—"

"Raymond Dalton!" said that individual, stepping forth from his place of concealment. He continued: "I accepted your money, sir, thinking it was in payment for my labor. Accidentally I learn my mistake, and, just now, I cannot repay you the sums advanced. But, sir, I am no mendicant, neither can I receive the bounties of a lady to whom I am personally unknown—the more especially as I heard you utter insinuations which, were you a younger man, should be washed out in blood!"

"Saints preserve us!" exclaimed the affrighted notary. "I thought that we were alone, and in an unguarded moment disclosed my secret. Do not, for heaven's sake, refuse the money, for it would, perhaps, so incense mademoiselle that I shall lose the business of her father!"

"But," inquired Vincent, "what is the motive of this generosity? Is it love, or the price of a secret, or—"

"Hush!" interrupted Raymond. "You will drive me mad! As for you, sir, I know your address, and will forward you my note this very day for what you have advanced me; if honest toil will secure gold, that note will be repaid. And now, Vincent, let me go into the Tuilleries gardens, and endeavor to compose my deranged thoughts. I will return in an hour."

"There is a bomb-shell burst," said the notary, after Raymond had gone; "but what will Mademoiselle Adele say, if she discover that I lit the match? And she thought it all so well contrived! Well, well, the caprices of women are curious, after all."

It was the 22d of February, 1848; and as Raymond approached the garden of the Tuilleries, he found an angry populace in arms, and struggling to overthrow the despotic Louis Philippe. The pealing tocsin mingled its sinister knell with cries of indignation and threats of vengeance. The pavements were torn up and piled into barricades across the streets, while, amidst the rattling fire of musketry and the roar of cannon, the pealing notes of the "Marseilles Hymn" animated those who fought for freedom.

Raymond, as may be easily imagined, was excited by the scene, and his despair nerved his heart with heroic daring, as he joined one of the bands of insurgents. They were on their way to the palace, and after carrying the intervening barriers, which the troops sought vainly to defend, they reached a side door, opening upon the Rue de Rivoli. It was defended by a platoon of infantry; and at the commencement of the contest, Raymond saw, encouraging the soldiers, the Marquis de Lorraine. Devoted to his sovereign, he was vainly endeavoring to repel the mob; but the assailants, burning with an insatiate feeling of revenge, swept the troops from before them, as a reaper levels the proudly waving grain. "Down with the aristocrat!" was now shouted, and the marquis was singled out as an object of attack; a sword gleamed over his unprotected head, and he would have fallen, had not Raymond Dalton warded off the blow. So conspicuous had been the young American's bravery, that he had won the respect of the wild and desperate band at whose head he had fought, and when he claimed the marquis as a friend, their arms were stayed. Just then the door of the palace was broken in, and the revolutionists hurried on, leaving the terrified marquis and his deliverer.

They were not alone, for at their feet, writhing in pain, was a wounded police officer. Raymond endeavored to lift him up, but the man shook his head. "It's too late," said he; "but Providence has sent hither one to whom I can confess the most deadly of my many sins. Do you remember me, Monsieur Marquis? I am Pierre Dulongue, the son of your old gardener." "You were convicted—"

"Ay—convicted. I shot a partridge in your woods for my sick mother; I was a galley-slave: I became a police agent; but through all I vowed revenge. God pardon me, I had it. Listen:

"You had a son, Monsieur Marquis, upon whom you doted. I managed to have him inculcated with doctrines that were then treason, although to-day they are dominant. You were informed of it, and you forbade him your house. He, hoping that a reconciliation might be effected, took lodgings next door, and every evening used to clamber along the roof to meet his sister in the garret of your house—"

"Was it in the Place Royale?" cried Raymond. "Ay—in the Place Royale; and I—may the Saints intercede for me—followed him one night—hid behind a chimney—and—and—O!—O!"

Raymond and the marquis knelt beside the unfortunate man, but his soul had winged its flight to another world, where all are rewarded and punished as they merit.

"Young man," said the marquis, in a hollow tone, "you have saved my life, and you alone know that my loved Gustave was an innocent victim. You, too, have won my daughter's heart; and if my aristocratic pride has made me

censure her because I was informed that she had visited your room in the Place Royale, and avoid you as a plebeian fortune hunter, I now see that I have wronged you both. But let us leave this scene of carnage, and join Adele at the hotel where I am now residing."

The buoyancy of youth again inspired Raymond's heart, and joy reigned in his full dark eyes. The night was past, and there was every prospect of brilliant sunlight. Little cared he for overturned thrones or ill-constructed republics, so that Adele was his bride.

RETIRING from convulsed Europe with his bride, and her care-stricken but now happy father, Raymond Dalton settled on the bank of the lordly Potomac. Enriched by the large property of the De Lorraine family, he has built a commodious mansion, which commands a distant view of the national metropolis, while the river meanders through the foreground, its silvery tide decked with islets charmingly picturesque. Here the once truant artist is contented with the enjoyments of rural life, and always gives a hearty welcome to those of his friends who are led by inclination or by business to visit Washington.

Among those who have been his guests of late, was Hal Vincent, who was delighted with the mansion, the grounds, and (most acceptable to the parents) with a rosy-cheeked little urchin, named Gustave. The little fellow was an especial pet of his grandfather's, and the old "marquee," as the negroes persisted in calling him, had taught him to converse quite fluently in the melodious tongue of "la belle France."

"Considering that you were once an artist, friend Dalton," said Vincent, one day at the breakfast-table, "I must say that you display execrable taste in ornamenting your sitting-room with that batch of Rhenish landscapes, some of them unfinished. Why not, at least, endeavor to finish them?"

"And have you forgotten the intrusion of your friend the notary, or rather the upturn of his nasal organ as he spoke of them, not dreaming that the artist was an involuntary listener?"

"I forgot; well, they are not so bad, if they were only finished."

"But," said Madame Dalton, "you forget they are mine, and I choose to keep them as a souvenir of the past."

"Ay, dearest wife, of your kind consideration for the poor artist, whose love for you was so mysteriously tried, but who, after heart-tempest and soul-darkness, basks in the full sunlight of wedded love, and trusts that, while grateful to the Giver of all happiness, he may never prove unworthy of your 'Love-Patronage.'"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A VALENTINE.

TO MISS EMILY H—, OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WILLIAM T. HILSEE.

Sweet girl, could I portray my throbbing heart,
And point each thought with eloquence divine;
To thy fair gaze I would a verse impart,
That might reflect the inner core of thine.
Then, I would tell thee of a soul sincere,
That fain would call thee "all his heart's desire;"
Nor would he aught than thy loved self revere,
Nor ask to higher honors to aspire.

For thou art emblematical of grace,
Thy brilliant orbs proclaim the lofty mind;
In every gesture I a jewel trace,
Of loveliness that cannot be defined.
Unstudied sweetness thrones thy guileless heart,
Transcending summer's most delightful gales,
That are transported from fair Flora's mart,
Mid towering crags, and deep, meandering vales.

With glance propitious, fond one, gaze on this,
My supplication, cast on beauty's shrine;
Haste, dearest, haste; O, consummate my bliss,
And seal me thy devoted Valentine;
For till that hour felicitous I greet,
In vain my soul shall grasp for other joy;
Thou art the rose, whose fragrance is most sweet,
To me thy converse cannot ever cloy.
Philadelphia, March, 1852.

RENOWN.

Wood burns because it has the proper stuff for that purpose in it; and a man becomes renowned because he has the necessary stuff in him. Renown is not to be sought, and all pursuit of it is vain. A person may, indeed, by skilful conduct and various artificial means, make a sort of name for himself; but if the inner jewel is wanting, all is vanity, and will not last a day.—Goethe.

Heaven asks no suppliance round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.
O. W. Holmes.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

JACK FREEMAN:

—OR—

THE PROMPTER'S MISTAKE.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

JACK FREEMAN was as clever a fellow as ever donned the sword and buskin. He was a genius, and of course took to all the eccentricities of that race of our fellow-creatures intuitively. When Jack was a boy at school, he was always spouting and imitating everybody, caricaturing the schoolmaster, and the like. But Jack had one weakness, one trouble that was a most peculiar one, and which came over him at times in the most unaccountable manner. Not unfrequently he was at the head of his class, and would render his lessons with the most commendable aptitude and correctness, and then he would stumble at some simple recitation, and be disgraced for it. The truth was, at times he was forgetful.

Many were the times that his father had thrashed him for this trouble, declaring that it was a remarkable trait in Jack's character that he only forgot those things which it was most agreeable for him to be oblivious upon; and when his wife would sometimes interfere in Jack's behalf, while his father was "whaling" him, the old man would say:

"Did you ever know Jack to forget to come to dinner, Mrs. Freeman? No, ma'am; he only forgets such things as are convenient to forget. I'll break him of it, that I will."

But Jack grew up; and after he was free, left home and came to the city. What should he do for a living? how obtain food?—for even geniuses must eat;—and one night when Jack turned into an alley, and chose the soft side of a cedar plank to sleep upon, without having eaten anything for twelve hours, he felt the force of this truth so plainly that he set himself to thinking. Sleep, however, came at last; and in oblivion (happy oblivion to the wretched and forsaken is sleep!) Jack slept soundly all night, nor did he wake until the sun, shining full into the alley the next morning lit up, with smiles, a theatre bill, just above his head upon the wall.

Jack felt lazy, and he laid still for a while reading the arrangement of the play, and thinking over the ideas it suggested. At last he jumped up, and said to himself: "I used to think I'd like to be an actor. Who knows but that I might do something in that line? I'll try, egad, I will." So Jack, all fasting as he was, trudged off, and entered his name as a supernumerary—a large number being desired for that night's performance. He was watchful, got enough to keep from starving, and gradually improved, until he was entrusted with some minor characters, which he did very well; but as he evinced more literary talent and judgment than qualifications for an actor, the manager at last made him prompter of the establishment, with a fine salary.

Now the prompter often takes light characters upon the stage, such as will not draw too much upon his time—characters that "die early" in the play, or are killed off betimes in the first or second act. And so Jack was still called upon now and then to do easy characters, besides exercising his calling as prompter.

One day Vandenhoff was up for "Hamlet." The tickets sold well; the house was crowded. Jack, as prompter, was at his post. The curtain was rung up, and the battlement scene was given. The call boy was at hand, and Jack was sending him first for one and then another of the watch, then for "Horatio," and now for "Hamlet," and finally for the "Ghost." But the boy could not find the ghost anywhere.

"Go to the stage-manager," said the prompter, "tell him the ghost must appear at once, there is only three minutes before the scene."

"Can't find him," said the boy, returning.

"Ghost, ghost! where's the ghost?" half screamed Jack Freeman, running about the side scenes and wings. "This is too bad; where's the ghost?"

"Mr. Freeman," said the manager, hearing the row and coming behind the scenes, "what's the matter, sir?"

"Why, here's the scene and no ghost, sir. It is very strange that I must be bothered and perplexed, Mr. Manager, in this way. What can I do without a ghost? The play can't go on, sir."

"Give me this night's list of characters, Mr. Prompter. Why, sir," said the manager, looking first at the list of characters and then at the

prompter, "who do you suppose is cast for the ghost?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Mr. Jack Freeman!"

Jack looked in all directions at once; he had experienced one of his fits of forgetfulness. And as he looked about him, he saw Mr. Vandenhoff's long stage-cloak hanging upon one of the wings. He rang the bell, threw the long cloak about him, and the character of the "Ghost" was that night played without the armor or helmet!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"I SHALL BE THERE IN THE SPRING."

BY GEO. CANNINO HILL.

You may look for me when the south wind
Is blowing on meadow and lea;
And the water-brooks slip from their chains,
And laugh in their gladness and glee.
When the buds have burst out from the boughs,
And the birch-tassels to and fro swing;
You may look for me then by the bridge,
For I shall be there in the spring.

When the gadding vines sway in the wind,
And the sprays drop their shadows below;
When the shoots and the tendrils are green,
And the grass is beginning to grow,
When the frog shrilly pipes at the pool,
When the woods with the bird voices ring,
You may look for me then in the mead,
For I shall be there in the spring.

You may look for me when the fresh flowers
Are springing from upland and wood;
When the cowslips the broad meadows gem,
For many and many a rood.
When the brook-willows put on their green,
When the insects are all on the wing;
You may look for me then in the meadow,
For I shall be there in the spring.

Riverside, Ct., March, 1852.

FILIAL AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE.

It has seldom been our lot to record such a pleasing occurrence as the following: A poor but highly respectable widow in the parish of Kirkbean has several sons at sea: they have uniformly conducted themselves with much steadiness and propriety, and, as their moderate means admitted, were never backward in contributing to the assistance of their mother and other members of the home circle. For a considerable time past, as nothing had been heard of them, their mother had become extremely anxious, and could scarcely speak of them without emotion. A few days ago a letter arrived from California, containing not only the welcome intelligence of their both being alive and well, but a draft on the Commercial Bank for £160, for the comfortable support of their mother in her old age! One of them had travelled three or four hundred miles on foot for the safe despatch of the money from San Francisco. The feelings of the widow are scarcely to be conceived. Such is the just and natural reward of that judicious kindness with which her offspring were reared. Were it more frequently imitated we should hear less of almshouses and poor-rates. It is much to be hoped that this instance of reciprocal affection will have a beneficial influence on those classes whom it ought particularly to interest.—*Correspondent of Dumfries Courier.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW.

BY SIDNEY E. CHURCH.

The darkening cloud that o'ershadows the sky
Bears a burden bright in its folds on high;
'Tis the snow that it bears in its airy flight,
Showering earth all o'er in its mantle white.

How it silently falls from the cloud above,
And covers the meadow, the hill, and grove;
Now it wreathes itself like the curling smoke,
Or it covers the ice on the babbling brook.

And the schoolboy's seen at each passing hour,
Laying desperate siege to some frosty tower;
And within its walls he laughs with glee,
For to him 'tis a glorious victory.

At the winter morn, 'neath the sun's bright rays,
It flashes and glows to the wondering gaze;
Now in clustering showers round the laden trees,
Now in eddies and whirls by the passing breeze.

And at evening hour how passing bright
It glitters and shines in the pale moonlight;
It is happy time as these moments flow,
For we all of us love the bright, beautiful snow.
Ashfield, Mass., March, 1852.

STYLE.

A just intermixture of sentences of brief energy, in which the idea is, as it were, darted at the reader, and those in which it is more deliberately conveyed, the medium of thought being converted into a separate, independent source of pleasure, forms the most pleasing style. We do not like our music to be all staccato passages—the flowing melody must intervene to give these their full value.—*British Quarterly Review.*

FRENCH STATE COSTUME.

One of the late acts of the French Executive, was to issue a decree for the regulation of the official costume of the Senators and Councillors of State, which is illustrated herewith. The regulations are as follows: Senators—coat of blue velvet, with standing collar and cuffs embroidered, fitting close to the waist, and ornamented with embroidery on the pocket-flaps. The embroidery is to be in gold, representing palm-trees interlaced with oaks; the palm-trees in *cannetille mate*, with the back of the palm-trees in bright embroidery; the oak leaves being worked *au passe*, with the lines of the leaves in bright embroidery: the whole of the coat to be edged round with embroidery, six centimetres wide at least. Council of State—light blue coat, with nine gilt buttons in front; waistcoat of white *pique*, cut straight, with fine gilt buttons; trousers of white *kersey-mere*, with gold band down the sides. The Vice-President, the President of Sections, and the Councillors of State are to wear gold embroidery, composed of oak leaves and olive leaves interlaced, on the collar, cuffs, the front of the coat and coat-tails, the whole coat being edged with gold embroidery. The Vice-President has gold embroidery above the pockets, and an edging of wide embroidery round the dress in every part. The Masters of Requests are to have the same description of gold embroidery on the collar, cuffs, and pockets, with narrow embroidery round the coat. The Auditors have embroidery on the collars and cuffs, but no embroidery round the coat. The hat is of black beaver, with gold ornaments placed on velvet, with white plumes for the President and the Presidents of Sections, and black plumes for the Councillors of State, the Masters of Requests, and the Auditors. The sword is to be a straight one, with gilt hilt. In undress, the Councillors of State and Masters of Requests are to wear coats embroidered on the collar and cuffs, but without the gold edging, white waistcoats, and black trousers, without gold band.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is a creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her avarice asks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.—*Channing*.

GRAND PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO.

The picture below is a representation of the Grand Plaza, or public square, in San Francisco. The buildings on the right, the Empire, Union, Parker, El Dorado, and Verandah, are all first class gambling houses; the two last are built of brick, with slated roofs, iron shutters, are fire-proof, and for beauty and durability will compare favorably with any buildings in Boston or New York. The buildings facing the reader are mostly gambling houses, with the exception of the Alta California building, in which is printed the oldest newspaper in San Francisco or California. The eminence in the background is Telegraph Hill, on top of which can be seen the Marine Telegraph station; the flag-staff was presented by the government of Oregon to the city of San Francisco, and was erected July 4th, 1850. The two horsemen in the foreground are *Vaqueros*—native Californians; persons who herd, tend, and lasso cattle; they are the finest

horsemen in the world, and are excessively fond of show, and make a dashing appearance upon horseback. The stage has just arrived in from San Jose, the capital of California, a distance of sixty miles, to which place stages run daily from San Francisco. The statue in the centre (the coat of arms of the State of California), is not yet erected, but is in contemplation. An Artesian well was begun upon this spot, but was finally abandoned. The Plaza is to the people of San Francisco what the forum was to the Romans. Here all large public meetings are held, and from this place all processions start and break up. Here too, the man Jenkins was hung by order of the Vigilance Committee, from the old "adobe" house, which stood upon the west side of the Square, and which was burned before this sketch was taken. And here, too, are all important questions relating to the public welfare freely and fully discussed by all who are interested therein.



VIEW OF THE GRAND PLAZA OR PUBLIC SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

OPENING A MOUND.

The workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opened an Indian mound lately, on the farm of B. M. Mechen, Esq. The mound was about seventy feet in diameter and eleven feet high. Nearly on a level with the surrounding earth were found an altar of stone, evincing the action of the fire, west of north of the altar, the head and body of an Indian, extending west of north, at a slight declination from the head to the feet. This body was covered to the depth of a foot with ashes, in which the salt was still manifest to the taste, as we are told. The body was remarkably perfect and was mostly preserved. Around this body were twelve others with their heads centering towards it, and feet projecting. No articles were discovered, except a polished stone tube, about twelve inches long.—*Wheeling Gazette*.

COMFORT OF RELIGION.

The coolness with which people who live above the world sometimes avail themselves of its lowest verge of usage is truly amusing. An affluent gentleman of high religious profession, subscriber to gospel schools, believer in prevenient grace, and otherwise the pride of the evangelical heart, found himself not insensible to the approaches of the Hudson mania, speculated far beyond the resources of his fortune, declined to take up his bad bargains, and thus, at the expense of utter ruin to his agent, escaped with comparatively easy loss to himself. The agent, being but an honorable sinner of the worldly class, was struck down by the blow into great depression. His employer was enabled to take a more cheerful view, and, on meeting his poor victim, rallied him on his dejected looks and hopeless thoughts, so different from his own resigned and comfortable state of mind; "but ah! I forgot," he added with a sigh, "you are not blest with my religious consolations!"—*Westminster Review*.

THE HEART.

The heart can ne'er forget the object of its affection. The brow may wear a gloomy frown, and the eye may turn coldly on the loved object, but could the vision pierce through the casements of the heart, it would behold a different scene; instead of frowns, it would be all sunshine; in lieu of coldness, a red hot furnace would be raging in its centre. And it is thus with its hatred; it cannot forget; you may separate it from the despised—years may roll on ere it beholds its form—but, at the first glance of recognition, the wrong, the insult—the scoff, the cruelty of vanished years will rush like a flood of lava through its channels, and it will stand on the same ground it occupied years before.—*Boston Banner*.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.
MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.
CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.
 "Eleanor Ewell, or the Emigrant's Daughter," by Mrs. E. C. LOVERING.
 "How Jonas Jones was astonished, or the Bachelor's Mistake," by LUCY LINWOOD.
 "Marie, the Maid of the Inn," a romantic tale, by F. A. DURIVAGE.
 "Kitty Clair," a sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "Fancies," verses, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "Boat Song," by O. G. WARREN.
 "Our Hearts," verses, by G. W. BUNGAY.
 "Our Darling," lines, by ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.
 "I will be something yet," verses, by C. JILLSON.
 "Stanzas," by E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. Navy.
 "Our Baby," verses, by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
 "To the Young," lines, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
 "Come, come o'er the Heather," verses, by J. L. FENTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.
 A fine and accurate picture of Gleason's new Publishing Hall, corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, being a large and very perfect likeness of the spacious and elegant building, which we have thoroughly repaired and fitted for the business purposes of this establishment. Our distant readers, when they see the exterior of our extensive office, will feel some curiosity to see the internal arrangements. It will give us pleasure to show them the same when they visit town.
 A view of Grenada and the Alhambra, rendered so classic and familiar by the wizard pen of Washington Irving.
 A picture of his highness, Said Pacha, as he appears taking a drive in his English Curricule.
 A large and emblematical portrait of the Publisher of the Pictorial, covering an entire page. The likeness given once before being so unsatisfactory, the Proprietor has consented to oft-repeated solicitations to give a better and larger picture.
 A large and very fine picture embracing a likeness of Mr. Gustavus Brooke, the English tragedian, also covering an entire page.
 A fine and faithful likeness of the new Premier of England, the Earl of Derby, just entered upon his office by the late change of ministry.
 A fine South American picture representing a Clearing in a Brazilian forest. A picture of interest and value.
 A portrait of Mr. J. B. Adams, one of the conductors of the Western Railroad. A very popular and gentlemanly official.
 Also a picture of a Service of Plate, not long since presented to Mr. Adams, by those persons who have experienced his uniform and courteous treatment, and witnessed it as exercised towards others.

REMOVAL.
 Being now established in our new and spacious quarters, we shall be pleased, at all times, to greet our friends and subscribers. Finding that our constantly increasing business demanded a more extended space for mechanical operation, we have taken the large building lately known as the Montgomery House, Tremont Street, whither we have removed the entire establishment connected with the Pictorial and Flag. Every department is now under one roof—publishing hall, printing and press room, composing room, bindery, engraving department, designer's room, and electrotypers' department. We shall endeavor, by continued and renewed exertions to please our patrons and the public, to deserve the extended patronage this establishment has always enjoyed.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.
 A correspondent of the editor of the National Intelligencer, who has shaken hands with Louis Napoleon, writes of him in a private letter: "His most remarkable features are his eyes. Around them are many curious lines, indicative almost of cunning. They are of no particular color, are almost vacant of speculation, and those who know him best represent him as the most impenetrable of men; the great Hobbs himself could not unlock him."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.—This model newspaper is published by F. Gleason, Boston, at \$2 00 a volume, or \$4 00 per annum; single copies, ten cents—to be had of A. Winch, 116 Chestnut street, and at the newspaper agencies throughout the city. To talk of this paper being splendid and so on, is common place. It is the paper par excellence. Excelsior is written on every page. The vast expenditure of money necessary to conduct such a paper, the energy, enterprise and brilliant zeal displayed from the commencement by its talented and enterprising proprietor, F. Gleason, Esq., entitles it to a liberal support from the public.—*Weekly Jubilee, Philadelphia.*

RATHER QUESTIONABLE.—We see it stated that Barnum has engaged the Alleghanians, and intends going to California with them.

A BOARDING HOUSE.—Misery masquerading in the clothes of comfort.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.
 For some weeks past rumors have been rife in England and on the continent of a projected invasion of the former country by Louis Napoleon, the usurping president of France. There was enough consistency in the rumor to induce the British government to make active and extensive preparations for the reception of an enemy, and to place the kingdom in a resolute and effective posture of defence. Those best acquainted with foreign politics know that Louis Napoleon's only hope of maintaining his power lies in the prosecution of a popular war. He owes his power alone to the soldiery, and he can hardly hope to retain their favor and concurrence till he gives them employment, and places his military establishment on a war footing. He reckons, too, on the military spirit of the French nation—if we can once involve France in war, reasons Louis Napoleon—the sympathies of almost the entire population will be interested in the success of their eagle—for "our country right or wrong" is a watchword as potent on the banks of the Seine as it is upon the western shores of the Atlantic.

But this war must be a popular war; now with what nation can Louis Napoleon embroil himself with a greater certainty of popularity than with England? The English and French are ancient enemies; their hatred dates back for centuries. The French can never forget that the English have invaded their soil and beaten their troops more than once, both in ancient and modern times. They never can forget that English bayonets helped to restore to the throne the wretched Bourbon race, which had been expelled ignominiously from the nation. They never can forget the slaughter of their best and bravest men by English troops at Waterloo. They never can forget that the Prince Regent sent Napoleon to die upon the rock of St. Helena, and it is even a fact that a large portion of the rural population of France believe still that the English poisoned Napoleon. It is true that a pretext is wanting for a war with England, but what despot ever waited long for a pretext, when bent upon playing the costly game of war? The English, therefore, were very justifiable in apprehending an attack from Louis Napoleon. However, recent advices lead us to suppose that the usurper has recoiled before the firm attitude of England, and perhaps it is left for that country eventually to take the lead in a war with the French.

One thing, however, seems certain; though Napoleon does not say explicitly "my voice is still for war," he unquestionably meditates it, for war is his only chance of prolonging his political and perhaps his personal existence. It seems now pretty certain that the usurper will make his first dash at Belgium: but it is almost equally certain that England will resist it, and throw her troops into the menaced country.
 Such is the present state of affairs between France and England, and the aspect of the renegade President's career. But time will show us, and we must await its steady tread.

PRESSES FOR SALE.
 Wishing to supply our establishment with more powerful presses, we desire to sell the two TAYLOR CYLINDER POWER PRESSES now in use in this office. The cost of these presses was \$2500 each. They are almost new and in perfect running order, but as they must be removed to make room for more powerful ones, they will be sold at a bargain. The bed of each press measures 44 by 56 inches.

KIND NOTICES.—It is really very pleasing to us, very gratifying, to observe how universally the press throughout the country commends the Pictorial. Few persons except those connected with the printing business can realize the expense and labor requisite to produce the paper which we weekly send to our readers.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The observant reader has already noticed the greatly improved character of our engravings; we have nearly perfected this department of the Pictorial.

A TASK.—A cotemporary sagely asks whether Hobbs, the Yankee pick-lock in London, couldn't he prevailed upon to obtain a lock from the head of steamboat navigation.

VERY TRUE.—True merit, says the Marquis of Halifax, is like a river—the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.

NEW BOOKS.
 We have received from the publisher, George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, New York, a book entitled, "A Buckeye Abroad: or, Wanderings in Europe and the Orient, by Samuel S. Cox." There is a freshness and readability about this book that commends itself to us on the very first page. It is literally what it purports to be—the world abroad as seen by a western man, and a hook that will please and instruct, from the original manner in which the writer has looked at men and manners by the way.

"A Pilgrimage to Egypt, embracing an Exploration of the Nile." This is the title of a book sent us by Gould & Lincoln, from the pen of J. V. C. Smith, editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, being notes of personal experience lately jotted down by the author in a tour of Egypt and the Nile country. Mr. Smith drives a graphic pen; and, as a traveller, has proved himself most observant and well informed.

"Crimora: or, Love's Cross." We have received from the author, G. Leighton Ditson, Esq., author of "Circassia, or a tour to the Caucasus," a volume thus entitled. In his tour to the Caucasus, Mr. Ditson has established a fame as an author that must ensure a sale for the present emanation from his pen, though it is less actual and more ideal than the work referred to. It is, all in all, a taking book.

LOLA MONTEZ.
 The debut of this famous danseuse came off at the Howard Athenæum a few nights since. It was quite successful. Lola danced modestly and prettily—the audience were in the very best of humors, and very large in numbers. Lola Montez does not boast so much of a beautiful face as she does of expression and mental fire in her large, luminous eyes. Her romantic career has clothed her with a degree of interest that must make her popular wherever she appears; but aside from this there is a native peculiarity of manner and bearing that shows her to be above the ordinary class of public performers. At her debut she was honored by a perfect shower of bouquets and flowers.

POSTAGE.
 We wish it to be distinctly understood that no letters are taken from the post-office addressed to this office, unless the postage is paid. There are now a large number lying in the Boston post-office declined by us on this account. Among them are several from Lowell, Concord, N. H., New York city, Peoria, Ill., Charleston, S. C., etc., etc. It is absolutely necessary for us to adopt this rule, and we shall strictly adhere to it in future. So persons addressing this office and desiring an answer, must not fail to pay the postage.

THE PICTORIAL BOUND.
 The first volume of the Pictorial is for sale at our office, and at all the periodical agencies throughout the country, comprising five hundred and sixty pages of original reading matter, and containing some six hundred superb engravings, altogether forming a splendid ornament for the parlor and centre-table. The volume is bound in cloth, with gilt back and edges, and ornamented sides, with a beautiful illumined title-page and index, and sold for three dollars each.

NOVELETTE.—We next week commence a deeply interesting and original novelette in the "Flag of our Union." One of the best stories we have yet published in the paper.

SUBSCRIBE EARLY.—Those who desire to possess themselves of a complete set of the Pictorial for the year, must subscribe early, as we print only regular editions.

COMPARATIVE.—In Belgium, every acre of ground supports three persons. What a population the United States could maintain at that rate—not less than 7,500,000 000 souls.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—Every time we look at this splendid sheet, crowded with elegant illustrations and choice literary reading, all original, too, we wonder by what manner of means any publisher can afford such a sheet at the low price of \$4 00.—*Western Transcript, Warren, Ohio.*

GOOD FOR THE POOR.—Wheat has fallen lower in price this winter, in England, than for seventy-two years before.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.—The best way to destroy the wicked, is to make them good.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. Moses Thompson to Miss Elizabeth Adams, of Dorchester; Mr. Albert S. Haven, of Springfield, to Miss Sarah J. Carleton.
 By the same, Mr. Benjamin Rowe to Miss Ann Curtis, and Mr. Isaac Wyatt to Miss Sarah Kendall—all of Lawrence, and all deaf mutes.
 By Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Christopher C. Sanderson to Miss Adeline B. Merrick, of Hartford, Ct.
 By Rev. Mr. Higgins, Mr. Otis Bramhall to Miss Ann M. Kelley.
 By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Samuel W. Roberts to Miss Lydia J. Burnham.
 At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. S. Ames, of Wilmington, to Miss Sarah C. Oummings, of Boston.
 At Salem, Mr. Lawson K. Gray to Miss Lucy A. Dennis.
 At Amherst, Rev. Henry M. Storrs, of Lawrence, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Burnap, Mr. Luther J. Eames to Miss Sarah A. Hoyt.
 At Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Winslow, of Boston, Mr. Albion Gilman to Miss Mary Ann Brown.
 At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Theodore F. Ramsdell to Miss Margery H. Roberts.
 At Bangor, Me., Frederick E. Shaw, Esq., of Orland, to Miss Sarah E. Benson.
 At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Dr. Hall, Mr. John A. Rose, of Boston, to Miss Mary J. Cowing.
 At Norwich, Ct., by Rev. Mr. Bush, Mr. Henry E. Call, of Boston, to Miss Emily P. Call, of West Cambridge.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Temperance Reynolds, 57; Mr. Leander E. Mann, of Worcester, 34; Mr. E. LeBar, 23; Mrs. Sarah B. Weeks, 51; Mrs. Eliza A. Thatcher, 34; Mr. Daniel Williams; Mr. Edward F. Wellman, 22.
 At Charlestown, Isaac H. Richardson, 17.
 At Chelsea, Mrs. Nancy Woodward, 80.
 At Dorchester, Mr. Benjamin Read, 85.
 At Newton, Gilbert M. Curtis, 18.
 At Salem, Mrs. Margaret Riley, 36.
 At Hingham, Samuel Hobart, Esq., 78.
 At Harvard, Mrs. Esther Atherton, 88.
 At Fairhaven, Mrs. Desire Grinnell, 90.
 At Middlesex, Mrs. Ann G. Sawyer, 28.
 At Fitchburg, Joseph H. Dorr, Esq., 79.
 At Fall River, Dr. Amory Glazier, 70.
 At Ashland, Mrs. Rachael N. Whitney, 69.
 At Middleboro', Mr. Richmond Chase, 42.
 At Chester, Vt., Dr. Nathan Whiting, 87.
 At Kronswick, Me., Mrs. Ruth Starbird, 97.
 At Bangor, Me., Capt. Jacob Dunnamond, 60.
 At East Greenwich, R. I., Mr. Thomas T. Greene, 26.
 At New York, Rev. Geo. Dashiell, 84, formerly rector of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore.
 At Staten Island, N. Y., Dr. A. J. Rand, 33.
 At Clinton, N. Y., Dr. Henry Davis, 81.
 At Cincinnati, Mr. James Hewes, of Lyndfield, Ms., 67.
 At Savannah, Ga., Hon. William B. Bullock, 77.
 At Jacksonville, Fl., Nathan Rice, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass., 62.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DOLLY HARLAM:

—OR—

THE FATHER AND CHILD.

BY GEO. CANNING HIL

CHAPTER I.

"Into the street—into the street with you, you young—"

The brutish woman who would have finished her more brutish sentence in the hearing of the young child for whose ears it was intended, was cut short in her threat by the disappearance of the child herself through the door.

The room was desolate and forlorn; situated up two flights of wooden steps, half lighted by a couple of dirty windows, and provided with no other furniture than that which was essential to absolute existence. The woman herself had risen hastily from an old chest, and raised her arm to give greater impressiveness to her order to the child. When, therefore, the door closed on the latter, she resumed her seat on the chest, folded her arms about her lank body, and commenced rocking herself passionately to and fro.

"I wonder if she'll come back again soon enough for me—the little wretch!" exclaimed the woman. "But I'll surely make way with her carcase, if she don't! She shall mind me—yes, me! And just as sure as she brings back no money, I'll be the means of her death! I'll surely kill her!"

The child chanced to be still lingering without the door, and overheard what had never been intended for her ears; it aroused feelings of the deepest fear within her, and she tremblingly hastened down the stairs.

When she reached the landing at length, tears stood swimmingly in her blue eyes, and a shadow rested on her beautiful forehead. She was a child of simple and rare beauty. And though all the rags in the court had been thrown on her, and she had been all the time surrounded with filth, and squalor, and obscurity, yet there was an expression of subdued sweetness in her countenance that betrayed her entire story. It spoke of unuttered wrong—bitter, burning, cruel wrong, at the hands of some one. And it gleamed, too, with a hopeful light, as if there yet remained something bright to her vision even amid the darkness that engulfed her. But her vision must have been an angel's. How shall we say it was not?

As soon as she set her foot on the pavement, she walked rapidly away from the place that contained for her so many troublesome associations and memories. Reaching at length the main thoroughfares of the town, she retreated modestly to an unoccupied doorway, and from that position contemplated the tides of human passers that swept by her. Boys occasionally stopped short in their running, and gazed with looks of earnest and sympathetic inquiry upon her, then walked slowly by. Youthful misses, out on their afternoon walk, eagerly gazing in at all the brilliantly ornamented shop-windows, did not fail to observe her lone look in the deserted doorway, and their faces at once expressed the sympathy that was suddenly excited in her behalf. Even finely dressed ladies cast glances of deep interest on her, and more than one was obliged to wrestle severely with her disposition to ask her her name, before she could resolve to pass on without putting the interrogatory.

Poor girl! Alone, not shut out from pity, yet every one shunning thee from no other motive but pride! How hardly does the world deal with such as thee!

After standing in this position as long as she dared, and not advancing to ask alms from any, she dropped into the moving life-stream and was borne away.

In the space of about three hours, she reached the top of the second flight of steps again, whence she saw the door of her home. She was weeping, and her feet looked very red and sore. She had received no money as the fruit of the alms-begging expedition upon which she had been driven, and the consequences were fearful in her contemplation. No, poor child! she had not even had the courage to ask a passer even once for alms. Her heart was full of bursting; and a deadly fear trembled through all her limbs.

It was now quite twilight, and the child was still standing on the stair-landing, doubting whether it were safe to go in. Ever and anon

audible sobs escaped her, and crystal tears dripped to the floor. She softly moved up to the door and listened. No sound. She laid her head against the door, and listened, if possible, more intently. Not even a rustle startled her.

"O, what will she do to me, because I've got her no money?" whispered the child to herself, the contortions of her features betraying the sorrow that was working within her heart. "She said she would kill me, if I brought her back nothing; and now she will kill me!"

Some sudden impulse, unaccountable in any mind but the innocent one of a child, must have seized her; for she instantly caught hold of the door-latch, raised it, and went in.

Though it was twilight, and though the dirty windows did all they could towards darkening the room entirely, yet there remained sufficient light to enable the child to observe with distinctness anything there. She advanced to the middle of the floor, and looked around through her tears. She was not mistaken. There sat the old woman upon the chest near the bed, her arms tightly folded about her.

The child was at no loss to reconcile her present silence with her conduct on previous occasions, and at the first moment suspected that her benefactress—if such she were—was under an influence that held quite a common sway over her. Yet she deemed it the part of prudence first to acquaint her with her failure to collect any money by street-begging, and said:

"I haven't brought you any money to-night."

This confession was followed by an outbreak of her childish feelings, during which she sobbed convulsively, while her tears rained to the floor.

"I am afraid to beg—people stare at me so," continued she, amid her tears and rising emotion. "I haven't brought home anything at all! I am afraid to beg in the streets!"

And then she stood and gave way to another outbreak of her feelings. When this was somewhat over, she looked up at the woman, who still sat on the chest with her arms tightly folded. She did not utter a word in reply to her. She did not speak. The child approached still nearer to her; still she answered not. She called her by name; but yet no answer.

This seemed strange to the girl, for the woman's eyes were opened widely upon her, and she knew that she must be well aware of her presence. A feeling—half of fear, and half of impulse—seized the child. She ran close to the side of her protectress, and took hold of her arm. She shook it, and called her again by name. Still the woman answered nothing, and still she kept her eyes glaringly open upon her protegee.

Again and again the latter shook her by the arm, and wished to know if she were awake, and if anything ailed her. She received no reply. Still that same stolid, brutish look of the eyes—the same sensual cast of expression upon the countenance. She lifted one of her arms. It fell again like lead in her lap. The old woman was dead! She had died suddenly in a fit. The desolate child uttered a shriek, and with many lamentations threw her head upon the little cot she was accustomed to occupy beside the other. She felt that she was all alone.

CHAPTER II.

BACK, back into the fresh country the youthful creature was going in company with a benevolent lady who had heard of her peculiar case, and was anxious to do what lay in her power to relieve her. This lady had, on inquiry, learned that the child's name was Dolly, and that was all the child herself knew respecting it. So she resolved to superadd her own surname, and henceforth to have her called only Dolly Loveland.

Mrs. Loveland had become accidentally acquainted with the alarming situation of the child, and of course was deeply interested in her fate. This acquaintance was first acquired through intelligence conveyed by a friend, which friend she instantly employed to assist her in carrying out her final purpose respecting one whom she deemed every way so worthy of charity. Accordingly, Mrs. Loveland resolved, after holding an interview with the child, to procure for her a permanent home, either with herself or some other one of her worthy acquaintance; although she did not doubt from the first that she should soon grow into such favor with the girl, as to come to the resolution of adopting her as her own.

It was a clear and balmy morning in the

month of June. Little Dolly sat on the seat of the stage-coach by the side of her newly found mother, her gladdened eyes wandering wildly over the changing landscape. She gazed off over glassy meadows, greener than beds of emerald. She watched with delight the meandering brooks, cutting up the velvety sward as if with Damascus blades. There was an exhilaration in the morning air, that drove out of her brain all the foggy fears and doubts of days just gone, and inspired her with a new flow of spirits.

Her benefactress viewed this change in the young girl's heart with manifest delight. She could not have been, indeed, so much a stranger to the workings of children's hearts, as to be ignorant of the change, or of its certain cause. She therefore watched the sunshine that kept brightening and spreading over the child's countenance, and tried in vain to divine the thoughts that were then going on within. She only knew they must be thoughts of joy, and inwardly prayed she might hereafter know none others.

Her little heart danced as she saw the lambs gambolling in the green pastures, and she turned inquiringly to her benefactress, as if asking whether she could not be allowed to roam as freely as they. How sweetly fresh came up the fragrance of the roadside flowers to her nostrils; while she appeared to desire nothing so much as to be allowed the privilege of gathering them by the apron full. She was all alive with the joy created by the many new sights, and sounds, and savors. And when her heart seemed full to very overflow with the pleasure she was so freely drinking in, she turned looks of the most innocent and heartfelt gratitude upon her newly found mother.

The greater part of the day was occupied in this journey. It was a long ride, and for little Dolly a tedious one. It was something new for her, who had all her life, so far at least as she knew of it, been confined within the dingy walls of a single room, or the narrow precincts of a wretched court.

When they finally reached their journey's end, however, no words seemed intensive enough to express the child's delight with her new home. It was a sweet and secluded spot—a little brown cottage, surrounded with shrubbery, and a shining brook swimming through a distant meadow. She ran at once to the yard, where a flock of tame doves came to greet her, saluting her with all manner of affectionate sounds. The poultry crowded tamely about her, thinking she must have come to feed them for the night.

Then there was a nice little garden, with rows of currant and gooseberry bushes keeping guard over the path that conducted to the summer-house at the further end. And the bean-vines were coming up so bravely, and clinging so faithfully to their slender poles. And the squash-vines would ere long show bright yellow blows among their large, fan-like leaves. And the grass was so green, and fresh, and inviting, all about the summer-house. And a large grapevine clambered over one side of it so lovingly, while a generous basalt rose hastened to meet it from the other. O, what delicious views presented themselves through the vista among the dark maples and chestnuts! How peacefully the cows grazed in the broad pasture beyond!

Dolly had in a moment entirely forgotten the place from which she was taken, and all the terrible associations that thickened and darkened around it. She found herself placed on a sudden in a new world. New elements entered into her being, new sights charmed her vision, new sounds delighted her ears. A clear atmosphere surrounded her. She breathed freer, deeper, purer. Her thoughts became renovated. Her life was to begin at this point all anew.

The life of the child at this charming seclusion was only a life of pleasure. Yet had she to learn that there were stern duties to perform in this world, and she was likewise taught to regard them as only objects of pleasure. None so willing as little Dolly Loveland to learn what was required of her to learn.

From first taking instruction at the hands of her benefactress, she grew forward enough to be sent daily to the village school—not far distant—where she did not fail to make rapid advancement in her studies, and to win her way at once in the deep affections of her schoolmates. At her books, as she grew older, she was always encouraged and assisted by the kind Mrs. Loveland; and to every inquiry she made there was always ready some answer calculated to favor the cause of her thorough education.

Little Dolly soon grew to be quite a scolar, and withal quite a girl. Already she attracted the observation of the visitors, who each summer resorted to the village, many of whom were not altogether unknown to Mrs. Loveland. She in truth became in time the topic of their conversation, and the subject of their admiration.

Mrs. Loveland was by no means displeased with the good results she already saw of her well-timed interference in the child's behalf.

CHAPTER III.

It was many years after Dolly first went beneath the roof of Mrs. Loveland, and in that time great changes had occurred in her. She was now grown a tall and well-informed young lady, whose personal charms were everywhere felt. Her presence seemed to bear some secret spell with it, attracting wherever she went.

It came time, one morning in September, for Mrs. Loveland to fulfil an engagement made long previous, to visit a relative in one of the western cities. She had always determined to take Dolly along with her, and now they were all ready to make the start.

The stage was standing at the gate, and both were hurrying down the walk to take their seats. Mrs. Loveland was much excited, and the novelty of the excursion sent much more than the usual amount of blood into Dolly's cheeks. They entered, and the coach rolled away.

Shortly after their arrival at the house Mrs. Loveland's friend and relative, they were invited to a select soiree, in company with other friends. There Dolly, by her artless and gentle demeanor, attracted many hearts. Mrs. Loveland chanced to be in conversation with a gentleman, who, on hearing her speak of her adopted child in connection with her name, Dolly, tremulously remarked that he once had a daughter by that name.

"She died?" said Mrs. Loveland, inquiringly.

"She was wrecked on board the steamer —, while coming up from New Orleans," he replied.

"And how long since could that be, pray?"

"It must be quite fifteen years since," said he.

"Dolly was quite a babe, only about two years old, and her mother was with her at the time. The boat encountered one of those river 'sawyers,' and was wrecked too quickly to allow all to provide for their safety."

Mrs. Loveland uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"At that time, her mother and poor Dolly were drowned," continued he.

"But were the bodies recovered?" pursued Mrs. Loveland, growing deeply interested.

"That of the child's mother was," said he.

"But the child's?" interrupted Mrs. Loveland.

"Was never found," he replied. "Undoubtedly it was washed far down the river in the rapid stream, and lost forever."

"You never heard of your child's body after that terrible event?" said Mrs. Loveland.

"Never," answered he.

"Was her dress at all peculiar on that night?" asked Mrs. Loveland.

"I only remember that she had about her neck a string of pearls that I had purchased for her."

And he looked excitedly into the countenance of Mrs. Loveland, as if he sought to know what she would say next. But the lady was possessed of much discretion, and after a few trifling remarks, she invited him to call at the residence of her friend, on the morrow. The gentleman, however, was too deeply excited with what had fallen from her lips to wait until that time, and persisted in her revealing all she knew to him at that moment. She said she knew nothing, only that Dolly—her Dolly—was likewise possessed of a string of pearls, which she had when she adopted her. And thereupon Mrs. Loveland reviewed the entire history of Dolly, so far as it had been given to her.

"Show me the pearls!" exclaimed he, almost in a frenzy.

"Should you know if they were the same ones you once purchased?"

"Assuredly I should," replied he.

The pearls were produced. He recognized them beyond all doubt as his former purchase.

The scene that followed was one such as pen cannot describe. The child—the young lady, was the daughter of this gentleman.

It was not long after when the nuptials of Mr. Harlam and Mrs. Loveland were celebrated, and father, child and mother all returned to the secluded spot where Dolly had imbibed her first ideas of happiness.

MRS. MOWATT.

This lady has been winning fresh laurels in her profession at the Howard Athenaeum lately. The play of "Ingomar," the plot of which we have before spoken of in these columns, has produced a most decided effect in this city. Mr. Marshall, as "The Savage," has displayed a most perfect conception of the author's idea, and Mrs. Mowatt, as the pure, innocent, devoted "Parthenia," has only the more poetized the poet's original. The play altogether has proved most singularly captivating and successful, and has been performed night after night to crowded and delighted audiences. Mrs. Mowatt is a great favorite in Boston, and, indeed, where is she not so?

AMERICAN CLOCKS.

It is stated in the Annual of Science and Discovery that such is the perfection to which the manufacture of clocks has been carried in Connecticut, that time-pieces, warranted to keep good reckoning, are sold for sixty cents, at wholesale, and for one dollar at retail. The works are all of brass, made by machinery. At the manufactory of Mr. Jerome, of New Haven, eight hundred of these articles can be produced per day. Wooden clocks, but comparatively few years since, sold for from ten to twelve dollars.

MADAGASCAR.—A late arrival from Madagascar reports the death of its contumacious queen, after the defeat and degradation of the flower of her army, in a contest with a belligerent chief, in November last. The queen was a bitter enemy of the Christians, and her persecutions of the native converts would have been unendurable, had it not been for the influence of her son in mitigating their severity.

SENSITIVE.—Pipe-bowls, in the form of liberty caps, are forbidden things in the French republic. Twelve boxes filled with pipes, of which the heads were made in the shape of the bonnet rouge, or bore likenesses of Danton, Robespierre, or red republican leaders, were lately seized by the French police on the premises of a pipe-maker at St. Omar. The manufacturer is to be prosecuted.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—Under this head the New York Express states, that letters from Paris announce that the British government has officially informed the French government that the moment a French soldier is sent across the Belgian territory, the city of Antwerp and the forts on the Scheldt will be occupied with an English army of ten thousand men.

DIABOLICAL.—During the absence of J. B. Chillon and wife from their house, in New Orleans, in the evening, their slave girl Mary was murdered, and \$1100 in cash stolen. Mary's windpipe was slit with a razor, and near her corpse was found a yellow handkerchief, which was identified as belonging to a painter who was at work on the house a fortnight before.

SINGULAR.—The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, when they were discovered by Magellan in 1521, had, till that time, never seen fire, and expressed the utmost astonishment at it. They believed it to be an animal which fixed itself upon wood and fed upon it, and when approaching so near as to be burnt, they thought they were bit by it.

FATAL AFFRAY.—In New York, recently, Henry Hall attempted to pass from an oyster saloon without paying his seat; a scuffle ensued between him and John Gilroy, the proprietor, the latter was bit in the arm, the wound mortified and he died. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

TRICK OF THE TRADE.—Women are so fond of buying "wet goods," that a dealer in Grand street hires four boys by the year for the express purpose of throwing dirty water on his lawns and linens. Making "damaged goods" has become a regular business up town.

FOR MECHANICAL PURPOSES.—A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for "mechanical purposes." "For what mechanical purposes?" asked the agent. "For raising a barn," was the reply.

WORTH TRYING.—Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something during the day.

Wayside Gatherings.

Over \$36,000 were expended on the Washington Monument during the last year.
A new town in Plymouth County, which has been sliced off from Rochester, is called Marion.
Money sent through the French post office is taxed two per cent. by the government.

A person writing an anonymous note is like a puppy inside of an enclosure, barking at you with his nose under the gate.

According to the Railway Times, all the railroads now on earth have cost the enormous sum of £447,786,000, or \$2,238,940,000.

The Louisiana U. S. Senators, Messrs. Soule and Benjamin, are both foreigners. The former was born in France, and the latter in St. Thomas.

It is said that David Jane, the celebrated "Expectorant and Hair Tonic" doctor has presented Kossuth with \$25,000.

Thirty-two sleigh loads of ladies joined in the procession at the late temperance convention at Albany.

The miserable Haynau is in constant danger of violence wherever he travels. At Hanover a mob attacked his hotel.

The expenses of taking the 7th census will amount to \$1,500,000, exclusive of the printing which is yet to be ordered by Congress.

A fellow whipped his wife in Indianapolis, for which he was rode on a rail and ducked in a pond. He promised never to do the like again.

Six hundred thousand dollars have been recently paid from the Sub-Treasury to parties connected with the Mexican indemnity.

It is said that 157,000 bushels of coal were sunk by the sudden breaking up of the ice in the Ohio river.

A Mr. Shaw has recovered of the town of Northampton \$3000, for injuries sustained in consequence of a defect in the highway.

There are 133 German papers published in the United States, the oldest of which, published in Pennsylvania, has been established 63 years.

French rifles will kill a man at a distance of 1500 yards. It was with such implements that the French conquered Algeria.

Monsieur Perin, the inventor of the new system of aeronautics, is in Boston, having recently arrived from France. He claims that he can navigate the air in any direction.

Of 8,000,000 acres of tillable land in the kingdom of Hanover, 6,000,000 belong to citizens and peasants. The number of large estates is very small.

A young Irish girl was killed at New Orleans, a few days ago, by the explosion of a kitchen range boiler, a fragment of which struck her in the forehead, mangling her frightfully.

The journeymen cigar-makers of Connecticut have asked Congress for a duty of forty cents per pound on all German tobacco, instead of an ad valorem duty.

A new census of Springfield, Mass., has just been completed, and the population is ascertained to be 12,498, which is an increase of 1168 since the spring of 1850.

A little child of James Madison, of Somerville, died in consequence of the carelessness of an apothecary, who put up morphine instead of quinine ordered in the prescription.

A boy in Tiverton has been fined \$3 and costs for whipping his schoolmaster, because the latter tried to prevent his breaking one of the rules of the school.

The citizens of Springfield have decided in favor of applying for a city charter, and appointed a committee to prepare it, and to make the necessary application to the legislature for its passage.

The town of Hermon, Me., adjoining the city of Bangor, at their annual meeting, declared the Maine liquor law oppressive and unjust; and by an almost unanimous vote abolished the agency in that town.

The American Colonization Society will send out, on the first of May next, a ship from Baltimore or Norfolk, with emigrants to Liberia. Quite a number are making arrangements to go in her.

The father of President Fillmore is a Methodist preacher, and is at this time Presiding Elder in a Conference District in New York, gray with years and reverently pious, loved and esteemed by all who know him.

The amount of California gold dust received at the Philadelphia Mint from New York, during the year 1851, was about ninety tons! The mint consumes annually about 700 tons of nitric and sulphuric acids in its operations.

Hon. Alexander Duncanson, several years in Congress from the Cincinnati district, Ohio, was drowned on the 2d inst., while attempting to draw from the water a duck he had shot a few miles from home.

Brigham Knapp, of Sutton, a wealthy farmer, and a bachelor, was found dead on the 9th inst., with his throat cut and his arms gashed. He was of intemperate habits, yet many believe he was murdered.

On Wednesday week, in Lowell, a grocer named E. M. Rice committed suicide by hanging himself. His uncle cut the body down. A physician bled him. He breathed and continued alive until the Friday morning following, when he died, twenty-two hours after his body was first discovered.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Batemen Children have been playing with great *clat* at Bath, England.

Robert Blackwood, one of the famous Edinburgh firm, has recently died. He was in the 44th year of his age.

In the Darmstadt Chamber the law re-establishing capital punishment has been carried by a majority of two.

When the late Marshal Soult was in Spain, he rifled the Spanish galleries of some of their finest pictures. His famous collection is to be sold at auction in Paris, by order of his executors.

A party of Americans in London, at the head of whom are Howard Paul, the American author, and Josh Silsbee, the comedian, are fitting out for a trip to Switzerland, it being their intention to ascend Mont Blanc.

A gentleman of Edinburgh recently purchased an antique bust, which purports to be that of Antonia Augusta, the second daughter of Marc Antony and the celebrated Octavia, the sister of Augustus.

Mr. Weed says, in a letter from France: "During a journey of five weeks through this country, I have not seen five drunken persons—indeed, I cannot remember but one decided case, and yet every one drinks!"

Braham, now in his 87th year, has been singing in London. He sang among other of his old favorites, "The Bay of Biscay." It seems to have been an occasion of painful curiosity rather than satisfaction.

From the report of the gardener to whose care the trees of the Crystal Palace were entrusted, it seems that the old elms under the glass shade, so far from being injured by their confinement, have increased in their branches from six to seven feet.

The President of the French Republic has just sent a sum of 10,000 francs to M. L. Foucault, author of several works on light and electricity, and inventor of the system of using the pendulum to demonstrate the movement of the earth.

Mr. Weed writes from Genoa, that, as the portrait of Columbus was destroyed in the recent conflagration of the Library at Washington, the American Consul at Genoa is endeavoring to obtain a copy of the only original in existence, which belongs to a family in that city.

The powder magazine at Loudon exploded on the 24th ult. The shock shattered several thousand panes of glass in the city of Stockholm, particularly in the palace. The magazine contained 2800 pounds of powder. Loss estimated at 115,000 thalers. Two bodies have been found among the ruins.

Sands of Gold.

- Misery requires action; happiness repose.
- An honest man takes delight in doing good.
- Ill deeds are doubled with a single evil word.
- Beware of all mental intoxication and phantasies.
- A tear is an oath in the sight of Heaven to repent and reform.
- Words from the mouth die in the ears; but words from the breast, stay there.
- No manner of speaking is so offensive as giving praise and closing with an exception.
- The love of ruling and the love of accumulation, are the two furies which torment mankind beyond all others.
- Do not think yourself polished until you have learned to speak and act on all occasions so as not to wound the feelings of others.
- There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance.
- Fashionable society has but two faults—first in being hollow-headed; and secondly, hollow-hearted.
- The life of charity consists in man's thinking well of others, and desiring good to others, and perceiving joy in himself at the salvation of others.
- No young lady, who ever expects to become a wife and mother, has received a finished education, until she has qualified herself to take the charge of a family.
- Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost, than a mine of gold.
- A large farm, without skill, capital and industry, is a plague to its owner. It is like what somebody said of self-righteousness, the more you have of it the worse you are off.
- The old Spaniards were wont to engrave on their blades, "Never draw me without reason, never sheathe me without honor." Lord Mahon well says that this might with truth and aptness have adorned the sword of Washington.
- As in the natural world, the shadow on the dial-plate cannot be turned backward, so in the moral world, the wheels of Divine Providence cannot be retarded, but are rolling onward, and nothing can effectually oppose them, or hinder the accomplishment of the purposes of Almighty power, wisdom and love.

Joker's Olio.

When you see two persons engaged in private conversation, bolt between and listen attentively.

Punch says he is preparing a bill to prevent cruelty to quotations, which he means to lay before parliament at an early day.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine-driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

Mrs. Trotwood, when about starting on a voyage to sea, objected to a crack ship as *leaky*, and a cranky one as liable to *turn over*.

His Emperor has conferred on Chevalier Hulsemann the order of the "iron crown." Mr. Webster ironed him first, says the Post.

Every theatre and place of amusement is nightly filled to overflowing; even the Art-Union is about to draw.

"Mr. Brown, why do you wear that bad hat?" "Because, my dear sir, Mrs. B. vows she will not go out of the house with me until I get a new one."

Magistrate—"What brought you here, sir?" Prisoner—"Two officers, please your honor." Magistrate—"Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?" Prisoner—"Yes, sir, they were both drunk."

"Landlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me from your culinary stores to realize the pleasure of a few duleet murphies, rendered innocuous by ingenious martyrdom?" He wanted a sweet potatoe baked.

That was a rare freak of the carpenter who ran through the streets with his hands about three feet asunder, held up before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, "as he had got the measure of a doorway with him."

The first step to love is to play with a cousin. There is a "freedom from starch" in the intercourse of young people of this relationship, that ripens as naturally into affection as buds into fruit, or tadpoles into bull frogs.

"John," said a schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business—what do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better?" "O, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

Just before going to bed, eat two pigs' feet and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

Never quarrel with a lady. If you are troubled with her, retreat; if she abuses you, be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she boxes your ear, give her a bow in return; if she tears your eyes out, feel your way to the door and fly.

The death of Simeon Stevens, Esq., a respectable citizen of Newbury, N. H., was caused by a newspaper, which he had borrowed and was carrying home, when the wind took it away. He chased it through the drifted snow, and died of fatigue soon after recovering it. —*Post*.

We laughed heartily at the reply said to have been given by a little boy in London, to the following question asked him by a gentleman—"What occupation does your father pursue for a living?" He answered with great simplicity, "he is a dreadful accident maker, sir, for the newspapers."

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GOV. SAMUEL DINSMOOR.

Herewith we present a fine likeness of the Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor, the present Governor of New Hampshire, eldest son of the late Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, and his wife, Mary Boyd, daughter of Gen. George Reid, of Londonderry, a colonel of one of the New Hampshire regiments in the revolutionary war, and afterwards sheriff of Rockingham county. He was born at Keene, the residence of his father, May 8, 1799, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1814, studied law in his father's office in Keene, and in Troy, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar in Cheshire county in 1818. In 1819 he accompanied his father's friend, the gallant Gen. James Miller, to the then newly organized Territory of Arkansas, of which Gen. Miller was the first governor. After a residence there of nearly two years, during which time he was engaged in his profession when not prostrated by the diseases of the country, he returned to his native town, almost the only survivor of a large number of young adventurers from New England who went out about the same time, to try their fortunes in the then pestilential climate of Arkansas. In 1826, he was elected clerk of the Senate, which office he held until 1831, with the exception of one year, when he was absent in Europe. In 1827, he sailed for France, and was several months occupied in the city of Paris with affairs of importance to his family. While absent he extended his travels through France, Italy, Switzerland, Great Britain, and Ireland, and after an agreeable and instructive tour returned home in the fall of 1828. In 1833 he accepted the office of cashier in a new bank in Keene, which office he held until the death of his father in 1835, when he succeeded him as President of the bank, in which office he still remains. In 1844 he married a daughter of the Hon. Wm. Jarvis of Weathersfield, Vermont, who died in July, 1849, leaving him two sons. His political principles and attachments have always been democratic, and have consequently placed him with the minority in his town and county. He has therefore never been elected to any political office, although often the candidate of his party, until called by the people of his State to the office of the chief magistracy in the summer of 1849. In the office of Governor, which he still retains, he has acquired and possesses a distinguished popularity, even among the most earnest of his political opponents. His private and public life has manifested an unwavering and zealous attachment for the Union, whose constitution and laws he has on all occasions defended and supported with the strong love which should ever fill the bosoms of her patriot sons, and the dignity and pride which most adorn American citizens. An accomplished scholar and gentleman, distinguished for his learning, his wisdom, and high public spirit, he commands the respect of all



PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL DINSMOOR, GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

with whom he becomes associated; and at home, the many friends who know him best, regard him with the warmth of admiration ever due to, and seldom withheld from, an honest, generous, noble man. Our engraving is taken from a daguerreotype by Mr. Hamilton, 63 Court street, which those who know Governor Dinsmoor pronounce to be an excellent likeness. Governor Samuel Dinsmoor has characterized his term of office by many acts of official importance and dignity that will long be remembered to his credit. And though he is now about to resign his post to another, he does so with honor to himself, having discharged its duties most creditably and satisfactorily, both for the interests of the party to which he is allied, and as it regards the cause of justice. The best wishes of all parties will attend his retirement.

A STREET IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

Our artist has represented below a scene giving the grand entrance into Rio de Janeiro of the Emperor of Brazil. It is a characteristic view, and cannot fail to interest our readers, as giving them an inkling of the internal economy of this capital of Brazil, and largest and most important commercial city in South America. The city, which is situated on level ground, at the foot of hills, is in the shape of a parallelogram, and makes a fine appearance from the bay. The style of the architecture is very ancient, and resembles that of the older portions of Lisbon. The streets are regular and intersect each other at right angles, being generally paved with blocks of granite. The water course is in the middle of the street, and that is made the general receptacle for water and the drainings of the houses.

NIAGARA FALLS CRUMBLING.

On a recent afternoon, a portion of the precipice near the Tower, on the south side of Goat Island, fell with a mighty crash. This portion extended from the edge of the Island towards the Tower, being about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and about sixty feet wide, of a somewhat elliptical shape, and reaching from the top to near the bottom of the fall. The next day another piece, triangular, with a base of about forty feet, broke off just below the Tower. But the next great performance was the most remarkable. Between the two portions that had previously fallen, stood a rectangular projection about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, extending from top to bottom of the precipice. This immense mass became loosened from the main body of rock, and settled perpendicularly about eight feet, where it now stands an enormous column two hundred feet high, by the dimensions named above. It is most probable that this column will also fall when the weather becomes warmer. The severity of the winter, and the long continuance of the cold, have produced these results.—*Niagara Iris.*

AMERICAN GENIUS.

Harrison Winans left Baltimore, a few years ago, a poor boy, but with an improved mind, acquired at a country school, with genius, ambition, and enterprise. He worked his way in Russia to the head of the machinists and engineers, and became leading contractor on the great railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, 400 miles long, and made over \$1,000,000. On his return to Paris he married a talented, and able and beautiful lady, and will soon build a cage for her in the shape of a villa for all kinds of mechanics, and a park of three acres, beautifully ornamented, where rich and poor may feast their eyes on indigenous plants and rare exotics. He goes once more to Russia to fulfil a contract with the Emperor, on public works, by which he will bring \$500,000 in gold for his mental labors.—*Scientific American.*

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Can any of your readers favor me with references to any works containing an account of the tricks practised by jugglers in the East Indies, and well known there by the name of "growing a mango?" In performing this trick, a seed is planted in a pot or basket of earth, which is then covered up from the sight by a cloth or otherwise; in a little time this is removed, and the seed is seen to have germinated, and its growth is similarly shown in successive stages, the last of which exhibits the plant in fruit. Hundreds of Europeans have seen the trick, but I have never heard of any one who was able to detect the successive substitutions in which it obviously consists. I do not recollect any author who notices it.—*Notes and Queries.*



A REPRESENTATION OF A STREET IN RIO DE JANEIRO—GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE CITY OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

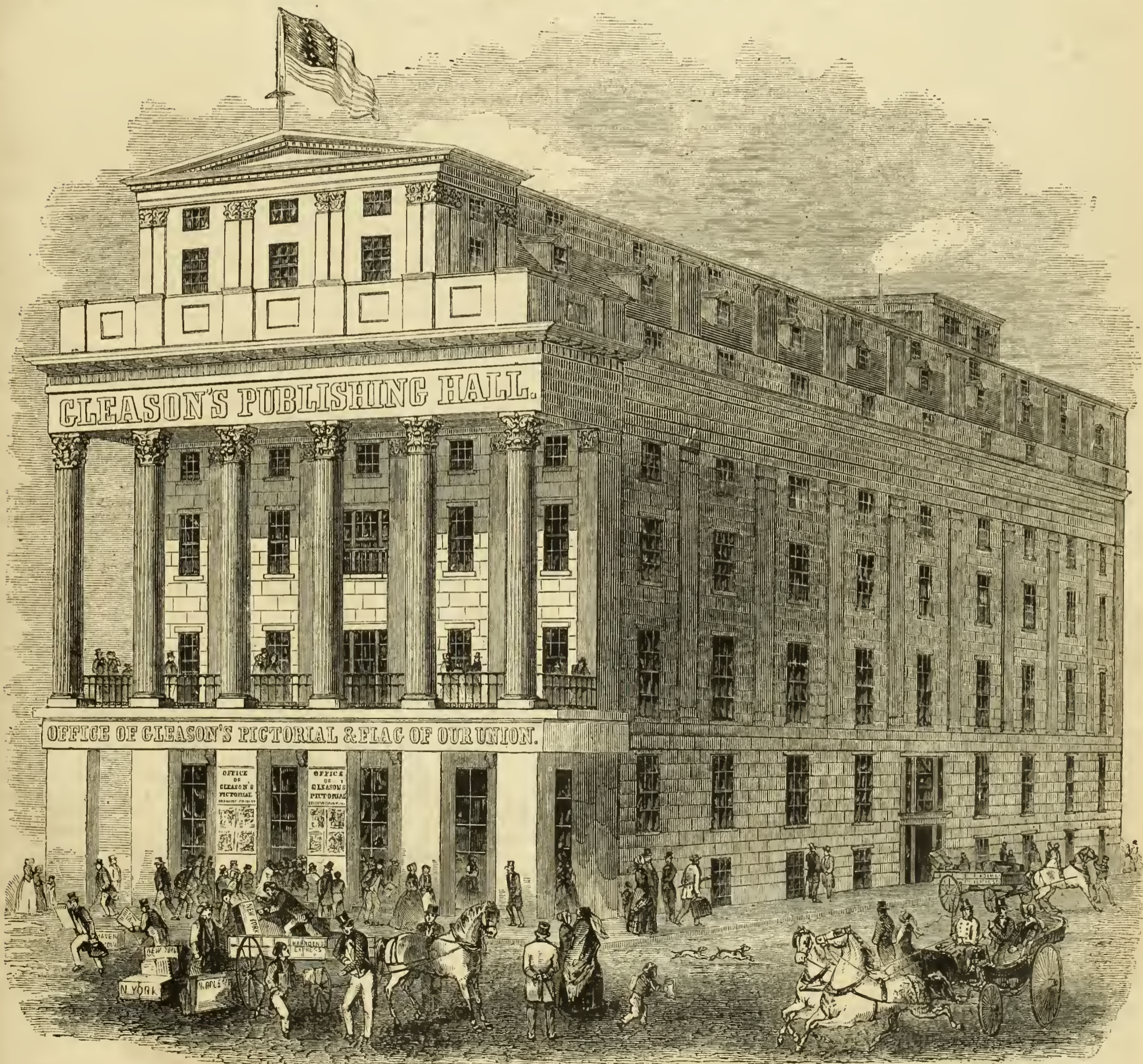
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ORLANDO CHESTER:

—OR, THE—

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG HUNTER.

A Story of Old Virginia's early Days.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

"Young Chester has a mother living, I am told."

"He has," returned Chiron, again resuming his keen gaze upon the countenance of his host.

"And do you know her?"

"Yes. I have seen her at her house in the woods."

"They tell me she is crazy."

"Then they told you part truly and part falsely. The poor woman's mind is shattered, but she is far from being crazy."

"Since I have been the means of having this poor woman's son arrested, and as he may never protect her more, I believe I must take some measures to provide for her welfare. It is hardly right that she should suffer for the sins of her son."

There was something so mean, so serpent-like in the tone and manner of Berkley, and then his desire to get the poor maniac mother within his power was so evident, that the noble soul of Chiron could no longer contain its deep indignation, and, while his eyes flashed like starting meteors, he exclaimed:

"Roswell Berkley, you have managed to get young Chester within the walls of the cold and desolate prison-house, and you have managed, too, to fasten upon him the imputation of a dark crime; but you need not waste your sycophantic fears upon his fate, for Orlando Chester will not remain long in your clutches. He is innocent of all crime, and you yourself know it well. The red man who fell beneath his fatal rifle was the unfortunate victim of the base villain who set him upon his bloody work. Tell me, ye shameless, heartless man, if you think such a diabolical plot as has been hatched up against young Chester can escape the revealing light of day—and tell me, too, if you think its perpetrator can escape the retribution of his incensed and outraged God! And now, not content with what has already been done, you would fasten your poisonous grasp upon poor Morgiana Chester! Roswell Berkley, if you dare to lay a finger upon that woman, or if you issue an attempt against her, you shall sorely rue it. The lives of two thousand like yourself were not worth one moment of that maniac mother's peace! Now, beware! I know that for some cause you seek young Chester's ruin, but I'll yet show you that you have counted without your host, for I'll blow your flimsy fabric to the wind, and yourself I'll give to the justice that demands you!"

Like a whipped cur did Roswell Berkley quail before the towering form of the old hunter. His face was pale, and his lips trembled with a slavish fear. Twice he attempted to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, and while yet Chiron gazed fixedly upon him he sank into a chair.

"Villain," uttered the hunter between his set teeth, "I know you for what you are, and I know now where to meet you. You asked me if the bread was all gone that was given to the young prisoner last night. I found a piece of it, and analyzed it, and I found it to contain a most deadly poison, and, sir, I know that you prepared it, and that you sent it there!"

Those last words seemed to recall Berkley to his senses, for with the balls almost starting from their eye-sockets, he sprang from his chair. His face was livid with rage, and his whole frame trembled beneath the most intense excitement. With a nervous movement, he placed his hand in his bosom, and as his eyes sparkled

with a cat-like gleam, he suddenly drew forth a pistol.

"Now, dog, go tell your story to the angels of the other world! You'll never repeat it on earth!"

Chiron had caught the meaning gleam of the villain's eye when first he placed his hand within his bosom, and he mistrusted at once the object of the movement, so that no sooner was the pistol drawn upon him than he was prepared for the attack. With a movement, as quick as it was powerful, the hunter sprang forward and caught the weapon from Berkley's grasp, and then he dashed the villain to the floor.

"I gave you not credit for so much courage," said Chiron, in a tone of irony, as Berkley raised himself upon his elbow.

A moment more the old hunter gazed upon the prostrate man, and then casting the pistol out through an open window, he turned and left the apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RIFLE SHOT.

The shades of evening were settling with a cooling, grateful influence over the river plantations, and as the dew began to fall Ada Wimple left her garden and entered the house. She had just taken a book and seated herself by the lamp near which her mother was working, when her father entered the room. There was a deep shade upon Sir Oliver's countenance, and instead of his usual social greeting upon his return, he was taciturn and even sad. Ada caught the expression in a moment, and laying her book upon the table, she gazed for a few moments eagerly into her father's features, and, when at length he sank into a chair, she went up to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Dear father," she said, as she kissed him upon the brow, "what makes you so sad?"

Sir Oliver gazed up into his daughter's face, but he made no reply.

"Tell me," urged Ada, "what it is that ails you. Have you been hurt? Are you sick?"

"Ada," said her father, as he took one of her small white hands in his own, "I know not that I should keep this thing from you, and I trust that when I tell you the cause of my sadness, you will be woman enough to receive it as you should."

Lady Wimple laid down her work and turned towards her husband with a look of all-absorbing curiosity, while Ada, with a fluttering heart, bade her father speak.

"My child," said he, while the tumultuous heaving of his bosom told how painful 'twas for him to tell his cause of grief, "you must give up all thoughts of the youth who saved you from the Indians, for he is not what you thought him."

"You do not mean Orlando Chester," said Ada, in a faint whisper, as if afraid to trust that name in connection with such a result.

"Yes, Ada. Orlando Chester is even now in jail under charge of murder."

"Murder?" shrieked the fair girl, starting back and regarding her father with a half vacant stare. "No, no, you do not mean that. You do wrong to trifle with your Ada thus."

"I am not trifling with you, my child," Sir Oliver replied. "Young Chester is really in jail for having murdered Lolowah, an Indian interpreter and messenger."

"And surely you do not believe him guilty of such a crime," uttered the young girl, without a

moment's hesitation. "You cannot believe that he murdered the messenger."

Sir Oliver gazed a moment into his child's face, and it was not without a feeling of pride that he saw the proud flashing of her eyes and even as he dwelt upon their conscious beams he found his prejudice against the young accused gradually dwindling away; but with a father's solicitude for the welfare of his child, he wished the connection between young Chester and Ada to be sundered, and taking his daughter's hand once more, he said:

"The evidence is very strong against the young man, and I fear that he will be convicted of the crime, and consequently you cannot wonder that I should wish you to forget him."

"But this evidence—what is it, father, and what are the circumstances attending the case?" asked Ada, in an earnest tone, but yet with such a confidence in Orlando's innocence that she was almost calm.

"Mr. Berkley related to me the circumstances. Lolowah was missed, and two men were sent in quest of him, and these men found young Chester in the very act of burying the body of the Indian, and he was accordingly arrested and brought down, and he has been committed to answer to the charge of murder."

"And does Orlando deny that he killed the Indian?"

"No, he owns that he killed him, but he says he did it in self-defence."

"Then," said Ada, while a new light shone from her eyes, "I believe that he did. Tell me, father, would you say that Orlando murdered those three Indians whom he shot to save my life?"

"Of course not, my child; but this case is vastly different."

"It is only different in that he saved his own life, instead of saving mine. No, no, father; though every tongue but his own should tell me he was guilty of murder, I'd not believe them. When first you spoke, the words struck upon my heart with a fearful sound, but now I scarcely heed the imputation. They cannot convict him of the crime, for their own consciences must tell them that he is innocent. Let me know, let me feel that he is capable of crime, and I'll cast his image from my heart; but till I can feel this I will not rend my love from him."

Sir Oliver Wimple gazed in surprise upon his daughter, as she spoke; but he made no reply, seeming rather to be pondering upon the circumstance. Ada, too, assumed a thoughtful mood, and after reflecting for several moments, she continued:

"Tell me, father, do you not think there is something strange in this affair? For the last month there have been numerous small parties of Indians committing depredations about us, and many of them have been caught and punished; and now a young white man, who has always borne an irreproachable character, has slain one of the red men, and, notwithstanding his explanation, he is charged with murder. Is there not something strange in it?"

"Ada," said her father, in his moderate, calculating tone, "I don't know but that you are right. There is something curious in this case—and now I think of it, Mr. Berkley seemed rather ill-tuned with regard to the matter, and some of his answers were anything but satisfactory, though the excitement of the circumstance prevented me from noticing it then, as I do now."

During this time Lady Wimple had uttered not a word, seeming, as was usually her way, to wait till her husband had fully explained his own views ere she ventured an opinion, and then she invariably coincided with him. Now, however, the case had arrived at a point where she thought she might speak, and she had already formed her words for utterance, when she was suddenly cut short by the report of a rifle near the house, and uttering an exclamation of fear, she sank back trembling into her chair.

Ada was somewhat startled, too, by this sudden report, and she caught her father's arm while she bent her ear to hear what sound might follow next. Sir Oliver gently laid his daughter's hand from off his arm, and having seized his hat, he started forth to learn the cause of this strange interruption. The moon was shining brightly, and as the baronet stepped out upon the gravelled walk he saw a gigantic figure, standing only a short distance from the corner of the house, quietly leaning upon a rifle.

"How now, stranger?" cried Sir Oliver, as he approached the spot where stood the powerful

form. As the baronet spoke, the stranger turned towards him and revealed the features of Chiron.

"Your pardon, Sir Oliver, for this intrusion," said the hunter, as he brought his rifle up under his arm and stepped forward a pace.

"Chiron?" uttered the baronet.

"Yes; I was here, if you remember, when your daughter returned from her expedition up the river."

"I never should forget you," said Sir Oliver, as he measured with his eye the huge proportions of the hunter; "but what means this disturbance—this rifle-shooting about my premises?"

"I assure you, sir," returned Chiron, with a smile, "had I known that I was to have been made the mark for a rifle-bullet, I should have chosen some other spot than this upon which to have stood the fire; but you know we seldom get sufficient warning of such events to admit of very choice arrangements."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the baronet, in amazement, "do you mean to say that you have been shot at?"

"I have, sir. There, do you see that boat, just crawling out from under the bank?"

"Yes," answered Sir Oliver, looking in the direction pointed out.

"Well, sir, there are two men in it, and they have followed me up from the town. I took no notice of them, for I little thought they meant me harm; but as I hauled my canoe up on to the bank and started towards your house, one of them fired at me. The ball whizzed past my head, and as I turned towards them they paddled under the bank and started back down the stream."

"And have you any idea who they are?"

"Yes, I think I know. They are two men named Gilman and Colton."

"Gilman and Colton?" uttered the baronet, with a moment's thought. "Why, those are the two men whom Mr. Berkley told me detected young Chester in the act of burying the body of the Indian."

"Yes, they are the same; and now they seem to wish that I were buried."

"But there is some mystery in this affair. What means it all?"

"Sir Oliver, I came here to-night for the express purpose of unravelling to you the whole plot; and if you will give me an hour's time, I will tell to you a tale that shall make you wonder at some things, and cease to wonder at others."

In a few moments the baronet had excused himself from his family and was seated in his private room with Chiron, and after turning the key in the door, the hunter began his story.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECRET OF THE OLD OAKEN CHEST.

SIR OLIVER WIMPLE and Chiron were closeted over an hour, and when at length they came forth to the sitting-room, there was upon the face of the former a strange mingling of astonishment and gratification, while the latter, with a bright smile upon his features, seated himself by the side of Ada.

"Lady," said he, as he gazed with an admiring, friendly look into her handsome features, "I have been requested by one who is now in prison to give to you his faithful remembrance, and he trusts that you will not despise him because fate has for the time abused him."

"Then you, sir, know something of Orlando Chester," uttered Ada, without seeming to notice what he had said.

"I know that he is innocent of all crime, lady."

"God be praised for that assurance," murmured Ada, as she clasped her hands together. "I knew that he could not be guilty."

"And when I see him again what shall I tell him of comfort from you?"

"Nothing, nothing," quickly exclaimed the fair girl, while her eyes sparkled with a strange light.

"And will you send him no word?" asked Chiron, in astonishment.

"No, words are treacherous conveyances of thought when they come second-handed. I will go to Orlando's cell myself, and should you see him before I do, you may tell him this. He can ask no more."

"No, and he would not have dared to have even hoped so much," returned Chiron, with a look of admiration.

"May I not go and see him?" asked Ada, as

she arose from her seat and approached her father.

"Yes, my child," returned the baronet, without hesitation. "You were right in your assertion of the young man's innocence, and you have my full permission to render him all the comfort in your power."

The strange expression upon the countenance of her father caught Ada's eye, and she asked him the cause, but he shook his head in a sort of mysterious manner, remarking as he did so:

"What I have learned to-night, Ada, has only been entrusted in my keeping in case that Chiron should be taken away. Until within the last hour and a half a secret deeply concerning young Chester has been locked up in his own bosom, and he has only communicated it to me, so that, should some enemy's rifle pick him off, as came very near being the case to-night, it might not be lost with himself. Let the assurance that Orlando is safe satisfy you for the present."

"Of course it will, my father, since you wish it, and I thank you, too," returned Ada. Then turning to Chiron, whom she regarded now almost with reverence, she said:

"And you, sir, will convey to Orlando what I have said."

"I will, lady," answered Chiron, and as he spoke he arose from his chair and took his cap.

"But you are not going to-night," said Sir Oliver, as he noticed the movement of his guest.

"Yes, the moon will light me on my way," replied the old hunter, "and I would be back early on the morrow."

"But may there not be danger?"

"Not so much as by daylight," said Chiron, with a smile. "I have nothing to fear but cowards, and they dare not lurk in the forest at night."

"Our house is at your service," remarked the baronet; "but if you choose to set forth to-night, then may God protect you."

"Thank you, sir," returned the hunter, and then bidding the family good night, he left the dwelling.

Chiron took his way down to the river, and having launched his canoe, he leaped quickly into it and paddled swiftly up stream. The tide was in his favor, and in less than two hours he had reached the spot where Orlando's canoe was concealed in the bushes, and having hauled his own up out of sight, he struck off towards the young hunter's cot. It was two hours past midnight when he reached the dwelling, and as the front door was fastened, he went around to the back part, where he knew Old Elpsey slept. At first the old woman was considerably frightened as she was aroused by the knocking of the hunter, but at length he succeeded in making her understand that he was a friend, and that he also had a message from Orlando.

At the mention of this last circumstance, Old Elpsey uttered a cry of delight, and bidding the hunter go round to the front of the dwelling again, she unfastened the door and admitted him.

"—sh!" uttered Elpsey, as Chiron entered the dwelling; "don't make any noise, 'cause dear missus just got to sleep. She been ransacking de ole chest again. But dear young massa—how is he?"

The old woman had at once recognized the hunter, as him who had been there once before, and with whom Orlando had gone to Jamestown, so she felt no hesitation in trusting him.

"Orlando is well," returned Chiron, in answer to the old woman's question, "and he will return to you ere long."

"Den dey wont hang him?"

"Hang him? Why, what should put such an idea into your head?"

"O, Massa Orlando tell me all 'bout what dey take him for?"

"Well, then you may rest assured that he is safe, and that in a few days he will be at liberty. But how does his mother get along during his absence?"

"O, she berry well now, only she speak sometime as though she think he might leab her, but I tell her no, an' den she better. She don't say much to Old Elpsey. She most de time out in de garden."

"Then she has n't suffered much yet?"

"No, only to-night, when she oberhaul de ole chest."

"Well, Elpsey—that's your name I believe."

"Yes sar."

"Then if you will let me have a bed, I will retire for the rest of the night."

"You can hab Orlando's bed, an' I'll git you a candle."

As Elpsey spoke she went into the kitchen, and in a few moments returned with a lighted candle, and showed the hunter the ladder which led up into the garret. Chiron thanked her for her kindness, and after bidding her a good night, he set his rifle against the fire-place and ascended the ladder.

As soon as he reached the landing he set his candle down, and having pulled off his heavy moosehoons, threw himself upon the bed. He removed none of his clothing, nor did he seem inclined to fall asleep, for with his head resting on his hand, so as to leave both ears free, he eagerly listened for the sounds that came up from below. He could hear the deep breathing of Morgiana Chester, for the door of her room was open, and the night air was calm and quiet, and he could hear Elpsey, too, still lumbering around in the kitchen in her stocking feet. Still the hunter listened, and at length he heard the old woman get into her bed, and it was not long before her loud snore began to rumble through the humble dwelling. A few moments Chiron waited to assure himself that all about the house was quiet, then he slipped quietly from the bed, took the candle in his hand, and silently descended the ladder. At the foot he listened for a moment, and then stole carefully towards the old oaken chest. He tried the cover, and a low murmur of disappointment escaped his lips as he found that it was not only locked, but that the key was not there.

"It must be in Morgiana's own room, somewhere," uttered Chiron to himself, as he turned and looked towards the open door that led to Mrs. Chester's sleeping-room. "I would not waken her for the world, but yet I must make the trial, for Orlando must be released from that jail, and that, too, speedily."

Thus speaking to himself, the powerful hunter moved noiselessly towards the small room before him, taking care to shade the light so that its beams should not penetrate the kitchen. At the door he stopped and looked in. Morgiana was lying upon her right side, with her face turned towards the wall, and was evidently under the influence of a sleep from which she could not be easily awakened. With an eager, searching gaze the hunter peered about the room, but nowhere could he find the sought-for key. He lifted the various articles of clothing from their respective hanging-places, examined a small box that lay upon Mrs. Chester's dressing-table, and moved back the table itself, but nowhere did the key appear.

Chiron began to fear that his search would be fruitless, and already had he become almost disheartened. He stood near the bed, with his hand interposed between the blaze of the candle and the sleeper; gradually, however, he let the light fall upon the sleeping form of Morgiana, but with no other view than to gain one more look upon those features that had called up in his bosom such strange and powerful emotions of affection. A tear stole to the eye of the strange man, as he gazed upon those peaceful features, and for the moment he almost forgot the object of his visit as a silent prayer wended its way out from his heart. Pale as marble were the lines of that beautiful countenance, with here and there a blue vein just raised above the surface, and as the hunter gazed, the simple words, "Poor Morgiana," burst involuntarily from his lips.

Chiron was upon the point of turning sadly away, when a small black ribbon upon Morgiana's neck arrested his attention, and the thought that the key might be attached to it instantly entered his mind. But how was he to get it? Were Mrs. Chester to learn of the secret she had lost, in her present state of mind, it might ruin all his hopes, and blast her own and her son's future prospect; but still if the key was upon that ribbon he felt that he must have it, and stepping nearer to the bed, he carefully examined the object that had caught his eye. With a hand trembling beneath the excitement of the occasion the hunter took the ribbon in his hand, and carefully he drew it out from beneath the clothing that covered it. There was a key upon it! Chiron waited a moment in deep study as to how he should gain possession of the key, now that he had found it. There was but one way, and that was to cut the ribbon. Fortunately the place where it was knotted was in sight, and drawing his hunting-knife from its sheath he bent over and cut the knot in two, and then drew off the key. A single instant he remained to see if he had disturbed the sleeper, but finding that she moved not, he again placed

his hand before the blaze of the candle and glided noiselessly back to the main apartment. Here he listened a moment to assure himself that Elpsey still slept, and as her loud, regular snoring fell upon his ear, he once more started on. Chiron sat the candle down in a chair by the side of the old oaken chest, and then he placed the key in the lock; he turned it—it fitted! With a steady hand he urged the bolt back, so that not even a sound broke the air, and then he slowly, noiselessly lifted the cover. The various articles in the chest were packed away with care and precision, but Chiron touched them not.

"Poor Morgiana," murmured he to himself, as he stood and gazed into the chest, "what a strange freak it must have been that could thus have taken your secret from you, and yet left you so vivid a recollection of its existence. How many times have you searched this old depository through and through, and yet left the task in disappointment?"

As the hunter spoke he cast a furtive glance about him, and then bending over he placed his fingers upon one of the hinge-plates that was screwed to the cover. The hinges were of stout iron, and the plates—one fastened to the body of the chest, and the other to the cover—were long and wide, and apparently well studded with screws. Having satisfied himself that he had hit upon the right spot, Chiron drew from his pocket a small screw-driver, and applying it to one of the screw-heads near the end of the plate, he turned it half round, then he placed his thumb upon the head of the screw next to it, which he easily slid from its place, and, from the sound that accompanied the motion, evidently moving a small bolt at the same time. This having been accomplished, he removed his thumb to the end of the plate, and, pressing hard upon it, a section of the iron surface flew back, revealing a small chamber not over half an inch deep, within which was a small roll of parchment.

With an eager movement Chiron grasped the parchment, unrolled it, and held it down to the candle. A bright, joyous light overspread his features as he ran his eyes over the characters that were traced thereon, and with a pleasant "Thank God!" he rolled it up again and placed it carefully in his bosom. Then he shut up the little chamber thus strangely opened, moved the seeming screw-heads back to their former positions, closed the chest and relocked it.

Once more the old hunter took up his candle and turned his steps towards the small sleeping-room. Morgiana had not moved, but all unconscious of what was going on about her she slept in peaceful quiet. Gently setting the candle upon the small work-table, Chiron bent over the sleeping woman; and having cleared the ends of the ribbon from the remains of the former knot, he slipped the key back to its wonted place, and knotted it anew, so that no one could have told from its looks that it had been disturbed. One more moment that strange man gazed upon the sweet, angelic face before him, then he took his candle and stole noiselessly back to his bed in the garret.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGE VISIT, WITH A STRANGE RESULT.

It was on the same night that Chiron visited the maniac mother's cot in the forest, that Orlando Chester had thrown himself upon the couch, and had been half buried in an uneasy, fitful slumber; but how long he had been thus he could not tell, when he was startled by a sort of thumping noise upon the wall, and as he gradually regained his sleep-scattered senses he became aware that the sound proceeded from a point directly beneath his window. The first thought that passed his mind was that of some new danger, but in a moment he recollected the parting words of Chiron, and a vague idea that this might be him at once dispelled the fear. At all events, he resolved that he would quietly await the result, let it be what it might.

The thumping sound soon ceased, and Orlando was pretty sure that a ladder had been placed against the wall, and in that opinion he was presently confirmed by the appearance of a human head at the window; and, from a few faint, glimmering beams that shot up from below, he judged that there was not only a lantern outside, but that some one was holding it. The individual who had thus appeared at the window, said not a word; but, as near as our hero could tell through the darkness, he turned and drew up something after him, which, from its

sound as it thumped against the wall, seemed to be a heavy iron bar.

Orlando could only gain the outlines of the stranger, and his only clue to these strange proceedings was gained from the sound that accompanied them. At length the prisoner became aware that the beam was being forced between the bars of his window, and in a moment more he knew that the bars were being forced from their sockets. Fifteen minutes had thus passed when the gratings had been all forced out, and then the man disappeared from the window, and the prisoner thought he could hear the hum of a hurried conversation going on below. In a few moments, however, the man re-appeared, bearing in his hand a small dark lantern, and by means of a rope which he had drawn up after him, and the end of which he threw over the sill, he let himself down into the cell. The new comer was a thick set, muscular man, habited in the rough garb of a seaman, and as he threw open his lantern Orlando had an opportunity to study the outlines of his countenance; but they betrayed no marked or prominent feature, except that they indicated any amount of reckless daring, without anything that could be termed decidedly villanous, or evil-disposed.

For a few moments after the stranger had thus gained entrance to the cell he bent his ears towards the door, as if to assure himself that all was quiet in the jail, and then turning towards Orlando, he said:

"Rather a strange way for a man to get himself into jail, but circumstances alter cases, you know; and as I know my visit 'll be welcome, I sha'n't stop to make any apologies."

"You are most certainly welcome to stay as long as you see fit," returned Orlando.

"Thank you; but I sha'n't stay long, for I haven't a very great fancy for this kind of a place—howsoever, I'll stop long enough to do my business."

"Well, and what might be your business?"

"Can't you guess it?"

"I never guess at a man's business when he is himself present to speak for himself."

"But of course you know what my business must be."

"How should I? You have not told me."

"No, but there's an old saying that 'actions speak louder than words.' Now, 'taint very likely I should have taken the trouble to break away the bars of your jug just for the sake of coming in here, unless I had calculated that when I went out you'd go too."

"Do you mean that you've come to set me at liberty?" uttered our hero, while a peculiar series of lights and shades passed over his countenance.

"That is exactly what I come for," returned the stranger, with a countenance indicative of nothing but an idea of common business.

"But I never saw you before," said Orlando, as he gazed inquiringly into the face of the man before him.

"Neither did I ever see you before," laconically replied the stranger.

"Then, why should I trust you?"

"Because I come to set you free."

"But there is such a thing as 'jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire,'" said our hero, in a sort of thoughtful mood.

"Yes, I grant it; such, for instance, as jumping out of jail on to the gallows," returned the stranger, with a twinkling smile.

The youth shuddered as he heard this remark, but quickly casting off the feeling, he said:

"But there is no danger that such a fate will be mine, for I am perfectly innocent of the crime with which I am charged, and I can prove it."

"That you are innocent, young sir, I have not the least doubt, though to prove it may not be so easy. But come, we are wasting time. If you will but follow me, all danger is at end."

"And wherefore should I follow you? I know you not."

"Do you know Chiron?"

"Chiron—yes. He is my friend."

"Chiron sent me on this mission."

"But why did he not come himself?"

"Because he had other business."

"He might at least have left me a word," said Orlando, half to himself, for a shade of suspicion that all was not right had passed through his mind.

"He had no chance to leave you word," returned the stranger, seeming to comprehend what was passing in the youth's mind.

"But did he not send any writing?—any token?"

"Only myself. He thought that would be sufficient. I met him just at sundown, and he told me that you must be relieved from the jail this night, and out of an old friendship for him I undertook the job; and now if you would have me make sure of it, the sooner you come along the better."

"Look ye here," said Orlando, while the dawning of a new idea seemed to flash upon him, "have you known Chiron long?"

The stranger averted his eyes for a moment, and he seemed to hesitate for an answer; but at length he said, while he evidently endeavored to have his hesitancy pass for a period of thought:

"I've known him off and on for a number of years."

"And do you know who he is—from whence he comes—or where he belongs?" asked the prisoner, with considerable earnestness.

The stranger's face brightened up, and a meaning twinkle played in his eyes, as he answered:

"If Chiron hasn't told you this himself, I hadn't ought to tell it, either, for perhaps he has reasons for concealing it."

Young Chester mistrusted not this answer, for he thought 'twas given in good faith, and once more he turned his thoughts upon the object of the present visit, and for some moments he seemed undecided what course to pursue. At length he said:

"I am obliged to you, sir, for the kindness and solicitude you have manifested in my behalf, but I cannot go with you, for 'twould only serve to make appearances bear harder against me than they do now. As it is, I can prove my innocence; but if I attempt to escape, that innocence will thereby become more doubtful."

A deep shade of disappointment passed over the stranger's countenance, and for a moment he seemed to hesitate, but gradually a beam of intelligence shot athwart his features, and in a tone of considerable feeling, he said:

"I think you'll change your mind."

"Not without some stronger inducement than my own personal safety," returned Orlando, with considerable assurance.

"And such an inducement I can easily give you. You have a poor maniac mother."

"Ha! my mother!" exclaimed the young hunter, starting forward and grasping his companion by the arm, "What of her?"

"She moans for you, and would see you, and if you would not have her poor heart broken, you will go to her at once."

"Alas! my poor mother!" murmured the youth, as he placed his open palm upon his brow, then turning to the stranger once more, he said: "For my mother, sir, I'll dare anything. I'll go, though the officers seize upon me again to-morrow. Lead on, and I will follow you."

"O, you need n't be afraid of the officers," returned the stranger, "for Chiron will look out for that."

"But how can he prevent them from again arresting me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. He did n't explain any of his plans. But come, just lend me a hand to get this bed of yours up here under the window, and we'll be out of this in short order. We have n't got much time to lose."

The mention of his mother had made the young man as firm in his resolution to go as he had been before undecided; and without hesitation he helped his companion move the couch up under the window, and while the latter was placing the stool on top of the bed, Orlando said:

"Since you have thus befriended me, I should like at least to know your name—that is, if you have no objections."

"Not in the least," returned the stranger, as he tried the stool to see if it set firmly enough in its place to afford a good foothold, "my name is Dick Nolan. Come, here she goes. Follow me as soon as possible."

As Nolan spoke, he took his lantern and mounted upon the stool, from the top of which he easily threw himself across the sill of the window and soon disappeared. There was a strange fluttering about the heart of our hero as he started to follow, and he even hesitated, as a dim, shadowy fear of treachery flitted through his mind; but the *laage* of his poor mother at once dispelled the indecision, and with a quick bound he mounted the stool. He found no difficulty in working his way through the aperture, and by means of a rope, which he found in read-

iness, he let himself down to the ground, for the ladder by which his visitor had ascended had been removed to the wall, and thither Nolan at once led the way, where our hero found a man in waiting.

"—sh!" uttered Nolan to his waiting companion, "Is 't all right?"

"Not a mouse has stirred," returned the other, in a low whisper.

"Then over, quick," said Nolan, and then turning to Orlando he bade him go next, and he would follow and pull the ladder up after him.

Nolan's companion and our hero reached the top of the wall, and bent low down upon the coping, while Nolan himself came up and hauled the ladder after him, and as soon as it had been landed upon the other side, the trio silently descended. The moon was shining somewhat brightly, and Orlando got a fair view of his deliverer's companion, who was, like Nolan, habited in a seaman's garb, and seemed also to be a reckless, daring fellow.

The river was only a few rods from the jail wall, and towards its shore Nolan led the way, where a small skiff was found hauled up on the sand; and as soon as it was launched, the young hunter was requested to enter it. He seated himself in the stern-sheets, and in a moment more, Nolan and his companion entered and began to row from the shore.

"Up, up the stream should lay our course," said Orlando, as he noticed that the boat was being headed down the river.

"We'll not venture by the town in this moonlight, for our cargo is rather *contraband*," returned Nolan. "I do not want that you should be taken from me now, for the job of getting possession of you was by no means an easy one."

The young hunter looked up into Nolan's face as he said this, and as he dwelt upon the scaman's features he thought he could detect a look of irony resting there; and the manner in which he had spoken, too, partook strangely of a nonchalance little in keeping with the tone of an earnest deliverer.

"Do you intend to land below the town and walk around through the outskirts?" asked the youth, not yet daring to suspect that he had been betrayed.

"We shan't land *above* the town at present," returned Nolan, bending himself powerfully at his oar. "Just consider yourself safe, and let that satisfy you."

Orlando Chester could see the countenances of both his companions, and as the moonbeams fell full upon them he was enabled to study well what meaning might rest upon them; but he gained little from the survey, for they both seemed only intent upon the object of their mission. What that object might be, or what might be the end of their mission, he could not tell, though a strange doubt began to frame itself in his mind, and as the skiff was rowed swiftly on, farther and farther from the town, and that, too, in an opposite direction from that which should have been taken to convey him to his home, those doubts grew stronger, until at length, the fearful reality of a base treachery stared him in the face; but yet the young hunter resolved that he would not entirely give up his hopes of there still being some truth in the assertions of Nolan, though the substance of those hopes did not even approach to a probability.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LEASHED VILLAIN.

It was quite early in the morning when Chiron arose from his bed in the garret of the forest cot, and while in the act of putting on his moccasins he was not a little surprised at seeing the woolly head of Old Elpsey just peering up through the ladder-scuttle. The hounds had been whining and growling for some time, but the old hunter had supposed they were only mourning for the continued absence of their young master, and he consequently gave but little attention to the matter; but as he caught the expression that rested upon the black features of the old woman he began to think that something unusual had occurred, and hastily lacing his moccasins, he approached the scuttle.

"What's the matter, Elpsey?" he asked, as he reached the aperture.

"O, sir, I don't know what's de matter, but dere's some men in de woods dat's been watchin' de house for dis half hour."

"*Mca* watching the house!" repeated Chiron, while the working of the cords and muscles about his neck and hands bespoke the feelings

which the communication had called up, "How many are there?"

"I did n't see only three."

"And what did they look like, Elpsey?"

"I couldn't say for sartin, sir, 'cause dey was hid behind de bushes. But dey was watchin' de house, an' I tink one ob 'em was de same dat cum an' watch for Massa Orlando when he went to bury de Indian."

"Then, by heavens, there's some new plan on foot," uttered the old hunter, half to himself, "and a villanous one, too. Go you down, Elpsey, and I will follow. But stop. Does your mistress know anything of this?"

"No sir. She's only just got np, an' I didn't say nothin' to her 'bout it."

As the old woman spoke she descended the ladder, and Chiron soon followed her. In the room below he found Mrs. Chester, but she seemed to betray no surprise at his appearance, though she regarded him with a curious, inquiring gaze.

"Ah, you, sir, have come from the town, have you not?" she asked, as Chiron took a few steps into the room.

"I have, madam," the hunter answered, as he moved back a step to avoid the window, which commanded a view of the woods in front of the house.

"And have you seen my son?" the poor woman asked, stepping quickly forward and laying her hand upon Chiron's arm.

"Yes, madam; and I bear to you a message from him. He is well, and will ere long be with you."

"But why should he leave me thus? Why should Orlando desert me for so long?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, while a painful light shone in her eyes.

"He has business in Jamestown," returned the hunter, "that he could not leave; but he begged of me to give you his love, and assure you that he would soon return."

"Then my boy still loves me, and he will come back. Ah sir! his father said, too, that he loved me, and he promised to come back, but he never did. 'Twas cruel for him to treat me thus, was it not?"

Again that plaintive, heart-broken voice thrilled through the soul of the hunter, and he turned away his head to hide the emotions he could not suppress. In a few moments Mrs. Chester turned towards the wall where a wreath of garden anemone and aspen leaves was hung upon the top of a wooden cross, and she seemed to forget that a comparative stranger was present. Chiron took advantage of the movement and sought Elpsey in the kitchen.

The hounds still continued their low growling, though they had not yet gone far from their kennel, and in their brute language one could easily read the warning of danger. The hunter held a short conference with the old woman, the result of which was that she should not be under any serious apprehension, and that he would remain near enough to protect them if danger threatened, but yet he felt safe in assuring her that she and her mistress had nothing to fear.

Chiron had good reason to believe that if the men who were lurking about the house had any sinister purpose, he was the object of it; and for some moments he studied as to what course it was best for him to pursue. At length a course seemed laid out in his mind, and turning to Elpsey he asked her to accompany him to the garden and remain there till he got out of sight in the woods; for he could not but harbor the idea that if Gilman and Colton were about the spot, they had come for the purpose of assassinating him, and if no one were by to witness the deed, they might shoot him before he could reach the woods. For this purpose, then, he wished Elpsey to be near enough to witness what might take place; but at the same time he strictly enjoined it upon her that she should betray no fear, nor manifest a single sign by which the lurking men might mistrust that their presence had been discovered, or that anything out of the common course of affairs had transpired.

Elpsey promised implicit obedience to these requests, and having assured himself that the priming of his rifle was in safe order, and that the flint was clean, the hunter stepped out from the house, followed by Elpsey, and after a few moments of careless conversation he shouldered his rifle and started for the woods.

Though Chiron walked swiftly on, yet he had his eyes about him, ready to catch the least movement that might be made against him; but no such movement was made, and he reached

the woods in safety. As soon as he had proceeded far enough to feel assured that he was secure from observation, he left the path and ensconced himself behind a clump of alders, in such a position that he could command a view of the path, and yet be hidden from the sight of any who might pass.

The hunter had not been in this position more than five minutes when his ear caught the sound of crackling bushes from the opposite side of the path, and in a moment more the villain Gilman emerged from the shubbery. He was creeping along with a swift, but cat-like tread, with his rifle at rest, and peering ahead as though in search of some object for his ready weapon. Chiron's first impulse was to shoot the villain on the spot, for well he knew that 'twas he who fired at him the night before; but an instant's reflection changed his mind, and while a grim smile passed over his features, he raised his rifle and took deliberate aim at the lock of Gilman's piece.

Chiron's ball did not fail him, and the villain uttered a sharp cry as he heard the report and felt his own rifle fall shattered from his grasp. In a moment, however, he seemed to comprehend that he was not hurt, save a few slight wounds from the splinters of his rifle-stock, and turning quickly around he sought to ascertain from whence had come the shot.

"So, so, Mr. Gilman, you are on another accidental expedition, I suppose?" ironically exclaimed Chiron, as he came forth from his hiding-place.

The villain started back as he beheld the gigantic form of the old hunter, and for a moment he trembled with fear; but soon his native impudence came to his aid, and with a show of defiance he said:

"I do not skulk about in the woods like a coward, at all events. If I wanted to shoot a person I'd meet him like a man, and not hide in the bushes to stab him in the back; but your bungling aim has saved my life, and now you'll suffer for this."

Chiron leaned quietly upon his rifle and gazed with the utmost contempt upon the villain before him. At length a bitter laugh broke from his lips, and while the villain shrank from his strange manner, he said:

"Dost think I aimed at thee, and missed my mark? No, I only sought to shatter your rifle; for a rifle, even in the hands of a villanous coward like yourself, may be a dangerous thing. Now, Master Gilman, I have thee on the hip, and you will not escape so easily. Please tell me what business could have called you thus early into the forest?"

"I suppose I have as good a right to be in the forest at this time as yourself," returned Gilman, in a sullen mood.

"Certainly," remarked Chiron, as he poured a charge of powder into the barrel of his rifle; "but then if you've come for any villanous purpose, you'll of course expect to bear the consequences."

"Do you mean to shoot me?" cried Gilman, as Chiron rammed home the bullet, at the same time starting to spring forward.

"Back!" shouted Chiron. "If you but lay a finger on me you die on the instant! Now tell me"—and as he spoke he poured the priming into the pan of his rifle—"who they are that you have left in the forest near young Chester's dwelling?"

"I have left no one."

"Villain! coward! you lie!" shouted the old hunter, while the deep passion-marks began to manifest themselves upon his features. "You did leave men skulking about the place, and I will find them out myself."

"Then go and try it."

"I intend to."

"And I wish you success."

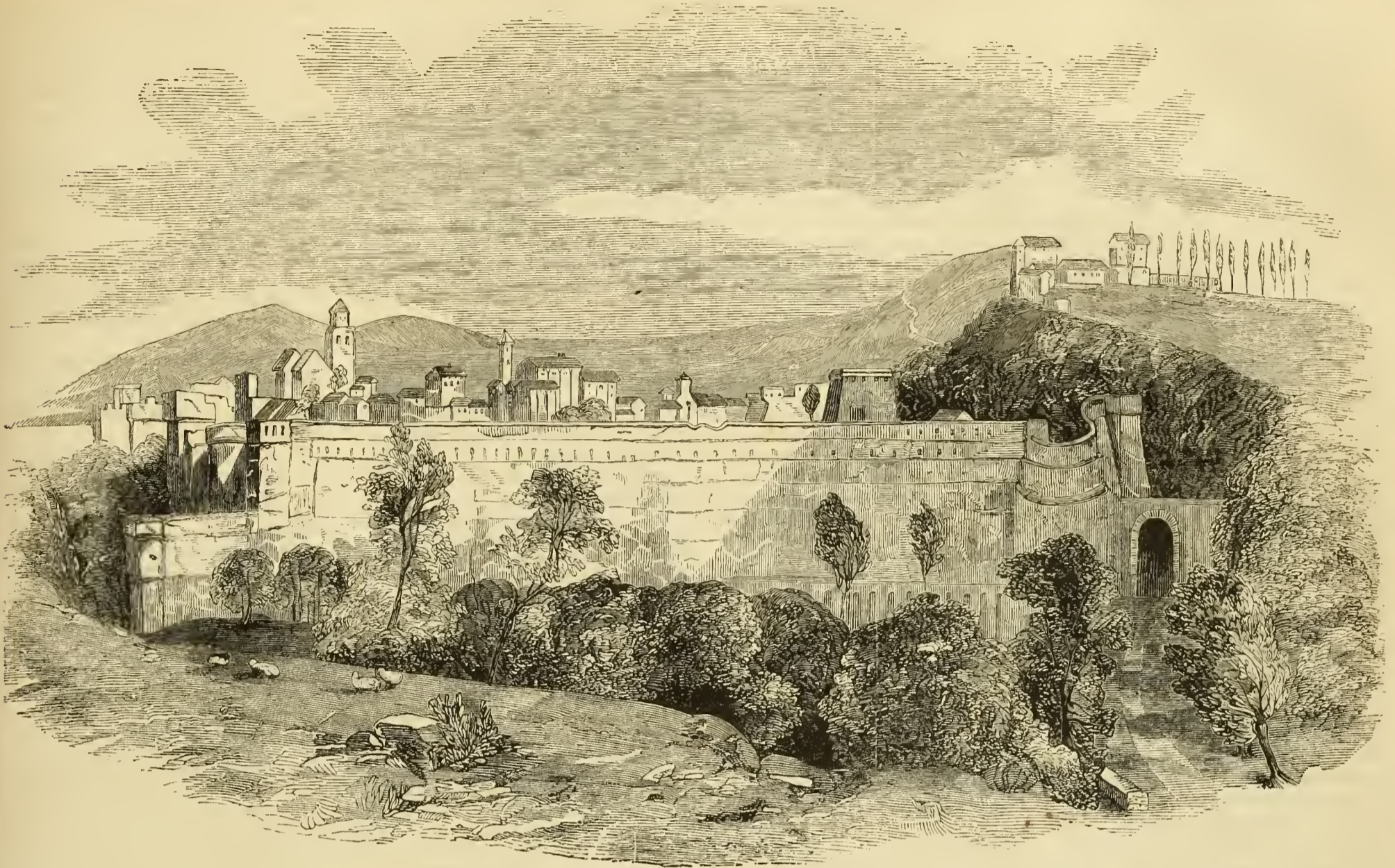
There was a dark, lowering look in the features of Gilman as he spoke, and already had he turned to move away.

"Stop a moment, my dear sir," said Chiron, as he stepped quickly forward and laid his hand heavily upon the villain's arm. "I would not have you think that you are to run at large while I look after your companions. I shall provide for your safety first."

"Don't lay your hand on me," exclaimed Gilman, and as he spoke he drew a knife from his girdle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.
Campbell.



VIEW OF GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA, IN OLD SPAIN.

GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.

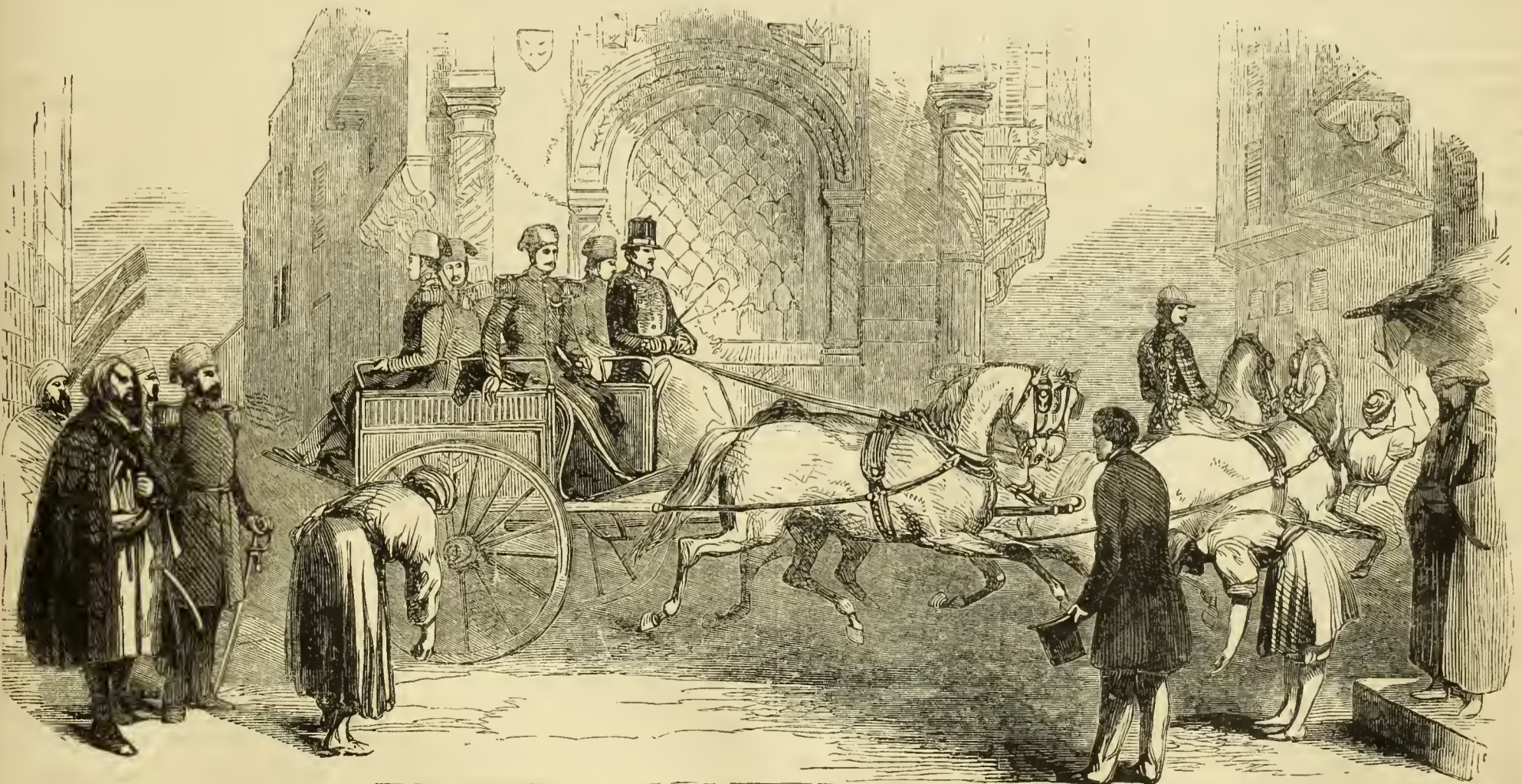
The town and province of Granada derive their importance from the Palace of the Alhambra, one of those remains of olden times which combines more than any other the splendor of Saracenic art with the romance of tradition. The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountain. In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing an army of 40,000 men within its

precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful queen, Elizabeth of Parma, early in the 18th century. The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled with a loose and lawless population—contrabandistas,

who availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge whence they might depredate upon Granada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government interfered; the whole community was thoroughly sifted; the greater part of the houses were demolished, and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever characterized the French nation in their conquests, this elegant structure was rescued from ruin.

SAID PACHA'S CURRICLE

Said Pacha is the second surviving son of Mehemet Ali, and has been appointed by his Highness Abbas Pacha to be Admiral of the Egyptian fleet. The drawing represents his Highness, attended by his aids, and driven by a coachman with a postilion. English servants are also accompanying the carriage, which, with the harness, composes one of the most showy equipages of the season, and does credit to the distinguished owner. Although not unlike in form the usual dog-cart of a sportsman, the effect in reality of the extreme lightness of make and its most beautiful color, renders this carriage worthy of our notice from its own merits, as well as from the hint it gives of the character of its owner, who is distinguished for a very vigorous mind.



HIS HIGHNESS SAID PACHA'S ENGLISH CURRICLE

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ELEANOR ESHELL:

—OR—

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

ONE of the principal families in N—, a growing western town, was that of the Esells. By a fortunate speculation, Dr. Esell had established himself in the settlement, on a desirable footing, and was esteemed inferior to none in wealth and influence. All this was brought about in the course of three years, dating from the time when the doctor first removed his family to the wild land of promise.

Thereupon the excellent Dr. Esell, well satisfied, no doubt, that his mission on earth was fulfilled, fell sick, refused to touch any medicine—thus proving that some doctrines are better to live by than die by—and in consequence, departed this life one pleasant day, and left his body to occupy, as the first inhabitant, the new graveyard he had been instrumental in laying out, in the thriving town of N—.

The prosperous doctor left a widow and two children to the enjoyment of the splendid house he had just completed, and set upon a hill, for the wonder of all beholders. The shade trees around it were young, but tastefully arranged, thrifty, and full of promise of luxuriant beauty. A forest, fringing the course of a stream, waved on the east, stretching far to the north and south, winding and losing itself in the distance; the high prairie rolled magnificently away on the west and south; the village lay mostly on the north—huts, cottages, and houses dotting the clearings, the banks of the stream, and the borders of the prairie.

But the family is of more importance than the dwelling. I should begin with Eleanor, the most attractive "flower of the prairie," to be found anywhere in that or any other settlement on the river. She was now about twenty, a perfect and entire woman in the sympathies of her heart, and so beautiful that—I may as well make no attempt to describe her.

As Eleanor Esell belonged to a wealthy and influential family, I might spare myself the trouble of saying she was beset with numerous suitors. But I wish to tell how she rejected them all, and why.

This is the mystery which puzzled the aspiring, chivalrous youths of the western world. Eleanor had from her girlhood been attached to one who had not thus far been so fortunate as to make her happy. Poor, friendless, with a great deal too much soul to crowd himself into any small cavity to dig for precious dust—proud, too, and incapable of deception, Lewis Andros had been forbidden by the competent power to set his foot into the house of Eleanor's abode. The decree of the excellent and prudent doctor—whose own marriage, by the way, was the result of an elopement, and a happy marriage it had been, although he did not possess a dollar after paying the magistrate—the doctor's decree, I say, had been followed by the desired result. Lewis, whose penniless audacity had quite shocked the doctor, withdrew from the scene of action, and became "delightfully scarce," as Eleanor's father expressed it. In short, he disappeared; for the girl possessed more discretion than her mother before her, and no temptation of sweet, beautiful, artful Cupid had been able to weaken her firm sense of duty. She would not run away, so Lewis, with a long face, and a short farewell—for he heard the doctor coming into the orchard—took his departure, and Eleanor's heart with him, and left for "parts unknown."

"Their troths were plighted," however, in spite of the doctor. This affair occurred just before Dr. Esell's removal to the west. Of course, after this event, no communication could now be carried on between the lovers by letters or otherwise, without his knowledge.

Absence and suspense, however, only served to strengthen Eleanor's attachment. Every time she rejected a lover, she used to read over again all Lewis's notes and letters, kiss the love-tokens he had given her, and pledge anew to the eyes of a certain portrait, which looked so much like him, that you would really have pronounced it to be him, had you been ignorant of the fact that her father had commanded her to return his portrait, which she had once possessed. It may be that, although she obeyed, she obtained the picture again through some one of those exceedingly mischievous and perplexing inventions of

which the creative noddle of Cupid is so productive; but this I advance as a mere supposition, scarcely worthy of consideration.

Such was the state of things, until a little before the death of her father, when letters from the east announced as a mere item of news, the death of Lewis Andros.

I have no doubt but Eleanor would have fainted, and become very sick and died, perhaps, had she not dreaded her father's drugs, and still more her father's knowledge of the state of her affections. So—although she screamed, and "dropped flat to the floor," as Hatty, the housekeeper, said, when she read the letter—she had the presence of mind afterwards to hint that another item of news touching the suicide by hanging of Deacon Swallow, who had married unhappily, was the "dreadful" calamity which occasioned her strange emotion.

The truth is, Eleanor, on reflection, doubted the truth of the report. She did not believe that Lewis, with so much cruelty, and so little ceremony, had gone and died just as three or four years of their probation had expired. Perhaps I should explain what is meant by their probation. Eleanor had promised to marry Lewis as soon as she was twenty-one, with or without her parent's consent; and he had promised to come to her, if alive—rich or poor—as soon as she should have reached that happy and independent age.

I have taken up so much time describing Eleanor, that I have only space to say of her brother, that he was a headstrong, passionate, but vindictive fellow, who loved his sister, ladies generally, and the wild chase, and hated the medical profession; that he was, in short, about as much like his lamented parent, the doctor, who died, you remember—as a bed-cord, or any species of rope resembles the equinoctial line. This is a crazy sort of comparison; but I don't happen to think of a better, at present.

As for Mrs. Esell, she had what you would call a rather flighty imagination; had been impulsive and romantic in her youth, and had not quite outgrown the failing; and had so little logic in her cranium, that the doctor—how she mourned for him and took snuff to his memory, now he was gone!—the lamented doctor, I say, much as he "set by" her, used to lose all patience with her stupidity, which could not follow him in his argument, form a most distant idea of a corollary, or even comprehend the force and beauty of a simple syllogism.

Well, the last of the four years passed, and Lewis did not make his appearance, nor send any sort of an excuse for this neglect of his betrothed. So Eleanor shed a great quantity of tears, and gave up the ghost of her first love. She thought she had evidence enough of her poor lover's death; yes, and too much. People then had not the facility for ascertaining such matters as we have now. If the reader does not understand me, I may add, that if some day he should suspect a distant friend of dying, all he has to do, to settle the question, is to ask him to come and "rap." He'll do it, if he is in the spirit-world—they say.

Eleanor then came to the final conclusion, that, in all human probability, her lover was dead; or, if not dead, he had forgotten her, which circumstance would amount to about the same thing, or might rather be considered more distressing to her feelings than even the first supposition.

At all events, Eleanor despaired of ever hearing again of Lewis Andros, and although her heart might be as true and constant as thine own, fair reader, who sneerest perhaps, when I tell it thee—she was not so much an angel, and so little a woman, as to be wholly and entirely satisfied with the memory of a lost love, without feeling the least trifle of susceptibility to a new and real affection.

In effect, a lapse of time had such a soothing and comforting influence upon my heroine, that she became at length abundantly able to calculate the difference between a dead or faithless lover, and a loving, actual husband. She did not lightly consider the claims of the former, but she gave the preference to the latter. She bestowed upon Lewis a great deal of tender, tearful affection; upon Captain Thurlow she bestowed a promise of her hand. I suppose the reader may condemn my heroine for this manifestation of human weakness, or good sense, as it might be denominated by different persons. I know you don't often meet with such heroines in your high-wrought books of fiction, but you do in every-day life. They may not be thoroughly romantic, but they are natural.

There were palliating circumstances in this case, too. Captain Thurlow was a very brave, generous fellow, had won a brilliant reputation somewhere by fighting the Indians; and had, moreover, saved young Esell's life, in a hunting expedition on dangerous territory. Eleanor loved her brother; gratitude led to interest; interest engendered sympathy, and so forth. She did not love the captain, and she had loved a certain L— A—; but she knew she could never love anybody else better; and as he laid siege to her heart, she surrendered. Mrs. Esell may have helped materially in reducing the fortress; for she felt a romantic interest in the brave fellow who saved her son's life; she did not think much of a lover that could die, or forget his mistress—for you must know that the old lady was at no time altogether ignorant of her daughter's secret; and so she took snuff and talked poetically, until Eleanor consented that the marriage should take place.

The evening appointed for the wedding ceremony arrived, and Eleanor having dropped a tear upon a certain portrait aforementioned, put it away with a sigh, such as you heave when bidding adieu to a dear old friend of a hope, that is going from you forever!

It was then in the dusk of the evening. Eleanor was sitting at her chamber-window, alone. The maids, who had dressed her, had withdrawn at her request. One, however, peeped through the keyhole of the door, and witnessed the scene of the portrait. Immediately after, she—the disinterested maid—looked again, and saw Miss Esell prostrate upon the floor—motionless, and apparently insensible. Jenny thought she had heard a fall. She screamed for help, and rushed into the chamber. Mysterious event! There was no delusion in the matter. Eleanor had actually—*bona fide*—fainted!

Now my heroine was by no means accustomed to such proceedings. The housekeeper remembered one occasion when Miss Esell had "fallen flat to the floor," on reading a letter; but even then her senses had not left her. In consequence, therefore, of the singularity of the event, everybody was frightened. The girls screamed, and ran to and fro in confusion, the said housekeeper flew to her medicine-bag for a bunch of lobelia, her favorite weed, and young Edward Esell, just returned from a wolf hunt, came thundering through the hall, tearing the maids' dresses with his wicked spurs.

By this time Eleanor had recovered her senses. Pale and agitated, she sat upon the lounge, and in a faint voice asked that she might be left alone with her brother. Thereupon Edward drove the girls away like a flock of sheep, and locked the door.

"What's the meaning of all this hurly-burly?" he cried, abruptly. "Hang me, if I didn't think you were going off dead!"

"I—I was a little unwell," faltered Eleanor. "I hope mother has not been alarmed."

"Lucky she's a little deaf; the screams I heard would have sent her into fits," said Edward. "But I'd like to know what is the meaning of it all. Thousand blood-hounds! I never thought you would be guilty of a sham."

"The truth is," replied Eleanor, the blood rushing into her pale face, and her eyes falling, "something frightened me. I thought I saw a man come up to my window—and—"

"What's this?" cried Edward, taking something from the floor, discovered by the light of a lamp that had just been brought in. "A locket—a braid of hair—a miniature—*your* portrait, Eleanor?"

Agitated at seeing the locket in her brother's hands, Eleanor made several attempts to interrupt him and snatch it away; but recovering herself, she said:

"O, that is an old trifle—"

"Old—why the portrait must have been taken years ago. You don't look over sixteen in it. I never knew you had such a picture."

Eleanor became deathly pale again, and her brother was frightened.

"I am quite unwell," she said. "Dear brother, don't be alarmed—but send for—"

"Dr. Dumsey—"

"No—for Mr. Thurlow—as soon as possible. I must see him."

Edward stared—remonstrated—but finally he agreed to comply with her request.

The captain was dressing in an apartment in the upper part of the house. Edward went himself to his room, and told him what had happened, and his sister's request. The captain prepared himself hastily for the interview, and invited Edward to sit and wait his return.

The young man waited until he became tired, and with characteristic rudeness, strode again down stairs, swearing by his favorite "thousand blood-hounds," and raised his fist to thunder at his sister's door, when a sound of sobbing arrested his attention. Edward listened instinctively. He heard the captain talking in low, rapid, passionate tones, interrupted by a timid, pleading voice—his sister's.

"Thousand blood-hounds!" muttered the son of the late Dr. Esell, "what confounded quarrel have these silly lovers begun? Ha! what's that?"

He had heard Eleanor say, "God bless your noble heart!" For a moment all was silence. Edward knocked on the door with his iron fist.

An instant after, it opened. Captain Thurlow appeared, with a face which betrayed strange agitation.

"Come with me," he said, taking Edward by the arm.

His voice was hoarse and hollow. Young Esell looked at him with astonishment and apprehension.

"Thousand blood-hounds! explain this! I hate a mystery as I do a skulking Indian! I want to see my foe face to face, if he is the black fiend of the cloven foot himself, and in matters of this kind, I prefer to know the worst."

"You shall know all," was the brief reply.

They re-entered the captain's dressing-room. The captain shut the door.

"Edward," said he, with emotion, "the sooner you know this thing, the better. The wedding cannot go on."

Edward's countenance would at that moment have made a capital picture of amazement. It was nearly a minute before he spoke.

"Thousand blood-hounds!" he burst forth, "what vile joke is this?"

"It is rather too serious for a joke of any kind," answered Thurlow, with a bitter smile.

"You do not mean—"

"I mean, dear Edward, what I say. The wedding cannot take place."

"Cannot?" thundered the impulsive brother. "Thousand blood-hounds! it can, and shall! The guests will be here in an hour. I'll have no child's play. By all the—"

"I am not a man accustomed to be accused of child's play," interrupted the captain, sternly. "I say the wedding cannot—shall not take place. My reasons are sufficient. You may hear them, or you may not hear them, as you please."

"But a business like this is not a light matter to be postponed by a mere caprice," began Edward, suppressing his anger. "I can conceive of no excuse a man can have for bringing such a scandal upon an honorable family. By all the blood-hounds in Christendom! I'll have the marriage proceed—"

"Do you forget that you are talking to William Thurlow?" interrupted the captain, in a quiet tone. "I do not wish to quarrel with you; but I bear insults from no man—not even from a friend. You will not hear me. I have offered to explain, although this matter concerns your sister more than yourself. By mutual agreement we have dissolved our engagement."

"Then it is with her consent—"

"You might add, with her wish. Eleanor," said the captain, through his closed teeth, "has confessed to me that she loves another. She thought him dead long ago—but he is alive. Under the circumstances, I give her up."

"Thousand blood-hounds! I thought you too much a man to be governed by a girl's whim! said Edward, furious with rage and impatience. "I will see her. The marriage must take place!"

"It will be useless for you to see her," said the captain, firmly. "She has been candid—generous with me; I cast no blame upon her; but we can never be married."

Edward tore from the room like a madman. Eleanor was closeted with her mother, but he burst into the apartment, and poured forth a torrent of maniacal language, in which, "blood-hounds," and "girl's whims," and threats of various kinds were confusedly mixed together. In a little while, judging from his sister's distress, and the old lady's agitation and tears, that neither of them would venture to oppose his will, he returned to the captain's room, to inform him that "it was all settled," and that there was no reason in the world why the wedding should not take place.

To his astonishment he found his friend preparing to leave the house. He remonstrated; but the captain was determined.

"Ten thousand blood-hounds!" go, then!" thundered Edward—"but do not flatter yourself

that you escape the consequences of this insult to our house!"

"I never seek to avoid the consequences of anything I do," replied the captain, coldly.

Edward strode angrily away; and having finished his preparations, Captain Thurlow mounted his horse, which had been already ordered, and rode to the village tavern.

Disappointed love, broken friendship, hopes of happiness blasted and destroyed, produced their natural effects upon the high-minded and generous captain. But native strength of resolution, and a sort of stoical pride, enabled him to disguise the anguish of his soul from the eyes of strangers.

There being no private room at his disposal, in consequence, the landlord said, of a "mighty rush of travel," the captain made no objection to sharing an apartment with another guest, who had obtained possession of it, only, by subscribing to the condition, that in case of necessity he would receive a companion.

Having sent to the house of his late friends for his baggage, the captain proceeded to his apartment. The landlord's knock being answered by a short "come in!" he threw open the door, with a sort of apology to the person within, and left the travellers together.

The person in question was sitting by a rude pine table, writing by the light of a tallow candle. He looked around, and favored the captain with a momentary glimpse of his pale, handsome, intellectual features; but without a word, or the slightest relaxation of his compressed lips and knitted brows, he turned his head again, and proceeded to write with the rapidity and energy of one impelled by the steam power of the strongest mental excitement.

Notwithstanding the tide of maddening emotions which heaved in his own bosom, the captain could not but feel a degree of interest in watching the motions of his mysterious companion. Not being a ready writer himself, he beheld the wonderful power of the swift pen with astonishment and admiration. He saw the bold lines fill one broad page, and then another, and another, without any stop or pause. Then with the same decided hand, the visitor folded his sheet, with another lying before him, which he had already written over, and enclosing both in an envelope, placed them, sealed and superscribed, in his pocket. He then resumed his hat, and without appearing to have observed the captain, left the room.

Finding himself alone, the disappointed bridegroom indulged in a train of reflections natural to the occasion, which were interrupted in the course of half an hour by a visit which was not unexpected.

A gentleman, whom he knew as the intimate friend of Eswell, politely presented himself, and placed an unsealed note in the captain's hands. Thurlow glanced at its contents, without exhibiting the least appearance of surprise, and said:

"I see no need of any ceremony in this business, which I think had better be settled the first thing in the morning. It makes no difference where—in any quiet place."

"If I might suggest Red Oak Bluff as the place of rendezvous—"

"Red Oak Bluff be it, then."

"And the time?" inquired Mr. Topley.

"Sunrise."

"And the instruments?"

"I am not particular; pistols or rifles."

"Where shall I meet your friend to arrange these matters?"

"I am a stranger here," said the captain. "I know only Mr. Eswell and two or three of his friends. So I think I will settle preliminaries with you, and look out for an assistant afterwards."

Topley could not object to such a disposition of affairs, and having concluded his conference with the captain, returned to his principal, with the news of his success.

Thurlow was revolving in his mind to whom he should apply for assistance, when he of the rapid pen again entered the room.

The captain at once resolved to open his business to him; feeling assured that he would have to do with a gentleman. He accordingly in a few words stated his embarrassment, and obtained a ready offer of all the assistance the stranger could be able to render.

"I leave town in the morning stage," said he of the flying pen; "and if I can do anything for you before that time, it will afford me pleasure."

"Our meeting is fixed at sunrise," replied the captain.

"Very well; I will accompany you."

And without appearing at all induced to prolong the conversation, the stranger threw himself upon a chair, and fixed his eyes upon the floor with an expression of sorrowful, absorbing thought, without speaking, except to give Thurlow permission to make use of the writing materials which he had left upon the table.

The captain wrote three brief letters, to be delivered in case the morning's sunrise should behold him in a condition never to write any more; and therefore, considering his earthly affairs settled according to the dictates of duty, followed his companion's example, who had thrown himself upon his bed without divesting himself even of his coat and boots.

The earliest glimmer of day saw both astrid, and while the east was blushing rosy red, but before the dew on grass and trees sparkled in the first rays of the sun, they left the tavern together.

The Red Oak Bluff was a magnificent rise of land, beneath the brow of which flowed the stream already mentioned. Here five men might have been seen to assemble just as the sun glimmered through the trees of the narrow grove on the opposite side of the river. After a brief consultation between two or three individuals, during which the others stood apart, the company proceeded, in two separate parties, to a valley beyond the bluff, in the midst of the magnificent swells—or land-waves—of the vast rolling prairie. As Captain Thurlow and his second descended the side of the bluff, the latter, having fixed his keen eye upon Edward, asked in a low tone:

"Is not that man's name Eswell—your adversary?"

Being answered in the affirmative, the stranger drew his beaver more closely over his brow, and proceeded to assist in loading the pistols, and measuring the ground. During the transaction of this business, Captain Thurlow approached Edward, and offered his hand, saying:

"I cannot adjust a point of honor with a man whom I have always esteemed and loved, with any feelings of ill will. Here, Edward, is my hand, with my best wishes for your welfare."

Edward's lip quivered; but he took the proffered hand, with apparent coldness, and suffered his adversary to depart, without uttering a single kind word. The captain's lip curled, and the surgeon, who stood by, observed that his eyes flashed with a deadly determination, as he proceeded to his station.

In this place, I beg the reader to understand that I am relating events as they took place; and that, in describing a scene of a nature still prevalent to a lamentable degree, in many portions of the West, nothing is further from my intention to countenance or excuse a practice founded on false notions of honor, and which in these days can be followed with no satisfactory results, except those of a harmless and bloodless nature.

Firm in their mistaken principles, the two adversaries—so lately sworn friends—accepted their weapons of the seconds, and waited for the order, which was to be given by Topley.

Both were known to be deadly shots, and the surgeon reckoned upon urgent work to do. While he stood breathless with expectation, the captain's second looked on with an apparently indifferent eye; for, having lacked sufficient interest to prompt inquiry concerning the cause of the quarrel, he now seemed quite as careless of its issue.

"Gentlemen," cried Topley, in a clear, distinct voice, "are you ready?"

"Ready," was the reply from both.

"One—two—FIRE!"

Only one report was heard, and the stranger seeing the flash of fire burst from Eswell's pistol, thought the captain's must have missed fire; but the next instant Eswell staggered forward, placing his left hand on his breast, and cried:

"I'm finished!"

Topley caught him in his arms, the surgeon rushed to the spot, and the stranger flew to the captain's side.

"I am not hurt," said the latter, whose right cheek, however, was covered with blood—"a scratch—nothing more—I hope he has escaped as well!"

"He has got a bad hurt," replied the second; "and if there is anything to be feared from the authorities, you had better make as little stop in this vicinity as possible."

"Save yourself," answered the captain. "I remain."

At that moment a carriage, which had been

stationed in a neighboring ravine, waiting for the report of the pistols, dashed into the valley, and drew up close to the group.

"Don't mind me," said Eswell, feebly. "Captain—William—I forgive you; and if you would have me die in peace, let me know you have escaped. Take my carriage—"

Never!" exclaimed Thurlow, with strong emotion. "I am of no consequence—no one is dependent on me—but you—you have a sister without a protector, if you are allowed to die. How is it, doctor? Should he not be taken home as soon as possible?"

The surgeon had hastily bandaged the wound, to stop the gush of blood, and in spite of Edward's remonstrances, he was taken in the arms of his attendants, in the carriage, and carried from the field.

Thurlow's bitter, remorseful reflections were interrupted by the anxious inquiry from his second:

"You say he leaves a sister without a protector; how is that? was she not married last night?"

The captain's brows gathered more darkly than before.

"You have not then heard that the wedding did not take place?"

"Did not!"

"Why, you appear as much concerned as the brother felt himself insulted," said Thurlow, bitterly; "only a person would judge you were interested in a different way."

"Then she—Eleanor is *not* married?" cried the stranger, seizing his companion's arms.

"I tell you no!" muttered the captain. "But this is not a subject that I can converse upon with pleasure."

"One word—the cause?"

"If you must have it—why, I believe the couple concluded they had better not get married just at this time!"

"My friend—if what I have done entitles me to any consideration," pleaded the excited stranger, "do not refuse one request! Be my confidant, for I need counsel."

"If I do not mistake," replied the captain, with a strange smile, "you are an old lover of Miss Eswell."

"I am—we were engaged years ago. Misfortunes have separated us, and I arrived here last night; just in time to hear of her intended marriage. Distracted—unwilling to believe—I flew to hear from her own lips the truth—but seeing her at a window in her bridal dress, half in anger, half in despair, I ran to the spot, tore from my bosom her miniature, which I have always worn, and thrusting it into her hands, immediately disappeared. Resolved never to see her again, I was to leave the settlement this morning—but—you are *sure* she was not married last night?"

"As sure as that *I* was not," answered the captain. "I wonder you have not heard of the circumstance before. It was the town talk, within an hour after the intended bridegroom left the house."

"And what has become of him?"

"He has just shot the brother of his affianced—he is talking with you now."

"You!" exclaimed the astonished wanderer. "We are then—rivals?"

"Friends, I hope," said the captain, less coldly. "If you love Eleanor still," he added, with emotion, "take her; make her happy! And here is my hand, with my best wishes."

"Generous man!" murmured Lewis Andros, "but if she loves me no more—"

"Had that been the case, the wedding would have taken place as proposed. Though I love her—better than she ever hoped or believed—I would not marry her, knowing her heart to be another's! She had supposed you dead; it was enough for me that she had learned you were still living, and felt her love for you revive. I give her up, I say. Be her husband—take the place of her brother—if he should not recover—make her happy—*farewell!*"

There was a tear in the captain's eye, as he pressed his rival's hand. The latter, filled as he was by a new joy, could not suppress his emotions of gratitude and sympathy for the generosity and suffering of his friend.

In the meantime Eleanor was as unhappy as the most wretched heroine of the most tragical of romances. After experiencing the agony of a sleepless night, she arose to learn that her brother had gone out early, confirming her fears that there was to be a meeting between him and her generous suitor. To add, if possible, to her anxiety and regrets, she afterwards received a

package, addressed to "Mrs. —, late Miss Eleanor Eswell." It was from Lewis—a farewell letter, commencing with the assurance that before her eyes should read the lines his hand had traced, he would be far away, and ending with the promise never to trouble her again, by reminding her that so unhappy a wretch was in existence. It was full of passionate eloquence, which thrilled Eleanor's heart with conflicting emotions. It was joy to know he loved her so—misery to feel that he was gone, and that they might never meet again. On reading his excuse for not coming to her before, Eleanor wept aloud, and wrung her hands, in the agony of self-reproach. Lewis became a prosperous merchant, had sailed in a vessel of which he was part owner, and which was wrecked on a barbarous lie of the Chinese coast. Some of his companions were drowned, some murdered, and others, like himself, retained as curiosities, and kept in cages, until, after the lapse of more than a year, they were ransomed and sent home to America. As the vessel and goods were insured, and as Lewis's interests had been well looked after by friends at home, he found himself on his return possessor of a comfortable property, notwithstanding his misfortunes. Without stopping, however, to attend to pecuniary matters, he had hastened to meet his betrothed—whom he found on the point of marrying another! Of course he forgave her, wished her much happiness, and bade her an "eternal farewell!"

Eleanor had scarcely finished the perusal of this passionate epistle, when a fresh cause of unhappiness appeared in a more frightful and horrible form. Edward, wounded—dying, it was believed—was brought home; and instantly the house was a scene of consternation and grief.

The surgeon and Mr. Topley, who, out of regard for their own safety, desired to keep the duel a secret as long as possible, declared that Edward was only slightly hurt, and took measures to prevent the intelligence from getting abroad.

Quieted by the surgeon's assurance, Eleanor eagerly inquired for Captain Thurlow, and thanked Heaven that there was still some mercy shown her, when told that he was unhurt.

As Edward revived sufficiently to talk, and give some orders, Eleanor actually believed, even on more mature reflection, that he was in no great danger, and accordingly when told that a person in the parlor wished to see her, she left her mother and attendants to obey the surgeon's directions, and went to receive her visitor.

Eleanor entered the room, uttered a cry of surprise and joy, and fell into the outstretched arms of Lewis Andros.

If the reader can imagine anything approaching the happiness of such a meeting, he will appreciate the modesty of my pen, which will not attempt such flights as are so far beyond its power, as a perfect description of the scene hinted at, would be. Then let us leave Lewis and Eleanor to the enjoyment of the bliss they certainly deserved—she, no less than he, notwithstanding her error touching his reputed death, and her intention to give herself to another. Lewis excused her, and so should the reader.

In conclusion, then: the rash and impetuous Edward recovered from the effects of his ill-guided rage. As no death was occasioned, the young authorities of the place just winked at the duel, and said nothing. Lewis and Eleanor were married, and some years later, they attended, in company with Edward, the wedding of Captain Thurlow, who, to this day, is Eleanor's respectful admirer, and Lewis's devoted friend. As to the old lady, she is grown a little simple of late, and she often makes the mother of her grandchildren blush, by relating in her own, peculiar style, to all visitors, over and over again, the exceedingly romantic incidents to which we have made a feeble attempt to do justice.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES TO MARY.

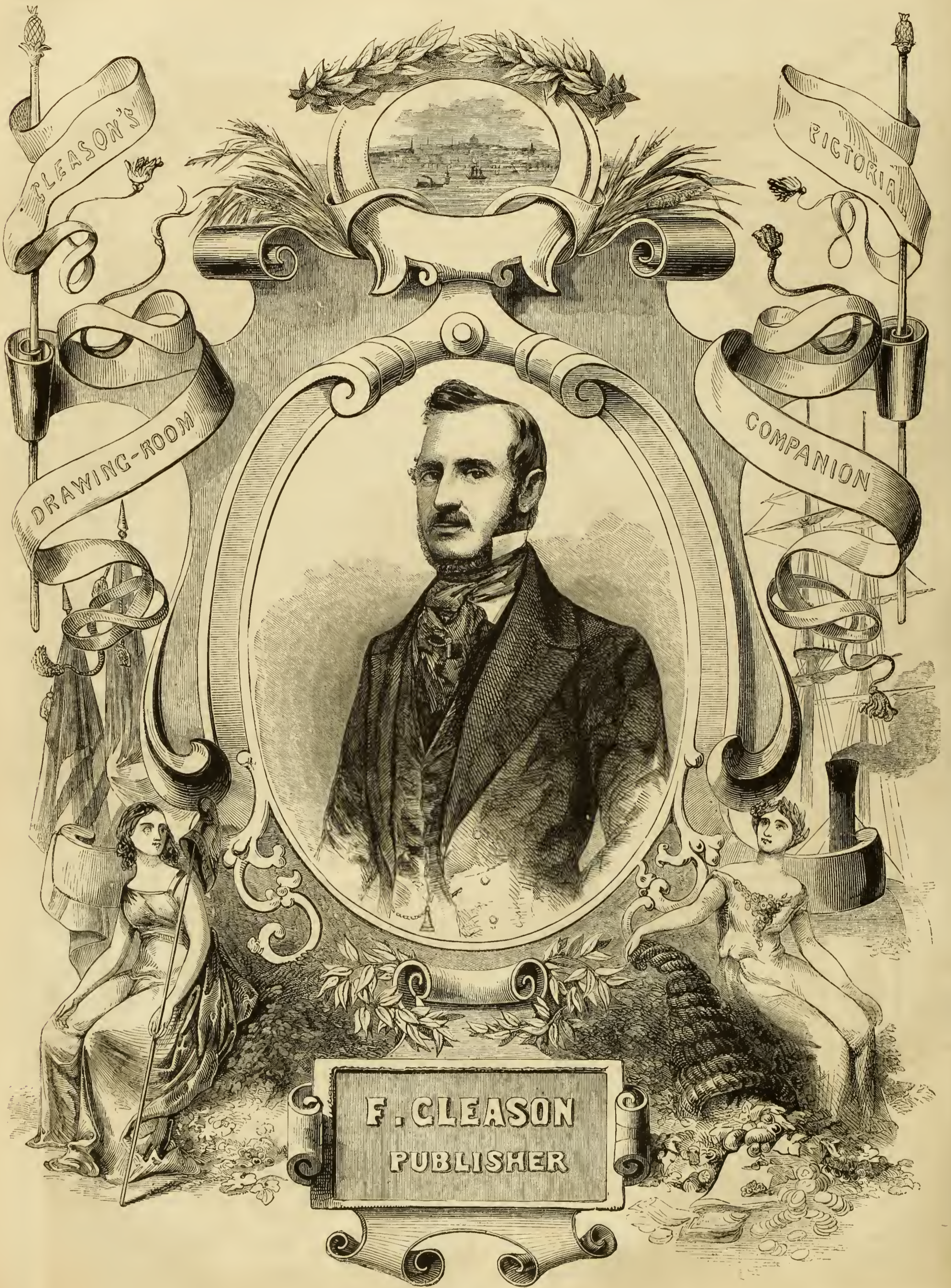
BY JOHN RUSSEL.

Earth, with all its gilded toys,
Adds but little to my joys;
But the smile of her I love,
Is to me like heaven above.

I had long in sorrow lain,
Daily adding to my pain:
Tossing like the angry wave,
With none to comfort or to save.

Thus I roamed from flower to flower,
Wasting many a precious hour;
Till my Mary, with love's dart,
Ensnared my captive, panting heart.

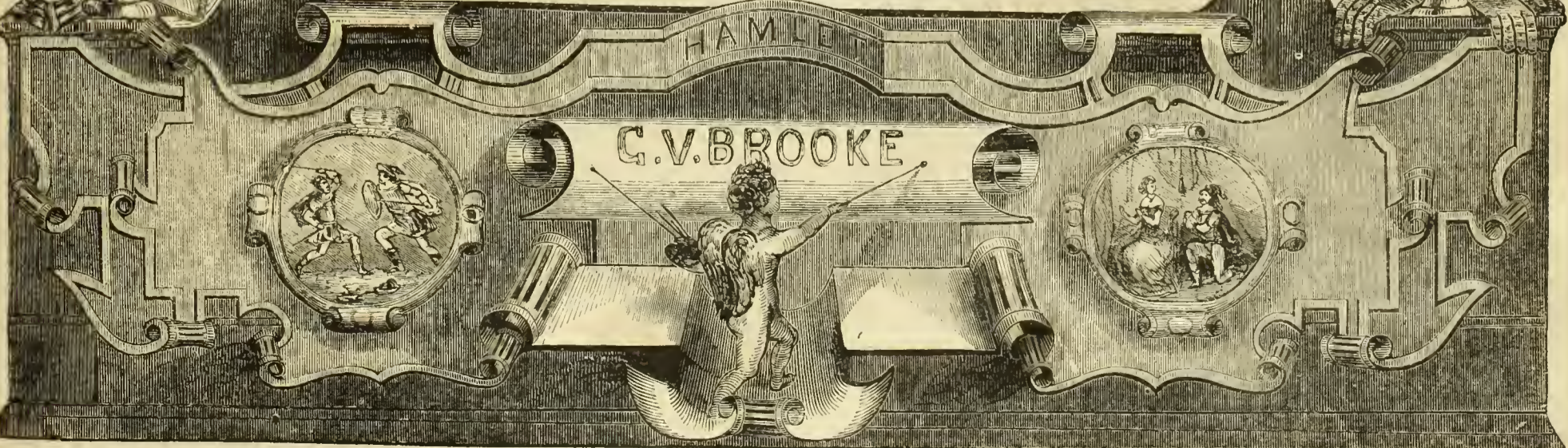
St. Louis, Mo., March, 1852.





HAMLEN

C.V.BROOKE



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

PRESS ON.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Press on, press on, if ye would wish
To gain a deathless name;
If ye would crave to be enrolled
Upon the scroll of fame;
If ye would wish to be remembered,
You must not dormant be;
Your watchword ever should be this—
"Press on to victory."

If ye would wish triumphantly
To ride in glory's car;
To have your name proclaimed throughout
The world, both near and far;
Why then press on, and soon ye'll reach
The much desired goal;
Press on, press on, must be the word
Of the unwearied soul.

Ye cannot triumph o'er life's ills,
Nor master all your foes,
If thy heart is wrapped within
Its calm and deep repose.
No, no, you must arise from sleep,
Which oft us all assail;
And then will faith and energy
O'er foes and all prevail.

Baltimore, Md., March, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARIE.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"ONE cup more, comrades and then boot and saddle. Hallo, landlord! another bottle of your Frontignac, and send the pretty bar-maid with it; do you hear?"

Such were the exclamations of a sergeant of the queen's dragoons (*Les Dragons de la Reine*), as he sat with some of his companions at a little table within a vine-trellised arbor at the door of the "Bunch of Grapes," a small inn of the village of St. Luce. Half a dozen of them they were—hard-riding, fighting men, powdered and mustached, plunged into heavy jack-boots and flanked by enormous sabres. Their horses were picketed at a little distance.

Near them, at another table, were three or four men in the garb of peasants. Of this group, two young men eyed the soldiers curiously and admiringly; a third sat listlessly with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows leaning on the table; while the fourth—a man past the middle age—seemed chiding his companion for his despondency.

Sergeant Bras de Fer seconded his call for refreshment by hammering vigorously on the table with his fist, and in a few moments a very pretty girl of some sixteen years, with a keen black eye, a red lip, a neat ankle, and a dress admirably adjusted to her symmetrical figure, made her appearance with a bottle on a small tray, and set it before the sergeant, dropping a slight curtsey as she did so.

The sergeant looked at the girl before he applied himself to the bottle, an unusual thing for Sergeant Cæsar Bras de Fer, whose worship of Bacchus generally preceded his devotions to Venus.

"By the soul of my father!" said he, "this girl is handsome enough for a colonel's lady. What is your name, my dear?"

"Marie," replied the young girl, bridling up.

"Old Boniface's daughter, eh?"

The girl looked down and shook her head.

"*Superlotte!* you ought to be a duchess. But high born or low born, Marie, you must give an old soldier one kiss to sweeten the cup he is about to drain to your bright eyes."

With these words the sergeant rose and offered to salute the rustic beauty, but the latter, with the color mounting in her face, dealt the soldier so vigorous a slap that she left a full impression of her little hand upon his weather-beaten cheek. Then turning, she regained the house at a bound.

"*Sucrébleu!*" cried the sergeant, as he sat down again, sulkily. "What a tigress! That clip made me see more stars than ever the astronomer royal discovered through his telescope. It served me right though, so here's her health—all the same as if she had been more kind to me."

The young man at the other table, whose mournful apathy we have noted, had not remained an indifferent spectator of this scene. When Marie made her appearance, his eyes

kindled, and his glance was riveted upon her beautiful but somewhat haughty countenance. When she repulsed and punished the soldier's familiarity, a smile parted his lips; and when she vanished into the inn, he rose, and immediately followed and rejoined her.

"Dear Marie," said he, "you cannot refuse me one word."

"What would you have, Gaspar?" replied the girl, rather impatiently.

"I love you—love you distractedly. The last time I spoke of my passion, you fled from me—"

"Hush, hush!" said Marie. "It is useless for you to persecute me thus. I told you that your feelings were not reciprocated. If you do not forbear this language, we must cease to be friends."

"O, Marie, do not deprive me of all hope! Let me hope that my patient, respectful attentions will finally produce a favorable result."

"Never, Gaspar Morlain. My heart is untouched by love. If I could feel otherwise, you would not be the object of my affections. When I love, it must be above and not beneath myself."

"I know that I am only a peasant," answered Gaspar, bitterly; "but what are you?—an orphan, whose parentage is unknown, the adopted child of an innkeeper?"

"My parentage may not always remain unknown," replied Marie. "Perhaps my parents are yet living—perhaps they may acknowledge and claim me—yes! I may live to shine in another sphere, to take my rank among the titled and the great. Something in my heart tells me I was not destined always to move in this low sphere."

"You have beauty, grace, and accomplishments enough for any rank, Marie," replied the peasant, sadly; "and it may be that your heart—your instincts, have not deceived you. And yet the time may come when you will think of poor Gaspar, who was your friend—your lover, whom you will never see again."

"Never see you again, Gaspar?" exclaimed Marie, in a gentler tone, "why, what do you mean by that? You are not surely going to leave St. Luce?"

"This is no place for me," replied the young man, sorrowfully. "I have indulged in dreams here that never can be realized. It is better I should change the scene."

"You will think better of this idle purpose," answered Marie.

Gaspar shook his head sadly, timidly raised the hand the beautiful young girl abandoned, to his lips, and without trusting himself with a word more, left the little inn.

The party of dragoons had risen from the table, and were tightening their saddle-girths, preparatory to mounting. Gaspar went directly to the sergeant.

"Sergeant," said he, "I want to speak a word with you."

"Be brief, then, my good fellow," replied the soldier, "for in half an hour I must report to Capt. Fontaine, who is now paying his respects to the Baroness de Montfort, at her chateau hard by, where our company has halted."

"Is your troop full, sergeant?"

"Have you an idea of serving?"

"I have."

"You are a well-built fellow," said the sergeant, running his keen eye up and down the person of the countryman. "Can you ride?"

"There isn't a horse within twenty miles that can unseat me."

"Good! We want such men. It is a great favor to serve in the queen's dragoons; but I like you, and a word from me to the captain will do the business. I suppose all you care about is, riding a fine horse, and playing the beau in country quarters."

"Not so, sergeant; I thirst for active service. The more dangerous the better."

"Good again! *Sucrébleu!* you're a lad after my own heart. Harkye!" continued the sergeant, speaking in a lower tone, "we are like enough to have sharp work on hand ere long. The rascally *canaille* are getting mutinous, just because they have to pay taxes and live without bread—the beasts! Our good Louis XVI is for temporizing with the rascals, but the queen, whose name we bear—God bless her! the idol of the army,—is for sharper measures, and the queen will carry the day, be sure of it. She is concentrating her troops at Versailles; and when the word is given to bleed these rascally Parisians, we shall have the post of honor; our sabres will not rust in our scabbards, be sure of it."

"Then, sergeant, I am yours."

"Your hand on it, my boy," replied Bras de Fer. "As luck would have it, here's a mount for you—a wild devil of a Limousin, which we have orders to break in for the colonel's use—but not a dragoon of us has been able yet to keep his back. If you can ride him to the Chateau de Montfort, the captain will accept you sure."

"I ask nothing better."

While they were saddling and bridling the wild Limousin, Gaspar exchanged a few words with the friend whom we have briefly noticed as being his companion at the table.

"So you have enlisted in this company of cut-throats," said the latter, sarcastically.

"In the hope of having my own throat cut," said Gaspar.

"And all because a conceited girl didn't fancy you. Well, you are wise, Gaspar. Disappointed love has made you a tool of the aristocracy; and when we meet again, I may be in the ranks of the people with a pike in my hands, and the first stroke of your sabre may be at the head of your old companion."

"You know me better than that, Guillaume," replied the young peasant, reproachfully. "We, at least, can never be enemies. And I conjure you by our old friendship, if anything happens to her—to Marie,—you will let me know it at Versailles, where, I understand, our regiment is to be quartered. Promise me this."

"I promise it," said Guillaume, sulkily, "though the best thing you can do is to forget her entirely."

"Forget her!" cried the young man, with a sigh, "ah! you little know the impossibility which you counsel."

Guillaume shrugged his shoulders with a sarcastic smile.

"Come, my boy," said the sergeant, "your horse is ready."

Gaspar vaulted into the saddle. A furious contest ensued between horse and rider, but the fiery charger found he had met his match at last. After a protracted struggle, Gaspar conquered his fierce spirit, and before the file reached the Chateau de Montfort, the animal knew his rider and obeyed him. This triumph won him the respect of his new companions, and saved him from the jeers and indignities usually visited upon the raw recruit. Gaspar had fairly won his way into the queen's dragoons.

An affair so trifling as the loss of a linch-pin often produces important results. If mail axles and boxes had been invented at the period of which we write, the off hind-wheel of the Baroness de Montfort's carriage would not have been *off* in two senses, and that distinguished lady would not have been compelled to seek refuge in the "Bunch of Grapes;" while the accident was being repaired, she would not have been deeply interested in the elegant manners and beauty of Marie, and would not have had an interview with our friend Guillaume, who was supposed to know more about the pretty maid of the inn than any of the habitual frequenters of the establishment, Bonneville, the innkeeper, refusing to communicate any intelligence respecting his adopted daughter.

The old Baroness de Montfort was one of the proudest aristocrats in France. Her family could be traced beyond the flood, and a very old picture, preserved in her collection, represented Noah going into the ark, carrying a bundle under his arm, labelled, "papers of importance belonging to the De Montfort family." She regarded commoners as beings of a different and inferior species, and regarded it as a condescension even to look at a peasant. But she was as curious as she was proud, and now stooped so far as to speak to our friend Guillaume.

"This girl, Marie," said the duchess, "is, you say, not the daughter of M. Bonneville?"

"No, madame; only the adopted daughter."

"How long has she been here?"

"From her earliest infancy, madame."

"Have you reason to suppose that her parents were above the lower order in rank, my good man?"

"Yes, madame."

"State your reasons."

"Sixteen years ago, madame—Marie is now sixteen—observe the coincidence—a lady, a great lady, madame, no other than the Countess de Rosefont, came here from Paris very privately, and took lodgings at this inn."

"The Countess de Rosefont! I knew her well. About that time, she left Paris, and it

was said, France, for reasons that were never divulged. Some said, they were political, but others, who knew best, that she had married beneath her rank some low fellow of a physician, or merchant, or something of that sort, and was compelled to go to the West Indies to conceal her disgrace."

"Well, madame, when she left, I was secretly a witness to an interview she had with the landlady. In parting, she said to her: 'I leave in your hands a sacred deposit, guard it till I come to reclaim it. The money I deposit with you will amply repay your trouble.'"

"Go on, my good man," cried the baroness, eagerly.

"A few days afterwards, madame, little Marie made her appearance in the arms of the landlady."

"I see it all," cried the baroness. "Marie is the daughter of my old friend, the Countess de Rosefont, the heiress of an immense fortune. The husband of the countess is dead, and she is now on the eve of returning to France. She must not find her daughter in this low inn, in the capacity of a servant. Do you think Bonneville knows anything of this affair?"

"I think not, madame. Mrs. Bonneville—now in heaven, I trust—ruled him with a rod of iron, and managed everything in her own way in her own house. I am quite sure she passed off Marie on him as a foundling."

"That will do, my good man. You can go now, and pray be discreet, and don't say a word of this to any living soul, till the hour arrives when I decide to make it public. And here are a couple of louis for your trouble."

The baroness now sought an interview with Bonneville, and told him she was very much interested in his daughter, and offered to take her to Paris with her, and give her a situation in her own household. Bonneville, who was very much attached to Marie, at first refused to listen to the project, but when he imparted it to the young girl herself, he found, to his poignant disappointment, that she was as eager to quit his roof, under such brilliant auspices, as he was to retain her. Therefore, with a sorrowful heart, he was compelled to assent to the proposal of the baroness, and Marie was directed to convey the intelligence to that lady.

When she entered the baroness's room, the latter rose and took both her hands.

"My dear girl," she said, "I am so delighted that you are willing to come and live with a poor old woman."

"Willing, madame?" replied Marie, blushing, "I am overpowered at the honor."

"I am deeply your debtor, my dear," said the old baroness. "And don't think I design to make a servant of you. Not at all, my dear; you shall be my companion. You shall change this sordid dress for the garb of a lady. You shall queen it in satin and brocades. That is beautiful hair of yours, but, without powder, perfectly odious. You have too high a color; but late hours and dissipation will soon give you a genteeler complexion that patches will render perfectly dazzling. And who knows but I may get you presented at court?"

Powder, patches, brocade, the court! Marie was ready to fall down and worship the benevolent old fairy who promised her these splendors. Without a sigh, she bade adieu to the humble roof that had sheltered her infancy and girlhood, the good old man who had been a father to her, and Guillaume, who had always given her the very best, though not always the most palatable advice, and entered the gilded carriage which was to convey her to Paris—dear Paris—the capital of fairy land.

The Baroness de Montfort was as good as her word. All the adornments and accomplishments that money could command were lavished on her young *protégé*. She dressed, powdered and patched like a duchess. A willing and ready pupil, she soon learned to tread the *minuet de la cour* with a grace that would have made a sensation in a royal ball-room. Then it was that the baroness presented her to a select circle of her male and female friends, to whom she imparted in confidence the secret of Marie's birth. The Dowager Duchess de Longueville thought her perfectly enchanting; the old Countess de Vautrien adored her, and Captain Fontaine, of the queen's dragoons, the baroness's nephew, made up his mind to sacrifice himself, and marry the young heiress.

Meanwhile, Guillaume had, according to his promise, acquainted his young friend, Gaspar, with the change in Marie's fortune, and enlarging

on her pride and ingratitude, urged him more strongly than ever to forget her. But the young dragoon was too deeply in love for that. Whenever he could obtain leave of absence he posted to Paris, and hovered about the hotel of the baroness, in hopes of getting a glimpse of his early and only love. But he was disappointed. Once he saw her at a carriage window, and dared to bow to her—he, a common dragoon, and she a lady of the land. She did not even know him, either because his uniform had disguised him, or change of circumstances had changed her heart. So he went back to the barracks more sorrowful than ever.

And now, one evening the elegant hotel of the Baroness de Montfort was in the wildest confusion. The long-expected Countess de Rosefont had actually arrived, and the Dowager Duchess de Longueville, who thought Marie perfectly enchanting, and the old Countess de Vautrien, who adored her, and Captain Fontaine, of the queen's dragoons, who had secretly resolved to marry her, were assembled in the *salon*, to meet the distinguished exile after her long absence. Marie was kept back for the proper moment.

After the warmest congratulations and compliments, the baroness approached the subject nearest her heart.

"My dear countess," she said, with a mysterious smile, "you are among friends here, and can speak with the utmost confidence. We all know of your visit to St. Luce, and your sojourn at the little inn, just before you sailed for the West Indies."

"Well, madame," cried the Countess de Rosefont.

"We all know," continued the baroness, "about the 'precious deposit' you left with the landlady. It is here in my possession."

"In your possession?" cried the countess.

"Yes," cried the baroness; "behold!"

This was the preconcerted signal for the appearance of Marie. A door was thrown open, and she rushed into the countess's arms, crying: "Mother—dear mother!"

As soon as possible, the countess extricated herself from the embrace.

"What pleasantry is this?" she exclaimed.

"Pleasantry?" retorted the baroness, warmly. "Do you deny your own daughter?"

"My daughter?" cried the countess, in infinite disdain. "I never had a daughter! The deposit I left with the innkeeper's wife at St. Luce, was a collection of political papers which would have compromised me with the government. If you have those, I shall be obliged to you for restoring them; as for this young lady, I know nothing at all about her!"

"Then she's only a commoner after all!" said the Duchess de Longueville, in infinite disgust. "I always thought she had the air of one."

"And to pass herself off as one of us! what shocking impudence!" exclaimed the Countess de Vautrien.

"And to endeavor to entangle me into an alliance!" cried Captain Fontaine. "What infamy!"

"And to impose on my good-natured credulity!" shrieked the baroness, as soon as she could find a voice. "It was all a plan of imposture concocted by your low set at the tavern!" she added, addressing Marie. "But this roof shall not shelter you another night!"

Pride was the grand defect of Marie's character; but now, when the first agony of disappointment was over, it did her good service. Drying hastily her scalding tears, she returned the glance of the baroness with one as haughty and imperious as her own.

"Fear not, madame; nothing could tempt me to pass another night beneath your roof. I now see that low and sordid passions are not the heritage of the poor; and that nobler hearts beat beneath the coarse garments of the lowly, than the silks and satins of the higher born. Farewell, madame. I will not stoop to question the motives of your kindness; I thank you for it; your insinuations and charges I repel with scorn!"

With the air of a duchess, the maid of the inn swept from the apartment. The lackeys in waiting were astonished to see her pass into the street in full dress; but no servant dared, in those days, to question the caprices of the great. It was not till she was alone in the darkness of the street—alone in that huge, heartless city, that her courage deserted her, and that she exclaimed aloud, in the bitterness of her heart:

"Ah! who in this wide world will protect me!"

"One who will never desert you!" replied a voice.

It was that of the faithful Gaspar, who, while his comrades slept, kept up his hopeless watch over the dwelling-place of Marie. This night his devotion was destined to be rewarded. Enlightened by the bitter experience of the past few days, the heart of Marie expanded to her faithful friend and lover. Awakened rudely from her wild ambitious dreams to the consciousness that she was only an orphan—a foundling, a mere waif on the ocean of existence, her fall had been broken by the devoted tenderness of one who had proved true to her under every trial, and her gratitude repaid the service he had rendered her.

Gaspar renounced the royal service, and returning with Marie to the inn at St. Luce, there married her, to the great joy of Guillaume and the good innkeeper. When, some time afterwards, the young republic was summoned to meet its enemies in the field, Gaspar, with thousands of his countrymen, answered the appeal, and so distinguished himself by his gallantry that he received a commission, continued to rise by his merit, and finally, under the empire, returned to his native village, wearing the epaulettes of a colonel, and the grand cross of the legion of honor, bestowed by the hand of Napoleon himself.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY PERSA S. LEWIS.

I see a star, a lovely star,
Upon the brow of night:
Amid the fields of ether far,
'Tis burning low and bright;
And beautiful and softly clear
It beams upon my heart so dear.

It is the "star of other days,"
I watched it long ago;
When hope was young, and sang sweet lays,
To charm each fancied woe.
Ah! I was gay and happy then,
And free I roamed each hill and glen.

And years of sorrow, since that time,
Have shed their snows upon my brow;
And life's lone vale of light and tears
Is almost finished now;
And all has changed, save that lone star,
Amid those fields of beauty far.

Then burn on, sweet and lovely star,
Upon the brow of night;
Amid those cloudless climes, afar,
Still shed that holy light.
Still beautiful and softly clear,
O let thy rays my spirit cheer.

Racine, Wis., March, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

KITTY CLAIR.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Isn't Aunt Agnes a funny woman," inquired Kitty Clair, of her mother, as she held up a large envelope, which enclosed a beautiful gold-edged letter sheet, all finely written over; "and what do you suppose the letter is about, mother? I may as well tell you at once, for I know you never betray my confidence."

We will therefore insert it for the special benefit of our young friends similarly situated, but who, it may be, are in quest of the same advice.

"DEAR KITTY:—You ask me my opinion respecting accepting the offer of Mr. Stockton. Well, I know you are in love with him, before I begin to reply. The minuteness with which you have described his person and address, together with some little conversational sallies which you have furnished us, illustrating his wit and good humor, all told me the state of your heart. So to begin, with a person who sees only the brilliant parts of one's character, who feels that nobody ever was comparable with him; nay more, to talk over matters which have been incorporated in your hours of silence and midnight meditations, while your thoughts have been skinning over the indistinct realities of a future home, over which the lord of your affections presides supreme, until at length wrapt in dreamy forgetfulness the pleasant images have a full realization in disturbed slumbers, where a fairy land is foreshadowed—I repeat it, to advise with such a person, is no difficult task.

"But you must remember, my dear niece, Mr. Stockton is but a man. He undoubtedly has a human heart, and you imagine him possessed of a lively imagination, which will always keep you in a cheerful frame of mind. Ten chances to

one, Kitty, marriage will dispel such an illusion. Just suppose yourself thrown in some of the irritating bramble paths of life—suppose your cook to have left you—with company in the parlor, and a few country cousins in the chambers—perchance your present adviser in some ante-room;—your chore girl knows nothing about spitting a piece of beef, or dressing a turkey;—you are thrown on your own resources, and pride and ambition are both severely taxed. Your husband, it may be, brings home a particular friend to dine on this unlucky day. The magic spell of courtship is dissolved. He demands a more nutritious diet now. Can you steer through such a blast, and keep your self-possession, and be both cook and mistress in such an emergency? If not, I beg you to consider such a case beforehand.

"Again, in married life other perplexities often occur. You may set your heart upon some favorite project, which not at all coincides with your husband's taste. Can you bear the disappointment and failure of such a scheme?"

"Other days of disquietude may arise. Sometimes your idol may seem dull and taciturn; no efforts of yours can always dispel the gloom; perhaps it may arise from a moody temperament, which ends in a 'natural way,' sometimes he may have encountered some provocations from without; perhaps a friend has failed in business, or times look disastrous to himself, and his conduct may sadly vex and puzzle you; perchance the fond appellations and pet names he has been wont to call you in honeymoon times, are now seldom heard; he pores over his account books, or he rattles his newspaper as if he were reading only to conceal his deep thoughts,—can you, with winning tenderness, always look cheerful, and never put impertinent and inquisitive questions to him? Can you gradually smooth out a wrinkled brow by unaided resources? If so, you have essential qualities which will make domestic life happy. But I cannot dismiss the subject here.

"A few years hence, and other loves gather about you. The double capacity of mother and wife begins to be realized. There are the little pet darlings, climbing over the back of your chair, and tottering by the side of your knee. You have renewals of love, which seem entwined with your very existence. By-and-by they have diseases incident to children. Think the matter over now. It is no small care and anxiety to carry one child through the hooping cough, the measles, or a scarlatina. You must be kept wakeful for weeks, and no warning of others can secure you against much maternal solicitude. Then in health there are a thousand trials to your temper, and nowhere does the need of a firm, religious, conscientious principle so come in play, as in educating young children. They are wayward, mischievous, sometimes tantalizing. Do you know how to govern such tempers? If not, commence the study now, and be assured the lesson is not learned in a day.

"One or two more cases, and I have done. Can you repair an old coat, make a nice-fitting shirt, re-work button-holes, starch a dicky, and iron a shirt-bosom? You may laugh at these questions, but the knowing *how* does not imply you are obliged to *do* such jobs. Yet in case of a reverse of fortune, how useful such knowledge may become! Had we not an instance of this kind in your Aunt Sleeper? Did not her energetic action save her family from ruin?"

"Finally, can you bear with a *sick man*? Do you know anything of good nursing? Can you move quietly in a sick chamber, speak in a subdued tone of voice, soothe a fevered patient, bear with great irritation, and see a kind Disposer in all human events? All these interrogatories you may smile over now—an 'Italian Air,' or the 'Bird Song,' may dispel such thoughts; but in coming time, depend on it, the thought of the real, will, in great events, give place to the imaginative. Maiden ladies, I know, are ridiculed as 'sour grapes;' but, Kitty, I have had chances to change my condition, which I foolishly rejected, because the plain, homely gentleman did not suit my youthful fancy. I have since believed the sterling qualities of the mind and heart are all about which we should hesitate, other things being equal. Never, my dear niece, marry for wit, outward appearances, or money. Hair will turn gray—a handsome face will wrinkle by age, and money sometimes is lost—but a good name never tarnishes. I beg you to think over what I have written, before you engage to marry Mr. Stockton—so that in after life, when sad realities

may press upon you, you may not hunt your portfolio to find this letter from your maiden aunt, and drop a tear over its truthful pages.

"Yours, affectionately,

EMMA AGNES."

Kitty Clair was no philosopher; yet the wholesome reasoning of her aunt was duly heeded. Her marriage was postponed until she had sufficiently digested the contents of the above letter; and their practical bearings may be better comprehended by a letter from Mr. Stockton, dated two years after marriage. It was addressed to a near friend, who was consulting him respecting the expediency of being married:

"I can only speak, my friend, as it regards myself. I have never for an hour regretted my alliance; for I know I have secured a princely treasure, and this assertion is not the enthusiastic burst of a passionate man, during the honeymoon. We have been placed in most trying exigencies since our wedding-day. Failure, sickness, bereavement, and changes of an unexpected character have fallen to our lot; but my dear Kitty has borne them like an experienced Christian matron. In days of depression she has been my sunlight; in hours of sickness she has faithfully, and O, how cheerfully, glided about like a noiseless angel; and when worldly blight has forced us to a more simple style of living, how readily has she conformed to the change—making herself the rainbow amidst the passing shower. Yet, the refinement of her character has always been her chief attraction. She never felt her dignity lowered by meekly submitting to conform to circumstances; mistress alike of the kitchen and the drawing-room; loved by her domestics, and a perfect example of sweetness of temper at all times. Now, could you find such another being, I would recommend you, without hesitation, to marry. But gold must be tried, to learn its purity—with your cautious reserve, you may hesitate too long, and find the 'crooked stick' at last. Come to our fireside, and test the reality of what I have written."

In Kitty Clair, how much have modern young ladies to encourage them. By reasonable attention to that maiden's letter, they too, can make a home as lovely as the Stocktons. But be assured there is some labor in the accomplishment. It is not secured by buying the best treatises on cooking; or hiring the nicest laundry women; or simply giving directions to professed cooks; there must be a personal supervision. And though sometimes the feet may be weary in the service, and the hands soiled by actual labor, yet depend on it, you are only by such a process strengthening the bonds of love in the affections of every worthy husband.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PARTING KISS.

BY C. HENRY STEWART.

One fond accent ere we part,
Fondly weep and bid adieu;
I must wander, though my heart,
Till we meet, shall thro' for you.

Let me kiss that trembling tear
From thy cheek, so pure and white;
Though I am gone my heart is near,
And shall be till we re-unite.

All my dreams and all my heart
Shall be thine o'er every spell;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid farewell.

Washington, D. C., March, 1852.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Remember that though the realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shore they are loathly driven by stress of weather, to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the fortunate isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and sinking, casts back a glory on the leaden cloud-rack which had darkly besieged his day.—*Gospel Banner*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ACROSTIC.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Mary, my wish shall ever be, that while on earth you stay,
Youth's fondest dreams may be to thee like one long summer's day.

When time, in after years, has set his signet on thy brow,
It will be sweet to recollect the friends who love thee now;
So may I in thy memory live! and O may Heaven e'er give
The purest ray of light divine, to teach thee how to live.
Chassett, Mass., March, 1852.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

The engraving herewith presented is a fine sketch of the Earl of Derby, the present Premier of the British nation. It will be remembered that during the latter part of February last, the Russell ministry were defeated in Parliament on the local Militia Bill. On a proposal of Lord Palmerston that the word *local* should be taken out of the bill, and that the force should be perambulatory, and sent to any part of the United Kingdom, the ministers joined issue, and on a division were defeated by a vote of 136 to 125, upon which Lord Russell declared he could no longer hold office. His resignation was definitively accepted by the queen, on the 21st of February, and Lord Derby (late Lord Stanley) was sent for. On Monday, 23d, he was inducted into office. Little is known in this country respecting his lordship. The most prominent items of interest in his history, are, that he has borne the office of chief secretary for Ireland, and secretary of state for the colonies. During the reform administration of Lord Grey, he was a member, but subsequently deserted his party, and became a conservative and protectionist. The slave emancipation bill was chiefly concocted by his lordship. He is represented as in the prime of his vigor, and is about 53 years of age. He is associated in office with a cabinet of much talent, but whose political views are variously estimated by the English people. As it is, however, in our own country, the English papers indulge in a pretty free expression of opinion regarding the fitness of these gentlemen for the various posts to which they have been appointed. It may not be improper to allude to the policy which Lord Derby proposes to pursue. In his opening speech in the House of Lords on the 27th of February, he said:

"Though the resignation of the late administration had taken him completely by surprise, he had determined not to shrink from the responsible office of forming a government. All would agree with him on the necessity of maintaining universal peace, which could best be effected by observing towards foreign powers a calm and temperate policy, and by respecting, in all nations, both great and small, the right to manage their own affairs; that nations should act towards one another with dignity and forbearance, and that no State, any more than any private individual, should be ashamed to make repara-

tion for injuries. He alluded to the strength of the navy, and said he believed it would be effectual for all purposes, and that it was never more efficient than at this moment. The military force was sufficient to repel invasion, and though he felt no alarm on that subject, he thought that the present moment was favorable for so organizing the undisciplined valor of the country that they might resist to the greatest advantage the trained armies of an invader. He approved of the principle of taxation adopted in the United States, of taxing all those imports

which entered into competition with the produce of their own soil; but though this was his opinion, he thought the question could only be satisfactorily solved by the clearly expressed opinion of the community. As no personal ambition had led him to seek the dangerous eminence his sovereign had imposed upon him, be his administration long or short, he should have obtained his heart's desire if he could secure the great object of peace on earth and good will to man, and advance the social and moral improvement of the country."



THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER, THE EARL OF DERBY.

CLEARING IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

The forests of Brazil, which are of vast extent and luxuriance, furnish almost every variety of useful and ornamental wood; their products being adapted alike to ship-building, carpenters' work, cabinet work, dyeing, &c. The cocoa-tree is plentiful in the sandy soils along the coast. It is thicker and taller than in the East Indies: cocoa is in general use among all ranks, and forms one of the chief articles of the internal trade. The carrassato or castor-tree, is an indigenous production, and is much cultivated for the sake of the oil extracted from its seed, in general use for lamps and other purposes. The jacarandu, or rose-wood, is peculiarly valuable for cabinet work. One of the most valuable woods is the Brazil wood, which produces a beautiful red dye. It is found in the greatest abundance, and of the best quality, in the province of Pernambuco; but being a government monopoly, it has been cut down in so improvident a manner, that it is now seldom seen within several leagues of the coast. There are also cedars, logwood, mahogany, &c. The forests of Brazil yield large quantities of caoutchouc, now become an article of much importance, with nuts, &c. These forests are full of rapacious animals; among which are the tiger-cat, the hyæna, the saratu, an animal about the size of a fox, but far more ferocious; ounces, wild hogs, and the singular animal called the anta, or tapir; the jaguar, or tiger of South America, the sloth, and the porcupine.

The engraving below exhibits the process of clearing in one of the forests of Brazil, which are so prolific of wood, the most beautiful and exquisitely grained, the most rare, various, and magnificent in the texture and richness of its patterns of any that the world has yet contributed to meet, under the devices of modern industry, and the polish and refinement of modern art, appropriation to the luxuries achieved in rich countries by civilization, and demanded by their wealth and taste. The huge trees, thick twined and matted in the "virgin forest" of the Brazils, are being felled for the grace and ornament of other homes. Its "satin" heart, "ebon" branches, and "rosewood" limbs will find their way from deep wilds and a dreary savagery to adorn the temples and dwellings of other climes.



VIEW OF A CLEARING IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"A Chapter from the Private Journal of a Country Clergyman," a story, by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

"A Country Wife," a capital story, by GEO. CANNING HILL.

"The Very Man," a humorous sketch, by the inimitable OLD 'UN.

"The Sewing Circle, or Assisting the Icathen," a story, by MRS. M. B. ROBINSON.

"When shall Summer return?" verses, by W. R. MERRIAM.

"She is Resting and Dreaming," lines, by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON.

"The Dying Poet," a poem, by C. YOUNG.

"Twin Hearts," lines, by OWEN G. WARREN.

"March," verses, by MRS. W. H. CURTIS.

"An Acrostic," lines, by MISS SARAN M. HOWE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very beautiful and effective scene from the Peruvian pageant, now performing at the Boston Museum, entitled the Enchanted Harp. A large and faithful picture.

A fine picture of Messina, Italy, lately the scene of such sanguinary pillage, bloodshed and slaughter.

A picture of Natural History, representing a Hare in Form. A very perfect and instructive little gem.

A correct drawing of the beautiful fire engine "Casco," of Portland, Maine. The company attached to this machine was one of the most effective at the late great fire in that city.

A likeness of Ebenezer Elliott, the English rhymist, so well known for his practical and political poems.

A view of the Merchants' Exchange, State street, Boston. A picture that will commend itself for its truthfulness.

An original and very interesting view of the old Roman Wall, with the mountain scenery above Tivoli.

A very excellent likeness of the world-renowned Thomas Moore, the English poet, lately deceased.

Also a fine view of Moore's Cottage, at Sloperton, Devizes, England. A rural spot, that the poet's memory must hallow for futurity.

A very fine and original picture of St. Thomas, of the West Indies, giving the city and its back grounds of lofty wooded hills, and the off shore view.

Also a mate for the above, in a characteristic scene representing the Market Place of St. Thomas.

THE REBEL SPY:

—OR—

THE KING'S VOLUNTEERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

This story, just completed in the Flag of our Union, is now issued in book form, complete, and makes a most interesting and readable story, from the pen of DR. J. H. ROBINSON. It may be found, in a convenient shape for preservation, or to send to a distant friend, at any of the periodical depots throughout the United States, and is one of the numerous original and entertaining novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the Flag.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, for to-morrow, is already on our table, and is laden with all that is rich in literature, and beautiful in art. The Pictorial is winning golden opinions from the people and the press, and its already wide spread reputation is becoming still more highly lauded as it advances in age—for it certainly grows better as it grows older. We know of no more beautiful or valuable publication in the country, and while under the management of Mr. Gleason, it will ever maintain its motto, "Ex-celsior."—Oswego Daily Times.

LIKENESS OF THE PUBLISHER.—On page 216 we give a likeness of F. Gleason, publisher and proprietor of the Pictorial, by the earnest solicitation of numerous friends. It is from a likeness by Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row, and is surrounded by an appropriate scroll.

OLD JURY BOXES.—The jury box now in use in the city of Lynn, has been kept for its present purposes 120 years. That used in Portsmouth, N. H., was made in the year 1730, and has been in regular use for 122 years, as we learn from the Portsmouth Journal.

THAT'S IT.—A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be fashionable in that quarter to enclose a gold dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer.

MORTALITY.—The whole number of deaths in Lowell, during the year ending on the 1st of January, was 629; viz., 273 males, and 356 females.

BROOKE AND HIS ACTING.

On page 217 we present a magnificent portrait of Gustavus V. Brooke, whose late engagement at the National Theatre has been an event of great interest in the annals of the theatre in this city. We remember very vividly the effect produced by the elder Kean at the Federal Street Theatre, and the performances, subsequently at the same establishment, of Cooper and Conway, and of Macready, on his first visit to Boston, when gallery tickets even commanded prices as high as one dollar and a half and two dollars; and we remember, also, the subsequent engagements at our theatres of all the principal native and foreign artists; but we may safely say, that never has Boston, since the days of Edmund Kean, been more generally excited than by the masterly personations of the great tragedian of the modern stage—Gustavus V. Brooke, whose speedy return to the city is even now anxiously awaited by thousands of our citizens. There has been little preliminary puffing in Brooke's case—we may say, there has been scarcely any. Such an artist requires none. His own merits speak for him, and more loudly than all the hyperbole of praise that language can array in his favor.

Without entering into a minute specification of the points of originality, force, and peculiarities of Brooke, in some of his great tragic personations, to show the cultivated readers of the old dramatists how far this actor excels those who are at the head of the profession, we may in general say that, in "Hamlet," Brooke is natural, without being elaborate and tedious, and scholarly, without being pedantic and heavy. In the scene with "Ophelia," he is original and effective, without being coarse. His assumed barbarity is qualified by occasional touches of tenderness, which make the scene more acceptable than it has been in the hands of most performers. Brooke's "Hamlet" is worthy to stand by the side of his "Othello," "Sir Giles," "Shylock," "Richard III," and "Virgilius," as masterly personations; and we take pleasure in representing him in this character, from a drawing by William B. Campbell, taken from an admirable daguerrotype by Whipple. The artist has added to the portrait an emblematical border, typical of the fame of Brooke in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States. The flags of these countries form a drapery around the bust of Shakspeare, whose interpreter Brooke is, and a mythological figure is seen inscribing the name of Brooke under that of Hamlet. The remainder of the border is filled up with figures appropriate to the fame of Brooke, and to the profession of which he is the idol and ornament.

The "Othello" of Brooke merits all that has been said of it, either in Great Britain or in this country; but as our limits will not permit a critical analysis, we can only allude to it, as a character, in which he unfolds the conceptions of the great dramatic master in a truly lifelike and natural manner.

It is in the conception of character, and in the execution of his designs, with the most complete artistic finish and effect, that Gustavus Brooke stands foremost in his profession. Whatever he undertakes to portray, finds in him a capable and judicious artist, who is able to stamp with his genius every scene in which he appears. As "Richard," as "Othello," as "Hamlet," as "Macbeth," as "Sir Giles," and as "Virgilius," he is equally brilliant and forcible, to the full intent and purpose of his author, and imparts to each of these characters a freshness of illustration, and an originality of conception, that stamp him as worthy of an exalted position. It is no flattery to such an actor to say, that his name must be classed with those of Garrick, Betterton, Kean, Cooke and Cooper.

The return of the great tragedian to Boston, we are well assured, will be anxiously expected. The reputation which his performances have created, has excited the curiosity of thousands who have not yet seen his great personations of character. We are happy to add, too, that in private society, this admirable tragedian is as much respected for his amiability as he is in public for his genius. Perhaps no man is more justly admired for the invariable kindness of his disposition, and for the patient manner in which he has been known to await the full tide of approbation that has set towards him. In all that pertains to gentlemanly manners, to a scrupulous regard for the happiness of others, to the elevation of the dramatic art, no man was ever more esteemed by the public, by his friends, or the members of his profession.

GLEASON'S PUBLISHING HALL.

We present the readers of the Pictorial, on the first page of the present number, an exact representation of our extensive publishing establishment. We have had the building drawn by our artist, and present it herewith, because we have thought that it would interest our distant subscribers to see the "hive" in which our strong corps of operatives produce the paper that we send to you weekly. For extent, convenience and locality, we think the establishment unrivalled. On the basement, or first floor, are six large presses, and we have also two additional presses now building for us. On the same floor is the boiler and engine, engineer and fireman's department; and here the heavy mechanical part of the work is done. On the second, or street floor, is situated the proprietor's private office, the cashier and head book keeper's department, and the grand publishing hall, where our current business, packing, directing, etc., is done. On the third floor is the editor's sanctum, and the composition room where the papers are put in type, and the proof-reading, etc., performed. On the fourth, or next floor, are the suite of rooms devoted to the engraving of the cuts, furnished for our columns. Next comes the book bindery, where the Pictorial is bound; and still above that, the electrotype factory, where all our wooden blocks receive their copper form, before printing. Besides these regular departments named, there are rooms occupied by our artists and designers; rooms for girls employed to fold the paper; apartments for the filing of our plates, and other material for re-printing;—altogether forming an extensive and most thoroughly complete establishment, the whole giving constant employment in the building to some hundred and fifty persons. Those of our readers abroad, having now seen the exterior of our establishment, are cordially invited, when they visit the city, to make us a call, and see the internal arrangements. At some future day, we may give engravings of the various interior departments of the same.

THE EARL'S WARD:

—OR THE—

OLD CHAPEL AND ITS MYSTERIES.

A LEGEND OF THE LAND AND OCEAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

We commence in this week's number of the Flag of our Union a story, thus entitled, from the pen of SYLVANUS COBB, JR. It is an evidence of the constant improvement and excellence of the author, being a story of great interest and excellence of plot. This, with numerous other original sketches, stories and poems, may be found in the number just issued, and for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country.

THE PICTORIAL BOUND.

The first volume of the Pictorial is for sale at our office, and at all the periodical agencies throughout the country, comprising five hundred and sixty pages of original reading matter, and containing some six hundred superb engravings, altogether forming a splendid ornament for the parlor and centre-table. The volume is bound in cloth, with gilt back and edges, and ornamented sides, with a beautiful illuminated title-page and index, and sold for three dollars each.

PRESSES FOR SALE.

Wishing to supply our establishment with more powerful presses, we desire to sell the two TAYLOR CYLINDER POWER PRESSES now in use in this office. The cost of these presses was \$2500 each. They are almost new and in perfect running order, but as they must be removed to make room for more powerful ones, they will be sold at a bargain. The bed of each press measures 44 by 56 inches.

ONE OF THE BIRDS.—The clipper bark Sea Bird, Capt. Smith, has completed her first voyage from Boston to Smyrna and back, in the remarkably short time of three months and thirteen days.

GLAD OF IT.—We hear it rumored that Mrs. Sinclair has concluded to abandon the histrionic profession, and retire to a position less conspicuous and more quiet.

DIED.—His Excellency Sir John Harvey, governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax, N. S. on the 22d. Gov. Harvey was an old soldier, and took a part in the battle of Waterloo.



In this city, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Edwin Faxon to Miss H. Louisa Gaffield.

By Rev. Mr. Street, Mr. Henry Chandler to Mrs. Emily Childs.

By Rev. Mr. Savage, Mr. John Graham to Miss Catharine Price.

By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Davis C. Litchfield, of Quincy, to Miss Mercy A. Littlefield.

By the same, Mr. Jonathan Tenney to Miss Harriett A. Batchelder, both of Pittsfield.

At the Navy Yard, Charlestown, by Rev. Thomas R. Lambert, U. S. N., Mr. Charles H. Arnold to Miss Anne E. Carlin.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Marcus Q. Jackson, of Liberty, Me., to Miss Flora B. McLanathan.

At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Knapp, Mr. William Miller, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth M. Coward.

At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. John F. McLane to Miss Eliza A. Robbins.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. Geo. Shackley to Mrs. Rhoda Bass.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. James Pierce, 2d, to Miss Nancy J. Insecomb.

At Portsmouth, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Niles K. Hilton, of Portland, Me., to Miss Hannah Estis, of North Berwick, Me.

At Providence, R. I., by Rt. Rev. Bishop Henshaw, Mr. Andrew H. Ward, Jr., of Boston, to Anna H. W. Fields.

At St. Louis, Mr. Philip H. Bradson, formerly of New York, to Miss Clarissa Learned, formerly of Boston.



In this city, Mrs. Mary O. Gray, 49; Mr. Levi Scott, 66; Miss Louisa C. Palmer, 18; Mr. Henry M. L. Whitman, 30; Mrs. Mehitable Rich, 63.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Levena Farmer, 73.

At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Eunice Fisk, 62.

At Cambridge, Miss Maria D. Leverett, 19.

At Lynn, Mr. James Sumner, 48.

At Boxford, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Capt. Jacob Towne, 68, formerly of Salem.

At Raynham, Mr. Noah Williams, 95; Rev. Simeon Doggett, 87—the two oldest men in the town.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Henrietta Marcy, 29.

At Rye, N. H., Mrs. Mary B. Locke, 44.

At Cabot, Vt., Mr. Reuben Clark, 91.

At Oyster Bay, L. I., Mrs. Susan Cornelia, wife of Capt. E. Peck, Jr., and daughter of Hon. E. H. Jones.

At New York, Richard Leaycraft, Esq., 90.

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mr. Egbert B. Kelley, 50—for twenty years editor of the Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

At Adams, Jefferson Co., N. Y., Mr. Jacob Weaver, 84.

At Cumberland, Md., Rev. J. S. Gorsuch, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Norwalk, Ohio, Mr. Samuel Preston, senior publisher of the Huron Reflector, a native of New Ipswich, N. H., and formerly connected with the press at Boston, Mass., and Keene and Amherst, N. H.

At Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Hannah B. W. Wiley, 35, daughter of Henry Brooks, Esq., formerly of Stow, Mass.

At Sonora, Cal., Capt. Timothy Savery, 40, formerly of Wareham, Mass.

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—AND—

LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

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with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it,—presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MEMORY'S CASKET.

BY ELIA STANWOOD.

How rich, how sparkling are the gems,
Which in this casket lie;
They vie with those bright "orbs of night,"
Which dot the evening sky.

Yes, dearer far are they to me,
Than gold or jewels rare;
Or those gay baubles which the rich,
The proud and haughty wear.

The precious stone may brightly shine
On beauty's snowy brow;
Yet what its worth to saddened hearts—
Care they for jewels now?

O no, it cannot heal the wound,
Or soothe the sorrowing breast;
For in the gay and glittering throng,
They only sigh for rest.

But memory's gems are ever dear
To sorrow's lonely child;
Their gentle lustre dazzles not,
But glows with beauty mild.

They seem to have a magic power
To cheer the sorrowing heart;
Unlike those cold and glittering stones,
Their strength and hope impart.

For though the present may be dark,
And clouds around us lower;
The blissful memories of the past
Will cheer the darkest hour.

South Woodstock, Vt., March, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR'S MISTAKE:

—OR—

HOW JONAS JENKS WAS ASTONISHED.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

THE hero of our sketch we will call Jonas Jenks. A natural feeling of sympathy forbids our using his real name; and as he is an extremely sensitive old gentleman, he might not care to be made a subject of merriment for our reader.

Jonas Jenks was what all the world would call—a "clever fellow;" but beyond that, his good qualities were few. He was looked upon with the same feeling that you would regard the stump of an old tree, that neither bore leaves to shade you in the summer, nor fruit to pay for its keeping through the winter. He was styled neither wise, useful, nor agreeable. He was not agreeable, because he did not make himself entertaining to the ladies. He was not useful, for he never looked beyond his immediate personal wants; and he showed great lack of wisdom in living forty years alone, when he might have been blessed with "God's best gift to man"—a woman. He did not acquire wealth, because it needed two heads like his to make money and take care of it. He was ever dropping his buttons in the street, and spending money for pins; he wore his stockings without heels or toes, and ate from his unwashed dishes day by day, all for the want of a little energy to look around for a wife.

Still, Jonas was "a clever fellow;" and at that age even, his friend Otis Barker thought he would make an excellent husband for his sister, who was yet on the sunny side of thirty, and still looking quite youthful. Calling on the bachelor in his solitary abode, one morning, Otis found him crouching over the stove and looking downcast and sad.

"Jonas," said he, "I think I know what ails you."

"What makes you think anything ails me?" gruffly replied the bachelor.

"Because you are not lively and happy. You are lonely, and want society. No one can enjoy life without some friends. In short, you want a wife; and my advice to you is: to get married."

"Ah, that is a very good advice, my friend; but I have got along these forty years without a wife, and I guess I shall have to finish out the rest in the same way."

"Because you have been a fool forty years is no reason why you must be a greater one for the next forty, or as many as you may live, which, I think, is quite as likely to be sixty."

"Nem!—well; (jesting aside) I do believe if I had taken a wife twenty years ago, I should have been quite as well off for it now; but who would think of marrying an old-fashioned man with the wrinkles on his cheeks of forty winters?"

"O, that is nothing against you. There is many a smart damsel who would jump at the chance to sign herself Mrs. Jenks."

"I don't want an old maid, any how! If I ever do get a wife, I will go out of the family for her. If I could cage some sprightly lass of eighteen or twenty, I do not know but I might be tempted. But this courting business I know nothing about, you see. I could not think of putting on a dicky every Sunday night and sitting up straight till midnight. No, no. That would be paying too dearly for a thing in advance."

"Well, Jonas, I think on the whole that you are too lazy to live, if the truth was known," said Otis, as he turned on his heel to go.

"You do, eh? Well, stop a moment. I am up for a bargain. Come, show me one of those nice girls who you seem to think are so plenty."

"Go and find them for yourself, as other men do. If you are pleased to visit my family, you will have the opportunity of seeing a great many young ladies. We have a great deal of company. I will introduce you to my sister, for one, and she will introduce you to others, and—"

"Enough. I will spend the evening with you this very night."

"Thank you. I shall be very glad to see you."

The friends parted, and Jonas's thick head was full of new ideas throughout the day.

At six o'clock he stood before his mirror—a triangular piece of broken looking-glass—adjusting his dress for the anticipated visit. He had already tried on several dickies, had parted his hair in four different lines, besides having scraped nearly all the enamel from his tobacco-stained teeth, and cutting his nails down to the "quick." The "cut" of his garments was rather old-fashioned, to be sure, but by letting his pants down a little and buttoning his coat in front, to cover the vacancy that was left between them and his very short vest, he fancied himself quite a dandy. By exercising more patience and perseverance than he had ever had occasion for before in his life, he was armed and equipped at half past seven o'clock, and on his way to his friend, Otis Barker.

Fortunately for his diffidence and awkwardness in company, there were none but the members of the family present, and he was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Barker, and enjoyed a very pleasant chat with them during the evening. Every movement of the young lady was watched by the bachelor; and before the evening was spent, he had made up his mind to seek no farther for a wife, provided the charming Miss B. could by any means be induced to be made the wife of Jonas Jenks.

She was just the model, just the style of beauty that he most admired. She was pleasing in conversation, free and graceful in her manners, and seemed to be in every way suited to make up for the sad deficiency of those qualifications in himself. That was the woman for him, thought Jonas, as he bade them "good night," at ten, with a hearty promise that he would certainly call again soon.

Had the night not been very dark, it would, no doubt, have been a cause of much querying and wonder to have seen the clumsy old bachelor tripping along upon the toes of his boots, and springing across the gutter with the agility of a young "lark;" but no one saw Jonas return to his lonesome home. He was blessed with pleasant dreams for the two succeeding nights, and on the third evening he again found himself in the society of his admired. At the close of his second visit, he went home even happier than from the first; for in addition to his increasing admiration of the lady—Miss Barker—he felt assured by her evident exertions to entertain him pleasantly, that his feelings were reciprocated. Mrs. Barker was no less attentive, and he could not but believe that his motives were anticipated with pleasure to all concerned.

One unfortunate circumstance, however,—to which all parties were as yet strangers—must be named before going farther with the courtship. Owing partly to Mr. Barker's carelessness in introducing the ladies as his wife and sister, merely; and partly to the bachelor's confusion in confronting two women at a time, he had most unwittingly mistaken one for the other! As there appeared to be but little difference in their ages, and each seemed alike at home, and equally familiar with the husband and brother, it would have been no easy matter for a stranger, at first acquaintance, to distinguish between them. They had the habit, too, of addressing

each other by their Christian names, and the titles of Mrs. and Miss were not used for once in his presence.

The truth was, Jonas had been deeply smitten with Mrs. Barker, who was rather the prettiest of the two, and who, not suspecting the bachelor's error, strove with unusual interest to make matters agreeable in behalf of her sister-in-law.

Week after week passed away, during which time Jonas performed penance for his past negligence by "dressing up" every Sunday night, and endeavoring to make himself agreeable to the ladies; and when two months had elapsed, he had formed a "never-to-be-got-over" attachment for Mrs. Barker!

It was a cruel deception, but no one was to blame, for no one knew of it. Mrs. Barker noticed that he often addressed her as Miss B., but knowing him to be rather illiterate, and unskilled in the rules of etiquette, she thought it might be a slip of the tongue merely, and considered it unlady-like to correct him.

Jonas began to feel that suspense was unpleasant, and set his wits at work to frame a proposal to his lady-love. At every previous visit, it had happened that the family were all present, and no opportunity had presented when he might "free his mind."

This last time, however, he was more fortunate. Mrs. Barker was alone, and informed him that Otis and sister had gone out to make a call, but would soon return. Jonas did not express much sorrow at their absence, but smiled pleasantly as he seated himself very near Mrs. Barker, and remarked that she had no fault to find with his company.

Now was his time, he thought; but how was it to be done? At first, he thought best to open the subject abruptly, and have it over at once; but Mrs. B. kept on talking and chatting, and his embarrassment increased as he momentarily expected the return of Otis and his sister, which would oblige him to go home again without settling the question.

At length he summoned all the courage of an ardent lover, and commenced with,

"My dear madam, forgive me for speaking my mind frankly, when I assure you that the happiest hours of my life have been spent in your society."

"Thank you, sir, for the compliment," said Mrs. B. "It gives me pleasure to see you in society. I am confident that you will enjoy life much better than in the retirement and solitude which you have so long suffered. Otis feels a deep interest in you, and as his friend, I shall always be pleased to entertain you to the best of my abilities."

"Ah—hem! Thank you," blundered out the bachelor. "I am persuaded that a bachelor's life is not the happiest in the world, and if it is not too late, I propose to amend on the system."

"Ah—indeed! Then you think of taking a wife. I congratulate you on the happiness. May I ask who is to be the honored lady?"

"That is more than I now know, my dear madam; but allow me to say that I have never met with one whose charms inspired me with such esteem, such love, such irresistible fascination as *yourself*! All I have, and am, and ever hope to be, I lay at your feet! May I have the unspeakable felicity of looking upon you as my future wife?"

This was Jonas's "maiden speech;" and he felt relieved of a ponderous load when he "paused for a reply," and wiped the perspiration from his forehead! Mrs. B. looked confounded for an instant, then springing to her feet, she exclaimed:

"*Me* your wife? Your all at *my* feet! Mr. Jenks, explain yourself!"

Mr. Barker, who was just entering the door, overheard only the last exclamation of Mrs. B.

"What is the matter?" said he, rushing into the room, and gazing alternately at his wife (who leaned against the wall, looking like a maniac), and at his friend Jonas, who sat on the edge of his chair, his hands upon his knees, and his mouth and eyes as wide open as if he had just been shaken out of a visit from a nightmare!

"What does this mean?" again inquired Mr. Barker, with earnestness.

"Mean? Mean, sir? You know as well as I do," said the astonished bachelor. "Your sister appears to have taken a sudden fright at something—something—I—I don't know what!"

"My sister? That is *my* wife!"

"That your wife!" screamed Jonas. "Why have you deceived me thus?"

"No one has deceived you. If you have deceived yourself, that is not my fault, surely. That is my wife! This is my sister," pointing to the lady who had just entered.

"Yes," said Miss B. "You have made a slight mistake, that is all. But no matter now, it is explained in season."

Jonas was struck dumb! He rose, seized his hat, made a low bow, and very shortly annihilated the space between the Barkers and his "bachelor's hall."

It was not many moments before he sat by a blazing fire, built of dickies, scent bags, white gloves, gilt-edged paper, curling tongs, tooth brush, and other *superfluous* articles for a bachelor's toilet, which lay in his way.

Of what he thought, said, or did, after that time, we can give no account; for he was the same old bachelor as before—living alone, eating alone, sleeping alone, and keeping all his secrets within his own premises; but as Mrs. Barker chanced to be his *first love*, no doubt she was his last!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES TO MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. A. ELLIOT.

My mother, still in memory I see thy smiling face,
And hang upon each tone and look, long years cannot
erase;

I clasp again the snowy hand, so damp with death's cold
chill,
And listen to thy parting words that through my being
thrill.

I stand again beside thy grave, down by the river's side,
Where the yew trees dip their branches green in the ever-
restless tide;
And scatter their pure and pearly drops upon thy lowly
bed,
Unmindful of the scalding tears that I in torrents shed.

I trace again thy cherished name upon the marble slab,
That marks the sweetest spot on earth, the spot where
thou art laid;
By loving hearts 't was reared, to tell
How much we loved thee, and how well.

Dear mother, ever hover near, to guide thy wayward child,
By thy spirit's holy influence, as gentle, pure and mild;
And may thy teachings still impart,
The balm of hope to my aching heart.
New York, March, 1852.

A DUNCE.

Let us pause here for a moment to confess that the lot of poor Duns in this was certainly a hard one, who, whatever may have been his merits as a teacher of Christian truth, was certainly one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men. He, the "subtle" Doctor (Doctor subtilis), as his admirers called him, could hardly have anticipated, and as little as any man deserved, that his name should be turned into a by-word expressive of stupidity and obstinate dullness.—*Trench.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A ROSE.

BY SIDNEY L. N. STODDARD.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, from me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be!

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so woodrout sweet and fair!

Boston, Mass., March, 1852.

ACTIVITY A CURE FOR THE BLU.

Poor Luther exclaims, "When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then it is itself it grinds and wears away."—*Companions of my Solitude.*

THE HEART.

My heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky;
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by;
Who dip their wings and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.—*Willis.*

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

The origin of the recent revolution in China is understood but by few. As it is likely to have a favorable effect upon American trade, it becomes a matter of interest. It arose from Keshen, the prime minister, who expressed to the emperor a favorable opinion of the white "barbarians" that came there to trade. For this offence, the emperor, in his paternal tenderness, spared the functionary's life, but banished him to the farther corner of Chinese Tartary, stripped him of his titles and decorations, confiscated his goods, pulled down his house, and sold his wives at auction! The minister, in this predicament, leagued with a brave, bold, dissatisfied general, and they prosecuted the rebellion till the emperor was forced to abdicate, and his opponent ascended the throne in November last. So it seems that even China was not to be exempted from the effect of the European revolutions, isolated and excluded as she is from the rest of the world. The time is not far distant when her streets will be as safe to the foreign pedestrians as are those of London and Paris at the present day.

INDIAN MURDERS.

The St. Louis Republic has Santa Fe dates to Jan. 31st. The Apaches Indians were committing great outrages, and several parties have been attacked and murdered. A party of five soldiers were attacked, four of whom were killed at the first fire. Out of another party who were engaged in cutting wood, four were also murdered. Great alarm existed in all quarters, and many of the towns were guarded and fortified. The Government are said to be unable to check these outrages.

PRESERVE YOUR PAPERS.

We would again say, our subscribers should carefully preserve their papers for binding. Those who have not seen volume first bound can hardly imagine how very beautiful and useful a book it forms. Large numbers that were sent in to us to bind were so much defaced that we were obliged to furnish many missing or spoiled numbers. We can still supply a few numbers from the first, to those who are desirous to make sure of a volume complete.

PRESENTATION.

The officers of the customs recently, at the custom-house presented to M. M. Ballou, Esq., who retired from a clerkship in that place, to devote himself to the duties of editor of Gleason's Pictorial and the Flag of our Union, a beautiful signet ring as a testimonial of their esteem. He was addressed in behalf of the officers by J. M. Richards, Esq., and responded in an appropriate manner. On the stone of the ring was engraved his initials, and on the inside was the following inscription:—"Presented by the officers of the customs, Boston, March 15, 1852."

NIGHTMARE.—A writer in the Irish Penny Journal, in an article headed "Druidism," among many other superstitions of the Druids, mentions: "Mara, a frightful spectre, who delighted in terrifying people in their sleep, by presenting to their imagination the most frightful pictures; whence is derived the word nightmare."

MORE OF CUBA.—It is now said by writers from Havana that a new theory has sprung up among the wealthy classes, and that is, that they will strive by every means in their power, to induce the American government to purchase the island.

ENLARGED.—A Baltimore paper announces that "the Sun is enlarged." "We wish this had been done last fall," says the Boston Post, "the winter might not have been so severe."

SIGNIFICANT.—A placard, written in red ink, has been posted in Tipperary, calling upon the Irish to address the French, to put down the English.

SUCH IS LIFE.—Some years after the battle of Waterloo, several cargoes of soldiers' bones were collected from the field, and shipped for manure.

WONDERFUL.—Porter's "patent repeating rifle," says its inventor, will discharge sixty-nine bullets in succession as fast as a watch ticks.

FATALITY.—Another New York quarantine physician, Dr. Judson Rand, a native of Massachusetts, died of ship fever on Tuesday week.

THE VERY LAST!—A steamboat to reach from New York to Albany is proposed.

Wayside Gatherings.

The average cost of telegraph lines is \$200 a mile.

A \$500 Homestead Exemption Law has been passed in Tennessee.

Six different railroad bills have been engrossed in the senate of Texas.

Thursday, the 8th inst., is appointed by the Governor and Council for Fast Day.

McAllister is doing magic in Baltimore, and Anderson is up to the same tricks in New Orleans.

A committee of the Virginia house of delegates has been appointed to report a system of free banking.

There are nine newspapers in San Francisco, of which three are "religious." Not half of them pay their way.

Mr. David L. Payne, a merchant of Warsaw, Ill., was waylaid last week, between that place and Quincy, and robbed of \$5,700.

Capt. Connelly, of the steamer Banner State, was fined \$500 at St. Louis, a few days since, for passing the quarantine.

The whip factory of Richard Furrow, Westfield, Massachusetts, was burned on the 4th ult.—loss \$25,000.

Bishop Hedding, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is at Poughkeepsic in a dying condition.

T. G. Booth, the comedian, has been fined \$5 and costs, at St. Louis, for disturbing Professor Thomas's Shakespearian readings.

Fifty sewing-machines driven by steam, are said to be in operation in New York. How many driven by starvation?

Two towns in Maine have declared against the Liquor Law, and abolished the agencies. They are the towns of Hermon and Union.

The St. Louis Republican says: It is expected that about 1500 persons, mostly merchants and clerks, will leave that city for California.

Hon. John W. Davis, speaker of the Indiana house of assembly, resigned that post a few days ago, because a decision he made was reversed.

The American Colonization Society will send out on the 1st of May next, a ship from Baltimore or Norfolk, with emigrants to Liberia.

Nancy Farrar, on trial in Cincinnati for the murder of the Forrest family—a mother, a son and a daughter—was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Mr. Charles Fuller, of Farmington, Me., has been arrested for stealing a horse and sleigh belonging to Wm. Stoddard. It is thought he is insane.

Mrs. G. W. Shaw, whose husband was killed, and herself very seriously injured by being run over by the Newton special train, is gradually recovering.

The late Professor Edward Lasell had a policy, at the time of his decease, in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company for \$5000, which was promptly paid by their agents.

The Rochester Democrat, whig, announces that its party was beaten at the municipal election in that city in consequence of the mingling of the Maine liquor law with politics.

Parodi is going to Havana. Ulman, her agent, has been there, making arrangements for her. The statement that he was arrested in Havana is a humbug.

Investigation has shown that seven years is the almost ephemeral average of existence in the trade for applying the poisonous surface to that petty token of pride—a visiting card.

The Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society in London, have offered a free scholarship to any eligible child— orphan or not—who may be among the sufferers from the loss of the Amazon.

Mr. Henry Wycioff was convicted at Genoa of the illegal seizure of Miss Gamble, with a view to extort a promise of marriage or a part of her fortune, and was sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment.

Mr. Benjamin Boyd, of Sydney, a Scotchman of refinement and intelligence, in an attempt to purchase two or three of the Solomon group of the Pacific Islands, was murdered in December last.

The ship Prentice arrived at New York recently, with ninety-five Americans, being the remainder of those engaged in the Cuban expedition, and who were liberated by the Queen of Spain.

The veteran aviator, Mr. Green, intends, after finishing his 500th ascent the present season, to retire, not exactly from the field, but from the air. He has ascended with a balloon 489 times!

Henry Gibson died in Orange county, N. Y., on Monday week, aged 101 years—the same who attended the celebration of Washington's birthday in New York city, and walked in the procession. He was one of Washington's life guards.

Artificial noses and ears are now made of India rubber. Artificial hands, &c., are also made. It is generally believed that India rubber will never be required to supersede the material of which a great number of consciences are made.

A horse-race has come off in California, in which an American horse, owned by Don Pio Pico, run against a California horse belonging to Don Jose Sepulbeda. The stakes were \$2000 in money and 500 cattle on each side. The California animal came in ahead.

Foreign Miscellany.

Father Matthew is seriously ill at Cork.

The baptismal names of the French autocrat are Charles Louis Napoleon.

In London, on Valentine's day, 400,000 letters passed the post-office.

The ultimate fate of the Crystal Palace building has not yet been decided.

During the last four centuries, the population of Russia has increased from 6 to 65,000,000.

A fleet of "gondola," or omnibus steamers, is to be placed upon the Thames, this spring.

The sum of \$25,000 is appropriated to the restoration of the Palace of St. Cloud, which is to be the summer residence of Napoleon the Little.

Mrs. A. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, and who was successfully vocalising in America a few years ago, is now delivering lectures on Sacred Music, in London.

Her Majesty of England has given apartments at Hampden Court Palace, to the widows of the gallant officers, Pennycook and Cureton, who fell in the Sikh war.

An amateur chemist has discovered that oat straw and the other common straws of England can be converted into cotton, by Mr. Claussen's process, in the same way as flax straw.

Advices from the Hague state that the Japanese, expecting Commodore Perry's squadron, have asked the assistance of the Holland Texel to repel the invaders, which the latter declines.

The "Honorable East India Company" is not so profitable as it was wont. The balance of expenditure over income, in the year 1849, was over two million of dollars!

In England, as late as 1750, lunatics were chained, naked, in rows of cages that flanked a promenade, and were wondered and jeered at through the iron bars, by London loungers.

The compliment paid the queen by Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, her majesty returned by ordering his play "A Legend of Florence," to be performed before the court, at Windsor Castle.

Amongst the new works announced in Paris, is one by Alexandre Dumas, called "Byron," in which we are promised the biography, love adventures, journeys, and anecdotal history of the great poet.

Insanity in England is much more prevalent among females than males. Of the 18,759 inmates of St. Luke's Hospital, in London, received in the century of its existence, 11,162 were females and 7,587 males.

Sands of Gold.

—Honesty is the best policy.

—Keep good company or none.

—Be honest and industrious, and you will be happy.

—A wicked man is his own hell; and his evil lusts and passions the fiends that torment him.

—Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

—Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

—Pride emanates from a weak mind. You never see a man of strong intellect proud and haughty.

—Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind.

—There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.—S. Bailey.

—In society you must never ask for a sign; but if it is given, and you fail to understand and take it, it is a bad sign for you.

—Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

—Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin love, full of bloom and purity and freshness.

—There is not in the world so toilsome a trade as fame; life concludes before you have so much as sketched your work.—Bryere.

—You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend.

—Theory is continually the precursor of truth; we must pass through the twilight and its shade, to arrive at the full and perfect day.—James Douglas, of Carvers.

—A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce.

—Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

—In nothing is education more wanted than for the attainment of principles which put the race for wealth under rational, practical regulation, that it may not defeat itself, and subject society to a constant alternation of mock prosperity and overwhelming misery.

Joker's Olio.

Be-ware—that's what the potter said to the lump of clay.

Dogmatism may be called *puppyism* full grown.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

In Maine, "sherry cobblers" are termed "inspired cordwainers."

Punch says, "Hush-a-by-baby! France is enjoying its *little Nap*—!"

Why would a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a *line* by every post.

Dog—An inferior animal, who may be taught to beg on two legs, like a man.

The New Hampshire democrats have won the Day & Martin is to be governor.—*Carpet Bag.*

A London cotemporary inquires: "Where is the building that once charmed all London?" and echo answers, "*All undone!*"

Carlyle, in speaking of opera dancers, says, they are "young ladies in muslin saucers." A new idea, and quite to the purpose.

Gen. Moreau, who was famous for his fortunate retreats, was compared by his companions to a *drum*, which nobody hears of *except it is beaten!*

As the trees are beginning to bud, we suppose they will soon *leave*.—*Sun.*

Very likely, as their *trunks* are ready packed.

Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, has been knighted;—but as far as ventilation is concerned, he has left the members be-knighted!

A large coil of three inch lead pipe, filled with brandy, was, a short time since, shipped for Portland; but it came back again in a day or two *empty*.

Omnibusses now in London charge a penny (two cents) fare. The mouth inquires: "What will those 'busses do that take a penny?" and echo answers: "*Take up any!*"

There is a book with the dangerous title of "The Pocket Lawyer." We shouldn't like a book with this title much, for we are sure that if we get a *lawyer* in our pocket, we never should be able to get him out of it.—*Punch.*

Much complaint is made of the imperfect ventilation of the new Houses of Parliament.—Punch says it has the merit of preventing the parliamentary orators from "losing their breath," because all the air that issues from their lungs is breathed over again!

An astronomer abroad announces the discovery of a mountain *twenty-five miles high* in the planet Venus. May be so—rather likely the learned *sawan* was confounded by one of the horns of the planet! The vision is sometimes mysteriously affected by looking through glasses.

The doctor told Mr. Paradox that he must employ a wet nurse to look after his first born. "No, no," said he, "the baby will *take cold!*" By the way, speaking of wet nurses, the Transcript advertises two "wet widow nurses." They were probably caught out, in the last shower, without their "umbrells."

A lady at Vienna having somewhat rudely remarked to Mr. Ward that it was strange that all the best society spoke French as well as German, while the English scarcely spoke French at all, or spoke it ill. Ward answered that the English must be excused for their want of practice, as the French army had not been twice to London to teach them, as they had to Vienna.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

Devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original prize tales, written expressly for this paper, and at a very great cost. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral. Nothing of an immoral nature will ever be admitted into its columns; therefore making it emphatically,

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F. GLEASON, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN B. ADAMS.

Mr. John B. Adams, a fine portrait of whom we herewith present, the long-known and popular conductor on the Western Railroad, between Springfield and Albany, has been the recipient of a testimonial to the high esteem in which he is held by the travelling public, which is alike merited by him, and creditable to those who bestowed it. Mr. Adams has been a conductor on the road for more than ten years. During this time, he has probably travelled a greater number of miles than any other man in the United States: about 600,000 miles, or the equivalent of *twenty-four times round the globe!* During eighteen months of this time he never lost a trip. In acknowledgment of his long services to the public, and the uniformly gentlemanly manner in which he has rendered them, a number of his friends devised the plan of presenting him an appropriate testimonial. The funds were promptly raised, and on the 1st of January, the committee having the matter in charge, presented him with an elegant silver tea service of about the value of \$200, an engraving of which is represented below. The following is the letter of presentation

To Mr. JOHN B. ADAMS, Conductor of the Western Railroad:

SIR:—It is customary for the friends of a successful soldier to present to him some approving tribute of his bravery and skill. Some of your friends are of the opinion, that there are other fields, than those of battle, upon which approbation may be won.

We have known you for many years, in the exercise of an honorable, and a most responsible employment. We have seen you, when the comfort and the safety of those, who were committed to your charge, were owing to your assiduous attention to the performance of your duties.

We have, also, seen you, upon some of those terrible occasions, against which, at times, the utmost vigilance cannot, successfully, guard.

We have witnessed your conduct, towards all classes and conditions of society, as well the ignorant and the defenceless, as the experienced and the cautious traveller.

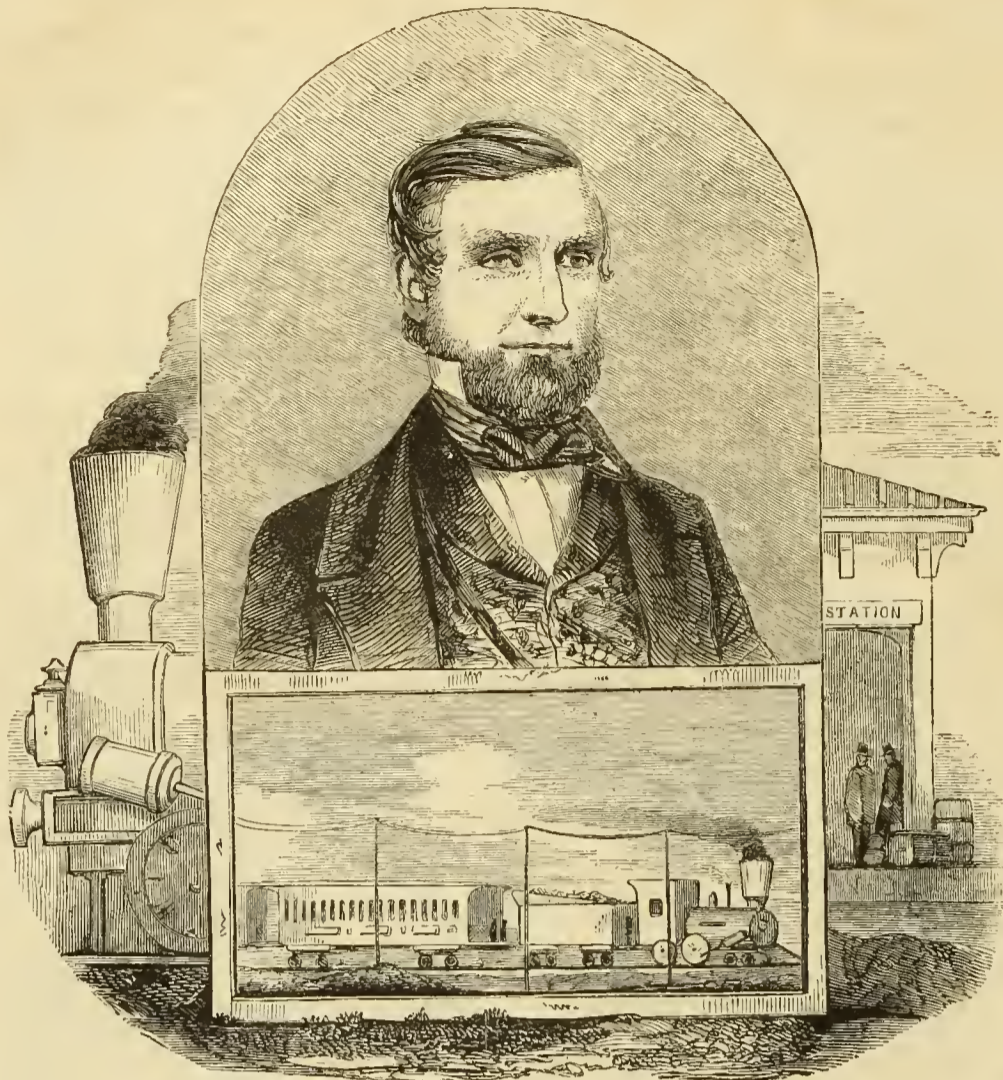
It is due to you to say, that, in your whole intercourse, and your whole conduct, upon all these occasions, and with all these varied classes of persons, so far as we have individually seen, or have ever heard, you have discharged your duties with a kindness, a courtesy, and an intelligence, and, at the same time, with a fidelity, and a firmness, for which we wish to express to you our approbation.

We desire, moreover, to leave with you a more enduring tribute, than the simple words of our approval; and we therefore request you to receive the accompanying memorials of our respect, our approbation, and our gratitude.

In behalf of the donors, whose names are herewith transmitted, we are, with much regard, your friends.

WM. G. BATES,
JOHN SMITH,
D. CANNON,
R. POMEROY,
WM. POLLOCK,
January 1, 1852.

S. P. LEE,
Z. M. CRANE,
D. CARSON,
H. H. BARCOCK,
J. REYNOLDS.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN B. ADAMS.

The following is the inscription upon the plate presented:

"To JOHN B. ADAMS, Conductor of W. R. Road, for his unfailing kindness, his unremitting attention, and his constant care, this testimonial is presented by a few of his friends.
January 1, 1852."

Mr. Adams acknowledges the compliment in the following letter:

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 1, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—In doing myself the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 1st inst., accompanying a very beautiful Service of plate, of which you request my acceptance, in the name of some of my friends, as a testimonial of their gratitude to me for the good management of a most responsible employment, for more than ten successive years; it affords me very great satisfaction to think that my poor services, in behalf of those who have been committed to my care, including all classes and conditions of society, should have merited your high approbation. But, gentlemen, I cannot refrain

from availing myself of so good an opportunity of paying a just tribute to you. It is by your co-operation that I have been able to discharge the duty of my office, with fidelity, firmness, and justice to all.

The acquaintances I have made, and the social intercourse I have enjoyed with you, during the past ten years of my official duties, have amply repaid me for all the services I have performed, and that portion of the past, in which those services were discharged, will ever be among my happiest recollections.

I hope you will accept my assurance that your notice of me, in so distinguished a manner, was never once thought of, nor was the possibility of my poor and much over-rated services attracting your notice, ever anticipated by me.

I swear to you, as long as one drop of blood is in this heart, these "great, noble, and generous names, and this valuable gift," shall be preserved, and succeeding generations may admire, and proclaim it one of the happiest events of my life.

Permit me once more, gentlemen, to express to you my warmest acknowledgments for your great kindness, and with my best wishes for your health and happiness, I have the honor most respectfully to subscribe myself,

Your very faithful friend,
And ob't servant,
JOHN B. ADAMS.

To WM. G. BATES, Esq, and others.

The gift must be a very gratifying one to Mr. Adams, and it is only justice to him to state that the language it conveys is but the expression of the voice of the whole travelling public. May he go round the world a hundred times more, by the same route, and live a thousand years!

The Albany Argus in noticing the above presentation, expresses it as "a deserved compliment," and says: "the conductor on the Western Railroad, John B. Adams, Esq., on retiring from a post (if that term is applicable) of conductor which he has held for some ten successive years, was honored with a presentation of plate by several friends and associate officers of the company. The correspondence between the parties is alike creditable and appropriate." It reiterates the remark before made, that "Mr. Adams, in the discharge of his duty has travelled a greater number of miles than any other man in the United States—say 600,000 miles, which is equivalent to twenty-four times round the globe;" and adds the following endorsement, which must be very gratifying to Mr. Adams, expressing as it does, the voluntary attestation of those who speak by the card. "Mr. Adams is known to the travelling public as one of the most obliging and courteous, and at the same time, has acquired the reputation of being one of the most capable and faithful, officers of that admirably-managed and well-manned road," which is no small award of honor and credit.

"In this testimonial to Conductor Adams," says a cotemporary, "we cannot refrain from expressing our delight at the mark of favor and appreciation which has been shown to Mr. Adams of the Western Railroad, in the presentation by his friends of a service of plate. In our opinion it was a compliment well deserved and handsomely rendered; and it is to be regretted that all who would have been pleased to do it, could not have had the privilege of adding their names to the list. There is scarcely a man living upon the line of the railroad between Springfield and Albany who is not indebted to Mr. Adams for kind attentions to his wife, mother or sister; and we can say with truth that we have never heard him spoken of but in terms of the highest praise. Our own intercourse with him has satisfied us that he is 'every inch a man,' and we gladly and sincerely wish him 'a happy new year,' and a long life." In the case of Mr. Adams, courtesy and urbanity have won for him, if not 'golden opinions,' a meed of beautiful silver service, which he may worthily cherish, as a token of their cordial appreciation of his gentlemanly and conciliatory conduct, in a situation, which, perhaps as much as any other, frequently involves no inconsiderable degree of sacrifice of feeling, and is often exposed to much irritation from the caprices and whims of human nature.



SERVICE OF PLATE PRESENTED TO MR. JOHN B. ADAMS.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

\$2 00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 15.—VOL. 2.
10 Cts. SINGLE COPY.

THE ENCHANTED HARP.

This most gorgeous pageant, at present receiving such immense attention and wonder from our delighted fellow-citizens, at the popular Boston Museum, is founded on a Peruvian legend, yet related by many aged people of that interesting country. The young heir of Ormagen is supposed to have been lost or stolen when quite an infant; Koran (Mr. Keach) has been found and adopted when a child, by an honest farmer, Taemar (Mr. Curtis), whose young wife, his second, Cassana (Mrs. Thoman), vies with

her husband in affection to the orphan boy. The great magician Oultanpac (Mr. J. Davies) has been devastating the peaceful country for many years, and the king Hauina (Mr. Munroe) has offered immense rewards for the destruction of the monster and his brother Golbuc, likewise the hand of his lovely daughter Runac (Mad. Radinski.) The brave Koran in part succeeds, and is proved of noble birth by the marks of a harp on his right arm, but when about to receive the "bright reward of daring valor," the marriage is interrupted by an event as terrible as

strange. It appears that the great object cannot be accomplished without the aid of supernatural agency; this of course is afforded at the most imminent peril by the Good Genius of the Harp (Miss Cutler.) The scene taken by our artist and presented herewith, is that of the ruby colonnade, where the king gives his daughter, before the assembled court, to Koran, who has vanquished the common enemy. To go further into the particulars, would only injure the pleasure in witnessing the representation. A slight underplot affords Mr. Warren a chance of making a

rather had part appear a very prominent and excellent one. He is well supported by Miss Hart (a very interesting young lady, by-the-by), and Mr. Bradley. The piece, on the whole, is acted very well—the scenery most magnificent and correct,—the music characteristic, and most admirably arranged—and the mechanical part cannot be bettered anywhere. The dresses and properties reflect the highest credit on the artists gaged, while of course the stage arrangements etc., etc., evince the usual care and completeness of that department of the Museum.



SCENE FROM THE ENCHANTED HARP. AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

LIFE LEAVES FROM THE OLD COLONY TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ORLANDO CHESTER: —OR, THE— ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG HUNTER.

A Story of Old Virginia's early Days.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

The hunter's eyes flashed with a sparkling light as he saw this movement, and with a quick, powerful blow of his ponderous fist he laid the villain at his feet; then he took from his pocket a number of deer-hide thongs with which he firmly bound the fallen man's ankles, and then pinioned his arms behind him. Having accomplished this he raised Gilman to his feet, set him against a tree, and with a long stout thong the hunter bound him to the trunk in an upright posture.

Gilman swore and raved, threatened and entreated, but all to no effect. The old hunter was inflexible in his purpose, and as soon as he had accomplished it he took up his rifle and started off, remarking, as he did so:

"Don't fret, Master Gilman. I'll release you when I come back."

"You needn't trouble yourself," returned the villain, with an oath.

"O, it's no trouble, I assure you; and besides, I may want your company back to Jamestown."

"T will be sorry company for you," said Gilman.

"Rather disreputable, I grant," coolly returned Chiron, and as he spoke he passed on, but yet for a long distance he could hear the bound villain's curses and imprecations mingled with hissing groans of rage and disappointment.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DARK PLOT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

With long and rapid strides the old hunter retraced his steps towards the cot, and as he approached it he bent his eyes about him to see if he could observe anything stirring; but nothing unusual met his gaze, and he had almost begun to think that Gilman's companions had also gone, when the piteous whinings and howlings of the hounds fell upon his ear, and upon hastening up to the spot he found that they had been shut up within their kennel. With a powerful pull at the door he tore it open, and the hounds, finding themselves thus released, sprang out with a bound, and seeming at once to recognize their deliverer, they crouched wistfully at his feet.

Chiron was just in the act of patting one of the dogs upon the head when a sharp, agonizing cry struck upon his ear, and, as though a knife had been driven to his heart, did he start around and spring towards the house. He darted for the front door, and throwing it quickly open he entered the front room. The sight that met his gaze seemed for the instant to freeze him to the spot. Poor Morgiana Chester was upon her knees—the tears were streaming almost in torrents down her pale cheeks, and with clasped hands she was begging of the man who stood above her not to drag her from her home. There was no anger, no rage upon her features; but from out her upturned eyes there gleamed a look of prayerful, imploring misery that might have melted the heart of a stone.

The man who was thus driving the poor maniac mother to distraction was the villain Colton, and near him, but seeming to take no active part in the scene, stood a man whom Chiron had never before seen, but who, from his garb, appeared to be a physician.

"Come, up, I say," exclaimed Colton, as he grasped the woman's arm. "Give us no more of your prating. I don't know your husband, and I don't know as you ever had one; but we'll take you to a better place than this."

Chiron only hesitated at the door for a moment. He saw the tears as they coursed down Morgiana's cheeks, and he saw her pure white bosom as it heaved with the agony of her terror-wrought soul—and he saw, too, that sacrilegious grasp that held the quivering flesh of her snowy arm. He spoke not a word, and the only sound he made as he stepped forward was the sharp creaking of his grating teeth. But the hunter's movement was quick, and clenching his massive fist he hurled, with all his powerful might, a blow at the head of the cowardly villain. Colton dodged as his eye caught the movement of the old hunter, and the blow which had been intended for his head fell upon his bare neck!

The unfeeling, remorseless villain sank upon the floor like a flimsy bag, and in another moment the purple tide of life burst forth from his mouth and nostrils. He moved not, nor did he utter a groan, for even as the lightning's flash dies in the heavens had the coward's spark of life gone out!

Morgiana Chester started to her feet, and even her shattered mind seemed to comprehend that she was once more free. She gazed up into the face of Chiron, and as he instinctively opened his arms she fell forward upon his bosom. The stout man dropped a silent tear upon her head, and, influenced by a power which he could not control, he imprinted upon her marble-like brow a warm kiss.

"Look up, sweet Morgiana," he murmured, as he placed his hand upon her head. "Look up, for you are safe."

"Safe," repeated the poor woman, gazing up into Chiron's features with a vacant look. "Surely no one would harm me; and yet, but even now, that bad man said he would take me hence—that he would take me from my home; but he did not mean it, for I have lived many years, and no one ever found it in his heart to harm me. Yet, methinks his voice sounded harsh, and he grasped me by the arm even till my poor flesh was sorely pained. He must have had a bad heart. Where is he?"

Almost unconsciously, as Morgiana spoke, the old hunter's eye wandered to the spot where lay the yet warm corpse of the stricken villain. Hers followed, and as she beheld the inanimate body a strange light beamed athwart her countenance, and in a touching, melting tone, she murmured:

"See! see! The poor man weeps, and O, how deeply from out his heart must come that fount of tears, for see! they are red, even like blood! He moves not, neither does his bosom swell and fall with the flow and ebb of breath. Sir!—He does not answer me. Then that is not a fount of tears—'tis blood, and he is dead! God has stricken him, even as he did the host of Pharaoh; and he must have been a bad man, or God would have let him live. Hold my head, sir, for 'tis weak. See! the dead man moves! He rises! O, save me! save me!"

The excitement of the scenes through which she had just passed had proved too much for the shattered mind of Morgiana Chester, and with a deep groan she sank heavily upon the arm of the hunter. Old Elpsey had been a silent, though deeply interested, spectator of the scene, and as she saw her mistress faint she sprang eagerly forward.

"Take her to her bed, Elpsey," said Chiron, as he resigned Morgiana's inanimate form into the hands of the faithful servant, "and bathe her brow with cool water. She will soon recover."

The old woman lifted the airy form of her mistress in her arms and easily deposited her burden upon the bed within the small sleeping-room, and as soon as Chiron had seen Morgiana thus cared for he turned towards the stranger, who had been standing near the window.

"Now, sir," said the old hunter, looking with anything but a joy-inspiring countenance upon the object of his question, "wherefore are you here?"

The stranger quailed before the glance of Chiron, and an ashy pallor overspread his features.

"Don't kill me! For God's sake, don't!" he uttered in fear fraught tones.

"Answer my question, sir," thundered the giant hunter, advancing a step and raising his finger.

"Spare me, and will," tremblingly returned the stranger.

"Then speak, and at once. Why came ye here?"

"I came to help remove a crazy woman."

"And who are you? What are you?"

"A physician, sir."

"And, after what you had seen of that poor woman's state of mind, did you still think of removing her? After you had seen her upon her bended knees, with her hands clasped in agony, her cheeks flowing with tears, and her plaintive voice awake to earnest prayer, did you then think of removing her—of dragging her from her home?"

The physician trembled in silence.

"Speak, sir, and answer me!"

"I—I—sir, was not the principal in this matter. He who lies there had the lead. I only came professionally."

"Professionally!" repeated Chiron, in a tone of the utmost irony. "And pray, sir, to what end was your *profession* enlisted?"

"I was sent, sir, to see if the woman was actually crazy."

"And what was your decision?"

The physician shrank from the question with a dread that was manifest in every feature of his countenance, but Elpsey, who was at that moment passing through the room with a pan of water, helped him.

"Massa Chiron," she said, "dat man say dat my missus was stark, starin' mad, an' dat dey must take her off. Dat's what he say."

"Look ye, thou creeping, lying, miserable Esculapian, dost see that form at my feet?"

"Yes sir," replied the physician, quaking with fear, as he gazed upon the corpse of Colton.

"Then mark me," said Chiron, suddenly changing his tone to a low, deep whisper, which seemed like the premonitory rumbling of an earthquake, "if you do not answer such questions as I ask, and that, too, without prevarication, you shall sleep by the side of your villainous companion in guilt. Now, sir, were not Gilman, Colton and yourself lurking about here for half an hour before I started off towards the woods?"

"Yes sir."

"Did you know when Gilman started off after me?"

"Yes sir."

"Now, what was his object in following me? Quick, sir."

The physician's legs seemed almost ready to give way beneath his weight as he returned:

"It was to—kill—you, sir!"

"So I thought," said the hunter, while a dark smile flitted across his features. "And now, sir, who sent you three on this errand?"

The man hesitated. Chiron pointed significantly down to the cold corpse.

"It was Mr. Berkley."

"So I thought again. And he paid you well for your part of the job."

"Yes sir."

"And made you pledge your honor that you would keep the mission a secret."

"Yes sir."

A scornful laugh broke from the lips of the old hunter, and the word "honor" dwelt upon his tongue.

"Well, well," uttered Chiron, after he had gazed upon the cowering physician for a moment or two, "though 'twere not safe to trust much upon the pledge of such a security, yet I wot that Roswell Berkley little dreamed of the test-fire to which your honor would be put. But answer me one more question. What was to have been done with this woman, had you succeeded in dragging her hence?"

"I don't know, sir. Mr. Berkley said he would

manage that if we would only make out to bring her to him."

"O, the double-dyed villain," murmured Chiron, as he clenched his fists tightly together. "But never mind, his punishment is even now hanging over his head; and 'tis one, too, of which he little dreams." Then turning once more to the physician, he asked: "What path did you take in coming here this morning?"

"We came up from the Chickaboming."

"And can you find your way back by the same path?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Then go. There is the door, sir; and if ever you cross its threshold again it will be as the gate of your tomb. Begone, sir!"

"But Gilman—where—"

"Begone, I say!" thundered Chiron, "but before you go let me advise you not to see Mr. Berkley for the present, for it *might* lead to something unpleasant."

The physician crept tremblingly to the door, then turned to take one more look at the body of his fallen companion, and then, with a quick, but nervous, unsteady step, he started off.

"He goes not out by the river path, and so he will not release Gilman. 'Tis well," muttered Chiron to himself, as the form of the departing villain disappeared in the thick wood; and then turning to where lay the form of the fallen man, he murmured:

"So, so, Master Colton, you've paid heavily for your sins, though I meant not that it should have been thus. However, the world is better off without you, and I shall not waste grief for what I have done."

As he spoke he laid the stiff corpse upon his shoulder, and passing out the back way he took a spade, and went forth into the forest to prepare the last earthly resting-place for the stricken villain.

CHAPTER XVII.

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

WHEN Chiron returned to the house, after having disposed of Colton's body, he found that Mrs. Chester had recovered from her swoon, and that she seemed to have but little recollection of what had passed. She spoke of being dragged from her home, and of the man she had seen dead upon the floor, but her mind dwelt upon the scene rather as the memory of a dream than as a reality, and Chiron felt glad that it was so, for otherwise she might have suffered exceedingly. Now, however, she was calm and tranquil, and while the fatal affair of the morning seemed to pass entirely from her mind she dwelt with a peculiar sadness upon the absence of her son; but the old hunter assured her that he would soon bring Orlando back to her, and then taking one more long and earnest gaze upon Morgiana's beautiful features, he beckoned for Elpsey to follow him, and quitted the apartment.

"Did you ever fire a rifle?" asked Chiron, as soon as he got into the kitchen.

"O, yes, I fire Massa Rolando's."

Chiron went to the beekets above the fireplace, where one of the young man's rifles hung, and having found that it was loaded, he poured in fresh priming, and handing it to Elpsey, he said:

"There, keep that rifle handy, and if you are again assailed before I return, do not fear to use it. Call the hounds into the house, and keep them here, for they can help you much. But," he continued, as he noticed the old woman's countenance was beginning to lengthen with new fear, "you need not be under any apprehensions, for there is in all probability no one left to harm you. The villain who has set these minions on will not dare to come himself, nor will he dare to trust many more with his dark secret; and besides, I think he will not learn of the failure of this attempt until I have him safely within the hands of justice. I go now to seek Orlando, and perhaps by to-morrow he will be here. You need not fear, but still 'tis safe enough to be prepared."

Elpsey seemed somewhat relieved by the assurance of Chiron, and she promised that she would be on her guard, and in a few moments more the old hunter passed through the front door and started for the river. His step was easy, and his countenance was moulded in a cast of deep satisfaction, for he believed that he had now crushed the power of Berkley, and that the way was clear for the release of Orlando. The villain whom he had left leashed in the woods he intended to take with him to James-

town, and, through the influence of Sir Oliver, have him at once lodged in jail.

With such thoughts passing rapidly through his mind, and occasionally murmuring, in broken, hurried sentences, to himself, the hunter hurried on. As he approached the spot where he had left Gilman he stopped a moment to hear if the villain was yet cursing, but all was quiet, even to a deathly stillness, and with the sudden thought that his prisoner had escaped, Chiron darted quickly forward.

As the old hunter approached the tree the sight that met his gaze made him start. There lay the stiff, extended form of Gilman, his face all black and swollen, his eyes protruding from their sockets, and his head bent forward upon his breast. The villain had attempted to escape by working his body downward so as to clear the thong that bound him to the tree. He had settled his way down until the thong slipped over his breast, but here his feet appeared to have slipped out from under him, thus bringing the whole of his weight, upon the relentless thong, directly across his neck! The ground was gently sloping from the tree, and though the green, mossy turf showed marks of a fierce struggle for the regaining of his former position, yet the doomed man appeared not to have gained a single inch of vantage.

For several minutes Chiron gazed in silence upon the fearful scene before him, for it seemed to be the work of a power higher than his own.

"Master Gilman," murmured the hunter to himself, "the finger of an outraged God has settled upon thee. I meant not that you should have died yet, for I had use for thee, and I was willing that your insulted country should have had the hanging of thee. But it's done, for you've hung yourself, and my soul is washed from your blood."

As Chiron spoke he drew his knife from its sheath and cut the thong. The body rolled heavily down the slope, and as it settled at the hunter's feet he grasped it by the collar of the frock and dragged it within the bushes, and having covered it over with leaves, he started once more on his way. The more Chiron thought of the strange manner in which Gilman and Colton had come to their deaths, the more was he satisfied with the result, and by the time he had reached the spot where his canoe had been secured he thanked his fortune that he was thus rid of the two villains.

With powerful strokes the hunter propelled his frail bark down the river, and upon reaching the residence of Sir Oliver he urged his canoe in shore and leaped upon the sand. He found the baronet in his study, together with his wife and daughter.

"Ah, Sir Oliver," exclaimed Chiron, as soon as he had answered the compliments with which he was welcomed, "the work goes nobly on. I have the villain fast, and to-morrow I may need your assistance. This day, sir, has been a scene of strange occurrences, and to-morrow, with your assistance, we will have young Chester released from his prison."

"Released!—to-morrow!" uttered Sir Oliver.

"Yes, and why not?"

"Why not? Did you not release him last night?"

"Who?"

"Orlando Chester."

"O, no; when I spoke about releasing him, I meant not to do it as soon as that, for I shall need your assistance."

"And do you mean to say that you have not released him?" said the baronet, in an earnest, meaning tone.

"Of course I have not," returned Chiron, in surprise. "Since I saw you last I have not been below here. But what mean you?"

"Orlando Chester has escaped from the jail—that is certain," answered Sir Oliver.

"No, no! That were impossible!" exclaimed the old hunter, while a sudden shade of anguish passed over his features. "You must have been misinformed."

"Tis true," asserted the baronet, with a troubled look, "for couriers have already been dispatched in search of him. This morning his cell was found empty and the bars of his window had been forced from their sockets."

"But he could not have escaped unaided," said Chiron, in a tone that bore a slight shade of hope that he had done so.

"No. There were marks of a ladder below his window, and also the footprints of two beside himself, so he must have had plenty of assistance."

"Then," uttered Chiron, while a fearful convulsion shook his frame, "'tis the work of an enemy. Orlando has fallen into an adroitly laid snare. The black-hearted villain who has persecuted him knew that he could not sustain his charge, and he has adopted some new plan for the youth's ruin. Listen, sir, and I will tell you what has happened this morning, and then you may judge for yourself."

Thereupon Chiron related to the baronet all that had transpired; and as he closed his story, Sir Oliver seemed too deeply struck with indignation and wonder to make any reply; but Ada sprang forward and grasping the old hunter by the arm, she cried, in a tone of touching agony:

"O, save him! save him! Bring him back to me, and I will bless you ever."

Chiron gazed with mingled anguish and pity into the fair features that beamed upon him, and laying his hand upon Ada's smooth brow, he said:

"Sweet, faithful girl, if the earth holds the youth I will find him, or I will lay down my life in the search. I love him, too."

"O, bless you, bless you!" murmured the gentle, grief-stricken girl, and then bursting into tears, she fell upon her knees and pillowed her head in her mother's lap.

By this time Sir Oliver had recovered his composure, and after gazing a moment upon the bending form of his child, he said:

"Seek him out, Chiron, and if I can render assistance you may command me."

"I thank you, sir," returned Chiron. "But tell me—were there no traces by which to tell the way the prisoner took?"

"They were traced only to the river," answered the baronet.

For some time the hunter remained in deep thought, but at length he started himself from his reverie, and taking his cap in his hand, he said:

"When I came here I thought my work was almost done, but now, alas! I fear me that new obstacles are in my way. I'll surmount them, though, and you, Sir Oliver, shall be advised of my success." Then turning to Ada, he continued:

"Cheer up, lady, for all is not yet so dark but that some light gleams upon us; and when that light gleams in its full lustre upon you, you will be astonished and pleased with its effulgence. I must go now, but I will return to-morrow morning and give you the result of my investigation."

As the old hunter ceased speaking he took his leave and withdrew, and as soon as he was once more in his canoe, he plied himself with all his might. He had not expressed in the presence of the baronet's family all the fears he felt; but now that he was alone, his countenance worked and flashed in fearful anguish. His own life had been openly and boldly aimed at, and why might not the same evil hand be aimed at the life of young Chester? It was the first time Chiron had given the thought a home in his bosom, but now that he had conceived it, it grew stronger and stronger, until it became almost a belief.

The hunter landed at the jail, and ere long he had a full confirmation of the youth's abduction from his cell. He examined the footprints in the jail-yard, then traced them to the river; but from the officers of the prison he could learn nothing new, and with his heart tortured by a thousand fearful emotions, he started for the town. Could Chiron have been assured at that moment that Orlando lived, he would have been happy, and scarcely have held a fear; but in his heart he felt a sad foreboding that such was not the case.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ENTRAPMENT.

LET US NOW return to our youthful hero whom we left just after his escape from the jail. The boat was rowed swiftly down the river, and though Orlando repeatedly asked to be informed whither they were conveying him they answered him not. At length, as the boat turned a point of land that projected into the stream, the youth caught sight of a heavy brig that lay at anchor only a short distance below, and in an instant the whole truth flashed across his mind, and springing from his seat he exclaimed, while his eyes flashed fire:

"Put me ashore, or I will sink the boat, and you with it. You have betrayed me, villains, but you shall not succeed!"

"Keep quiet, my young sir," said Nolan. "We aint going to hurt you."

"But do you mean to convey me on board that brig?"

"Guess we shall stop there for the present."

"Then turn your boat's head towards the shore, or I'll jump and swim for it."

"You can try it," coolly returned Nolan, as he drew a heavy pistol from his pocket and cocked it.

Orlando settled back upon his thwart with a groan, while Nolan laid the pistol down by his side and resumed his oar. The youth had no weapon, and no means of procuring one, and from the manner of his companion he was assured that they would not hesitate to shoot him if he attempted to escape. He was not foolish enough to risk his life without even a hope of ultimate success, though he was now fully convinced that he had been cruelly deceived and betrayed.

Shortly after Orlando had reseated himself he saw a boat put off from the brig and start up the river. The moon was yet shining, and as the boat came nearer our hero thought he recognized the man who occupied the stern-sheets. Ere long the boats met and the young hunter saw, in the person of him who had caught his attention, Mr. Roswell Berkley! That gentleman nodded his head in a significant manner to Nolan, and a dark, lowering smile rested upon his countenance, as his glance fell upon the prisoner.

At that moment, Orlando could not have spoken if he would, for his soul was too full of indignation. He had no difficulty now in knowing into whose power he had fallen, and he really felt that his case was almost hopeless; yet he resolved to be quiet—to maintain a steady, unmoved demeanor, and not allow his anger, under any circumstances, to betray him into needless danger, hoping thereby to move the more kindly feelings of his guardians, and be the better able to take advantage of the first opportunity that might present itself for his escape.

When the boat at length hauled up under the gangway of the brig the youth was requested to step on board, and with a readiness which somewhat astonished his companions he obeyed. The men were already at the windlass, the gaskets and furling-lines were cast off, and the sails were hanging loose in the buntlines.

"Mr. Chester I believe," said the captain, who stepped down from the raised quarter-deck, as the youth came on board.

"That's my name," returned Orlando, in a mild tone, at the same time casting his eyes about the deck. He was not much acquainted with marine tactics, but yet he knew from the appearance of things about him that the vessel was being gotten underweigh.

"So we are to have you for a passenger," continued the captain.

"I know nothing of it, sir. I have been betrayed into my present position; and, as you see I am without the means of resistance, of course I must submit to the will of him who has brought this about."

"Better be here than on the gallows," said the captain, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"Whether my present position is for good or for evil to myself and those who depend on me, I trust that you will not taunt me or trifle with my feelings. I know, sir, why I am brought hither, and I know, too, at whose will. The gallows stood not in *my* path."

The captain's countenance assumed a less chilling tone as the youth thus spoke, and with more of forbearance in his manner, he said:

"All I know about the matter is, that you are put here to escape the gallows, and if that offends you, I can't help it."

"I am not offended at what you have said," replied Orlando. "I know that I am your prisoner, and that for the present I must obey the will of those who have only a physical power over me, but I only ask that I may be treated as a man."

"I'm glad you know so much, for I shan't have the disagreeable news to break to you," said the captain, in a careless tone. "So if you know you're a prisoner, of course you'll expect to be treated like one."

"If I treat others kindly I shall expect the same in return."

"Of course; we shan't make you miserable if we can help it."

"There is one question I should like to ask," said the youth.

"Well, what is it?"

"Where do you intend to carry me?"

"Really, Mr. Chester, I couldn't tell you."

At this moment the anchor was reported to be a-peak, and the captain started back to the quarter-deck to attend to making sail. Our hero, though but little acquainted with the world, could not fail to see that the commander of the brig was a man capable of any sort of villainy, and that he was a fit tool for the execution of Berkley's purposes, and in his heart he resolved that he would embrace the first opportunity to escape from his clutches, even though death stared him in the face upon the attempt.

The brig was soon on her way towards the mouth of the river, and shortly after the anchors had been stowed, Orlando was shown to a bed which had been prepared for him beneath the cover of the long-boat. The night passed slowly and heavily away, and from what our hero could hear of the conversation of the men, he found that it was the general impression among the crew that he was actually taken on board to save his neck from the gallows. At first he thought of making them understand his case, but he soon saw that such a course would only be likely to make his situation worse, and he at length resolved to keep his counsel to himself.

When the youth got out upon the deck in the morning the brig had cleared the bay, and Cape Henry bore upon the starboard quarter. He gazed back upon the land that just lifted its blue, vapory bosom to view beyond the jaws of the bay, and he thought of those he was leaving behind—of those from whom he was being thus separated, and perhaps forever! He fancied he saw the tears coursing down the pale cheeks of his poor maniac mother, and he could hear her piteous moans as she gradually should awake to the knowledge that she had no son! Then the sweet form of his loved Ada rose to his view, and he found a new pang in his heart as he thought of her. Less and less distinct grew the inner shore, until at length it seemed to sink into the bosom of the ocean between the two capes; and when the youth could no longer gaze upon it, he turned back towards his rough resting-place, and laying his hands upon the side of the boat he bent his brow upon them. Again the picture of his mother came before his mind, and, with his heart almost rending with anguish, he gave way to his grief, and the bitter, burning tears of a soul without hope started forth from his eyes.

"Come, come, Mr. Chester, you'd better go to the galley and get some grub," said some one who came up and touched him upon the back.

Orlando turned and beheld Dick Nolan.

"Nolan," said he, as he wiped the tears from his cheeks, "why did you deceive me so?"

"How?" coolly returned the sailor.

"By telling me that Chiron had sent for me, and that I was to be carried to my mother."

"O, I was only obeyin' orders, sir. That's what I was directed to tell you if I couldn't make you budge without; so you wont blame me, sir."

"Nolan," said the youth, in a tone of anguish so touching, and so sweetly melancholy, that the old sailor started, "suppose that you had a mother—one whom you loved as your own life, and whose every drop of joy was derived from you. Suppose that misfortune had shattered that mother's mind, and that you alone could give peace to her soul, or shed a ray of sunlight across her path, would you, when calling to mind that fond mother's bitter agony—when dwelling upon her tears and prayers, and picturing her sad loneliness, blame him who had lent himself an instrument to tear you from her? Could you feel it in your heart to think he had been unkind?"

Dick Nolan could have withstood a torrent of curses and abuse with right good will, but this attack touched him at a defenceless point, and he turned away his head. In a moment, however, he turned back, and in a tone made tremulous by the calling up of his better feelings, he said:

"I'm sorry for you, but I couldn't help it; though perhaps if I had known all this before, I might have done differently. But it's too late now to cry for the milk, for it's all spilt. Come, you can have your breakfast now."

"No, Nolan, I have no appetite for food now."

The sailor gazed a moment into the sad, pensive features of the youth, and something like a shade of pitying sorrow passed over his bronzed features, as he silently turned away.

"Ah," murmured Orlando to himself, as he was left alone, "how easy a thing it is to touch the human heart if there be one generous spark left within it. Now, had I given way to passion, or berated that man for the part he had taken

against me, he would have exulted in my downfall, and only returned me anger for anger; but now he pities me, and pity is surely generous. If I can make no friends, I will at least endeavor to make no new enemies."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BUCCANEER.

For three days the brig stood on in an easterly direction, and during that time the young hunter had been constantly on the watch. There had been but little said to him, though he had been allowed a free range of the decks, and as yet he had been enabled to gain but little intelligence with regard to his destination. It was between nine and ten o'clock on the evening of the third day that Orlando turned into his bunk beneath the cover of the long-boat, and endeavored to compose himself to sleep. Nearly an hour had he lain thus, but no sleep had as yet visited his eyelids, though a sort of dreamy, troubled forgetfulness had begun to creep over him, when the sound of voices directly below him aroused him to a state of consciousness. One of them he recognized as Nolan's, and as he heard his own name pronounced he placed his ear nearer to the edge of the boat.

"I really pity the poor fellow," said Nolan, in reply to something that had been said, "and if I'd have known what they were goin' to do with him, blow me if I'd have had anything to do with it."

"It's a curious affair, any how," remarked another. "I can't see why a quiet chap like him should trouble anybody. Why, he don't look as though he'd harm a mouse."

"O, as for that," returned Nolan, "you'd find him a hard customer at a pinch—rather a dangerous man to trifle with on equal ground. But, you know, even a child may sometimes be in the way. I rather think the youngster knows too much for them shore chaps, and for that they want to get him out of the way."

"But where are they goin' to carry him?" asked a third speaker.

"Well, if I should just put this and that together, I think I could hit pretty near the truth," answered Nolan.

"Then put it together, Dick."

"Well, I s'pose you know all our cargo of tobacco is shipped for England."

"Yes."

"And don't you see that we're steering off to the south'rd of that?"

"Yes, I noticed it."

"Well, now we have no earthly reason for such a course, unless it be to leave part of our cargo at some other port. I heard the captain—you'll be mum, shipmates."

"Yes," replied three or four voices.

"Then I heard the captain sayin' something to the mate yesterday about the coast of Africa, and about white slaves. Now can't you guess?"

For a few moments all was silent, but at length a low murmur of surprise, slightly tinged with disapprobation, fell from the lips of the men, and in a moment more Nolan said:

"Now keep dark, and let things go on as they may. I'm sorry for the poor fellow, for if my suspicions are correct he'll have a hard time of it; but we can't help it now—it's none of our business. —sh! Here comes the mate. Mum's the word."

Orlando Chester sank back upon his pillow, and an audible groan escaped from his lips. He had feared death, but now such a fate would have seemed comparatively light. He had no doubt, from what he had heard, that he was to be sold into slavery! All thoughts of sleep were banished from his mind, and long did he ponder upon what he had heard; but at length the feeling came over him that such a diabolical plan could not be carried out against him. Up through all his doubts and fears there then struggled a hope that a way of escape might yet be opened before him, and he gradually wrought his mind into a state of comparative calm. He resolved that he would not, by a word or look, betray his knowledge of the fiendish purpose held against him, but that he would, by every means in his power, endeavor to cultivate the friendship and good will of the crew, and then, when the crisis should come, he would arm himself and stake his life for the result. God and right were on his side, and with a heart now bent to a firm purpose, the youth ere long passed into the land of dreams.

When Orlando awoke in the morning the sun had been some time up from his watery bed,

and the crew were all on deck. Near the wheel stood the captain, with his spy-glass in his hand, and huddled around him were the two mates and some half dozen of the men. The brig was steering S. S. E., with the wind quite fresh from the westward, so that she took it full upon the quarter, and with her starboard studding-sails set she was dashing along through the water at a rapid rate.

"Is anything the matter?" asked our hero of one of the men who was passing along the gangway.

"There's a sail in sight, that's all," returned the man thus addressed.

As the sailor spoke he pointed with his finger over the weather beam, and after gazing in that direction a few moments the youth made out a small white speck just visible to the naked eye above the horizon. There seemed nothing strange about the circumstance, however, and without bestowing further thought upon it, he went to the galley after his breakfast. The forenoon passed away without any occurrence worthy of note; but shortly after dinner Orlando's attention was arrested by the strange manner of the captain, who was evidently laboring under some powerful excitement, and walking aft he followed the commander's glass, and found that the sail he had seen in the morning was only about a quarter of a mile distant, coming down with all her canvass set. She was a brigantine, and for the first time the young man noticed that she carried guns.

"Chester," said the captain, as he noticed the form of his prisoner, "step this way. Do you see that brigantine?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, what do you take her to be?"

"Perhaps a pirate," said Orlando, as for the first time the thought passed through his mind.

"And you are right. Now what do you intend to do?"

"If any one seeks to harm me I shall endeavor to defend myself," returned Orlando.

"May I be shot if you don't take it coolly," uttered the captain, not a little surprised at the perfect coolness of the young man.

"And why should I not? No benefit can result from any undue excitement; and besides, I know not that I have much to choose between my present situation and the one that may be threatened by a capture of our vessel."

"But you will fight in behalf of the brig, will you not?" asked the captain.

"I have no arms, sir."

"We have plenty on board, so you need not fear on that account."

"Then you may arm me, sir, and if my own judgment tells me that my portion of strength is necessary for the defence of your crew, I will use it. I have no desire to see these ocean robbers trample upon the rights of others, for human right is sacred, and he who would abuse it deserves a just retribution."

The young hunter spoke in a low, meaning tone, and the eyes of the captain fell to the deck as he met the keen glance of the speaker. He read at once the meaning of the language, and though anything like repentance or sorrow might never enter his soul, yet he could not but realize his own baseness and shame in the presence of one like his prisoner. He did not care to encounter the gaze of the youth at that moment, so, raising his glass to his eye, he took another look at the approaching brigantine.

"Mr. Cowley," said the captain to his first mate, "the pirates are aiming their long gun. Call the men aft and distribute the arms. Look well to the pistols."

"Then you are determined to resist them," said the mate, in a tone that betrayed considerable fear.

"We must do it," returned the captain, exhibiting a quantity and quality of courage that must have cost a strong effort in its production. "I know the character of those men too well. They never leave live men to tell tales against them."

The mate shuddered as he thought of the coming conflict, but he strove hard to keep his fear to himself, and calling upon one or two of the men, he went below to bring up the arms.

The brig's crew consisted, all told, of eighteen men, Orlando making nineteen, and ere long each man was armed with a heavy cutlass and a brace of pistols. Our hero readily took the weapons which the mate handed to him, but he did it with no fixed purpose, only he felt that his own life should be sold as dearly as possible. As soon as the men were all armed, the captain called them aft and explained to them the situ-

ation in which they were placed—he knew that if the pirates captured the brig, the crew would be mercilessly put to death; and he appealed to his sailors to sell their lives at a dear cost. They could but die, and they had better die like men than be killed like dogs—and, they might drive the enemy off.

During the captain's speech he seemed actually to have worked himself up to a pitch of real courage by the fearful picture he had drawn for the purpose of inciting his men to a bold resistance, and his new found fearlessness had considerable effect upon the crew.

The brig carried two carriage-guns upon her deck, each capable of throwing a twelve pound ball. They were lashed to the bulwarks, one on each side, and pointed fore and aft, the ports having not yet been opened, nor the guns cast loose. At length a wreath of smoke curled up from the deck of the brigantine, and on the next instant an eighteen pound ball came dashing along directly under the brig's bows.

The pirate was yet at a considerable distance from the brig, though she was gaining vantage rapidly, the latter vessel having kept steadily on her course, and the former only varying sufficiently to keep her head towards the object of her chase. As soon as all other matters had been arranged on board the brig, the two heavy guns were cast from their lashings and drawn aft, where they were loaded half way to their muzzles with every sort of missile that could be procured, such as iron bolts, nuts, spikes, etc. and then they were both pointed towards the spot where the pirates would probably board, though if the point of attack should be varied they could be moved in a moment.

Again the long gun of the pirate sent forth her iron messenger; and it came with some effect, for it struck the brig's side just abaft the main chains, and went crashing and ploughing across the deck. The splinters flew in every direction, one of them wounding Orlando slightly upon the leg. The youth started, as he felt the twinge of pain, and casting his eyes toward the brigantine, he uttered:

"If I had my trusty rifle here you'd not fire that gun again."

The captain heard the youth's exclamation, and stepping up to his side, he asked:

"Are you sure of your aim with a rifle?"

"With a good one I am."

"I have two on board."

"Then bring them to me," said our hero, as he stooped down and bound his handkerchief around his leg.

In a few moments the captain produced two long, heavy rifles, and at the first glance the youth knew them to have been made for the best. They were speedily loaded, and taking one of them in his hand Orlando walked aft to where he could command a view of the pirate's long gun. He had not been long on the watch when he saw one of the enemy, with a match in his hand, approach the dreaded gun.

"You wont do anything at that distance," said the captain.

Orlando made no reply, but on the next moment he raised his piece and fired. To the crew it seemed as though he had taken no aim, and they expressed themselves by a low murmur to that effect; but their disappointment was changed to astonishment when they saw the pirate, who was just in the act of raising a match to the priming of the long gun, drop backwards from sight.

"Load that rifle, quick," exclaimed the youth, as he took the other in his hand.

Another of the pirates stepped up to the long gun and raised the lighted match, but ere he could accomplish his purpose, the merring aim of the young hunter sent a bullet through his head. Again and again was the pirate's match raised to the gun by the hand of a fresh recruit, but the captain of the brig made out to keep the rifles ready for use, and the youth used them with fatal precision. Six men had been picked off in this way, when the pirates seemed to have abandoned their favorite engine entirely; for though the gun might by some means have been touched off from a secure hiding-place, yet its aim was now false, and they had found to their cost that he who would go forth to point it anew went only to his certain death.

By the time, however, that the pirates abandoned their long gun they had ranged near enough to make effectual use of their batteries, and in a few moments after Orlando had fired his last shot, the brigantine let drive her broadside of six twelve pounders. Some of the shot

took effect upon the brig's side, for she trembled beneath the concussion, while one or two came whizzing harmlessly over the deck. At this moment the brigantine ran up the black flag at her peak, and fired a gun to windward.

"That means for us to heave-to," said the mate.

"Yes," returned the captain, "and the fellow means that we shall know his errand, too."

Then turning to the man at the wheel he ordered the helm to be put down and the fore yards braced sharp up. In a few moments more the mainsail was clewed up, and the brig lay almost motionless upon the water. The pirates, however, even though their request had been thus readily complied with, proved most treacherous; for the laying of the brig to the wind had brought her head into exactly the position to receive a raking fire, and on the next moment she got it from the pirate's broadside. None of the brig's crew were harmed, however, for at that instant their vessel's bows were raised upon the bosom of a rolling sea, and the enemy's shot struck low, though some of them hit the brig.

As had been anticipated, the pirates prepared to board at the bows, for already had she run under the brig's forefoot and luffed short up. The captain of the merchantman called all his men aft, and having hidden the two guns as much as possible by lowering the main spencer across them, he saw that they were aimed properly, and then, with a lighted match behind him, —while the mate stood prepared in the same manner—he awaited the onset.

At length the pirate's bows grated along under the brig's fore-chains, and as the grapplings were thrown on board, the buccaneers began to swarm in by the fore-rigging. Some twenty of them had gained the deck, and were upon the point of rushing aft, when the captain applied his match, and from beneath the innocent looking sail there poured forth a sheet of flame and smoke, as the myriad messengers of death went on their way. The captain was not disappointed in the result of his shot, for the spikes and bolts had been packed in such a manner that they spread in all directions, and the havoc they made among the advancing men was fearful. As the pirates saw the fate of their comrades they set up a wild yell of rage, and those who were behind dashed madly on, but ere they reached the gangway they were met by the mate's shot, and for a few moments they hesitated. Twenty, at least, of their men were either killed or totally disabled, and they had not many over the same number left.

"Pistols, my men! pistols!" shouted the captain of the brig, as the pirates once more started aft. The pistols were discharged, but only one or two of the enemy fell, and the remainder came dashing wildly on. The crew of the brig drew their cutlasses, and with a fearful clashing of thirsty steel the combatants met.

Orlando Chester stood apart in the weather gangway. In one hand he held his heavy cutlass, and in the other a loaded pistol, but as yet he had mingled not in the fight. At length he saw the captain of the brig fall beneath the cutlass of the buccaneer chief, and ere long the mate sank dead upon the deck. The pirates were gaining ground! All the men who were now left were favorably disposed towards the youth—at least, in their sympathies; and as the thought came to our hero's mind he grasped the cutlass more firmly in his hand, brought his pistol to its rest, and then, with the hope of liberty beckoning him on, he rushed forward to the scene of conflict.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

EPICIDIUM.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

In pensive language speaks my heart,
I know that I must close and die
When forth the final summons start,
That wing my spirit to the sky.
Upholding faith, hope's burning star,
Bathes the fond future's cloudless dawn;
For here each hour some joy doth mar,
And life a lengthening chain drags on.

Though in my soul are visions mild,
Of friends to quit 't were hard to bear;
I could lie down, like a tired child,
And dream away a life of care.
There pride nor passion bind no more
The passive or the willing slave;
Then all life's bitter pangs are o'er,
For sorrow slumbers in the grave.

Washington, D. C. April, 1852.



VIEW OF MESSINA, ITALY.

MESSINA.

The illustration given above, shows Messina, from an original drawing, taken from the Faro, or Lighthouse, seen in the left-hand foreground. Commencing from this point, to the right, we have the Citadel, in the hands of the Neapolitans during the conflict in 1848, the portion jutting into the harbor being strongly fortified. Adjoining is the Old Arsenal; the walled inclosure to the left is the Protestant Burial Ground; and the long building in the central foreground is the Lazaretto, or Place of Quarantine. Above the Citadel, in the left-hand bend of the harbor, is the Porto Franco, or bonded warehouses; and facing the harbor is the long line of "the Marina," built in uniform and handsome Palladian style, and the fashionable promenade of the town. Highest on the hills, in the centre of the picture, is the Fort Gonzaga, which, with fort San Salvador, at the right-hand point, opposite the Citadel, was then possessed by the Sicilians; as also the small fort adjoining, and the gate Porto Reale. Messina lies on the north-east coast of Sicily, opposite the Calabrian shore, from which it is separated by the channel of the Faro, which is here about four miles wide, but becomes much narrower further north. The town, as our illustration shows, is built partly on the slope of a steep hill, and partly along the seashore at the foot of it. Just before it is a strip of sandy beach, projecting into the sea at the south side of the city, and sweeping round in the form of a semicircle. From the sickle-like form of this strip of land, the town received from its first Greek inhabitants the name of "Zankle," *curved*, or *bent*, which was changed afterwards into that of Messina. On this narrow tract of land are, as we have explained, the citadel, the lazaretto, the lighthouse, and the fort of San Salvador, at the entrance of the harbor, which faces the north. Messina is the most trading town in Sicily; and several thousand hands are employed here in silk manufacture. Her exports are principally oranges, lemons, linseed, olive oil, wines and spirits, sumac, rags and corn. The town has many remarkable buildings; and just at its verge upon the hills to the right, is a place of peculiar interest to the English reader—this being the tower in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined. Messina is surrounded by an old irregular wall, finished by Charles V.

The citadel, a pentagonal fortress, erected on the south side of the harbor, is constructed according to the principles of Vauban; but though well provided with bomb-proof quarters and stores, it is badly situated and commanded in almost every part: Two strong and well-built forts have, however, been constructed on eminences above the town, that would greatly annoy and harass an enemy during any operation against the citadel. The town is further defended by a fort placed so as to command the mouths of the Finmare, which are the only two places where an enemy could land with cannon. The port, to which Messina is wholly indebted for her prosperity, and even existence, is formed by a lengthened curved tongue of land, that might almost be supposed to be an artificial circular mole, projecting first N. E. from the main land,

and then bending round to the west. The entrance on the north, about seven hundred yards across, is defended on the west, or main-land side, by the bastion of Porto Reale, and at the extremity of the curved promontory by Fort Salvador. The noble basin thus enclosed is about four miles in circuit, and, having deep water throughout, is capable of accommodating the largest fleets: it is, in fact, not only the finest harbor in the Mediterranean, as has often been said, but one of the finest of which we have any certain knowledge. Men-of-war moor in the centre of the basin in about thirty-five fathoms; but merchantmen lie alongside the quay, and have every facility for loading and unloading. Were Sicily and Naples subject to an enlightened government, Messina would certainly be one of the greatest emporiums of the Mediterranean.

A HARE IN FORM.

The scene below represents what, in sportsman's phrase, is called "a hare in form." It is when the animal crouches down to escape the vigilance of its natural enemies. The attitude is one of perfect rest, but it admits of instantaneous change to a state of the utmost activity. The ease and safety of "poor puss" are thus provided for by one arrangement, and the economy of the Creator's works, and the benevolence of his nature made plain to the passer-by.

CAIRO.

Our countryman, Bayard Taylor, in his jottings in the East, thus describes his entrance into the famed capital of Egypt: "Our approach to and entrance into Cairo was full of interest. From the Nile we had already seen the mosque of Sultan Hassan, the white domes, and long, pencil-like minarets of the new mosque of Mehemet Ali, and the massive masonry of the citadel, crowning a projecting spur of the Mokattan Hills, which touches the city on the eastern side. But, when mounted on ambling donkeys, we followed the laden baggage-horses through the streets of Boulak, and entered the broad, shaded highways leading through gardens, grain-fields and groves of palm and banana to the gate of the *Ezbekiyeh*, the great square of Cairo, the picture was gay, picturesque and animated, as it had been before dimmed and etherized by the soft screen of the Egyptian air. The donkey-riding multitudes who passed continually to and fro, were wholly unlike the crowds of Alexandria and Smyrna, where the growing influence of European dress and customs is already visible. Here, everything still exhaled the rich aroma of the Orient, as I had dreamed it and read it in the Thousand and One Nights and the Persian poets and chroniclers. I forgot that I still wore a French dress, and found myself wondering at the temerity of the few Europeans we met. I looked without surprise on the long processions of donkeys carrying water-skins, the heavily laden camels, the women with white masks on their faces and black bags around their hodies, the stolid Nubian slaves, the grave Abyssinians and all the other various characters that passed and repassed us. Cairo retains much the same aspect as anciently, despite the efforts of Mehemet Ali to introduce European civilization."



HARE IN FORM

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WELCOME TO THE BLUE BIRD.

BY F. C. SYLVANUS HURLBUT.

Hark! fairy notes are on the breeze,
And round the welkin ring;
Lo! every heart is tuned to praise
The harbinger of spring.

The school-boy, wandering mid the fields,
Drinks in the genial lay,
And dreams the while of future charms
That deck the flowery May.

Of laughing brooks and rivers sweet,
And gently whispering gales;
Of greenwood tuned to many a bird,
And green poetic vales.

Of violets fair and sweet perfume,
Of mountains blue and tall;
Of loving herds upon the hills,
And murmuring waterfall.

O gentle bird of loftier home
Joy plumes thy heavenly wing;
Did angels bid thee hither roam,
To tell us of the spring?

Com'st thou afar from milder clime,
From tropic-seated breeze;
And hast thou left thy love to sing
Amid the orange trees?

Had I thy envied power of wing,
To soar around the skies,
I'd rise in ecstasy to swell
The songs of Paradise.

Our every heart responsive beats
A welcome to thy lays;
O may in hazyon cycles pass,
Thy little life of praise.

Elwood Gardens, Enfield, Ct., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A CHAPTER

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

As I was coming out of my vestry door, after the services of the day were ended, an old man, who bore upon his features the grossest signs of intemperance and of a bad life, and whose torn and decayed habiliments betrayed the poverty to which the cup had brought him, stole up to me with a half-assured manner, and touching his cap said:

"Parson, there is a man dying wants to see you!"

"Where is he?" I inquired.

"Down to the tavern, sir," he answered, with a jerk of his thumb and neck in the direction of the village inn.

"Do you know who it is? Is he a stranger?" I asked, as locking the vestry door I put the key into my pocket and went on before him towards the tavern.

"I don't know him, sir! He came a week ago, and was taken sick there, and the doctor says it's all up with him. So he gave me a dollar to find a minister and bring him to him."

I soon arrived at the old and dilapidated house known as the "Race-Horse Tavern," a wretched place, which repelled travellers by its filthy and tumble-down aspect, rather than invited them to seek rest and comfort there. Sunday afternoon as it was, I found the coarse-faced landlord in the tap, playing cards with two of his cronies, men evidently of the same vicious stamp with himself; and his own character in the town was far from being that of a good citizen; indeed he had the reputation of having in some other State committed a crime that would have hanged him. But this was only the commonly whispered rumor. Entering the tap of the inn, across a broken floor, the landlord no sooner saw me, than I heard him say, "Boys, there's a parson! Hide the cards!" and he threw his down upon the table and tried to conceal them by his hat; and one of the other men quickly scraped his portion into his lap; but the third held his up openly and doggedly in his hands, and looked at me under his lowering brows with a sullen, defiant glance, as if he had the supremest contempt for "parsons," and was not going to be scared into hiding away his cards by the whole body of clergy. The landlord now rose and bowed, as if he would try to be civil, and said:

"Good evening, parson; will you take a chair?"

"Perhaps he'd rather take a drink," said the fellow, who kept his cards unconcealed, in an under-tone, whereat he and his comrade laughed

aloud, while "mine host" frowned at them in evident displeasure.

"Aint you ashamed to talk so afore a preacher?" said reprovingly the gray-headed old tippler, who had come for me. "You better hush up and behave like Christians!"

"I have been sent for to see a man who is said to be dying in your house," I observed to the landlord.

"Well, the doctor thinks it's all up with him," answered the landlord, in a lower tone.

"What, Maddox, is that chap up stairs likely to kick the bucket?" demanded the man with the cards; I didn't know he was so bad off. Who knows who he is?"

"His name is Smith," said the landlord.

"That is no name at all!" answered the other. "You may be sure if a man calls himself Smith he has another name, while his true one's behind it."

"This way, parson; I will show you the room where he is," said the landlord.

He led the way across the tap-room, and as I passed near the man at the table who held the cards, he slyly stuck one of the knave of clubs into my coat-pocket, unobserved by me; but the gray-haired loafer, who had been sent to me, seeing the act, and perhaps feeling himself in a manner bound to act as my protector, as he had brought me to the place, called out, indignantly:

"None o' that sky-larking, Bill Carson. You'll go to the red-hell sure, you ungodly Turk, you!" and with this impressive reproof he sprang forward and taking the card out, showed it to me, and said, apologetically:

"You mustn't mind 'em, sir; they are no better than heathens, and never saw the inside of a church, and wouldn't know a pew rom a pulpit, nor one cend o' the church from to'ther; perfect madhonnds, sir!"

I was glad to place the door between me and these lawless men, and following the short-necked, bloated-eyed landlord up a flight of narrow stairs, very ruinous, I was ushered by him into a wretched apartment, low and illy furnished, with broken window lights, and plaster hanging from the walls.

Upon an X cot, in one corner of the room, lay the person who had sent for me. The only furniture besides the dirty bed was a hair trunk and a broken-backed chair. Upon the chair, which was placed within his reach, were placed a vial or two, a tea-cup, and a fragment of a tumbler with an iron spoon in it.

"Here's the parson come to see you, Mr. Smith," said the landlord; "cheer up, for he'll put you in the way of gittin' to heaven easy, if so be as you've got to give in this time! So make your mind easy. Take a seat, parson! But no! This chair is wanted. Hullo, major!" he called out to the tap below, "bring up a chair for the parson."

My friend, the individual with the red nose, who had come to the vestry for me, answered to the call for the "major," and came up stairs, bringing a chair, which he respectfully placed for me near the bed.

The landlord then left, saying to the other, "Come along, major, and not be loafin' about in here! The sick man no doubt wants to make a clean breast o' it to the parson, and don't want listeners."

The major, who had begun officiously to smooth down the bedclothes, pick up litter from the floor, and miscellaneous to employ himself as if he wanted an excuse to stay, at once obeyed, touching his old fur cap to me as he passed me, with an air of civility that showed me he had seen better days; indeed, his appearance was that of a broken-down gentleman—one whom brandy had degraded, till self-respect had been lost, and he had sunk into the position of a wretched tavern idler, such as I now beheld him.

When he closed the door after him, I turned to regard the sick man more closely. Upon first entering the room I was struck by his youthful appearance, and a certain air of refinement about his emaciated features. I had expected to behold a coarse, uncultivated individual in so wretched a place. I therefore felt awakened at once an interest in him, moved by his youth and evident fall from a superior station to his present miserable condition.

He was not more than five or six-and-twenty. His face was handsome, even in the chiselled sharpness of disease. I saw that death had placed his seal upon his white brow. I took his hand in mine. It was chilly, and flexible with weakness. His eyes were closed when I took up the hand, but he opened and turned the large hazel orbs upon me with an earnest, thrilling,

sorrowful expression of helplessness and desire.

"I thank you, sir," he said, faintly, but in the well-bred tone that is the unerring sign of an educated person. "I hope I shall not cause you too much trouble."

"My place as a minister of Christ is by the bedside of the sick and suffering," I answered him. "It is my privilege to be here."

He smiled a little, and then said sadly:

"O, how happy you must be to be good! I envy you, sir, that you are a Christian. As for me, sir, I am not one. I wish I were now! Now that I am about to die! The doctor tells me I have disease of the heart, and that I cannot live many hours. Sir, I do not fear to die—it is what is *after* death that makes my soul shrink, and my flesh to quiver as you now feel it, sir, under your touch."

I was about to present to his mind the promise of the Gospel to all penitents, when his brow contracted, and he answered me almost sharply:

"I know it all, sir; I know all you can say! I am a clergyman's son! I was raised at the foot of Christ's cross, I may say! A pious father, sir, led me early to tread in the paths of virtue and truth! You can say nothing, sir, that my conscience does not forcibly remind me of. I know the way to Christ, sir, but I cannot go in it! I have departed so widely astray, that death will secure my soul before I can find the way back to it! I have sent for you, sir, to make a confession to you!"

"Confess your sins to God, young man," I said, solemnly; "I cannot absolve you."

"I know it! I do not expect it," he answered, with earnestness. "I do not send for you as a confessor, but rather as a Christian minister, who will listen to what I have to say, and will execute my wishes after I am dead. Repentance! Confession! Pardon! These are not for me!"

There was an expression of the most exquisite anguish visible in his fine face, as he said this; and I saw him raise his eyes heavenward; but not with the searching gaze of hope, but with the fierce, defying glance of cold despair. I felt my heart moved in its lowest depths for him! He groaned heavily, and turned again upon me his earnest eyes, and seemed to scan me closely.

"Doctor," he said, "let me tell you that for which I sent for you. When you have heard my story, you would, were you keeper of heaven's gate, turn the key upon me, rather than give me hope of entering there. There must be a limit somewhere to Divine mercy, and it stops in me!"

"No, young man, there is no limit to the mercy and forbearance of our Father in heaven!" I answered, impressively; but seeing his looks of impatience, I stopped, feeling for the first time in my life as if there *might* be a case on earth which the Gospel could not reach.

"Hear what I have to say, sir," he now began, clenching his hands together, and closing his eyes, as he lay upon his back. "I have said I am the son of a pious clergyman. He brought me up in the ways of piety, and seeing, at the age of twenty-one that I had eloquence, he expressed his wish that I should become a clergyman. My own prepossessions being for the same sacred profession, I at once entered upon the course of preparatory study with my father. The vestry of our village church, which was rurally situated, was where I passed some of the happiest months of my life, in the pursuit of the consecrated lore which was to make me a useful man to my species. It was my custom, after studying late, to walk out in the wood which shaded the banks of a romantic brook, that flowed through a verdant valley not far behind the church. Many a moonlit night have I paced that greensward, and given my thoughts to holy meditation! O, sir, that place was the scene of my temptation, in which, instead of standing like Christ, my master, in the desert, I fell like guilty Adam in Eden.

"Reared in the quiet Christian home of my father, a student from my boyhood, I knew little of the world or of my own heart. My human weaknesses had never been tried by temptation, and I was ignorant that I had infirmities like other men. The few females who had crossed my path were either relations, or such as produced upon my sensibilities no manner of emotion. In a word, I was wholly unsuspecting of the fascinating power in woman. I was wholly insensible to their attractiveness."

"The wood in which I took my walk by the brookside, terminated at a garden gate, which I knew led into the grounds of a gentleman who had recently moved there, and who was said to have once been a foreign minister. As he was

somehow supposed to be of the Roman faith, I knew little of him. One evening, about ten o'clock, the night being bright with moonbeams, I was pacing up and down, meditating upon the infinity of space; for my mind was much given to abstraction. When a footstep caused me to look towards the gate. I discovered a female form, arrayed in white, and as the moonlight fell upon her face, I stood amazed and entranced by its beauty. She was not ten steps from me. But I turned and moved on, and perhaps should have thought of her no more, when she spoke, and said in a voice that stirred my heart in its profoundest emotions:

"You are very solitary, sir, and seem to love to walk alone!"

"I stopped, and regarded her with surprise. I was silent and abashed. I did not know what reply to make. The self-possession and dashing boldness of her manner overawed me. She advanced and laid her hand upon my arm.

"Mr. Falconer," she said, "I have often observed you here. I wish to become acquainted with you. I have no brother nor sister! Let us be friends! And putting her shining pearl-tinted arm through mine, she led me forward before I could yield or refuse, or decide what I ought to do. But she gave me no time to reflect. 'You students,' she said, smiling in my eyes, and beaming her own upon me with the most bewildering power, 'you students seem to love to gaze on the stars more than into ladies' eyes; and to listen to the gurgling of running water than to the softer accents of a female voice. But I am resolved to try and change your tastes, sir priest.'

"I am not a priest, madam," I said, embarrassed. "You mistake me for my father."

"At this she laughed merrily. 'No, no, sir! I am not so blind as to mistake a handsome young man of two-and-twenty for a gray-haired old man. I know all about you. We must be great friends.'

"But I do not know you," I said, awkwardly, yet completely captivated by a nameless charm that environed her.

"I am the daughter of Colonel Arden," she answered.

"The late minister to a European court?" I observed, interrogatively.

"Yes," she answered; and then proceeded to relate to me some deeply interesting events which had transpired abroad. I was completely enchained by her voice. I walked by her side as if on air. I seemed to have passed into paradise, and to have an angel for my companion. I know not how long she talked, or I listened. I know that the moon was far down the west when she parted from me at the gate of the garden, with the promise that I would meet her again the next evening. I gladly gave it. I would have granted anything she asked. I went home, and went to a prayerless couch to dream of guilty love. The innocence of my soul had been tainted by that too free hour I had passed in the companionship of that dangerous woman, who seemed sent expressly by Satan to tempt me to do wrong. The next day I was not myself. I could not study—I could not pray! I could think only of the beautiful stranger who had caught my soul in her net of blandishments. But I will try and be brief, sir. I saw her again and again! I fell! Peace was now forever banished from my bosom. I feared to lift my eyes to Heaven! I feared to repent, because I was not ready to withdraw myself from her power. I felt that it was death eternal for me to go on sinning; yet I had not the resolution to break from her and see her no more. At length I threw off the mask! I would no more continue the study of a profession which it was now impossible for me to follow. I ceased to pray! I ceased to think of heaven, and tried to forget there was a hell. In her bewildering arms I caught oblivion from everything but the present sense of loving and being beloved by her! My father noticed the change in me, but I deceived him with lies as to the cause of my looks and of my conduct.

"But by-and-by came a cloud over the heaven of my guilty delights. The temptress asked me for gold. Of this I had none. My father was but a poor rector, and his means were mine, and no more."

"Thou must give me money, Alfred," she said to me, very positively. "I must have jewels and costly dresses."

"I am poor, Eleanora," I answered; "I have no gold."

"You must obtain it!" she cried, furiously.

"I have no profession—no means," I replied, "since I knew you I have thrown up my studies—I have lived only for you! Your eyes have been my world."

"We were seated in an arbor in the garden when this conversation took place. She rose and said, decidedly:

"Either I will have jewels, or you shall see me no more! I can show you how to enrich me!"

"Anything but losing you!" I exclaimed. "Tell me how I can gratify you?"

"First," she said, looking me in the face, as if she would penetrate my soul, "are you willing to make any sacrifice for me?"

"Willing?" I repeated, reproachfully. "Have I not sacrificed my soul! my happiness and peace for thee? What remains?"

"Honor," she answered.

"I have none that is not shared with thee."

"Enough. Come with me!" she answered.

"I rose from the seat in the arbor, and was led by her through the garden into the house. We entered into a small chamber in one wing of the house. It was lighted by three wax candles upon a round table in the centre. At the table sat a man of forty-five, of a commanding appearance and fine form, with a pen in his hand, as if writing. I noticed that Eleanor turned the key behind us as we entered. But I feared nothing. I would have followed her everywhere on earth or under the earth, her fascination over me was so complete. This person I had never before seen. It was the first time I had ever entered the mansion, which, with its garden, was enclosed by a high wall, and seemed a fit home for a Jesuit in its strength and secrecy. I had often wondered I had never seen her father, but she always replied that he was an invalid, and saw no one. The gentleman now arose, and she presented him as her father. I shrunk conscious of guilt before the father of the idol I so criminally worshipped; but he advanced, smiled, and taking my hand, welcomed me, and said that he had long waited for this hour.

"But, doctor," resumed the dying man, after a moment's pause, from fatigue, "I have not strength to enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that this father and his illegitimate daughter were equally guilty and linked in crime as in blood. He was the famed and well-known forger, Col. ——. He had chosen this retired villa as the place in which to plan and prepare his splendid enterprises of guilt. I was the very person of whom he had need, as I was noted for my beautiful penmanship, to aid him in the nicer and more delicate features of his criminal profession. His eye had fallen upon me as I passed and re-passed the window of his house to and from my vestry. I know not what his penetrating sagacity saw in my face that gave him hope of success. But he resolved to place temptation in my way. For this purpose he interested his beautiful daughter, whose previous experience with others made her a finished adept at ensnaring young men, to endeavor to ensnare me, knowing that if I once listened to the syren I should be unable to escape from her toils. But these facts I did not discover until afterwards. Resistance now to my destiny was hopeless. But I did not make an effort to resist it. Under their tutelage I soon became an experienced imitator of the handwritings of hundreds of moneyed men. The names of presidents and cashiers of banks were executed by me with a precision that defied detection. For her I would have signed my name to an instrument that consigned me to hell, so that she shared my fate with me. I experienced a wild, strange delight in plunging with her into guilt.

"At length when not less than one hundred thousand dollars in value of false notes had been executed jointly by me and her, I suspected that she was false to me. I accused her! She confessed it, and laughed at me, and said that she had never loved me—that she was incapable of love, that her only passion was for gold! Upon hearing this, and reflecting that I had wrecked all in this life and the life to come for love of her, I was driven to madness, and without hesitation plunged a dagger into her bosom; and with sensations of horror and disgust spurned her corpse with my foot. It was midnight when this was done. The colonel's room was in another part of the house.

"There is but one other between thee and the discovery of thy career of forgery," was whispered by Sathanas, in my ear. I instantly approached the father's room, and entered it unobserved. He was asleep; and as I drove the

encrimsoned dagger into his side, I exclaimed: "Thus I avenge my soul's ruin on thee and thine! Thus perish the only proof of my guilty life to the eye of justice!"

"Sir, I was now the most wretched man the earth held! Lost to Heaven by my backsliding; deceived and mocked by the only female I had ever loved, and for whom I had ruined my immortal hopes, and with two murders on my soul, I wonder I did not go mad! I fled that night my native home, and laden with the forged notes, I sought the metropolis. There I plunged into the whirling vortex of what men call pleasure, to escape from my thoughts. I could no longer be alone without indescribable terror! I drank to excess, for fear of reflection; not suffering myself to be perfectly sober. Sir, I was a living hell! I carried the tortures of the infernals within my own body! I would have killed myself, but I feared to fly from the ills I sulked to those I knew not of. I was arrested for passing forged paper, and committed to prison. My trial brought to light my connection with Colonel —, who had recovered from the wound I gave him, and was then in prison under sentence of death for the murder of his daughter, as well as under condemnation for forgery. Upon hearing of my arrest, he filed accusation against me as her murderer. I was convicted of both crimes, and sent to the condemned cell, awaiting the day of my execution. But the horror of death, sir, not the fear of its sufferings, but of those of hell, sir, drove me to desperation. A man who has once been religious, and has fallen away, sir, as you must well know, fears death most of all men! He knows and believes that there is a life to come, a judgment, and a final retribution. It is only the true Christian, or the insensible unbeliever, who can meet death calmly. In me was combined the wickedness of the one, with faith in the future life of the other. This fear of meeting my Judge in heaven inspired me with superhuman strength. The night before I was to have been executed, I seized and broke in fragments with my hands the two iron bars of my window! The space was barely large enough for me to force my way through—the jagged points of the iron cutting into and ploughing my back and breast half an inch deep. See, sir, these scars, yet barely healed!" and he showed me his chest, which looked as if the teeth of a harrow had passed across it. "I dropped to the ground from a great height! I was for a moment stunned, but the blood streaming from my wounds, revived me. I fled, and finally escaped by casting myself into a boat by the shore and launching out into the stream."

"Is your name Alfred Falconer?" I asked, as he paused, exhausted with talking.

"Yes."

"I heard of your escape by the papers. A large reward is offered for your apprehension."

"Yes, I know it, sir!"

"But the same paper stated that the keeper of the prison is under arrest, on the charge of conniving at your escape; and it was said that as there was little doubt of his guilt, he would be imprisoned for life."

"It is this that led me to send for you, sir," he answered, raising himself up on his elbow and looking at me with his sunken eyes with an earnest expression. "I heard that he was arrested, sir! All sense of generosity, all honor and humanity, are not dead in me, sir! Though I was disguised completely as a worker in the coal mines at Lehigh, I no sooner learned that he was under arrest than I resolved to go and save him at every risk. I knew he had a family, and he had treated me kindly when I was under his care. I took my way on foot, sir, and stopping for the night at this inn, was taken down sick here, where I shall die. When this morning the doctor told me that I could not live, I resolved to send for you, sir, for I knew you by reputation, and have heard my father speak of you. My object is sending for you, sir, was not from penitence, or for confession of sin—these are not for me, sir! but to implore you to go and make known to the proper authorities the innocence of the keeper of the prison, for I had no other aid than that which despair lent me in breaking the bars of my cell. Will you do this, sir?" And he looked at me imploringly, as if his very existence depended on my answer.

"I will," I answered. "I am rejoiced to be the bearer of such a message as this you entrust to me. But it is important that your confession should be taken before a justice of the peace."

I knocked with my heel upon the floor of the room, and the "major," who seemed to be waiter-

general to the inn, came up. I gave him a piece of paper from my pocket-book, on which I wrote to my friend, Judge C—, a line, asking his presence there without delay. By the time he arrived, I had written down the part of the young man's statement exculpating the prison-keeper, and to the accuracy of it he assented under oath, administered by the judge, who read aloud to him what I had written.

"Will that save him, judge?" asked the dying criminal, anxiously.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I am satisfied—I can do no more," he answered, and fell back upon his pillow exhausted. For some minutes he lay as still as if death, so dreaded by him, had already claimed its victim. I placed my hand upon his pulse, and found it throbbing irregularly.

"He is gone," said the justice, gazing on him.

"No, he lives," I said.

At the sound of my voice he lifted his eyes and fixed them full upon me with an expression that can never be effaced from my memory. It seemed to betray a soul within shrinking to hide itself from the eye of the Almighty. I knelt by his bed, and with his clumsy hand in mine, prayed for mercy for him from the Father of mercies.

"No—no—" he murmured; "it cannot be! I am not repentant! I cannot be forgiven! I know the terms! It is too late to comply with them. I have sought repentance since I have laid here, sir; sought it with tears, sir; but I could not feel. My day is past, and there remains only a fearful looking for of judgment! O God! whither shall I hide myself from thy burning eye!" His whole frame shivered as he said this.

The judge, who was a Christian man, and tender-hearted, buried his face in his hands, and groaned audibly.

"Doctor," he said, "try and speak a word of comfort! It is dreadful to see a man die so! Let us both pray for mercy on his soul!" And the judge knelt by the bedside, where I was kneeling, and tried to pray; but his tears flowed too freely to suffer him to articulate.

I spoke of the promises of pardon held out to the truly penitent, and entreated the dying and fast-sinking man to ask God's mercy. He laughed hollowly, as if in mockery of pardon for himself, and with the dreadful laugh yet echoing in the room, his guilty soul departed shuddering from the body, and entered upon that state from which he had so fearfully shrunk.

"How hardly shall he who has once partaken of the hope of the life to come, if he fall away, renew it again unto repentance," I said, unconsciously, as I gazed on the now placid face of the dead; for the expression of his cold features gave no betrayal of the dark and guilty secrets of the soul which had so lately animated them.

It fell to my sad duty the following day to bury the body; and I embraced the occasion to give a brief outline of his career, and to caution the young men who heard me against the first temptation and the first departure from rectitude; "for," said I, "the listening ear and the wandering eye may, as in the lamentable case before us, lead to ruin and woe unutterable."

Without delay the affidavit was conveyed to the proper authorities by the judge, and the keeper was honorably acquitted; and thus the last wish of the wretched young man had its accomplishment. As for the "colonel," his evil angel, I learned that after remaining a short time in the prison at Sing-Sing, he put an end to his own existence—his haughty pride refusing longer to endure the ignominy of his degradation.

While I am concluding this entry in my journal, my gardener has come in, and says that "Major" Barcland has just been found dead and frozen stiff in the wood-shed of the "Race Horse Tavern." He died by intemperance and exposure. Thus perished one who had formerly represented the county in the legislature, but whom high living and drunkenness brought to a beggar's end. Surely the way of transgressors is hard; and he only is safe whom integrity and honor preserve in a sober, godly and righteous life. "Lead us not into temptation," should be the daily petition of us all, of the strong as well as of the weak! "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

If there be in human life a joy more exalted than all others, it is when its last moments are cheered by the fond affection of a virtuous progeny; and if there be a pang more agonizing than any other, it is that of a dying parent, whose last thoughts rest upon the crimes of a depraved but fondly-loved child.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

Written after reading the speeches of the Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD on the KOSUTH RESOLUTIONS OF WELCOME, delivered in the Senate of the United States.

BY E. CURTISS HINK, U. S. N.

Champion of right! success attend thee,
In trampling down oppression's cause;
And may that Power on high defend thee,
Before which covering tyrants pause!
Stern in their path all armed they find thee,
With sharpened brand and dauntless eye;
Droop not—the name thou 'lt leave behind thee,
Starlike, will shine in memory's sky.

The sorrowing exile sadly wanders
On far Columbia's wintry strand;
And, as in musing mood he ponders
Upon his down-crushed fatherland,
The memory of thy voice shall cheer him,
And urge him onward to the fray,
Where the grim Czar shall learn to fear him,
And brightly dawn young freedom's day.

Spirits of sages long departed,
Look downward from your homes on high;
Behold the firm—the noble-hearted,
That struggling 'neath their tyrants lie.
Give strength to him who late proclaiming
The Magyar's cause on freedom's strand,
For liberty and right is aiming,
And sheds a lustre o'er our land.

All honor to that voice which rises
Unawed above the timid cry,
Which every despot king despises,
And prouder waves his scourge on high.
And may the sun of hope uprearing,
And gilding Europe's smoking plains,
While the poor captive's heart 'tis cheering,
Melt from his limbs the tyrant's chains.
U. S. Ship Preble, April, 1852.

SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

The uniform of the British soldier is in color, shape and fit matchless for the toy shop, but the worst suited for the rough business of war. Compare our two services—the blue jackets and the red coats—what freedom of the limbs in one, what restraint in the other. The scaman at his gun goes into action stripped to his waist, the soldier goes into action like a hog in armor, almost deprived of the use of his limbs. The sailor could not be rigged out like the soldier, for this simple reason, that were he so he could not work—a queer figure buttoned up to the chin in a tight jacket would Jack be for hauling out the weather earring of a treble-reefed foretopsail in a gale of wind. The necessities of the service would approximate the soldier to the same equipment, instead of squeezing, and screwing, and sewing, and buckling him up, till it is a wonder he has the power of movement, if the necessities of the service made themselves felt in the army as they do in the navy, which has ever to do with elements which will not be trifled with.—*Examiner.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

BY C. JILLSON.

I have loved thee, I have loved thee,
But the magic spell is o'er;
And the charm that bound my spirit
Ne'er will smile upon me more.
Sadness slowly steals upon me,
As I live from day to day;
And thy gentle spirit haunts me,
While I roam from thee away.

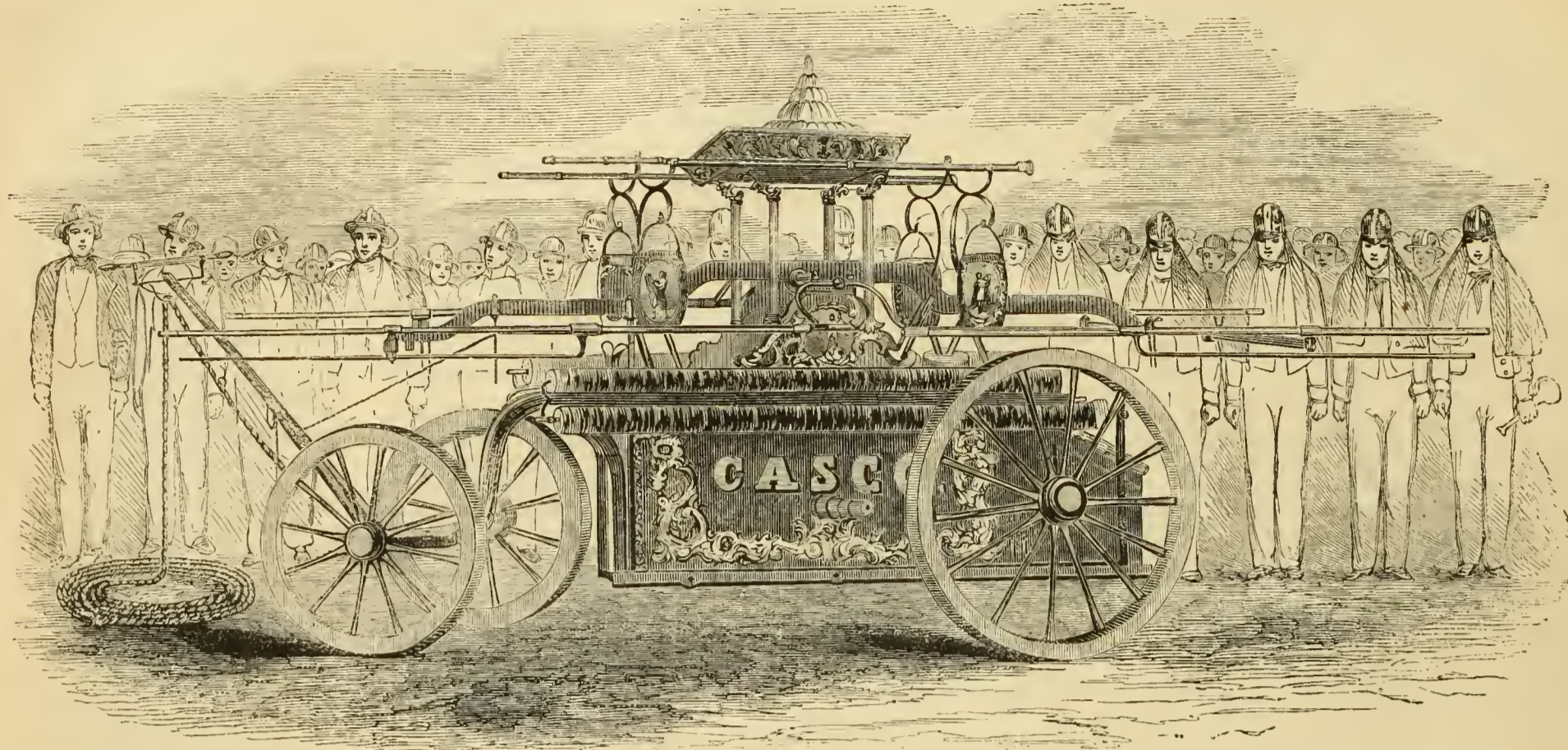
I have loved thee, I have loved thee,
While my cheek was flushed with health;
But thy pride has learned to spurn me,
For I am devoid of wealth.
Thou hast sought the love of others,
Thou hast sold thy heart for gold;
O I dread each coming moment,
Since thy love has grown so cold.

Worcester, Mass., April, 1852.

THE LOWER CLASSES.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility. No matter if they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and high-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.—*Raleigh Spirit.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*



FIRE ENGINE "CASCO," OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

CASCO ENGINE, PORTLAND.

In a former number of our paper we gave a representation of the late destructive fire in Portland, Me., in which sketch Casco Engine No. 1 was represented in miniature, and in that picture being one of many objects, was not delineated with the nicety and correctness that so fine a piece of machinery deserves. Our artist has drawn for us here a faithful picture of the Engine, and we present it to our readers with pleasure, as being one of the best "tubs" in the country, while by a happy coincidence we can add that it is also manned by a company of as gallant hearts as ever worked at the breaks, or guided a leading hose pipe upon a burning building. Their services at the late fire will not soon be forgotten by the good people of Portland, who in time of need will feel that they can rely upon such as the Casco "boys" for manly aid and courageous exertion at the most critical moment. The company was organized July 7th, 1835; Henry Fox, Foreman, L. H. Stevens, Clerk.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

We here present a valuable likeness of the celebrated "Corn Law Rhymer," a man whose influence has been more deeply impressed upon the English nation, than almost any other since the days of Cobbett. He stands before the people connected with all their associations of the real necessities of life, and has thoroughly identified himself with all their feelings by his unflinching advocacy of their rights and interests as regards the physical salvation of the working classes, and their freedom from intolerable enactments. His personal character is resolute and intrepid, and it has acquired an iron strength, tinged with a peculiar pensiveness, from grappling with suffering in its sterner forms. He was born the 17th of March, 1781, being one of eight children. His father was a commercial clerk in the iron works at Marsborough, near Rotherham, with a salary of 70*l.* a year, "and consequently," says he, "a rich man in those days." There is no complete biography of Mr. Elliott published, nor ever written. There is one in manuscript written by himself, but only up to a certain period. Beyond that he has not been able to proceed, and has expressed doubts whether he ever shall. It no doubt relates to some crisis in his life, that from his desperate conflict with circumstances is recollected only with a horror that disables his pen; the bottom of that Jordan of affliction through which he passed, that he might become the interpreter of the sons of suffering. At the very memory of this stern baptism, that Herculean resolution which bore him through it falters; it is to be hoped, for the sake of posterity, one day, however, to collect itself again into a great effort, and to add another autobiography full of life's great lessons to those of Franklin and William

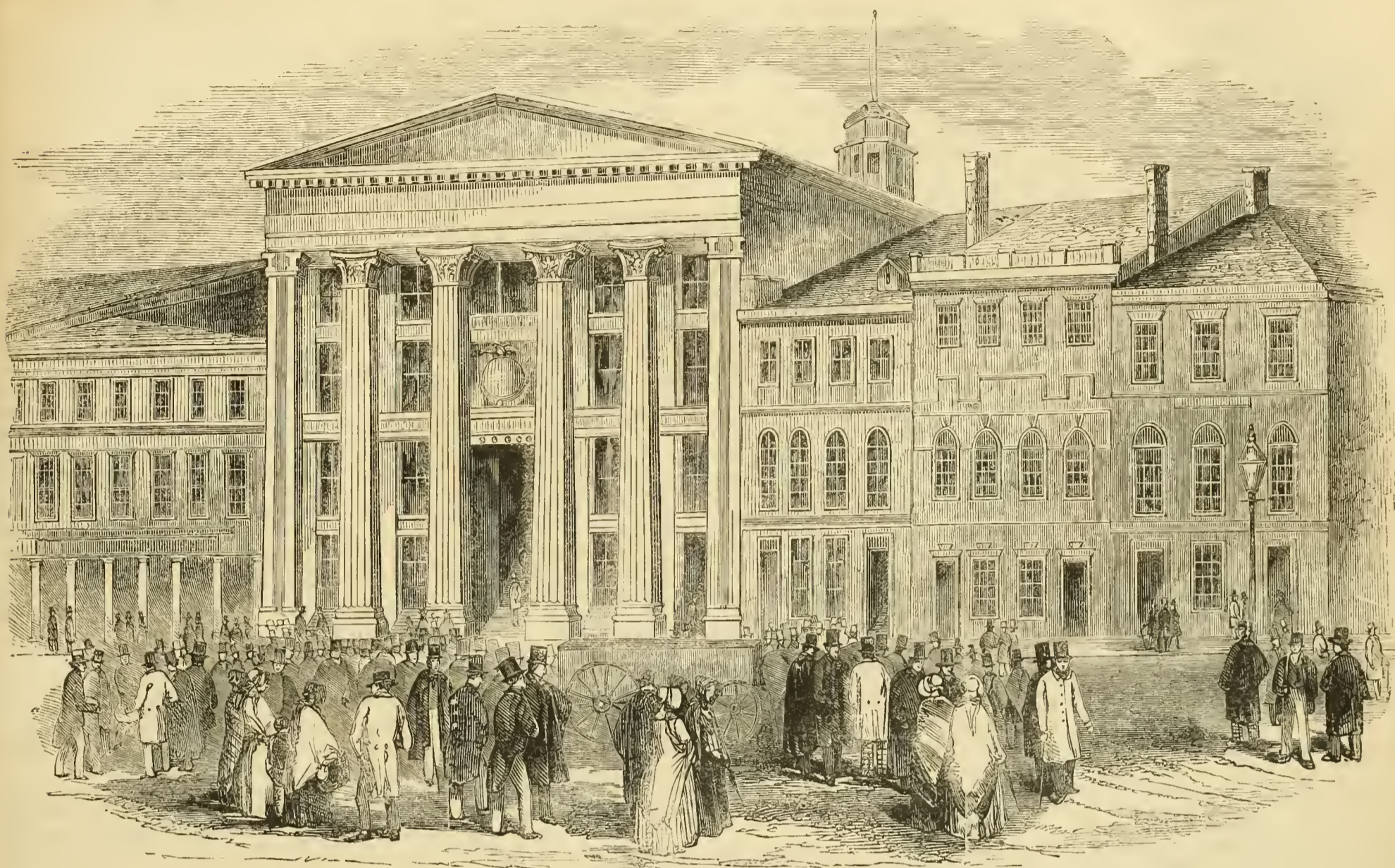
Hutton. There is nothing peculiar in those reminiscences of his early life which are preserved, to foreshadow the future, unless that it may be said of him as of Walter Scott, that his juvenile days were characterized by a dulness which occasioned much disquiet to his father and friends. But as he now stands in the public eye, he is a man of indomitable energy, perseverance, and searching observation. His memory is very retentive, and he does not easily forget what he has once learned. Translations have made him familiar with the classic poets of

Greece and Rome. Amongst the tragedians, Æschylus is his favorite; whom he admires as the most original and sublime of the Athenian dramatic writers. His reading is extensive, and it has not been confined entirely to poetry. History and political economy seem to have been his favorite studies; the latter has inspired some of his most admired productions. He writes prose as well as verse, and the style of some of his Letters on the Corn Laws has the condensed fire and energy of Junius; less polished, indeed, but equally pointed and severe. In conversation

he is rapid and short; his sentences, when he is animated by the subject on which he is speaking have all the force and brevity of Spartan oratory; they are words of flame; and in his predictions of calamity and woe—as, in his opinion, a necessary consequence of adhering to the present system of politics—it may be truly said, in his own language, "his gloom is fire." In argument every muscle of his countenance is eloquent; and when his cold blue eye is fired with indignation, it resembles a wintry sky flashing with lightning; his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud torn by the tempest. In his mercantile pursuits he has not always been fortunate; and his literary career, till lately, was unattended with one cheering circumstance. He has endured cold neglect for years, and had to struggle with difficulties of every kind. The firm and proud spirit which he manifested in contending with these, hurling back unmerited censure with scorn, and relying fully on his own powers for final success, is, next to his works, the strongest proof of his possessing intellectual superiority, however much it may indicate a want of the milder graces of the Christian character. His was not the weak spirit that sinks under misfortunes; his strong and powerful genius rose above them. He boldly grasped and eventually strangled the serpents that have stung so many others to death. To whomsoever else adversity has been fatal, to him it was of essential service: it called forth his powers, it roused him to the contest, it strengthened him for victory. His triumph is a glorious proof of what mind can effect, and we hail and exhibit it as a great moral lesson to the world. They who class Ebenezer Elliott with poets of the working class, or look upon him as a poor man, are amazingly mistaken. It is true that he commenced life as a working man. That he came to Sheffield under peculiar circumstances, and some hundred and fifty pounds worse than nothing; and, after enduring much like a man of iron, he struck into the right track; and, such was the prosperity of the town and trade of Sheffield, that he says he used to sit in his chair, and make his twenty pounds a day, without even seeing the goods that he sold; for they came to the wharf, and were sold again thence, without ever coming into his warehouse or under his eye. The Corn Laws altered all this, and made him glad to get out of business with part of what he had got; the great revulsion of 1837 sweeping away some three or four thousands at once. The trade in which he made his money at Sheffield, was that of a bar-iron merchant, which he first began in Burgess street. Here prosperity first visited him, and the place becoming too small for his growing concerns, he removed his warehouse to Gibraltar street, Chalesmoor; and built quite a handsome villa, in a garden of an acre in extent. The business is now in the hands of two of his sons.



PORTRAIT OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN LAW RHYMER.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

Our artist has sketched for us herewith a picture of the Merchant's Exchange, State Street, Boston, one of the finest arranged and constructed buildings of the kind in this country. Within the building, which is of granite, is the

large and elegant rotunda appropriated for the public reading-room, and beneath this is the grand delivery and business-rooms of the Boston Post Office. At "high change," the doors and sidewalks in front of the Exchange, are thronged by a motley group of brokers, merchants, etc.

THE OLD ROMAN WALL.

The view below is from a sketch made by Mr. P. Stephenson, when travelling in Italy, in 1846. It is taken from an observatory in the grounds of the De Medicis Palace. At the right, are the Borgiense grounds, the whole overlooked by the

mountains of Tivoli. The wall is 69 miles long, and built of solid brick, strongly cemented with mortar. Its height in some parts is fifty feet. It was erected by the Emperor Septimius Severus, A. D. 210, and served as a barrier to the Roman territories for nearly 200 years.



VIEW OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL WITH THE MOUNTAINS, ABOVE TIVOLI

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Speak not harshly, unkind words
Can never man reform;
They never can disperse the clouds
Which oft precede the storm.
They cannot lull, within the breast,
Those feelings of remorse
Which must attend, day after day,
The sinner's downward course.

Then speak not to thy brother man
With harshness in thy voice;
But strive, by gentle words of love,
To bid his heart rejoice;
And bind around his inmost soul
That chain so closely riven;
That chain of love, so pure and bright,
Whose links are forged in heaven.

We cannot know the blessings rare
Which oft from kind words spring;
We cannot tell the healing power
Which oft they daily bring.
Kind words are cheap—then freely give—
For as from us they start,
They oft may shed a ray of hope
Upon a broken heart.

And though we may not know on earth
What blessings we have shed
Upon the care-worn, wounded heart,
Upon the weary head;
Yet rest assured that unto all,
This blessed hope is given;
The good we've done whilst here below,
We'll surely know in heaven.

Baltimore, Md., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SEWING CIRCLE:

—OR—

ASSISTING THE HEATHEN.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

PROSPEROUS circumstances, a large, well furnished house, a kind and devoted husband, attentive servants, and last, though not least, a laughing, frolicsome child, did not possess sufficient attractions to make Mrs. William Wells contented and happy at home. The items we have enumerated were all very well, but Mrs. Wells was not a "home body." She liked excitement, but especially did she enjoy a social chat with those of her own sex; and talkative women, we believe, generally do.

She really loved her child, but was that any reason why she should be "tied up at home every evening?" Certainly not; and Mrs. Wells acted accordingly.

At this time she was standing before a mirror, dressing her hair and adorning her pretty person. There was a shade of care upon her brow, as though she was not wholly satisfied with herself. Presently a low cry from a child reached her ear. She listened a moment, and then went on with her toilet. Again was the sound repeated, but much louder. With a look of determination, she did not desist from her employment until the last curl was arranged; then she left the room, and entered the nursery.

"What ails Willie, Janet?" she asked, impatiently.

"I don't know, madam; but he will cry in spite of all I can do," replied the girl, tossing the child up and down, which had the effect to make it use its lungs the more earnestly.

"It is always so when I wish to go out!" Mrs. Wells exclaimed, fretfully. "Give him to me, Janet, perhaps I can still him," she added.

The girl placed the child in her arms. He still screamed and struggled, while the mother tried to soothe and quiet him. But Willie evidently was not disposed to be so easily satisfied, and she soon gave up the attempt.

"It is nothing but temper," said Mrs. Wells. "Let him cry it out. I have succeeded in nothing but disarranging my dress. It is so late I shan't have time to wait for Mr. Wells; but you can tell him where I have gone."

The lady was just tying her bonnet when her husband entered.

"Is it necessary for you to go out again to-night, Mary?" he inquired.

"Very necessary," was the brief reply.

"May I ask where you are going?"

"Certainly. I intend going to the 'sewing circle.'"

"This is the third evening you have been out this week in succession," he rejoined. "Why not spend it with me? You know I should like your company."

"You are not half self-denying enough, Mr. Wells," replied the lady. "You should think more of the good of the poor heathen, and less of your own gratification."

"Attend to the heathen in your own neighborhood first, and then there will be time enough to think of those in other lands."

"It is useless spending time in disputing. You will never be convinced of the utility of sewing circles, nor of the immense good we are doing," said his wife, in a tone that admitted no cavilling.

"Do I not hear Willie crying?" added Mr. Wells.

"It is probable that you do; for he has been screaming at the top of his voice for the last half hour. If you wish to witness an exhibition of temper, just visit the nursery," she replied, petulantly.

"Willie is not a fretful child, and never cries like that, unless he is sick. I do not think it your duty to leave him to-night."

"My 'duty,' William, tells me to spend this evening for the good of others. Instead of assisting and encouraging me in this laudable undertaking, you try to thwart me. It is not doing as you would be done by. What if you were a poor benighted heathen?" asked Mrs. Wells, in a voice of extreme sympathy.

"In any sensible way I will gladly assist you to aid those of whom you speak; but in this individual case, charity begins at home," replied the husband, quietly.

"No insinuations, if you please, Mr. Wells. I shall assuredly not gratify the will of a child who is as well as usual, by remaining at home." And Mrs. Wells drew on her gloves, and left the house.

The child, exhausted, had fallen into a troubled sleep.

"Poor little fellow!" said Mr. Wells, compassionately. "How pale he is! and hear, Janet, how heavily he breathes. I fear he will have an attack of the croup."

"I thought he was sick this afternoon," replied the girl, looking much frightened, "but mistress said he was cross."

Mr. Wells, after charging Janet to watch him attentively, stepped out and called a physician near by. Remedies were quickly administered by the latter, who declared that had they delayed calling him one hour later, a violent attack of croup would have been inevitable. Mr. Wells remained by his child until he breathed easily and slept quietly.

His wife was much shocked, upon her return, at hearing what Willie had escaped; but soon consoled herself with the reflection that she had probably done more good laboring for others abroad than doing what the father had performed so successfully at home. Her head was full of projects for increasing the funds in the hands of the treasurer.

The "circle" had usually met in the vestry of the church; and the outlay for fuel, lights, &c., was, of course, considerable. Now to prevent this expense, she would have the members meet at her own house. The rooms were large, and everything comfortable and convenient. She would have them come early in the afternoon, to gain additional time for sewing, and remain the evening. And, of course, she must give them tea. The old ladies would work (and talk) a great deal faster after drinking a strong cup of old Hyson. To be sure her carpets were new, and the furniture costly and uninjured; but should she not be self-sacrificing, and risk something for the "nations in darkness?"

But although the plan of Mrs. Wells appeared a feasible and happy one, her husband, disliking "sewing circles," might not consent. She was happily disappointed; he did consent, but upon this condition: that Mrs. Wells, after the meeting adjourned, should truthfully answer any questions he might ask in relation to the subject. To this simple demand his wife instantly agreed, felicitating herself that she had succeeded with so little difficulty.

The members of the "circle" were all duly notified of the change; and on the day appointed, old women, middle aged women, and young women, made their way to the house of Mr. Wells. Large bags of disordered sewing and tangled knitting were brought to the light, revealing any number of articles begun, but none finished. Here lay the body of a shirt, but the sleeves could not be found; there the two were found in close proximity, but minus wristbands and collar. One old lady laid claim to a stocking, partly finished, as her share of the work;

but upon examination, she found that her predecessor had inserted yarn of a different color, and progressed some inches without discovering her mistake. The error was corrected, the omissions supplied, and for a time there were really signs of something being done. Elderly ladies snapped their knitting needles fiercely, and younger ones plied their bits of steel with unusual assiduity.

But soon the interest began to flag. Tongues moved faster than fingers, and promised to do more mischief. The virtues and vices of the absent were discussed, and the golden rule entirely forgotten.

"Have you heard the news?" eagerly asked Miss Almira Ferris, a maiden lady of thirty-five, of Mrs. Twiss.

"No; what is it?"

"Why, that flirty widow Barton has asked Mr. Shears, the tailor, to take her to ride!"

"You don't say so! Horrible, aint it!" exclaimed Mrs. Twiss, dropping her work, and looking the picture of astonishment.

"Yes," pursued Miss Almira, pursing up her mouth, "and I never heard of a more brazen-faced piece of boldness in my life. I wonder she isn't ashamed to show her head!"

"And did she ask him, point blank?" pursued Mrs. Twiss.

"Why, she told him the weather was fine, and the sleighing good; and what was that but an invitation, I wonder?"

"Sure enough. But you know these widows say and do anything. They haven't a mite of modesty. I shouldn't wonder if she even asked him to marry her." And Mrs. Twiss shook her head, and sighed, that people could so "forget themselves."

"And that isn't all," added Miss Ferris, inserting a stitch.

"Goodness gracious! It can't be possible!" cried the other, in a suppressed voice, and bending her head to catch the words.

"I shouldn't want to have it go from me, and you needn't mention it; but they do say that she offered to make shirts for him. What a shameless hussy! But everybody knows that she has been running after Mr. Shears these six months. And to see the curls and low-necked dresses, one would suppose she wasn't more than twenty years old; but she'll never see forty again," continued Miss Almira, glancing in an opposite mirror.

"I always said she meant something by not joining our 'circle,'" added Mrs. Twiss, significantly. "You know she told her next door neighbor that 'she could earn more money and do twice as much good by staying at home and minding her own business.' An impudent speech, I call it. I should think Mr. Shears had better buy his shirts of the 'circle,' instead of patronizing that self-conceited widow!"

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Twiss, with the different articles of clothing I see scattered about?" asked Mr. Wells, politely, as he passed through the room about tea time.

"Why, bless your heart, sir, we sell them, and send the money to Dr. Sprout, who takes charge of it, and when he gets a chance, sends it to the heathen."

"Who is Dr. Sprout? I never heard of him," added the gentleman.

"It's a pity you don't know him, for he's such a handsome literary man," resumed Mrs. Twiss, with enthusiasm. "He came in one evening, bought a book mark, and talked so beautifully about Timotheus, Arabia, and the cannibals, that we all liked him at once. We let him take all our funds to keep, and he took 'em gratefully, sir, I assure you."

"No doubt," said Mr. Wells, with a quiet smile. "But how much do you earn at one such meeting as this?"

"O sometimes more, and sometimes less, though generally we do a sight of work," answered the lady, plying her needle all at once with uncommon rapidity, as an example of their industry. "I really believe I've got as many as twenty-five boy's jackets, and as many aprons piled up at home, that we've made."

"Not very available property, I fear," rejoined the gentleman, laughing.

"Well, they don't seem to be fetching in much just now, sir; but we've great hopes of 'em. Your wife thinks we shall have to auction 'em, I hope not though, for they'll be terribly sacrificed, if we do."

Mr. Wells seemed in an observing mood; he heard all that was said, and noticed all that was done. After conversing awhile longer with Mrs.

Twiss, he walked away just fast enough to hear the following remark from a fat personage on his left.

"Deacon Grant's wife has got another new silk dress! Anybody would think her husband was made of money. She ought to think more of her example, as one of the pillars of the church."

"How did you find out?" asked a voice.

"O, my dress-maker cut it for her, and she told me. And as true as you are alive, it was made with six flounces!"

The gentleman stopped to hear no more, but with another peculiar smile, left the room. As it was the most convenient way, Mrs. Wells had concluded to "carry round" the refreshments; and as the cook was busy making tea and cutting cake, Janet offered her services. Luckless Janet. As she was entering the room, she tripped her foot against a large bundle of cloth, and down went Janet, and two dozen nice china plates, breaking the latter to atoms. This unfortunate accident cast a damper upon the spirits of the company; but Mrs. Wells took so little notice of the circumstance, and other plates being instantly supplied, the ladies began to sip their tea with renewed relish. The quantity of sandwiches and cake which disappeared was astonishing. An observer might have supposed that some had deprived themselves of both breakfast and dinner, on purpose to acquire a keener appetite for the good things which Mrs. Wells so generously produced. This, however, is mere supposition.

"And now," thought Mrs. Wells, after the tea things were removed, "we shall have a long evening in which to accomplish a great deal. My husband must see nothing to prejudice him still more against 'sewing circles.' So far, all had gone on well, except the trifling accident of the plates being demolished."

Her reflections were interrupted by a great bustle within the parlor, and a voice exclaiming:

"He is choking! he is choking!"

Throwing open the door, Mrs. Wells beheld Willie, who appeared suffocating, struggling in the arms of Miss Ferris. The latter seemed much frightened, and was alternately exclaiming and striking the child upon the back, as if to assist him in dislodging something in the throat.

"Miss Ferris! my child! O, it must be the croup!" exclaimed the excited mother, rushing frantically to the scene of action.

"Don't rave so, Mrs. Wells; it aint the croup. I've just examined my snuff box, and I shouldn't wonder if he had swallowed my snuff bean; at any rate, it's missing," said one of the company, very deliberately.

"Call my husband; quick!" screamed Mrs. Wells.

The husband was soon on the spot; and as the child still continued to cough and choke, an emetic was administered without loss of time. Soon the frightened mother had the happiness of seeing him eject a quantity of yellow snuff, including the missing "bean." The operation evidently relieved him greatly, and he was committed to the care of Janet, with strict injunctions that he should not be again left that evening.

Willie (who had just begun to walk) had taken advantage of the momentary absence of the girl, made his way, unperceived, to the parlor, and taken possession of an old lady's snuff box and its contents; as she, not foreseeing such disastrous consequences, had thoughtlessly placed it in a chair beside her.

But more trouble was in store for Mrs. Wells. In the hurry and confusion, some one had overturned a table, upon which stood, burning, a valuable lamp. This, of course, was broken in its descent, scattering the glass and oil in every direction. No one heeded this until the child was removed, when an examination showed that a costly table cover, several valuable books, and two silk dresses, were irretrievably ruined, to say nothing of the injury done to a nice Brussels carpet.

Work was laid aside, conversation flagged, and the sufferers, with blank faces, made preparations for an early departure. As nothing could be done to any advantage among such a state of things, it was thought best to postpone all farther efforts on that occasion; and the afternoon that began so hopefully on the part of Mrs. Wells, ended in vexation and mortification. Her husband wisely refrained from any observations until the next morning, when he saw her, with elongated countenance, inspecting her disordered parlors.

"Well, Mary, are you ready for the questions?" he smilingly asked.

"I have given my word to answer them, and I suppose it must be done," she replied, looking dejectedly about her.

"In the first place, I would like to ask how much work was done yesterday?" he continued.

"Janet," said Mrs. Wells, "bring me the work that you took from the tables last evening." The girl obeyed.

"Now look these things over, and tell me how many articles are finished among them."

Janet tumbled them about for several moments, without speaking.

"O my! what stitches!" she at last exclaimed. "It's lucky these are for the heathen, for nobody else would wear 'em!"

"They were not made for them to wear; they are to be sold, Janet. But is there none finished?" continued her mistress.

"I don't see anything, madam, but this pillow-case; and that is hemmed wrong side out. Here's a shirt about done, but they have forgot the shoulder pieces and neck gussets," replied Janet, tossing aside uncompleted pin cushions, needle-books, book marks, embroidery, &c., &c.

"And as true as I'm alive!" she exclaimed, holding up a package, "here is a lot of sandwiches and cake rolled up in a piece of cloth!"

"Some worthy old lady forgot it, probably." Mrs. Wells colored, bit her lips and was silent.

"The second question is, who has been benefited by this 'sewing circle?'" he resumed, as Janet left the room.

"I should judge I had not," answered his wife, again looking dubiously at the soiled carpet and fragments of broken glass.

"Thirdly, who has been injured?"

"It seems to me that I have been the greatest sufferer."

"In one sense you have, and in another you have not," said her husband, in a serious tone.

"The absent, Mary, have been injured the most. The gossip and tattle, which most of the people here yesterday indulged in, more than counterbalanced all the good they might have done. I will not include you in the number, for I trust you would not sanction the slanderous and derogatory remarks against those who did not see fit to join your society, or who may have expressed themselves sensibly and fearlessly on the subject. The original object of the society may have been a good and commendable one; but, believe me, it has sadly degenerated. A Christian benevolent spirit must actuate its members individually, before they will succeed in doing good collectively. I do not wish to judge harshly, but I think, from my own observation, that many came here, not from a desire to benefit others, but to enjoy themselves, and give unbridled license to the tongue.

"Now let us look at things in their proper light," continued Mr. Wells, as his wife remained silent. "To begin with, Janet fell and broke two dozen plates; Willie, in her absence, appropriated the property of another to his own use, and you know what were the consequences. A valuable lamp and table-cover were destroyed, several choice books badly soiled, besides a breadth of carpeting entirely ruined. Added to this, you were somewhat out of temper, frightened and mortified, and your guests discomforted and disappointed. On the other hand, nothing of any consequence was accomplished, and what little was done, was done badly; and I dare say all separated with mutual feelings of discontent."

Mr. Wells paused, and his wife looked thoughtful. She was evidently considering the subject with an unprejudiced mind; and, some time after, confessed to an intimate friend that she feared she had mistaken the right way of doing good. She was convinced that true charity seeketh not to laud her good deeds, and that a quiet, unostentatious benevolence was far more preferable. Mrs. Wells was confirmed in this opinion by the discovery that "Dr. Sprout," their "literary" treasurer, had shown his "gratitude" for the confidence reposed in him, and decamped with the funds of the society. It became evident to her that the object of their "sewing circle" was a selfish one, that many joined it to gain an opportunity to talk about their neighbors, the courtships and marriages of the last six months, those in prospective for the next year, and, in fact, all the petty scandal of the neighborhood, rather than from a disinterested desire to benefit the destitute. We need not go far in search of worthy objects, for, according to the great Lawgiver, the poor are always among us.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BALM OF GILEAD.

TO MRS. MARGARET CAMPBELL.

BY JAMES CRUIKSHANKS, JR.

Has Heaven thy sun of hope obscured,
And shrouded all in mortal gloom?
A plaintive voice steals from yon cloud,
Once mute within the silent tomb:—

"Thy sorrows and thy bitter sighs
Are all before thy Father's throne;
I send my arrows, that thou may'st
Exclaim—'Thy will, not mine, be done!'"

"Once have I called, again chastised,
That thou might'st humbly, meekly, fall
Beneath the rod, and kiss the hand
Of Him—the Saviour, Lord of all

"Thy friends, with all the happy throng,
Their many conflicts now record;
Here they, with saints and seraphs too,
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

"A little longer thou shalt wait,
Till thou hast done with all below;
Then rapturous joys shall fill thy soul,
Which angels neither feel nor know!"
New Haven, Ct., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE VERY MAN.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"He's the very man—of course he is! How stupid I was, not to think of him before!"

Such was the exclamation of Harry Minus, a young gentleman of "refined tastes, expensive habits, and elegant ideas," as he sat, with his feet on the fender, in his little bachelor apartment—a four pair back in a pleasant and salubrious quarter of the west end of Boston. He had just thrown an unfinished inch of Havana into the smouldering embers, and wisdom came with the last whiff. Harry was regarded as a handsome young man, though he was slightly used by the pace he had gone for the last few years. Still he was in tolerable preservation, and was well made up by one of those benevolent Schneiders, who "exult to trust and blush to be paid." But he was now in rather an unenviable position. "Cards had tricked him, and ill fortune clogged the dice." His landlady, who "was a poor lone woman," was frequently introducing the subject of "her little bill," which was fast swelling to the proportions of a "big bill," that threatened to knock the non-paying lodger in the head.

But there was a ray of hope; another widow—middle-aged, it was true, but O, adorable in the respectability of bank stock, and dear in the amenities of real estate. Harry had made her acquaintance, and some progress in her good graces. She liked military men; and Harry had served with distinction in the militia. He sometimes went to military balls, in a swallow-tailed blue coat, turned up with buff. But then the widow was fond of poetry, and Harry could not write a line.

The exultant exclamation, recorded by Capt. Minus in the commencement of this paper, was prompted by his remembering that he had a friend in the literary way who could aid him in a laudable scheme of passing as a poet with the widow Brown—"done brown, she will be, if the plan succeeds," thought the very moral young man.

A call on Philetus Crowquill was immediately made. Philetus inhabited very doubtful lodgings in the neighborhood of Causeway Street, a classic attic, without the consolations of Beranger's sky-parlor. Philetus had commenced life with the settled purpose of making himself the Fonblanque of Boston; he now subsisted on writing puffs for quack nostrums, and leading articles for the "very young ladies' magazine." All the traditional shabbiness of literature was exemplified in his surroundings.

He received Capt. Minus with "distinguished consideration;" and very readily agreed, for a small consideration, to open the attack on the widow with three or four sounding stanzas. Plunging his pen into the inkstand, he drove it over a sheet of paper at a 2.40 rate, and soon finished the verses. They were pronounced excellent.

"They are rather good, I think," said Crowquill, modestly. "Do you think they'll fetch the widow?"

"I'm sure of it," said Minus, emphatically.

"All right, my boy," answered Crowquill. "Now just draw your chair to the table, and while I step out and get a bite—I haven't eaten a morsel to day,—you can copy my poem."

"Good!" answered Minus, and he bent to the task.

The literary gentleman had not been gone more than five minutes, before a round red face was cautiously protruded through the door, and two gray eyes, belonging to the face, took a keen survey of the busy occupant of the room. After the face, there appeared, successively, a red bandanna handkerchief, a stout drab coat, a thick stick, and a pair of legs and feet encased in corduroys and cow-hide boots, constituting an animal of the genus homo, who stealthily approached the table, and tapping Capt. Minus on the shoulder, smiled affectionately and familiarly upon him, as he turned round with a dramatic start and beheld the "unbidden guest."

"You're wanted down here!" said the proprietor of the thick stick, as he jerked his thumb in the direction of Leverett Street jail.

Minus knew that there was more than one writ suspended over his head; it was the cause of his anxiety to possess the widow; and he recognized, without difficulty, a sheriff's officer. To gain a little time was all he desired, and it occurred to him to borrow, for a brief space, the name of his literary friend.

"You've made a mistake this time, my good fellow," he said, haughtily; "my name's Crowquill."

"The very man I'm arter—videlicet—to wit," said the myrmidon, displaying the writ.

"I mean," said Minus, suddenly correcting himself, "that my name's Minus."

"Gammon!" said the officer.

It was useless to resist. Minus was taken to the lock-up, vowing vengeance. On the way, he encountered a friend, who volunteered his testimony as to Minus's identity. But alas! no sooner was he released than another officer, the very fac simile of No. 1, served another writing upon the wretched young man, and as it was too late to procure bail, he passed the night in duress vile.

The next day he despatched a note to Crowquill, to arrange about procuring bail. It was answered by the appearance of the literary gentleman in person, but so changed that his friend recognized him with difficulty. He was clad in a new suit of black, and looked as radiant as Apollo himself.

"Have you got bail?" asked Minus.

"I've done better—I've paid the debt," replied Crowquill.

"My dear boy! where did you get the means? You've got no money."

"My wife has!"

"What! are you married?"

"Last night, my boy!"

"To whom?"

"The widow Brown! Lord bless you! I've been courting her for six months. She liked soldiers, but preferred poets. She said you were well enough, but that I was the *very man*. Don't be downcast. There's other widows to be had for asking. Come and dine with me, for this afternoon we start upon our bridal tour."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARCH.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

March is here, never fear,
He will sigh, then will die
When the wing of the spring
Soundeth near.

Winter's o'er, and his roar
When he died, echoed wide,
And his breath, lost in death,
Comes no more.

March is here, though 't is drear,
Chasing frost, where 't is lost,
When the wing of the spring
Soundeth near.

Scituate, Mass., April, 1852.

DEALING WITH A SINGER.

The original Zerlina of the opera was Signora Bondini, daughter of the manager. In rehearsing that part of the finale of the first act where she is seized by Don Giovanni, there was some difficulty in getting her to scream in the right manner and place.—It was tried repeatedly, and failed. At length, Mozart, desiring the orchestra to repeat the piece, went quietly on the stage, and, awaiting the time that she was to make the exclamation, grasped her so suddenly and so forcibly that, really alarmed, she shrieked in good earnest. He was now content. "That's the way," said he, praising her; "you must cry out just in that manner."—*Holmes's Memoirs.*

Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
And thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.
Cowley.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY A. WOOD.

Here's a health to the landlord's pretty daughter,
That tendeth the table so well;
Though she fill my glass with sparkling water,
Not with the foaming ale.
Here's a health to the lassie.

Her bodice all laced with ribbon so neat,
Her apron so white and so clean;
Wrought sandals upon her delicate feet,
She beareth herself like a queen.
Here's a health to the lassie.

Her eyes are as blue as the blue harebell,
Her cheeks like the cherry ripe red;
Her smile is too sunny for word to tell,
And the hair falls in curls from her head.
Here's a health to the lassie.

Ah! little knoweth the landlord's daughter
The thoughts that within me did swell,
When she filled my glass with sparkling water,
Refusing the foaming ale.
Here's a health to the lassie.

I learned the lesson, O landlord's daughter,
Ye taught it me full well;
I love better now the sparkling water,
Than I ever did the ale.
Here's a health to the lassie.

Andover, Mass., April, 1852.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

The cultivation of the sentiments and of the social virtues, is solely dependent upon women. As the mother of man, she is then the source of all human power and dignity. If she is weak, one who will yet be strong is nurtured in her lap. If she is prescribed to the possession of noble sentiments, and a sphere of household action, she can yet transfuse her sentiments into one who will bear them abroad to the world. What is the man of action but the delegate of thoughtful woman? Where is barbarity most inveterate and debasing, but where woman is most debased? One trembles to contemplate the situation into which society has been wrested through the illegitimate assumptions of man, as the representative of brute force. He has denuded woman of her responsibility as an agent of progress, and has destroyed her moral grandeur, with her liberty and equality. Sent to be a companion and guide, she has been made a nonentity. Constituted with a mind equal to man's in every respect, perhaps, superior in the gentler attributes, she has been hitherto treated as if the doctrine of the Mussulman were true. Young men seldom attempt to engage in serious or instructive conversation in promiscuous assemblies; they seemed to have studied inane twaddle and frivolous, disgusting repartee, that they might insult the intellect and perpetuate the subjugation of women.—*Mrs. Nichols.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CANTICO TO WASHINGTON.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CANDIDO CHIANTI.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Angel of freedom,
Thou that hast striven
With us for glory,
And victory given;
Thou, sainted spirit,
Godlike in merit,
Whose gifts we inherit,
Hear us from heaven!

Fame tell the story,
Till time grow hoary,
Of thy pure glory,
Thou mad'st us free.
Time our love never
From thee shall sever,
Live thy name ever,
Live liberty!

New York, April, 1852.

LANGUAGE.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.—*Trench on the Study of Words.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR HEARTS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNOAT.

Old ocean's waters never rest,
Forever tides come and depart,
Like life waves in the human breast,
And life tides in the human heart.

The wailing wind and moaning sea,
And clouds that weep down silver showers,
Are emblems of the passions we
Find in these sobbing breasts of ours.

Boston, Mass., April, 1852.

The more a man knows the less he is apt to talk—discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate what and where to speak.

THOMAS MOORE.

Herewith we present a striking portrait of Thomas Moore, whose poetical writings have had a world-wide celebrity. The liquid sweetness of his numbers has been a marvel, and has won a way for them wherever glowing and burning sentiment can be appreciated. Late foreign intelligence announces the death of this distinguished bard, at his private residence, Sloperton Cottage, February 26. He was in his 72d year. The sad event had long been anticipated. He had for several years been reduced to a state of mental imbecility more melancholy than death. Moore was born May 28, 1780. His father was Garrett Moore, a tradesman of Dublin. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the early age of fourteen. In 1800, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," and in 1801, a collection of amatory poems, which, in his later years, he much regretted. Moore visited the United States in 1803, and in 1806, published a volume in which he lavished ridicule and censure upon America. A full volume of his songs was published in 1813, and was soon succeeded by several similar volumes. "Lalla Rookh," the most beautiful production of his genius, was published in 1817. This splendid poem struck a new key, and poured forth a dazzling flood of gorgeous Eastern illustration and imagery. Orientalists could not understand how such a poem could have been written by a man who had never ridden on an elephant, or reclined beneath a palm-tree; while the extraordinary mingling of glittering pageantry with a lulling, luscious, luxurious warmth of idea, took by storm the dazzled brains of the British public. After the literary triumph of "Lalla Rookh," Moore went twice abroad; the first time with the poet Rogers, the second with Lord John Russell, when he proceeded to Genoa, and at Venice visited Lord Byron, with whom his friendship continued unimpaired till death divided them. Returning from Rome, Moore took up his abode in Paris, and resided there till 1822. He produced at this time "The Loves of the Angels," and the "Fables of the Holy Alliance." In 1825, Moore appeared as a prose writer. The "Life of Sheridan" was his first biography. That of "Byron," infinitely superior to the other, came out in 1830; and the following year he published the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Besides these biographical efforts, Moore wrote more than one controversial and historical work. In later days, Moore occasionally contributed



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS MOORE, THE IRISH POET.

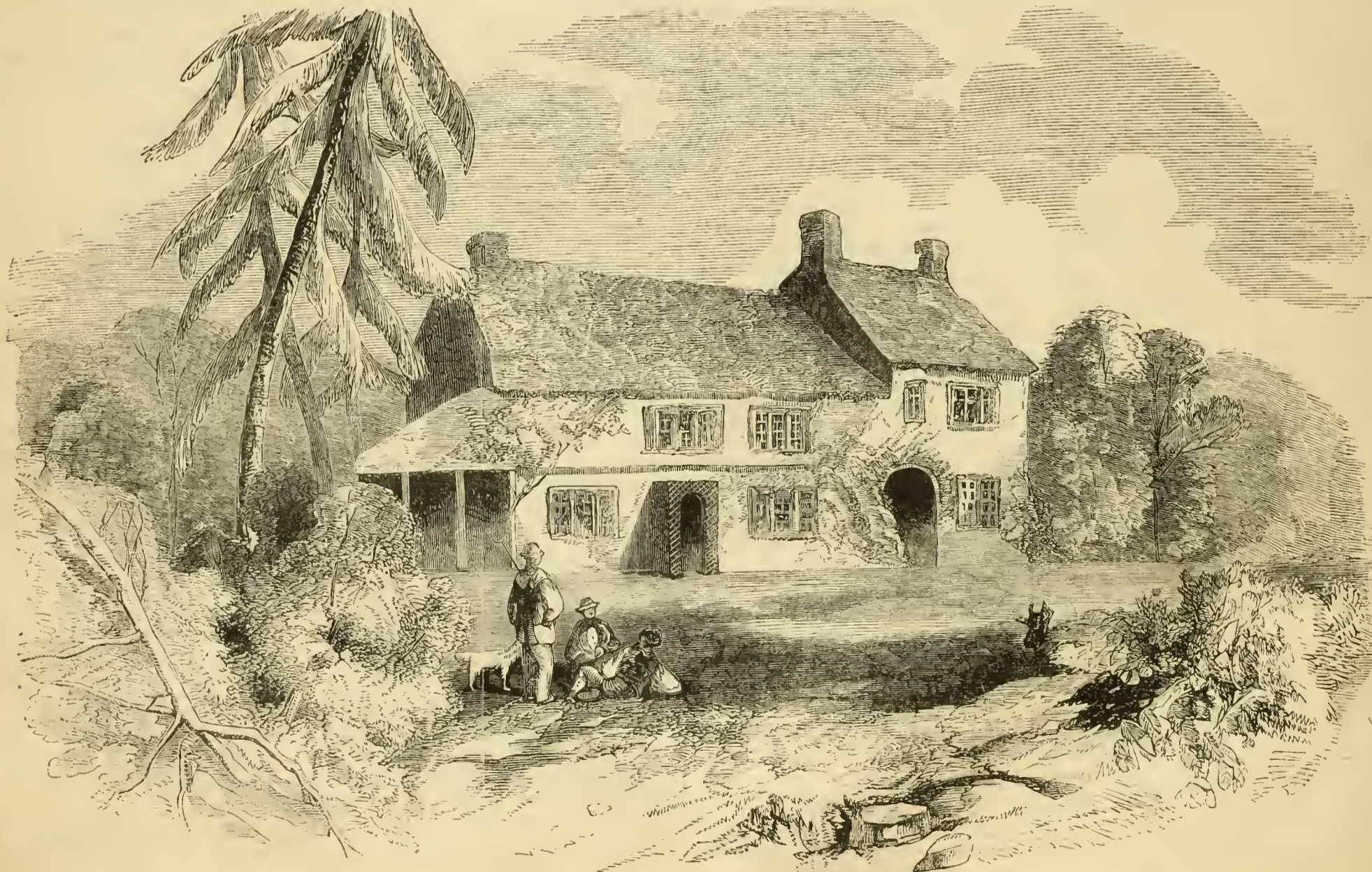
squibs, with much of the old sparkle, on passing events of the day, principally to the columns of the Morning Chronicle. It is also known that he had made considerable progress in a diary of his life, when unhappily he had to experience the lot that had before befallen another genius of Ireland—Dean Swift; darkness came down upon that brain so long and so brightly lit by the fires of wit and fancy. Of late years the poet's existence was but physical, so that his departure brought the less of sorrow with it. The wife of the poet, who is described as a lady of

great accomplishments and lovely character, is still living. She received from the queen, in March, 1851, a pension of one hundred pounds a year, "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health."

Soon after his coming back to England, in 1822, Moore settled, in graceful retirement, at a cottage called Sloperton, a view of which is given below, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful demesne of Bowood, the seat of his ever constant friend—the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here he passed the greater portion of the rest of his

life in the midst of his friends, the charm and delight of them all. Lord Lansdowne will be forever associated with the fame of Moore, as are Glencairn with that of Burns, and Southampton with that of Shakspeare. The cottage stands in the midst of a delightful country, and though itself buried, as it were, in an ordinary thickly wooded lane, branching off to the left from the high road, about two miles from Devizes, on the way to Chippenham, yet from its upper windows, as well as from its garden, enjoys peeps through the trees into lovely scenes.

The New York Mirror thus prettily notices the death of this gifted bard:—"We cannot part with the melodious soul of Moore, without offering something in the way of tribute to his memory. For more than fifty years the songs of the lamented poet have filled the world with music, and warmed the hearts of millions into emotions of love, patriotism, and devotion. Wherever the English language is known—in the loneliest cabin of the wilderness, in the fore-castle of the ship upon the remotest ocean, the Swan song of Erin vibrates in the plaintive and musical verse of Moore. And not only in his native tongue are his poems sung and remembered. His "Melodies" are translated into Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Russian, German, and, if we may credit Dr. Luttrell, even into Persian. The "Canadian Boat Song," both the words and the music of which were composed by the poet while listening to the chanting of his boatmen as they rowed him down the Ottawa, still echoes along the banks of that beautiful river, charming the traveller of his weariness, and beguiling the boatman of his toil. Moore had the advantages of high education, good health, and a comfortable home, with a mother who was literally his guardian angel. She saved him from the vortex of 1798, when Emmet and others of his college companions sacrificed their young lives upon the altar of liberty. Moore was not only successful as a poet, but fortunate as an author. He began publishing very early, at the age of fourteen, we believe, and before reaching twenty-three, he was the acknowledged song writer of the world. Farewell to thee, Anacreon Moore! The sparkling eye is closed; the melodious voice is mute; the sweet harp of Erin is hung upon the willows. But who can forget the rich legacy of song, left us to 'lighten our pathway of pain;' and cheer us in 'the stilly night,' with the remembered 'light of other days!'"



MOORE'S COTTAGE, AT SLOPERTON, DEVIZES, ENGLAND



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Social Party, or Miss Deborah Fitz Jones," a story, by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.
 "The Secret Benefactor," a story, by Mrs. E. C. LOVERINO.
 "An Indian Sketch," by N. B. HALL.
 "The Last Pawn," a story, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "The Grave of Albert L—," lines, by Mrs. M. R. HENAOE.
 "Life hath sunny spots for Thee," verses, by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.
 "The Dying Girl to her Mother," lines, by Miss ELLEN SMITH.
 "An Invocation to Art," verses, by E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.
 "Hope for Hungary," lines, by S. H. INGALLS.
 "The Water," verses, by H. HALCYON.
 "Lines," by H. D. REYNOLDS.
 "Madeline," verses, by W. A. FOGO.
 "Gur Baby," lines, by C. S. KYSER.
 "To Maia," verses, by CHARLES M. FENLEY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very fine view of the Baltimore (Md.) Cemetery, giving an exact representation of this beautiful "city of the silent."
 A view of Queen Victoria's Royal Drawing-Rooms, at St. James' Palace. First, a brilliant scene, giving the Tapestry Chamber.
 Second, the elaborate and elegantly decorated apartment, known as Queen Anne's Room.
 Third, the spacious and splendid apartment which forms the Ante Drawing-Room.
 And fourth, a scene representing the Presentation Ceremony to the Royal Prince, in her Majesty's Drawing-Room.
 A large and very spirited picture representing Miss E. Kimberly as Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage.
 A capital picture of Lola Montez, as she lately appeared at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in her favorite character of Mariquita, in the Carnival of Seville. A large and very fine picture.
 A picture giving a correct view of the Burmese Costume, with Road and Pagoda, at Mopoon.
 Also a Village, in the Burmese Province of Tenasserim. A very beautiful scene.
 And a third illustration in connection with the above, giving another specimen of Burmese Costume and Road, in Maulmein.
 An accurate and very beautiful picture, giving a representation of the ruins of the Tremont Temple, destroyed by fire a few days since. The engraving presents the Tremont front in perspective with our office, which was also in great danger by the catastrophe.

OUR AGENT, CINCINNATI.

Having appointed Mr. A. C. Bagley, No. 121, Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, as our agent for that city, we desire to commend him to our friends and the public, as a thorough business man, prompt and agreeable to deal with. Mr. Bagley will have always on hand, at his depot, "Gleason's Pictorial" and the "Flag of our Union," at wholesale and retail, and will supply any and all demands for these papers, as well as for any of our publications, bound volumes of the "Pictorial," novelettes, etc., etc.

BASKET-MAKING.—Considerable attention is beginning to be paid to the cultivation of basket willow in the United States. The annual importation of the article into our country amounts to \$5,000,000, and this, large as it is, does not satisfy the consumption. The supply is derived from France and Germany mainly, and costs here from \$100 to \$130 per ton weight.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION, is the name of a weekly paper published in Boston, by F. Gleason. There have been many attempts, heretofore, made to establish an illustrated paper in this country, but they have all been unsuccessful, because the proprietors have lacked either enterprise or capital to carry them on; but Mr. Gleason seems to possess a good share of both, and he has succeeded in putting his paper on a firm basis in the short space of one year. Mr. Gleason dispenses his money liberally, both for literary matter and illustrations, and his paper is, in reality, what its title purports, a "Drawing Room Companion."—*Saratoga Whig.*

SIGNIFICANT.—In Italy, at Cagliari and Sassari, there have been collisions between the people and their rulers; in Cagliari, the edict against masquerades caused an outbreak, which resulted in a concession of the privilege of masquing being made to the people.

CAUTION.—Never trust to those who solicit your confidence, for in nine instances out of ten, you will be betrayed.

TEXAS.—There are now forty-one newspapers published in Texas.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

The origin of this art, more important in its effect on the human mind and on society than any other that has ever been practised, is involved in the profoundest obscurity. Some writers refer to so remote a period as that of the building of Babylon, and contend that the letters on the bricks, formed upon the supposed site of that city, were impressions from relief engravings, precisely similar to our types. We know that the ancients employed stamps to print labels for various articles, one of these, in stone, by means of which the Roman oculist printed the labels of his medicines, being still in existence in a collection at London; and it is reasonable to suppose that, had the ancients possessed the art of paper making, the process of Faust would have been anticipated by many centuries. It is asserted that engravings were made upon wood, and impressions taken therefrom, as early as 1285; and Earl Spencer exhibited an impression of a wood block bearing the date of 1423.

The early missionaries to China thought they found evidence of the existence of the art of printing from wood blocks as early as far back as fifty years before the Christian era. The only process of printing, at the period referred to, was from wood blocks, and was performed in the following manner: A page of manuscript, written on transparent paper, was fastened, face downwards, to the surface of a wood block, and then engraved; the letters being left in relief, and the page, when finished, exhibiting exactly the appearance of a page of stereotype, and was employed in the same manner. This accounts for the variety of characters observed in the wood-block books, because each sculptor or scribe had some peculiarity of his own.

The impressions from these blocks were, of course, exact fac similes of manuscript, and sold as manuscript, the deception being aided by their being printed on one side of the page only, the back of each page being burnished to remove the indentation, and frequently two pages pasted together. The expense, however, for engraving the blocks for each separate book was so great, to say nothing of the time occupied, that necessity (that venerable mother of invention) led, about the year 1450, to the improvement of casting separate movable metallic types. More than one city claimed the honor of this invention, but the rivalry has now been reduced to two. Either Haarlem or Mentz originated it.

It seems, however, to us that to Mentz belongs the palm, and the discovery was made by Peter Schoeffer, the assistant of John Faust, and that the celebrated Bible, known as the "Mentz Bible without date," was the first important specimen of printing with movable metallic types, and which was executed by Gutenberg and Faust between the year 1450 and 1457. This Bible was so admirably executed that it is said it was fully equal to the average English printing of twenty-five years ago. It was executed in black letter (the modern Gothic,) and imitated the best manuscripts of the scribes with the most perfect success. Faust sold the copies as manuscripts, and supplied the demand for them so rapidly that it was evident they could not have been produced by the pen, and, to save himself from the charge of dealing in magic, he was compelled to make his secret known to the world.

After this, printing presses multiplied rapidly, and in the year 1500, they were in operation in upwards of two hundred towns and cities. The extraordinary elegance of the execution of these early presses has induced the belief that the art must have been practised secretly long before its nominal discovery, and this conjecture is the only means of accounting for the mechanical perfection of this early press work.

The style of printing degenerated very fast, instead of improving, until the commencement of the eighteenth century, when it took a sudden start, and has continued improving until it has now apparently reached the acme of typographical elegance.

OUR MINISTER AT LONDON.—Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, and Mrs. Lawrence, dined with Queen Victoria on the 2d ultimo.

EMIGRANTS.—A company has been organized at Louisville, who design emigrating to Texas.

QUERY.—Did you ever know the gout cured by wearing golden slippers?

FOOLISH FELLOW.—He was short of news who told that his father was hung.

LOW RATES, ETC.

Cheap rates is one of the characteristics of our go-ahead age. The price of any given article, almost, that can be referred to, being fifty, sixty, and even seventy per cent. less at present than it was fifty years ago. Among the strong illustrations of this fact is that of the present rates of letter postage all over the world, a plan that is not yet quite perfected. In this country, great advancement has been made; but we have not yet got a "Penny Postage," which a majority of the readers of this article will live to see and reap the advantage of;—this advantage, too, will not only redound to the convenience of the public, but to the pecuniary benefit, ultimately, of the national treasury.

A movement is at present on foot in England, for the purpose of obtaining from the government a still further reduction of the rates charged for carrying letters. By an "Ocean Penny Postage" is meant the single service of transporting a letter, weighing under half an ounce, from any port of the United Kingdom, to any port beyond sea, for *one penny*. The former reduction in the inland postage was found to be attended with such excellent results, that there ought not to be much hesitation about adopting the regulation alluded to. The same argument applies to the United States. In the Massachusetts Legislature, resolutions have lately been introduced in favor of an essential reduction of the rates of ocean postage.

This is the principle as applied to the postage of letters. The same may be true, also, as regards railroad fares and the cost of transatlantic passages and freight to all parts of the world. One can travel to-day, by land, from Boston to New Orleans, for what it cost forty years ago to make a trip from Boston to New York, and actually perform the journey in a less period of time! and from Boston to New York he may go for what his "bread and cheese" used to cost him, and sleep the whole distance, making the trip between sunset and sunrise.

But we see the matter is being agitated of raising the railroad fare on some of our northern routes, and the rates of charges for transportation of freight, because, it is gravely said, the business does not pay. Let us tell the president and managers of these roads that raising the cost of travel upon these routes will never make the *pay* any better; they will, by that means, decrease immensely their business, and prevent that *growth* of trade upon which they must rely for a profitable income. People who talk of raising the rates of fare on travel, in these days, are behind the times.

ANTIQU.—At a late Presidential reception at Washington, a distinguished lady from the Empire State (the widow of the late illustrious De Witt Clinton, who is now for the first time in Washington), wearing the high crowned cap of Queen Elizabeth, like the last cocked hat of the revolution, worn by President Monroe, excited great interest.

MR. GEORGE CLARK has presented us with a lump of quartz, glittering with the gold, which he picked up in California. It does not look quite good enough to eat, but it does *almost*, and we are none the less obliged for the gift.

BEAUTIES OF MONARCHY.—The autocrats of fashion in Europe have issued a decree, interdicting the wearing of white vests by their subjects. The decree says, that only ballet-singers, servants, and showmen, should wear them.

PERSEVERING.—Mr. Henry Grinnell has again offered his vessels to the government, for another search for Sir John Franklin. He will fit them out himself as before, but asks to be furnished with officers and men from the navy.

REMEMBER THIS.—The man who would shoot a bird at this season of the year should live on husks, and sleep on a plate of thorns with his back bare.

SILVER COIN.—Congress proposes to pass a law adding seven per cent. alloy to silver coin, to prevent its exportation. Also to issue three-dollar gold pieces.

MUSICAL.—We learn from Galignani's (Paris) Messenger, that Thalberg, the great pianist, is about to start for America on a musical tour.

FUNNY.—Eagles are beginning to be coined from "golden opportunities."

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Church, Mr. Charles W. Boardman to Miss Amanda M. Batesman.
 By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Jeremiah E. Newcomb, of Eastport, Me., to Miss Sarah E. Smith.
 By Rev. Dr. Neale, Capt. James H. Clark, of Rochester, to Miss Maria P. Benson, of Middleboro', Mass.
 By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Jasper P. Moore to Miss Emma S. Colburn, of Charlestown, Vt.
 By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Rev. Leon Pilatte, of Paris, France, to Miss Julia P. Whittemore.
 By Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. William F. Lawrence to Miss Temple S. Blish.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Curtis, Mr. John J. Edmonds to Miss Eliza A. Kimball.
 At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teele, Mr. Nathan Crossman, Jr. to Miss Mary A. Babcock.
 At Salem, Mr. Charles R. P. Saunders to Miss Harriet C. Parrott; Capt. Joseph Osgood to Miss Mary A. Emerton.
 At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Braman, Mr. Moses H. Hale, of Newburyport, to Miss Charissa A. Preston.
 At Southboro', by Rev. Mr. Curtis, Rev. Baxter Newton, of Leverett, to Miss Mary L. Curtis.
 At Middleboro', by Rev. Mr. Thacher, Mr. Harrison Thrasher, of Taunton, to Miss Betsey A. Hartwell.
 At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. Halsey L. Fletcher to Miss Elizabeth H. Morse.
 At West Springfield, Mr. Oscar Hitchcock, of Buckland, to Miss Mary A. Ward.
 At Chatham, by Rev. Mr. Livesey, Mr. D. W. Edwards, of Falmouth, to Miss Melitabie F. Hamilton.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. William C. Glover, 44; Miss Maria Edgerly, 14; Mr. Samuel C. Titecomb, of Newburyport, 33; Mrs. Almira Turner, 38; Miss Eliza A. Murphy, 18; Miss Grace A. Hill, 56; Mr. Corbet Ludington, 57; Mrs. Sarah Warren, 67; Mrs. Ernestina Boyden, 23; Mr. George Melzard, 73; Mrs. Caroline E. Jacobs, 28.
 At Roxbury, Mrs. Marcella A. Conant, 27.
 At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph Small, 23.
 At Medford, Mrs. Martha E. Foster, 24.
 At Brighton, Mrs. Sarah M. Arnold, 42.
 At Newton, Mr. Heman Bassett, 67.
 At Dedham, Miss Hannah M. Fisher, 23.
 At Scituate Harbor, Mr. Eli Jenkins, 84.
 At Ashland, Mrs. Rachel N. Whitney, 70.
 At Worcester, Mr. John D. Snow, 28.
 At Manchester, Mrs. Lydia G. Marsters, 86.
 At Springfield, Mr. David Taft, 67.
 At Bristol, N. H., Rev. Daniel O. Morton, 63, pastor of the Congregational Church in that place.
 At Portland, Me., Mrs. Mary Dresser, 56; Mrs. Dorcas Bruster, of Buxton, 80.
 At Kennebunk, Me., Mrs. Mary S. Bourne, 50.
 At Providence, R. I., Mr. Hartford Tingley, 65; Mr. Russell Sayles, of Gloucester, R. I., 55.
 At Enfield, Ct., Mr. J. Lorman, 37.
 At New York, Mr. John Doggett, Jr., 45.
 At Antwerp, Mrs. Joanna O., wife of Capt. J. E. Scott, master of ship *Adelaide Metcalf*, of Boston.
 On board ship *Leopard*, between Singapore and Calcutta, Mr. Joseph Jackson, of Newburyport, Mass., 23.

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LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE COT IN THE VALE.

BY THOMAS E. HILL.

Down in the vale, 'neath the evergreen's shade,
The pride and star of the fairy-like glade,
It stands in its beauty, and angel-like there,
Are gathered together the loved and the fair.

Go, gaze on that scene of loveliness bright,
The home of the gifted—home of delight;
And there thou wilt learn that talent and worth
Claim oft seclusion as home of their birth.

There, pictured as fair as the poet's dream,
Are pictures selected from life's bright stream;
And soft, luring music, borne by the gale,
Makes paradise-like that bright, sunny vale.

The song of the songster, the rippling stream,
Reflecting in beauty the bright sunbeam;
The winding vine, and the floweret fair,
You will always meet in your visit there.

O, that cot in the glen, where music and song
While long, bright, sweet hours of life's time along;
'T will live in remembrance on life's rough soil,
The home of my hope—that cot in the vale.
Londonderry, Vt., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A COUNTRY WIFE.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

THE Miss Calkins—or, as they were sometimes wont to call themselves, the Misses Calkins—were two young ladies, who never omitted to congratulate themselves that they lived "in town." This more particularly, in contradistinction to anything that ever came from, or went to the country. The Old Bailey could not certainly be a worse place, in their fancy, than was the expanse of territory that stretched beyond the walls of their pent-up streets. Nothing, they religiously believed, ever came to much in the country; and nobody ever was anything, who happened to live out of town.

They were not even endowed young ladies, the two Misses Calkins, either in point of comeliness or gentle breeding. They were lankish, muddy complexioned, and had little grace to spare in their manners. Their social situation, too, was somewhat peculiar, and might possibly have been altogether responsible for the unsettled and decidedly inconsistent character of their demeanor. They affected refined society, and kept the cheapest. Yet in doing as they did, they offered just patronage enough to the latter class, to assure them that they were capable of vastly superior social achievements.

They shuddered to think that Miss Barstow—the lady who had just arrived from New York, with an inherited fortune—should chance to see a rustic cousin mount their steps; and could have gladly laid hold of his very respectable ears, and with main strength drawn him into the hall, if, by that means, their mortification might have been spared them. They never dared to speak of an acquaintance in the country to Mr. Heidenseik, the wholesale merchant, who had two or three times called, for fear the horrid syllables might jar on his delicate ear. And yet this fastidiousness did not betray itself in anything else. They had only laid their ban on the land that wasn't duly taxed by a municipal corporation. It hardly mattered what a man was, after proving that he was at least mediocre, provided only he lived, moved and had his being "in town." A green grocer, in town, was far before a gentleman from the country.

And so they deluded themselves. They thought country life must be so much mixed up with stables, and horses, and cattle, and ploughs; yet they lived almost directly opposite a livery stable themselves, and thought nothing of the inconvenience such a neighborhood would certainly offer to well-bred and at all sensible country people. Everything in the country was so very vulgar—they never thought of the word without unconsciously turning up their noses. And between vainly creeping after society in town and cutting it dead in the country, the two sisters Calkins made a pretty miserable life of it. They could neither raise themselves to a high bench, nor settle themselves comfortably down in a low one. And, always in a ferment lest people should wrongfully interpret their social opinions, or mistake in respect to their social position, they were at heart looked down upon by one class, and hated by the other.

For all this, however, Mr. Caleb Calkins was quite another sort of person. He laughed at his sisters, when they did not vex him; and

when they were unfortunate enough to do that, he was ungallant enough to retort upon them his own and other people's opinions of their very fastidious notions. Mr. Caleb Calkins rarely split hairs with anybody. If he had an opinion, any one could have it for the asking. And among other opinions that had become a part of the warp of his character, he really believed that all country people were not fools or clowns. And as to vulgarity of manners, he always said that there was vastly more of it in town than you could find anywhere in ten mile circuits about the country. He thought that simplicity and honest-heartedness always insured gentle behaviour, whether the intellect had been highly cultivated or not.

In this, as in almost all other things, Mr. Caleb Calkins was unlike his sisters. Their influence over him was exceedingly small, and they went the wrong way to work to enlarge it; they protested, and he reasoned; they taunted, and he stung; they put on airs, he maddened them with clever ridicule. No armor of theirs, that he could not pierce with his arrows. Yet to them Caleb was totally invulnerable.

He drove up to the stable one day, in an airy little one-horse carriage, and jumped out upon the ground. Taking his valise from the vehicle, he proceeded to cross the street to his father's house.

"There's Caleb!" muttered Susan, who was the elder of the two sisters. The tone in which the syllables were given, was nothing by the side of the sour look that curdled in her countenance.

"Where do you suppose he's been?" muttered Charlotte, in reply.

"Been! Been off into the country, of course!" said Susan, laying a contemptuous stress on the word country, that was the best thing that could be got up of its kind.

"To worship at the shrine of some rustic belle," returned Charlotte.

"Yes; do you think he can ever be cured of his nonsense? Do you believe there's any hope of him?"

"I'm sure, I don't know," answered Charlotte. "I hope he's not going to mortify us with his country belle! I think he might not do just as he does. Why, he knows he could wait on almost any young lady of our acquaintance, and yet he prefers to go off and hunt up some rustic beauty. I wonder he will do so."

"'Tis strange," rejoined Susan; "but I don't know how we are to help it. And he's so obstinate, too! You might as well try to turn a stone in its opinion!"

"I know it," chimed in Miss Charlotte.

"I only wish he knew how his own sisters felt about his visiting such people."

"And so do I," returned Charlotte. "That I do, indeed!"

"But even that might have no effect upon him."

"Just as likely as not."

"I don't care," said Susan, recovering her usual spirits, "I am going to tell him myself what a fool he is making of himself; and how he is mortifying his own family. If he don't care for the feelings of his sisters, then he can't live over and above happily with his wife."

"But do you know that he is off courting?" inquired the not yet satisfied Charlotte.

"Know it?" replied Susan. "Who is there that doesn't know it? Haven't I been questioned about it by Miss Sawyer, and had it thrown in my face by Miss Thompson, and been obliged to confess it to Miss Norton? And aint there a hundred others who would be glad to see us brought down by just such a thing as that? Just the thought of it—of Caleb's marrying a country girl! Why, it's absolutely preposterous! He must be out of his head!"

"Something must be the matter with him," acquiesced Miss Charlotte, playing with her dangling curls.

Just at that moment the object of their earnest animadversion came into the room. To see him, one would very naturally have thought it quite questionable whether he could even mortify such girls as his sisters. There was a wide difference between him and them, even in the matters of outward appearance. They might have been rather a little proud, than ashamed of him.

"So you've got back!" exclaimed Susan, taking care to direct her eyes to another corner of the room.

"Yes, got back," said he. "How do you all do?"

"It's of precious little consequence to you, I should think, how we do, or how we feel."

"Why, what now? What's on the docket now?" inquired he, pausing in the exploring circuit he was making over the room.

"What's the matter?" replied Susan, as she caught the burning eyes of Charlotte, "matter enough, I should think! You've got back from one of your country excursions!"

"Yes, safe and sound," said he.

"Yes," testily chimed in Susan.

"And is it for that, that you feel so bad?" he asked, his eyes gleaming with fun, yet his brain full of the knowledge of the difficulty.

"Caleb," exclaimed she, "you know what I mean!"

"I am sorry to say that I believe I do," he calmly replied.

"It's the talk your visits into the country make, that mortifies us so. We might be somebody, if 'twasn't for being pulled back by just such things as this! Nobody will visit us, and we can't be asked anywhere, if—"

"If I take a ride out into the country occasionally!" interrupted Caleb. "Ha! ha!"

"You needn't laugh about it," ventured Charlotte. "It doesn't make us laugh."

"Ha! ha! ha!" again rung from his clear pipes. "You will be cut off from all society, if I indulge in a turn in the country! What an idea!"

"Country people are vulgar," said Susan, with emphasis; "and when people know that our acquaintance lies among them, they will have no more to do with us."

"No, that's what they wont," added Charlotte.

"I'm grieved to the heart about it, really," said Caleb, affecting uncommon seriousness.

"I'm really grieved about it—I wouldn't be the means of denying you the benefits of really good society, girls, for something of a consideration: for I don't honestly think you can well do without them."

The girls looked at him as if they could have gladly delivered him over into the hands of the Spanish Inquisition.

"But I've got a bit of news for you," continued he, with the utmost nonchalance; "I'm going to be married!"

"Married!" shrieked Susan, holding up both hands.

"Married!" repeated Charlotte, rolling up her eyes to the wall.

"Yes, that's the word," returned Caleb. "I was going to invite you both to my wedding; but you couldn't stand by and see your brother throw himself away, by marrying a young lady from the country!"

"Are you really going to be married to a vulgar country girl?" asked Susan, rising.

"Yes."

"A country girl?" exclaimed Charlotte, likewise rising.

"Yes."

Susan hurried from the room, without another syllable. Her face was burning crimson.

Charlotte followed her in extreme haste.

"Good-by!" shouted Caleb, after them.

They responded by a vigorous slam of the door only.

"Now they shall be cured of this nonsense," soliloquized Caleb, "and the sooner the better. They know nothing as yet of the name of my wife—how odd that word sounds to me, to be sure!—and I wont enlighten them."

And Caleb was quite as good as his word.

Perhaps it was a month after this very delightful incident, or episode, that the two Misses Calkins, while sitting together in their parlor, one afternoon, heard the door-bell ring, and saw a boy deliver a billet-doux to the girl who answered the bell-pull.

It was an invitation for the two sisters to attend a social party at the house of Miss Mary Broad, on the following Thursday evening. Such delight as they were in, can only be conceived by those who are in similar social circumstances. They tried to recall the few times when they had been thrown into the society of Miss Broad; and thought of the trifling attentions she had ever vouchsafed to them on such occasions. They felt sure that their prospects were now looking up; even in spite of the ignominy their brother Caleb insisted on bringing upon them. An invitation to the house of Mary Broad—it was across the threshold of the best society in town. They were about equally divided in their minds between gratitude for the billet, and downright astonishment at its being sent at all. But there was no mistake in the superscription. It was for them—for the Misses Susan and Charlotte Calkins.

Thursday evening ushered them into the brilliantly lighted parlors of Miss Broad, to whom they lost no time in paying most obsequious attention. Their eyes were bedazzled with the brilliancy of the scene. It was vastly more than they had dared to hope; and the sisters Calkins were most sanguine girls, too.

They moved about in the crowds, almost unnoticed and unknown. Yet they were not the persons to stand long upon such trifles as that. They introduced themselves. They abhorred prudishness, so they said; and the other extreme was the one they adopted.

"There's Caleb!" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Well done!" replied Susan.

"I didn't know he was to be here!"

"Nor I," said Susan. "I wonder how that happened?"

Caleb was there, and alone just at the moment they spied him. Their eyes were drawn from him, however, by the sight of a most lovely female, who had just then passed them, leaning on the arm of Miss Mary Broad. Both were accompanied by a gentleman unknown to them. They remarked the uncommon beauty of the stranger lady, and simultaneously wondered who she could be. They observed that she received very much of the attention of all parties, and were not a little chagrined to see their own brother Caleb conversing with her with quite a confidential air. They wondered how he could be acquainted with her; and a thousand times envied him his privilege. If the Misses Calkins were apt to be taken, as people say, with anything, it was with new and pretty faces. Caleb knew it, and enjoyed their feverishness to the utmost. He underwent no little exertion, too, in shunning contact with them during the whole evening. At midnight, or not very far from that hour, Caleb entered the parlor of his own residence. His sisters were already there, discussing the evening's experience.

"Caleb!" protested Susan, in a very tender and grief-stricken tone, when he opened the door.

"Well, what?" asked he, seating himself.

"Why couldn't you show your sisters—your own sisters—a little attention, this evening? There we knew nobody; and you were enjoying yourself with Mary Broad and her friend—"

"Who was that lady?" interrupted Charlotte.

"Yes, who was she?" echoed Susan.

"I believe she is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary's," replied Caleb, "who is at present visiting there."

"But where is she from? and what is her name?" persisted Susan.

"She is from the country, girls," said Caleb, triumphantly. "Her name is Martha Allen. And in less than a month she will be Mrs. CALEB CALKINS!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY KENNETH SINCLAIR.

I lang hae lo'ed thee, lassie,
An' wi' a love that's true;
For thou'rt sae bonnie, lassie,
A' wi' thy e'en o' blue.

But my love I ne'er hae tauld,
My tongue it was too weak;
An' thy look was ever cauld,
And sae I darena speak.

Night an' day I think o' thee,
I canna wark or sleep;
Alas! there's naething left to me,
But for to sigh an' weep.

Syne be my dearie, lassie,
O, be my bonnie wife!
For thee I lo'e, sweet lassie,
Far mair than light or life.

Baltimore, Md., April, 1852.

SINGULAR TRICK.

An Indian sword player declared at a great public festival that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member; and the general (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed, twice waved his thin keen edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make trial, and the lime fell open, cleanly divided—the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood.—Sir Charles Napier's Administration in Scinde.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

The Salina Advertiser states, that Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay service, arrived in St. Paul, Minnesota, from Pembina, by Dog Train, on the 14th of February, on his way to England, to report to his government the result of his search for the missing Expedition of Sir John Franklin. He left Bear Lake (a point within the Arctic circle) near the last of April, 1851—returned to Copper Mine River, June 10th, having travelled about 1000 miles, 300 of which had never been previously surveyed. The highest point attained in this direction was latitude 79 1-2 degrees, longitude 119. He then descended the Copper Mine, traced the coast of Victoria's Land, eastward and north, to longitude 101 degrees, latitude 70 1-2 north—returning thence to the Copper Mine, August 18—ascended that river to Athabasca, thence by snow shoes to Red River Colony. No trace of Sir John Franklin was found. The Esquimaux had no intelligence of him, and had never seen white men before. Game, especially reindeer, was found in abundance.

THE BURMESE WAR.

An English paper says that "broadsides of cannon balls and volleys of bullets have passed between Burmese stockades and British vessels of war; some hundreds of the enemy have been killed and wounded.—Commodore Lambert has declared the rivers of Burmah to be in a state of blockade; all the foreigners in Rangoon, including several Americans, abandoning, for the most part, their property, have sought refuge on board the British vessels in the river, except some fifty or sixty unfortunate persons, whose dilatoriness in escaping gave time to the Burmese authorities to throw them into prison; in short, to all intents and purposes, a second Burmese war has commenced." This intelligence has arrived just in time to enable our government to enlarge the powers of Com. Perry, in his visit to the Japanese Islands.

A SAD STORY.

The True American mentions the appearance in Trenton, of a man who has just been released from the State Prison, after serving a term of twenty years. During this time, the march of improvement has been so rapid, that almost every vestige of all that was familiar to him then has been swept away. Cities and towns have grown up; railroads and telegraphs have been established; the ocean is navigated by steam, in short, almost everything which to us appears old and void of novelty, must appear strange and wonderful to him. He entered his cell of 8 by 10, a young man, and comes out with the marks of age, and the stamp of ignominy upon him.

INCREASE.—Thirty years ago the late James Amory purchased a tract of land, situated between the Sixty-third and Seventy-third streets, New York, containing about sixty-three acres. For this tract he paid \$4400. Within the past month, this property has been sold at auction, having been divided into nearly 1000 lots, and the purchase money amounts to a trifle over \$800,000.

SLAVE TRADE.—A letter from Matanzas, dated 23d ult., says, "The American brig Hanover landed 800 slaves on the island a short time before, having been brought from the coast of Africa. The Hanover was fitted out at the port of New York.

CONSECRATION OF A SYNAGOGUE.—The new Synagogue, congregation Oshabe Shalom, situated in Warren street, between Elliot and Tremont streets, was consecrated on Friday of last week.

FISH.—The Boston Bee says, "The teacher of a school of fish informs us that *shad* and *salmon* will soon perch themselves on the benches of our market with a good *vel* of *com place-ancy*. We *smelt* it."

HONOR.—Dr. Hitchcock, of this city, has had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery by the Dental College of Ohio, at the late Commencement.

FIRST PLAY IN BOSTON.—The first play ever performed in Boston was in 1656—and by an engine. It was free, and went off well. Nothing *dry* about it.

ETHER DISCOVERY.—A law suit is likely to grow out of it.

Wayside Gatherings.

A horticultural society has been organized in New York city.

The Hungarians in Iowa have sold out their claims at New Buda, and will leave for Texas.

The Union Bank of New Orleans have recovered \$50,000 against the McDonough estate.

Why is love like a fire? Because it burns brightest when everything around is dark.

The Salem Register says, pear and peach buds have been blasted by late cold weather.

The stores of John Smith and John Currier were destroyed by fire in Readfield, Maine, last Monday week.

Mr. Epes Sargent's Standard Speaker with an original Treatise on Oratory and Elocution, is now before the public.

John C. Dunn, comedian, is reported to have been washed overboard and drowned, while *en route* from New York to California.

Accounts from Pernambuco report the yellow fever decreasing. About one-fourth of those attacked died.

The law against the circulation of foreign small notes in Delaware, goes into operation on the first of May. The penalty is \$10.

A watch consists of 992 pieces; 23 trades and probably 215 persons were employed in making it.

The Eagle Hotel at Concord, N. H., is to be rebuilt, at a cost of \$35,000, and is designed to be the best hotel in the State.

In Col. Bigler's yard, in Sacramento city, may be seen a beautiful tree, with nutmegs upon it, in nearly a ripe state.

On Sunday week, during a fracas in New York, a man named Ward, from Memphis, shot another named Schabel, killing him instantly.

The first duel in New England was fought by two servants, with a sword and dagger.—Neither of them was killed, but both were wounded.

It is stated that, within the last few weeks, over \$8000 worth of guano has arrived at Seaford, Delaware, for the use of farmers in that vicinity.

The House of Representatives of Massachusetts, on Tuesday week, passed the following: "Aliens may take, hold, transmit or convey real estate." This is a short bill.

The Western papers generally speak of the unusual amount of breadstuffs and grain on hand, waiting the opening of inland navigation, for transportation to market.

Mrs. Brinkerhof, residing in the outskirts of Detroit, was killed on the 17th ult., by a gun shot by some person unknown. The house was robbed of some \$25 in cash.

The late Ephraim Holbrook, of New York, after providing liberally for his relations, bequeathed the balance of his estate, about \$300,000, to charitable and religious purposes.

An English newspaper states, that the Duke of Wellington has received, in reward for his services, from the British government, thirteen millions of dollars.

A calf, with neither fore or four legs has been born in Tiverton, R. I.; in the region where the fore legs are usually found, there are no stumps, protuberances, or processes, whatever.

Confectionary, of a new kind, such as is flavored by the various fruits, is pronounced very injurious to health, by Prof. Mapes. It contains poisonous acids.

The ladies of Bangor, Me., gave a Levee in that city, on Thursday evening, last week, for the benefit of the poor—at which \$501 were collected, and handed over to the city missionary.

A letter from Havana announces that Count Moraio has not been appointed Captain General, to succeed Concha, as the queen refuses to accept the latter's resignation.

Partridges in great numbers have been cooped up in Maryland, for the sake of letting them loose in the spring, thereby preserving the game.

Joseph Cartan, Esq., the proprietor of the Dundalk (Ireland) Democrat, has been arrested at the order of the British government for publishing a series of seditious libels.

They are catching shad and herring very abundantly in the Potomac. The shad, however, sell for 75 cents a pair, and the herring for 25 cents a bunch.

The St. Louis papers mention a snag in the Mississippi River, at Bainbridge, which has recently sunk three steamboats and crippled a fourth, and is still as good as new.

The Virginia Central Railroad was, on Monday, the 15th ult., opened to Woodville, eight miles beyond Charlottesville. One hundred and five miles are now finished.

The East Bostonians are taking measures for the erection of a spacious and elegant public hall, such as they have for some time much needed.

The Panama Echo says, that no man desiring to go to California, should have one cent less than \$250 after arriving at Chagres, even for travelling in the cheapest style.

Fifty miles of the Virginia Central Railroad, from the junction to Gordonsville, are about to be laid with a T rail. No road in the country needs it more.

The United Service Gazette understands that it is not the intention of the English government to replace the regiments ordered home from Canada and Nova Scotia.

Foreign Miscellany.

Another batch of political prisoners had left Havre for Cayenne.

The arming of the fortifications of Paris, at last accounts, was proceeding actively.

The second edition of the Life of Marlborough, by Alison, is spoken of by the British press in terms of high praise.

Accounts from Athens of Feb. 17, state that all the Poles of distinction resident there have been ordered to leave the country.

Orders have been given not to admit into the French territory any of the Poles expelled from Athens.

The London Times announces the failure of Ritchie Bros, connected with the West India trade—liabilities between £50,000 and £100,000.

A work by M. Guizot, on Cornille and his Times, is announced in London. It is, however, but a translation or new edition of a work of old date.

A copious biography of Stephen Girard is in course of publication in a weekly journal in Paris, *La Semaine*. It is written by a French resident of Philadelphia.

The health of ex-Secretary Walker, now in Liverpool, is said to be such as to excite the liveliest apprehensions for his life. He is confined to his bed at Ryegate, near Brighton.

A telegraphic dispatch from Plymouth of the 12th, announces the arrival of the steamer Bosphorus, Penzance, with news of the termination of the war at the Cape and the unconditional surrender of the Kaffirs.

From Switzerland the report of the settlement of the troubles with France is confirmed; and it is understood that Switzerland substantially agrees to all that France demands, namely, the expulsion of the refugees.

The birth-day of Washington was celebrated at Naples in an appropriate manner. In the evening, a brilliant fete was given by Mr. Morris, U. S. Charge. Among the guests were Peter C. Brooks and lady, and Miss Winthrop, of Boston.

M. Thouvenal, Minister Plenipotentiary at Munich, has been appointed Director of Political Affairs in the Department of Foreign Affairs. M. Armand Marrast, who distinguished himself so much after the February revolution, is dead.

The Russian government have ordered the importation of 6000 chests of tea by the Russian American Company from Shanghai into Cronstadt, paying no higher duty than that received by way of Kiatya, the object being to press the advantages of a maritime correspondence with China, in preference to the caravans crossing the Tatar frontier.

Sands of Gold.

—Immoderate care is a spiritual canker that doth waste and dispirit.

—The truly great have never been destitute of some proper sense of religion.

—We are not called upon to exercise judgment so much as mercy and love.

—Money may be the root of all evil, but little good can be effected without its aid.

—Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

—Either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

—When the thoughts are not employed on things, it is usual to turn them on persons. A good man has not the leisure to be censorious; so that censure or tattling is the property of idleness.

—Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny.

—Human affections are the leaves, the foliage, of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day, they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

—Nothing is so degrading to our nature, nothing so well calculated to divest man of all nobility of soul, as the skepticism which questions his future existence—the infidelity which consigns the hope of immortality to the grave.

—Would you have influence with those who look to you for guidance and instruction? Bear with you the law of kindness. Would you command their respect? Let your words, though they inflict pain for the time, drop kindly from your lips.

—The rich odors, so grateful to the senses, which float in our atmosphere, are tiny atoms, escaping from the dewy petals of the rose or lily, which blossoms at our feet. Meet emblems are those odors—floating round us all unseen—of the influence of "fitly spoken" words.

—There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; or elastic as the springing steel.

Joker's Olio.

Brewers are constantly *ailing*.

Most tailors leave the world in "fits"—though their customers seldom do.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Critic—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

Down east they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious seamp dried snow and sold it for salt.

Digby says, that notwithstanding the severity of the season, he has suffered more from a "cold shoulder" than he ever did from a cold winter.

An Irish paper says, that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien, afterwards mayor of Dublin.

The man who is in favor of selling Faneuil Hall carried a bag of mosquitoes to a dentist the other day, and asked him what he would give for their teeth.

A milkman may have a habit of stopping daily near the river, and not excite suspicion; but when we find his little boy fishing for minnows in the milk pans, we begin to *have our doubt!*

England is said sometimes to have the constitution of a horse, but it would seem that France is just now threatened with the constitution of an ass.—*Punch*.

When the morning stars "sang together," which one sang the air?—*Cleveland Herald*.

Lyra, of course, she can go the *highest*.—*Scioto Gazette*.

A distinguished writer says: "There is but one place in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

The following is now being debated before the Tilletudlem Lyceum: "Which causes a girl the most pleasure—to hear herself praised or another gal run down." We shall issue the decision in an extra.

They have a new plan for the demolition of bed bugs, in North Carolina. It is done by steam; one wheel catches them by the nose, another draws their teeth, while a neat piston rod punches arsenic down their windpipe.

An auctioneer exclaimed: "Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, I am giving these things away!" "Are you?" said an old lady; "well, I will thank you for the silver pitcher you have in your hand."

A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor pedler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following:

"Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

"You have a bad cold, Mr. Brummel," observed an acquaintance to the prince of dandies. "Why do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston, my valet, put me into a room with a damp stranger!"

The two queerest people in the world are Mr. Wikoff and Miss Gamble, particularly the latter—she would and she wouldn't; she wanted to and she didn't; she said no yes and yes no; was "all ways of a Sunday," just like the wind when it blew the chimney into our coffee pot.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

ST. THOMAS.

Above, we give a view of this island, situated in lon. 65 26 west, lat. 18 22 north. The capital, the only town in the island, is also called St. Thomas. The bay, at the head of which the town lies, is almost circular—the entrance being by a neck guarded by two forts. The importance of St. Thomas, as a place of trade and commerce, is too well known to need extended reference. It is pre-eminently a mercantile town. It is what is called a free port—nearly every description of goods being admitted at one uniform rate of duty, which is small, being little more than one per cent. Except during the temporary occupation of the island by England, from 1807 to 1814, St. Thomas has for a long time been in possession of Denmark. The town possesses a news-room, an ice-house, several churches of imposing structure, and a boarding-house on a somewhat gigantic scale. But its distinguishing characteristic is as a place of trade—a fact evinced by no circumstance more strongly than by the great number and large extent of the stores of the merchants, and the immense piles of valuable merchandize which they are seen to contain. The merchants of St. Thomas have long enjoyed, and continue to enjoy, a large amount of prosperity, and their hospitalities are on a scale commensurate with their wealth and importance.

We also give a picturesque view of the market-place of St. Thomas, where the various products of the interior are exposed on sale. These market scenes are a peculiar feature of the West India Islands, and here not only the daily wants of the inhabitants of the town are met, but they are the marts where the commercial business of the islands is transacted. Here, as at the bazaars of the East, the merchant princes do congregate and bear away the products of trade to other climes. Altogether the two scenes on this page will give our readers a bird's-eye view of the island and its belongings, which will doubtless interest them.



MARKET PLACE, AT ST. THOMAS.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

\$2 00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 16.—VOL. II.
10 CTS. SINGLE COPY.

BURNING OF TREMONT TEMPLE.

The destructive fire, which occurred but a few days since, was entirely too neighborly to this establishment to suit our taste, inasmuch as the roof of our own building was more than once on fire, and a considerable damage to glass, wood work, etc., sustained. This, however, the insurance companies have at once remedied.

The cut below represents the midnight scene as sketched by our artist from the roof of our own building, and will give the reader a very faithful idea of the fearful scene when at its height. On the last page of the present number will also be found a representation of the ruins after the fire, drawn from a daguerrotype, by Whipple, taking in Tremont street in the pros-

pective, and showing our office in the distance. Both these pictures are excellent and faithful ones, and are particularly commended to the reader. The fire burst out a little after midnight, and the alarm was soon spread over the city. Before the arrival of any of the fire companies, several citizens were busily engaged with buckets in passing water and applying it to the

flames, which they managed for a time to keep confined to the room in which the fire originated. From some unexplained cause, the first company that arrived upon the ground had some trouble in unreeling and stretching their leading hose from a hydrant to the building, and in the meanwhile, the flames gained rapid headway.

[FOR CONTINUATION SEE PAGE 256]



VIEW OF THE BURNING OF TREMONT TEMPLE, FROM THE CUPOLA OF OUR OFFICE.

LIFE LEAVES FROM THE OLD COLONY TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ORLANDO CHESTER:

—OR, THE—

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG HUNTER.

A Story of Old Virginia's early Days.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

A FEARFUL DISCOVERY, AND ITS RESULTS.

DURING any period of a battle the appearance of a new enemy in the field—no matter how insignificant that enemy may be—cannot fail of producing some effect upon the opposing party. Until the young hunter rushed forward from the gangway he had not been observed by the pirates, and as his first blow was aimed at their chieftain they were for a moment so startled that the points of their weapons were involuntarily allowed to drop. Orlando's blow had been calculated for an effective one, and the pirate chieftain fell beneath it never to rise again to earthly life. In a moment the buccanniers recovered their suspended senses, and two bright cutlasses gleamed at once above young Chester's head, but he was calm in his purpose of self-redemption, and his quick eye served him faithfully. With his own weapon, still red with the fallen chieftain's blood, he struck off the blow of the assailant upon the right, and with his ready pistol he shot the other through the head.

This feat of Orlando's, as terrible as it was unexpected, served a double purpose. It not only struck terror to the hearts of the pirates, but it also gave new courage to the crew of the brig. Nolan sprang forward to the youth's side—the rest followed his example, and with a loud shout of victory they set with almost demoniac bravery upon the enemy. Foot after foot did the pirates give up of their ground, as one after another of their number fell beneath the determined strokes of Orlando and his companions, until at length, with not over a dozen of them alive, they turned at the fore rigging, and leaped upon their own deck. Dick Nolan threw their grappling after them, and in a few minutes the brigantine's head swung off and she started away from the scene of her unsuccessful combat.

"Chester," said Nolan, as he grasped the young man by the hand, after the pirate was fairly off, "will you forgive me for the part I took against you? You've proved yourself a noble man, and I never could rest easy if I thought you'd laid up anything against me. Only say you'll pardon me."

"You have my pardon, fully and freely," replied the youth, as he returned the warm grip of the old sailor, "and now I trust I am at liberty, at least, as much as the present confines of ship-board will admit of."

"That you are, and if you desire it, the brig shall be at once put back," said Nolan.

"I could wish, at least, that you would land me as near Jamestown as possible."

"I don't know but we shall have to put back there at any rate. The captain and mate are both gone, and I don't much feel like putting the brig through to England myself."

The crew were loud and enthusiastic in their thanks to our hero; and from a doomed prisoner he found himself at once transformed into a hero and commander, for all hands expressed themselves ready to obey his wishes.

Upon examination it was found that eight of the crew had been killed, while two were so badly wounded that they were completely disabled, so there were only nine men, including Orlando, left for duty. The first thing done was to get the decks cleared of the dead, and though from the bosom of the victorious youth there issued a silent prayer for the souls of the departed, yet their bodies were consigned to the blue deep without any other ceremony than the lashing to the cold feet of a sinking weight. Then

the brig was filled away, and after a short consultation her head was put back, the wind allowing her to lay, close-hauled, just up to her true course for the Chesapeake. The second mate knew but very little of navigation, so the command of the vessel was given, by unanimous consent, to Nolan.

As soon as the decks were washed, and the true course marked out, attention was turned to the moving of the two guns, but before they were got back to their respective places one of the men came running up from below, with his face all blanched with fear, and pointing down to his shoes, which were full of water, he exclaimed:

"We're sinking! See there—it's already over my shoes in the cabin!"

For a moment Nolan was horror-struck, but he soon regained his self-possession, and bidding the man at the wheel look well to his charge, he called upon the rest to follow him and hunt up the leaks.

As soon as the hatches were taken off, it was found that the water was already deep in the hold; and even Nolan started back aghast as he found that there was a shot-hole through the side of the brig, and that it was now over a foot below the water-line. He sprang back upon the deck, and having rigged the pumps, he set four of the men at work upon them, and with the rest he went again upon the search. In the excitement of their victory the men had entirely forgotten the shots they had received from the pirate, and now they found out their effects too late! Half the cargo in the hold was covered, and it soon became evident that there were other leaks than that on the side, and ere long they found that they had three more shot-holes in the larboard bow, through which the water was pouring in torrents.

An hour earlier the shot-holes might have been stopped, but now it was too late. With a fearful energy the men worked away at the pumps, but still the water gained upon them alarmingly, and upon sounding the well it was found that the intruding element had gained nearly two feet since the pumps were rigged!

"It's no use!" uttered Nolan, as the men let go of the pump-brakes in despair. "We might as well try to pump out the ocean."

"Then the brig must sink," said Orlando, in a half-inquiring tone.

"Yes, there is no help for it," returned Nolan, as he stepped to the main hatchway and looked once more into the hold.

"How long will she be able to float?" inquired the young hunter, over whose mind a new fear was beginning to creep.

"Not over an hour at the furthest," returned Nolan, "for the more water she takes in the faster she'll go."

The *pro tempore* commander knew that it would be useless to bestow any more time upon the pumps, so he turned his attention at once upon casting loose the long boat and rigging up the stay and yard burltons for hoisting her out. In half an hour the boat was safe alongside, and provisions and water enough for a fortnight's allowance were with considerable difficulty got out from the store-room and stowed away in her stern-sheets. The boat's mast was next stepped, with its sail brailled snugly up, the stays were hauled taut, and the jib rigged in its place. The men took with them such arms and ammunition as they could procure, besides the charts, compasses, quadrant, and other small articles of value that could be got at, then the two wounded

men were assisted into the boat, and shortly afterwards Nolan and his companions followed.

All was now in readiness, and at the word from Nolan the painter was cast off, the boat's head shoved off, the sails loosened, and with a bound almost of animation, the frail bark started from the vessel's side. The sea was not very heavy, and the swells, though somewhat high, were long and steady. The young hunter cast his eyes back upon the brig, and a strange feeling of awe crept over his soul as he saw the heavy fabric reeling to and fro upon the verge of its grave. While yet he looked, the vessel rocked more heavily—then stood for a moment still, as if contemplating her doom—then a perceptible tremor shook her vast frame, and with one heavy throe she pitched forward, plunged her bows into the flood, and in a few moments more the blue water closed over her forever!

In half an hour after the men had taken the last look at their old ocean dwelling the dark curtain of night settled over the vast deep, and Nolan divided his men into watches, giving to the second mate the charge of one, while he took charge of the other, and after making arrangements for the course through the night, half of the men drew their blankets around them and laid down beneath the thwarts to seek repose for their weary limbs.

When the morning dawned, the wind, which had been comparatively low during the night, began to freshen, so much so that it was found necessary to take a reef in the mainsail, and as soon as this was accomplished Nolan and the mate distributed the morning's meal. While the men were engaged in eating their breakfast, one of them, who had stationed himself in the bows, uttered a sudden exclamation of joy, and as the boat rose upon the bosom of the next sea a sail was distinctly made out to the northward and eastward.

A new hope instantly sprang up in the bosom of the men, and putting up the helm they eased off the sheets and stood towards the discovered sail. The pistols were loaded, and one after another they were discharged into the air, with a sort of reckless hope that the sound might reach those who could save them. Nolan had stationed himself against the mast with a glass, and for a long time he gazed steadily upon the distant sail. The men watched his countenance as though it were an index to their prospects, and they hung upon each varying lineament of his features for the raising or the crushing of their hopes. At length the glass trembled in Nolan's hand, a shade of deep disappointment overspread his face, and with a groan he stepped down from the thwart.

"My men," said he, as he closed the glass, "she's steering from us, and is already more than hull down!"

The boat was once more hauled upon the wind, and with sad and heavy hearts the crew turned their eyes towards the point in the horizon where the object of their sudden hopes had disappeared. They were nearly five hundred miles from land, with nothing but a single inch of plank between themselves and eternity, a heavy sea running against them, and a prospect of having their provisions destroyed by the salt water that came dashing over the bows.

Hearts that had been tied to earth for years now began to turn towards a Power mightier than their own, for their own late conquering strength, and the weapons that lay about them, were utterly void against the relentless storm-god, and as they lay upon the bosom of the treacherous ocean the ill-fated men knew not how soon it might open its broad, deep grave to receive them!

CHAPTER XXI.

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

It was one month after the mysterious disappearance of young Chester from the Jamestown jail. Night had succeeded a pleasant day, and shortly after its sable curtains had been drawn over the colony, Chiron sought the dwelling of Roswell Berkley. Upon the brow of the old hunter there was a stamp of deep suffering, and his kindly speaking features were tortured with vivid lines of unmistakable anguish; yet over all there was a firm set cast of a powerful determination which bespoke a will that was not to be crushed by misfortune or disappointment.

Mr. Berkley was alone in his private study, and though his appearance was indicative of much emotion, yet it would have been difficult to decide whether 'twas a cowardly fear, or a

demoniac satisfaction, that moved him. He was engaged in looking over some papers, when he heard the door of his room opened, and on looking up he beheld the towering form of Chiron.

"Now, by the saints of heaven!" uttered Mr. Berkley, as he recovered from the first shock of the meeting, "your insolence is becoming unbearable. If you do not leave me on the instant, your arrest and commitment shall be the consequence."

"Soft, soft, my dear sir," said the old hunter. "I think you would find it hard to have me arrested."

"Not so hard as you imagine. The deaths of Gilman and Colton may yet have to be answered for."

"So, so; then your accommodating doctor has been blabbing. But look ye, Mr. Berkley, do you wish a thorough investigation of that affair before the public?"

Mr. Berkley met the keen glance of the hunter, and he quailed before it. In his soul he dared not meet the steady gaze of his visitor, for there was something in his tone and manner, and his very appearance, that struck a dread to his heart. But he had sense enough to know that if he did fear, he had better keep it as much as possible to himself, so he endeavored to conquer his emotions, and turning to Chiron, he said:

"I fear no investigation, sir, of any of my acts; but I can inform you that the laws protect the dwellings of our citizens from the intrusion of common brawlers, and you had better beware how you lay yourself liable to them. I would be alone."

"And in a few moments you shall," returned Chiron, who could not help smiling at the sudden change in his host's ground of complaint; "but first I would ask you once more, what has become of Orlando Chester?"

"I know not."

"Beware, Mr. Berkley! What have you done with him?"

"I tell you I know nothing of him, only that he has escaped from jail," answered the agent, in trembling, fearful accents, but yet with an apparent coolness upon his features.

"Then you will not give me a clue to his whereabouts?" continued Chiron.

"If he were upon the gallows, I would give you a passage in the same direction."

"Thank you kindly, sir; but I shall have no need of your services," said the hunter, and then lowering his voice to a tone of the deepest import, he continued:

"Now let me tell you, sir, that though you refuse to acknowledge your hand in this matter, yet I know 'twas you who did it; but 'twill avail you little. Your ends will not be so easily answered. You have in some way disposed of the son, and you tried to dispose of the mother, but there I thwarted you. And now, Roswell Berkley, I tell thee that thy dreaded secret is not locked up in the maniac bosom of Morgiana Chester. I know that secret, and there is another beside whose ears have drunk it in, so you need not think to save yourself by the death of the mother and her child."

"Villain, you lie!" shrieked Berkley, utterly frantic with passion. "I have no secret. I care not for Mrs. Chester, save to place her in safety."

"No secret?"

"No!"

"Not even with regard to a certain duel once fought, wherein you figured behind the scenes?" uttered Chiron.

Roswell Berkley sprang from his chair, and the words, "*Villain! Liar!*" broke from his bloodless lips, but ere he could speak further his power of utterance seemed to fail him, and grasping his desk for support, he sank back into his seat. The old hunter regarded him for a moment with a look of utter contempt, and then turning away, he left the villain alone.

"It's of no use," murmured Chiron to himself, as he stepped from Berkley's house, "he won't criminate himself further by acknowledging his agency in the removal of Orlando; but I don't believe he'll trouble Morgiana again, after what he has just learned."

The hunter's course lay towards the house of Sir Oliver Wimple, and when he reached it he hauled his canoe to the shore, and was just turning to pass on through the garden, when the sound of distant oars struck upon his ear, coming from down the river. At first he thought of waiting to see who it might be, but the idea was thrown out, and he turned towards the house. Sir Oliver, his wife and daughter were in the

sitting-room when Chiron entered, and the first question was from the baronet:

"What of the youth? Have you learned anything yet?"

The old hunter's answer was a mournful shake of the head.

Poor Ada! How that silent answer fell upon her soul. She had hung upon the looks of the old hunter for his answer to the question that instinctively rose in her mind, and that answer had crushed the bud of hope that had struggled to put forth its fragrant leaves. Her elbow rested upon the table by her side, and with a bursting heart she laid her brow into her open palm, but no tears came to her relief. Her fair countenance, whereon had rested such sunbeams of joyous happiness, was now marked by deep shades of sorrow, and the round cheek seemed almost channelled by the heart-floods that had rolled over them. Sad, sad, was poor Ada.

"No tidings?—no word of hope?—no glimmer of his whereabouts?" uttered the baronet.

"None! none!" sorrowfully returned Chiron.

"I can find no traces of him. I have been up the bay two hundred miles, and searched in every corner, but not a word can I hear of him. But Morgiana, poor Morgiana, have you seen her?"

"Yes," returned Sir Oliver, "I saw her the day before yesterday."

"And how fared she?"

"Sad and sorrowful. Her heart seemed melting away in the fire of fitful agony—now streaming with a glare of rushing anguish, and anon sinking into a pitiful melancholy. O, Chiron, what a subject for the moving of the heart's dormant, slumbering sympathies, is she. An angel, and yet an inhabitant of earth; a being bereft of reason, and yet with a soul entirely celestial. Chiron, I love her for her pure emanations, and I pity her for the wrongs she has suffered. Loving her, I will protect her, and pitying, I will sorrow with her."

The old hunter arose from his seat. A big tear glistened upon either cheek, his lips trembled with emotion, and grasping the baronet by the hand, he exclaimed:

"A load is even now taken from my heart. She is an angel, and when she is known she shall be loved.—Hark! Heard you that footstep?"

"Yes. 'Tis approaching the house," said the baronet.

"Some one would speak with you," said a servant, opening the door a moment afterwards.

Whether this remark was addressed to Chiron or himself, the baronet waited not to ascertain, but he bade the servant show the applicant in.

A moment passed—the door was re-opened, and the entrance was occupied by a human form. Two individuals in that room recognized the new comer. The old hunter started back and shaded his eyes with his broad palm, while Ada uttered one wild cry of joy and delight, and sprang forward. Orlando Chester opened his arms, and when they closed again the fair form of Ada was encircled within them.

"Orlando, Orlando," uttered Chiron, as soon as he could grasp the youth by the hand, "what kind angel has given thee back to us?"

"God!" answered Orlando, as with one hand in the keeping of the old hunter, he raised the other towards heaven. "Praise him, Chiron, and you, sweet, gentle Ada, bless this holy name."

Sir Oliver waited for the first joy passages of old acquaintances, and then he stepped forward and claimed the acquaintance of the youth who had been thus unexpectedly restored. A strange light beamed in the young man's eyes as he received the warm, heart-gushing welcome of the father of her he loved, and in his soul he knew that his suit was not rejected. The mother, too, gave him a hearty welcome.

"Now, now," said Chiron, "let us know the secret of your absence, and the events that have transpired."

"My mother, my mother, first," uttered Orlando. "Tell me of her."

"She is well, and early in the morning we will go to her."

"But does she think I have forsaken her?"

"No. She sorrows deeply, but she believes you will come back to her."

Thus assured, the youth took a seat, and with Ada nestled closely at his side, he began with his flight from the jail, and minutely gave every circumstance to the present time. The longboat, after battling with the elements over a week, made land some two hundred miles south

of Cape Henry, and from thence she was kept close in shore and made a safe passage to James River.

Many times during the narrative did Orlando have to go back and explain, or repeat his words, and when he closed there was a dead silence of several moments, broken only by the perceptible beatings of Ada's heart.

"Then 'twas Roswell Berkley who sought thus your life?" said the old hunter at length.

"Yes," returned the youth. "Nolan told me all."

"And the villain would have sold you into slavery," said Chiron, with a shudder.

"Yes—so he intended. But God permitted it not," the youth returned.

"But these sailors," remarked Chiron, with a seeming sudden thought, "I hope they will not see Berkley till our plans are arranged."

"No fear of that. I left them at the plantation of the king's bay, some fifteen miles below Jamestown, with directions that they should not come up until they were sent for."

"That is good," the old hunter uttered. "And now, Mr. Roswell Berkley, you are mine."

"Chiron," said the young man, with a half-imploring, half-earnest look, "know you not now what all this means?—Why that wicked man thus hunts me down?"

"I know, Orlando, but the secret must yet a little longer be mine. Blame me not for this. But you are weak—you look faint and sick."

"I am weary," returned the youth, "for I have suffered much. For the last three weeks I have hardly slept, and my mind has been constantly on the rack, but this night's rest will restore me, at least, to comfortable health."

"Then you had better at once to your repose," said Sir Oliver.

"I will," returned the youth, "for I would be astir with the first beams of the morrow's sun. Chiron, early, early will we seek my poor mother. I can but pray for her to-night—to-morrow myself will bless her. Ada, good night, and all sweet angels watch thy pillow. I claim this as the genius of my dreams."

As he spoke he bent forward and imprinted a warm kiss upon the fair girl's brow, and she gave him one in exchange.

As Orlando followed the baronet to the room where he was to rest, Lady Wimple called Ada to her side, and placing her arms about her slender form, she said:

"Ah, my child, I wonder not that you loved him; for who, who could help it?"

"Bless you, mother," murmured Ada, as the tears of joyous gratitude rolled down her cheeks. "I knew you would love him."

"Now," said the baronet, after he had returned, "how shall we proceed in this matter?"

"I have it all marked out," returned Chiron, "and, save the unfortunate mental aberration of Morgiana, there will be no difficulty."

"But some of the charges against Berkley cannot be proved, and, after all, I fear we shall be unable to actually eriminate him in the eyes of the law."

"Sir Oliver," Chiron said, while the intensity of his feelings was kindled in every feature, "God never made the heart that might not be crushed. Roswell Berkley has long carried a load of sin sufficient to break the peace of a thousand souls, and a feeling of security has sustained him; but let the hand of another hurl these searing sins back upon his heart, and you shall see how he will condemn himself. The voice of the murdered has only spoken to him in his seclusion, and hence the world has seen not his reeking soul; but let another speak for the unavenged dead—let another interpret the language of that blood that cries out from the green sod of its native land, and you shall see how like heaven's dread thunder its trumpet tones shall strike home to his tortured soul."

"You are right," said the baronet, after a few moments' reflection; "and now when shall we commence?"

"We must first look to Orlando's safety from another arrest, for he is still under commitment."

"That I will attend to on the morrow. While you are gone to Mrs. Chester's I will go and see the royal governor, and I am confident I can obtain present bail for the youth, and a conditional pardon."

"Then, if that be done, we may go on at once. Berkley shall know not of the young man's return till the youth appears to confound him, and then he shall know it to his sorrow."

"Ay, that he shall," uttered the baronet. "By my faith, Chiron, but Orlando's a noble youth.

It speaks from every look and movement. There's no evil can live behind that face."

"You speak the truth, Sir Oliver."

"I believe I do. But now, Chiron, let's to bed. On the morrow you shall see Morgiana, and bring her here, while I make Orlando's peace with the governor."

When Chiron laid his head upon the pillow that night the sea of his prospects looked all calm and unruffled, and the horizon was clear. He knew not, he dreamed not, of the cloud that was gathering over him, and 'twas well he did not, for in his ignorance he slept sweetly and soundly.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COLD FOREST BED.

THE sky lark was just mounting upon her celestial throne of song when Chiron and Orlando set forth from the mansion of Sir Oliver. The youth pressed the fair Ada to his bosom, received the hearty God-speed of the baronet and his lady, and then he turned towards the river. There had been a gentle rain during the night, but the sun rose clear and bright, and as its golden beams began to kiss the pearly rain-drops that trembled upon the shrubs and flowers a sweet fragrance loaded the grateful air, and from a thousand mossy banks and umbrageous nooks went forth the incense of joyous nature to her God.

The canoe was launched, and once more the young hunter's heart leaped wildly in his bosom as his way was marked towards his forest home. He bent himself to his paddle, and all his weakness, his privations, and his past sufferings, were forgotten, as the canoe almost flew up the rolling river. The landing-cove was reached, the canoe hauled up among the bushes, and with rapid strides our two friends set off through the path.

As the opening was gained, the young hunter looked forth over the garden, to see if his mother was at her accustomed morning's task, but he could see her not. The flowers, the shrubs, and the vine were there, glittering with their dewy diamond-drops, but the genius of the place was absent. A fear-phantom stole through the mind of the youth, but he endeavored to push it from him. He entered the garden, passed up the vine-clad walk, and as his hand rested upon the latch a low sob broke upon his ear. Quickly, but yet almost noiselessly, he opened the door and sprang into the house. Upon the old oaken chest sat Elpsey, with her face running streams of tears, and her bosom heaving with deep sobs.

As the old woman heard the sound of the present footsteps she raised her eyes from her apron, and as they rested upon the form of her young master she sprang from her seat and darted forward.

"God be praised," uttered the faithful old creature, as she caught Orlando by the arm. "He gib my young massa back in safety. You no dead—dey no kill you! O, bress de Lord!"

"But my mother, where is she?" asked Orlando.

Elpsey raised her eyes—there was a glare of painful intelligence in their burning depths, but she spoke not.

"Speak, Elpsey—where is my mother?" exclaimed the youth, while he trembled with a frightful fear.

"O, God!" murmured the old woman, as if afraid of her own voice, "poor missus gone!"

"Gone! gone! Not dead, Elpsey!" cried Orlando, in a shrieking whisper.

"Poor Elpsey don't know. Missus gone, and Elpsey can't find her."

"But when did she go, and how?" asked Chiron, at this moment stepping forward, for Orlando seemed for the moment to have lost his power of utterance.

"She go yesterday morning," returned the old woman, over whose face a slight shade of hope seemed to pass as she beheld the old hunter. "She went out into de garden, an' I tink she was goin' to take care ob her flowers. One hour, two hour went away, and de sun bimeby reach to noon, but missus no come back. I hunt for her, an' I couldn't find her. I went all trough de woods, hunt in de brook—but—but—she gone, an' poor Elpsey left alone!"

"But the dogs—the dogs!" uttered Chiron, "did you not set them on the track?"

"Ah, Chiron," answered Elpsey, with a significant shake of the head, "de dogs no dogs now same as dey used to be. Since Massa Orlando gone dey do nothin' but mope 'round an' whine."

"This is indeed a dark cloud upon our prospects," murmured the old hunter. "But courage, courage, Orlando. Let us not faint by the wayside, for as yet all is not lost."

"If my mother be gone, then is all the world lost to me," ejaculated the youth. "I'll bid farewell to joy forevermore on earth."

"No, no—there are others on earth for whom you must live. But give not up yet. Let us search first, and not until all search proves fruitless must we sink in despair."

"Search! search!" cried the youth, throwing off his dejection. "I'll search till there's not a tree in the forest but bears its image to my sight! On, on, Chiron!"

The energetic, frenzied tones of Orlando's voice went ringing through the air, and in a moment more a suppressed cry from the hounds announced that they had heard it. Chiron stepped through the kitchen, opened the back door, and the dogs rushed in. They sprang to the feet of their returned master, leaped upon him, licked his hands and his face, and from out their sparkling eyes there spoke a language of true, disinterested affection, such as the sons of men might emulate with profit.

Old Elpsey could give no account of which way her mistress had taken, and the trails from the house in all directions were so numerous that the footprints of Morgiana could not be distinguished from the others. The hunters placed some reliance upon the dogs, however, and calling them to his side, Orlando took his rifle from its beekets and went forth into the garden. Here he made a show of search, and called several times for his mother. The hounds watched his movements with anxious looks, and at length they seemed to comprehend their master's object, for with that beam of intelligence which the bloodhound so quickly shows, they bent their nostrils to the earth, and after running over the garden in various directions, they darted off towards the brook. Here they crossed, and after searching a few moments upon the other side they started for the forest.

Chiron and Orlando followed quickly on, and ere long they were buried in the depths of the forest. They could hear the dry bushes and boughs crackle beneath the feet of the bounds ahead, and, regardless of the thorns and underbrush, they kept on in pursuit.

"My mother could not have taken such a course as this," said Orlando, as he struggled through the thick undergrowth.

"It does seem strange that she should have chosen such a way," Chiron replied, "but let's follow the dogs."

"Ha! what's this?" uttered the youth, as his eye caught a fluttering shred ahead of him. "Heavens! 'tis a piece of my mother's mantle!" he continued, as he picked from a branch of wild thorn a strip of white muslin.

Orlando's eyes sparkled with a new hope, as he placed the shred within his bosom, and with an impulsive energy both he and Chiron darted forward.

"Hark!" uttered Chiron, as he stopped and bent his ears to the ground. "Can you hear the dogs?"

"No," Orlando answered, also listening.

"See, 'tis high noon. Look, where the sunbeams fall through yonder opening in the trees. Can it be we have missed the trail?"

"I fear we have," returned the young hunter, in a tone of dejection.

Chiron was upon the point of speaking, when a sharp, prolonged, simultaneous cry from both the hounds broke through the forest.

"On! on!" shouted the young hunter. "O, God grant that they have found her!"

The two hunters sprang forward, and while yet the barking of the dogs made the deep forest ring, they glided through the tangled wildwood towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

Wildly, fearfully beat young Chester's heart, as he approached the dogs, and he almost dreaded to come upon them, lest disappointment only should meet him; and another thought, frightful and chilling, swept through his mind—might not he find his mother's form in the cold grasp of death! On he dashed, and at length he caught sight of the dogs. One bound brought him to their side, and ere his companion reached the spot he uttered one low cry of hopeful anguish, and sank down by the side of his mother's form.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

I love a hand that meets my own
With grasp that causes some sensation.
Mrs. Osgood

A COURT DRAWING-ROOM.

A British Court Drawing-Room is the most fascinating of any in the world; for, independently of the tasteful dresses of the ladies—the splendid ostrich plumes and lappets—the blaze of diamonds, which are the prevailing and distinguishing ornaments of rank and beauty—the English ladies are celebrated for the clearness and brilliancy of their complexions, for their graceful forms, and for their easy, modest, elegant, and enchanting manners.

The palace of St. James, the scene of these court ceremonials, has nothing in its exterior to recommend it; yet the internal arrangements of its apartments are so complete, as to make them far better adapted for the purposes of state than perhaps any other suite of rooms in the grandest palaces in Europe. It possesses for state occasions many entrances for the ingress and egress of royalty, nobility, ladies and the royal household.

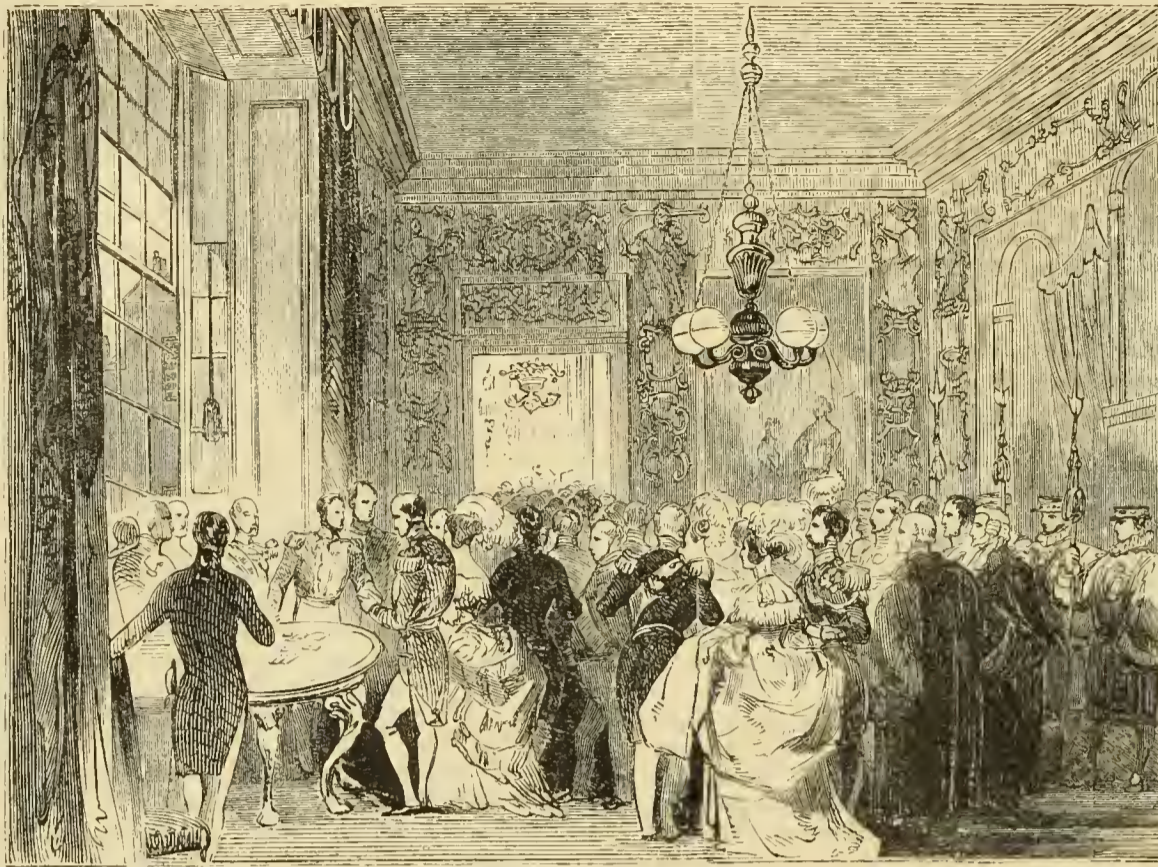
Pegge, in his "Curialia," observes that "the drawing-rooms, as we now call them, were introduced on the accession of King George II, and Queen Caroline, and during the queen's life were held every evening, when all persons, properly dressed, were admissible, and the royal family played at cards. After the demise of the queen, they were continued but twice a week, and in a few years the evening drawing-rooms were laid aside, and the king kept his state in a morning, twice a week, as at present." George III and his queen consort continued for many years to hold drawing-rooms almost weekly, and thus sought to support the honor and dignity of the English crown. During the reign of George IV, drawing-rooms were seldom held; but their glories were restored by William IV and Queen Adelaide, who generally held five or six during the season, the principal one being on Saint George's Day (April 23), in honor of the birthday of the king.

CEREMONIAL OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The carriages of all those of the nobility and ladies coming to the drawing-room (not having the entree) fall into the line formed in St. James's Palace through the iron gates, and alight at the colonnade opposite the German Chapel, where are placed two of the queen's porters and two of the queen's marshals. The company pass up the capacious corridor to the grand staircases, at the foot of which, and in the gallery, are stationed the gentlemen porters with their wands. They then enter the State Apartments by the Guard Chamber, a well-proportioned room, fitted up with muskets, pistols, and swords, and several pieces of ancient armor, including a complete suit of the time of Edward the Black Prince.

The second room is called the Presence Chamber or Tapestry Room, from the elegant tapestry of the time of Charles II, representing the amours of Venus and Mars. In this apartment is stationed the person better known as the "Court Circular," and much amusement is created by the anxiety depicted on many a coun-

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S DRAWING-ROOM.



THE TAPESTRY CHAMBER.

tenance that their presence at court may be chronicled on the following day.

The company next approach the noble and elegant saloon, appropriately called Queen Anne's Room, the portrait of that monarch being placed in the centre over the fireplace. In this room are portraits of George I and II, also several of King Charles's beauties, and two large historical paintings of the Duke of Marlborough's victories at Lisle and Tournay. This splendid apartment, on the left, has a guard-rail, between which the general company going to court form a procession, preparatory to passing into the Ante-Drawing Room, which immediately adjoins the Throne Room. The door in the centre is for the exclusive entrance of the royal family, who, on their arrival, are immediately ushered into the presence of the sovereign, and take their places near and around the throne during the ceremony of a drawing-room. In the right hand corner is a door, railed off, for the use of all those who have the entree, and thereby the high honor and privilege of paying their respects to her majesty previous to the admission of the general company. When all these illustrious, noble, dignified, and celebrated personages have passed the queen, the general company are admitted.

The scene from this saloon is unique; the reunion of rank, beauty, and fashion forms a *coup d'œil* not to be equalled in the world. It is no unusual circumstance for the suite of rooms previously described, the staircase, and the corridor, to be so extremely crowded, that it is with the greatest difficulty the immense assemblage of the nobility, ladies, officers, and civilians, anxious to show their loyalty and devotion to their sovereign, can obtain ingress for that purpose.

The Ante-Drawing Room immediately adjoins Queen Anne's Room; it is most elegantly fitted up, and the fireplace is of beautiful white Sienna marble. In this apartment are portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of George III, the Prince of Wales (George IV), and Duke of York, habited as Knights of the Garter. The portraits of Earl St. Vincent and Lord Nelson, by Hoppner, are also hung around. As soon as the door is opened for the reception of the general company, the ladies gradually approach the Throne Room. The scene now becomes intensely interesting. The anxious countenances to be seen as the line slowly advances; the silence increasing as the moment of presentation approaches; the ladies prepare to drop their trains; the lappets are arranged; the cards of announcement got ready; hearts beat high; the fair debutante with grace-

ful timidity falters for a moment; the Rubicon is passed—she is in the presence of the Queen!

When the ladies have entered the magnificent Throne Room, the cards of those presenting and to be presented are handed to the Lord in Waiting, who announces the lady's title or name to her majesty, when a graceful courtesy is made to the queen, and also a similar respectful obeisance to each of the royal family who may be present—after which the ladies gradually retire, to give room for the numerous train of nobility to follow.

It is as well to state, that when the queen has entered the Throne Room, and the royal family and the cabinet ministers have taken their places, the presentation of the diplomatic circle first commences, followed by those noble personages who have the distinguished honor of the entrees; and these, with some few exceptions, have the privilege of standing around the sovereign, and witnessing the ceremonial of the drawing-room.

A few words on the subject of the state costume worn by her majesty will not be out of place. The queen never wears any robes officially but on her visit to Parliament, when she always wears red. Her majesty, as sovereign of the order of the garter, wears the ribbon (over the left shoulder), with the badge and stars of the order, the two latter set in diamonds, and an armet with the motto of the order on her left arm. On these occasions, her majesty generally wears on her head a splendid circlet of diamonds. At the coronation, she went to Westminster Abbey in crimson, and was then invested with purple.

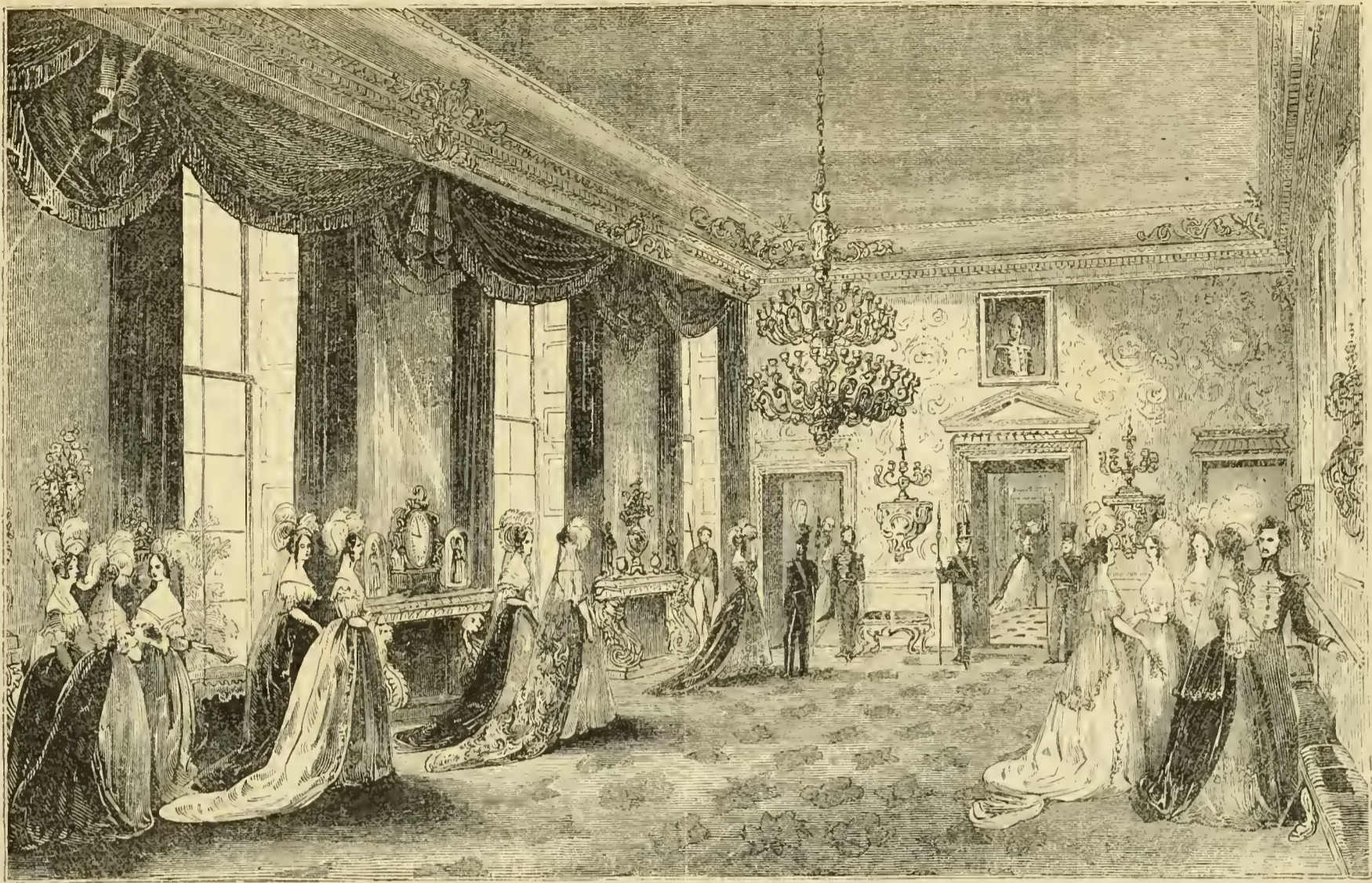
The Throne Room is a noble saloon, most gorgeously fitted up. In the centre is the throne, with the royal arms, and V.R. tastefully portrayed; the royal chair and footstool are elegant specimens of workmanship, whilst the decorations and draperies are in keeping, having the quarterings of the royal arms in appropriate niches. The well-known portrait of George IV, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is over the fireplace; and at either side are the noble historical representations of the victories of Vittoria and Waterloo.

Should any of the ambassadors, or ministers plenipotentiary, accredited to the English court, have a letter to deliver from his sovereign, the queen receives him in the Royal Closet, previous to the levee or drawing-room. This apartment is elegantly furnished, and contains some fine paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds; among them is the portrait of the celebrated Marquis of Granby.

The following are the regulations generally observed at the queen's drawing-rooms. All ladies attending her majesty's drawing-rooms are requested to bring with them two cards, with their names legibly written thereon—one to be left with the queen's page in attendance at the Presence Chamber, and the other to be delivered to the Lord in Waiting, who will announce the name to her majesty. And those ladies who



QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM



THE ANTE-DRAWING-ROOM.

are to be presented are informed that it is absolutely necessary that their names, together with the names of the ladies who are to present them, should be sent into the Lord Chamberlain's office two clear days before the drawing-room, in order that they may be submitted for the queen's approbation, it being her majesty's command that no presentation shall take place unless the name of the lady presenting, together with that of the lady to be presented, shall appear on the card delivered as before directed, corresponding with the names sent into the Lord Chamberlain's office.

No persons are to remain in the Throne Room, having passed her majesty at the drawing-room, but the ministers and their ladies, the great officers of the household and their ladies, the foreign ministers and their ladies, and the

officers of the household who remain upon duty. At all drawing-rooms and state balls, the Master of the Horse, the Master of the Buckhounds, the equerries, and the pages of honor, and all officers of the navy and army, militia, and yeomanry, the lords lieutenants of counties, and deputy lieutenants, must appear in uniform, pantaloons, and boots, agreeably to regulation.

All persons belonging to her majesty's household, the household of the Queen Dowager, and H. R. H. Prince Albert, and all others who wear the civil uniform, appear on similar occasions in shoes and buckles, and breeches with knee buckles.

At drawing-rooms for the celebration of birthdays, the knights of the several orders to appear in their collars.

No presentations take place on the birthday

of the sovereign, except in the foreign diplomatic circle, and they have the entree.

Mr. Rush, the minister plenipotentiary from the United States, in his "Journal of a Residence at the Court of London," thus graphically describes his ideas of an English drawing room: "After being presented, I remained in the Throne Room, not far from the queen, being privileged as an ambassador so to do. A numerous portion of the nobility were present, with their wives and daughters; also others distinguished in life, though bearing neither title nor station. Conversation you got as you could in so great and rich a throng. The doors of the state rooms were all open. You saw in them a thousand ladies richly dressed. All the colors of nature were mingling their rays together. No lady was without her plume;—the whole was a waving

field of feathers. Some were blue like the sky, some tinged with red; here you saw violet and yellow, there shades of green; but the most were tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them caught the sun through the windows, and threw dazzling beams around. I cannot do justice to the scene—I cannot describe it. The conjecture ran that not less than two thousand persons were present. We got down stairs as we could, through tulle, gold net, plumes, and other glittering entanglements with which beauty obstructed the way."

The preceding account will have conveyed to the reader a faithful impression of the etiquette observed at a drawing room ceremonial; and the valuable illustrations we have been enabled to procure will enable him to form an accurate idea of its unparalleled magnificence.



PRESENTATION AT HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO NELLY, AT THE SOUTH.

BY F. GEYVITTS.

Come to my rural home, love,
Come with the gentle spring;
The meadows bloom, the woods are gay,
The free birds on the wing.

Come to my rural home, love,
Come in the summer's prime,
When zephyrs fan the enamored earth,
And myriad voices chime.

Come to my rural home, love,
Come when the golden rays
Picture the softened fields and groves—
Come in the autumn days.

But when cold winter threatens, love,
Then I will come to thee;
We'll thus make life a summer dream
Of love for thee and me.

Starkville, N. Y., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SOCIAL PARTY:

—OR—

MISS DEBORINA FITZ JONES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"ARE you going over to the village to-day?" said Betsey Gray, a pretty, bright-eyed lass of sixteen, addressing her father.

"Yes, I calculate to," was his answer.

"Well, father, you know we are going to have a party next Wednesday, and we want you to purchase a few articles which will be indispensable. Here is a memorandum of them. And I should like to have you call and take Keziah Jellison home with you. She promised me that she would come and assist us."

"Why didn't you speak to your cousin Hannah, to come and help us?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Why you know, mother, that Keziah has spent a whole year in New York with her cousin, who married a confectioner, and while there learnt to prepare all manner of nice things; such as cream-cakes, blanc mange, ice creams, calf's-foot-jelly, chicken salad, and a great many nice things besides."

"And if she knows how to prepare a thousand things besides," said Mrs. Gray, "I don't see the need of her assistance. The people round here wont expect to have anything out of the common way. We can make a loaf of plum cake and frost it as well as Keziah Jellison, and that, and some sponge cake and custards, in addition to some nice toast and warm drop-cakes, will be good enough for anybody."

"But what will Miss Deborah Fitz Jones say?" said Betsey.

"I don't know," replied her mother; "but if she is a girl whose acquaintance is worth cultivating, she will think it much wiser in us to entertain our guests according to the custom of the place, than to undertake to have a dozen things that they nor we know nothing about."

"That is what I think," said Mr. Gray, "and this Deborah Fitz Jones hasn't the sense to look at it in this light, I don't know why we should, for the sake of appearing genteel in her eyes, make ourselves ridiculous in the estimation of every person of sense, by trying to ape city customs, without the adequate means. For instance, what would John Hitchens and David Bridges and their wives and daughters know about blanc mange or chicken salad?"

"They are of little consequence, compared with Miss Fitz Jones," said Betsey.

"Does anybody know who this Miss Deborah Fitz Jones is?" said Mr. Gray.

"O yes," replied Betsey, "her father is a wealthy merchant of New York, and she is spending a few weeks at Mr. Lawson's, who, I believe is her father's cousin."

"Fitz Jones—Fitz Jones—" repeated her father, musingly, "I was not aware that neighbor Lawson had any relations by that name. But it is time for me to be going. Which had I better get to help you, cousin Hannah, or Keziah Jellison?"

"I should rather have Keziah, if you and mother are willing," said Betsey.

"Well, mother," said Mr. Gray to his wife, "I guess we will let her have her way this time."

"I shan't say anything against it," replied Mrs. Gray, "but I really think she will be sick of her bargain, before she gets through."

"That's what I think," said Miss Polly Gray, who was spinning linen, and who, as she spoke, pulled out her thread from the distaff with a kind

of jerk, rendered more emphatic by a corresponding movement of her head. "The old saying is, that gentility without ability, is like pudding without salt, and it is as true as it is old, according to my mind, and Betsey, I've no doubt, will live to see the day that she will agree with me."

"Now aunt," said Betsey, "why can't you call me Lizzie? Deborah Fitz Jones says Lizzie is much more genteel than Betsey, and if you'll agree to call me so, I will call you Aunt Mary."

"Much obliged to you, but my name is Polly—always was, and always shall be, if I can have my way."

As soon as Mr. Gray was gone, Betsey whispered to her mother to go into another room with her, as she had something to say which she did not wish her aunt to hear.

"Mother," said she, having carefully closed the door, "I am going over to Mrs. Palmer's to borrow her new china tea-set."

"I don't believe she will be willing to lend it to you."

"Yes she will, she promised to let me have it, and when they have their party, we are to lend them our new carpet. They have nothing but a homespun one on their parlor floor, and Sally heard Miss Fitz Jones laughing about Mrs. Lawson's homespun carpet, so they all feel ashamed to have her find out that they haven't one that is better."

"The more fools are they. But you know, Betsey, that our tea-set is good and handsome enough for anybody. If the governor should come to see us, I shouldn't wish for a better."

"It is good enough, only it is all out of date, and Deborah Fitz Jones says that she can't endure anything that is old fashioned. Besides, one set wont be enough."

"How are you going to manage to get it here?"

"I am going to take the two-bushel basket and a good lot of cotton batting to pack it in, and get Tom to go with me and help fetch it."

Betsey and her brother accordingly proceeded to Mrs. Palmer's, carrying the large basket, piled high with cotton, between them. By the united exertions of Mrs. Palmer and her three daughters, together with those of Betsey (Tom's offered services were rejected, it being supposed that his manner of handling china ware would not be sufficiently nice and gingerly), the tea set was speedily packed, in a manner, as was unanimously conceded, to be transported with perfect safety.

"Now Tom," said Mrs. Palmer, as he and his sister raised the basket from the floor, "don't forget yourself, and think you are helping carry a basket of apples or potatoes, but creep along just as careful as if you were walking on eggs."

"Well, I declare," said Sally Palmer, "we like to have forgot to tell you, that you will be likely to have one more to your party than you calculated on."

"Why?" asked Betsey.

"You know that you have invited the Eveleths, and they had a visitor arrive yesterday."

"Who? do you know?"

"Her name is Wilton. Jane and I happened in last evening without knowing she was there, so we were introduced to her."

"How did she look and appear?"

"Well enough, but her dress was nothing to be compared with Miss Fitz Jones. She is the daughter of Mrs. Eveleth's sister, I suspect, whose husband died a few years ago, in very reduced circumstances."

"Should you advise me to send her an invitation?" said Betsey.

"If you wish the Eveleths to attend your party, I should."

"Now what if we should meet Miss Fitz Jones on our way home? I should be so ashamed," said Betsey, as she and Tom moved with the basket towards the door.

"I hope you wont, I am sure," said Jane. "You'll feel mortified to death if you do."

Fortunately for the china ware, which, otherwise, might have proved of minor consideration, Miss Fitz Jones, if she took a walk that morning, as she sometimes did, Betsey Gray having received the information from one whose veracity was unimpeachable, she chose some different road from the one lying between Mrs. Palmer's and Mrs. Gray's. The basket and its contents were safely conveyed, and safely unpacked, just as Mr. Gray returned with the articles set down in the memorandum, Miss Keziah Jellison, and a cream-freezer.

"Come, Aunt Polly," said Keziah, in quick

succession taking off her bonnet, turning up her sleeves, and giving a smooth-down to her brown linen apron. "the first article in the warrant is for you to set away that wheel of yours, for I'm going to set all the female hands to work, and don't know but I shall want Tom's help besides. You have plenty of cream, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "but it isn't skimmed off yet."

"Well," it must be done right away, and then I shall want some of you to begin to freeze it. Besides that, there are eggs to beat, spice to pound, nutmegs to grate, the brick oven to be set a heating, and nobody knows what."

"La, what a fuss," said Aunt Polly.

"Who is going to sift the flour? You will, wont you, Aunt Polly?" said Keziah.

"No, sister wants me to skim the milk, as soon as I go and change my—"

"Well, if you're going to skimming milk, do step outside the outer door, and let me beat you about the shoulders with this towel first; for who knows but there may have been some shives in the flax you have been spinning, that flew out and lodged on your handkerchief. I declare, it makes me tremble to think of it, for if one of 'em should get into anything when I was at the head of the cooking, I should never be able to hold up my head again, as long as I had the breath of life in me."

"I aint a going to have any of your beating about my shoulders with a towel," said Aunt Polly, indignantly. "I am going to put on a clean handkerchief, and a clean apron, as I should have told you, if you had given me a chance to speak."

"That alters the case," said Keziah, "but my responsibility is dreadful great, you know."

"Well," soliloquized Aunt Polly, as she went to her room to exchange the articles of apparel she had named, "if anybody had told me, that I should live to see the day when the daughter of old Mina Jellison, who in her best days, always went slipshod, and out at the elbows, would undertake to give me a lesson in neatness, I should not believed it. Beat me about the shoulders with a towel! I should like to catch her at it. Land o' liberty," she exclaimed, as on opening the door to return to the kitchen, her ears were assailed by the multitudinous noises arising from the very spirited and energetic movements of Keziah, herself, and of those subject to her directions, which were given in a voice, that she evidently intended should be heard, "land o' liberty, if there was a worse noise than this, when the tower of Babel was built, I don't believe I've any rational idea of what a noise is. Now Miss Jellison, if you think I shan't poison the cream, I am ready to go to work."

"La, Aunt Polly, I hope you aint offended with me, just for speaking, but I have been in the habit of associating with such dreadful nice folks, that it makes me unaccountable particular."

"Yes, I know all about your bringing up," said Aunt Polly, with a significant toss of her head.

After a while, the commotion consequent on Miss Keziah's first assumption of her manifold and responsible duties began to subside; much, as was plainly visible, to her secret regret, her self-consequence being graduated by the noise and bustle she succeeded in raising. Confusion was her element, as much as order was Aunt Polly's, and her mother was often heard to say: "Who our Keziah takes arter no soul on airth can tell, for she never is so much in her elephant, as when she's makin' a great noise and clatter. Now I loves to set down in the chimbley corner, and take my comfort, and so does her father."

Though Keziah talked a great deal, she performed very little. As she brought her receipt-book with her, Mrs. Gray and Betsey soon ascertained, that instead of looking to her for directions, their better way was to look in the book. They were so successful, that ever afterward Keziah was in the habit of saying, that "of all the suppers she ever prepared, that for the party at Mr. Gray's bore off the palm."

The day appointed for the party, though some of the younger ones thought it a long time in coming, arrived in due season.

Betsey Gray, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, looked remarkably pretty in her appropriate and well-fitting dress, though it must be confessed that she could not help secretly repining that the only article of jewelry in the house with which she could adorn herself, except a gold necklace, which Miss Fitz Jones had pronounced decidedly old-fashioned and vulgar,

was a ring belonging to Aunt Polly, set with a garnet.

The guests did not begin to assemble till rather late for that meridian, it having been pronounced ungenteel by Miss Deborah Fitz Jones to go at the early hour which had long been sanctioned by custom. How her opinion on the subject, which had been expressed to Mrs. Lawson and her daughters, when no other person was present, could have been known all over the place in less than twenty-four hours, it is difficult to imagine. Yet so it was. As few were willing to be thought ignorant of the usages of polite society, by a personage of so much consequence as Miss Fitz Jones, a strict watch was kept at the dwellings of the invited guests, each being determined not be the first to set forth.

It is impossible to tell how long all this might have lasted, had not the Eveleths and Miss Wilton, who were the only ones not tormented with the fear of constituting the first arrival, and who had been detained by a call from some friends who were passing through the place, been, at length discovered, wending their way towards the mansion of Mr. Gray. Then, from many

"A windowed niche of the high hall,"

or, in plain prose, the garret, descended more than one fair lass, who had been obliged to select that elevated station in order to command a view of that particular part of the highway which led towards Mr. Gray's. Scarcely five minutes elapsed, ere simultaneously, as if by some preconcerted signal, vehicles of various descriptions

"Went pouring forward with impetuous speed."

The Grays, during the long delay, had grown restless and fidgety. They began to think, that after all their preparation, they were to have no party. When, therefore, Tom came in and told them that the Eveleths, and a lady he supposed to be Miss Wilton, were coming, their spirits were much revived.

Betsey thought that Miss Wilton appeared very well, considering. Her dress was neat, and of rich material, though not to be compared with what she had seen Miss Fitz Jones wear.

In less than five minutes after this first arrival, Betsey, who kept a sharp eye to the window, saw a row of vehicles approaching, which in numbers and general appearance would have done honor to a grand procession, got up for the celebration of some village jubilee. There was only one drawback to this cheering sight. Along the whole line of buggies, chaises, wagons, and saddle-horses, the buggy and span of greys belonging to Mr. Lawson, were no where to be seen. Betsey felt, that without the presence of Miss Deborah Fitz Jones, the party like a pillar without its capital, would lack its crowning glory.

The young lady, in secret, cherished a similar idea. She knew at what she was valued, and as the best method of keeping up this fictitious value, she was bent on being thoroughly exclusive—if she condescended to be with the "natives," as she termed the farmers and their families, it was no sign that she was of them. As one method of accomplishing this, she had determined that she and the Lawsons should be the last at the party. She wished to have the Grays give her up in despair—to wonder what could detain her; and she even hoped that a messenger might be sent to inquire if she were ill.

When, therefore, on gaining the summit of a hill, the cavalcade was descried winding along the valley at its base, in the direction of Mr. Gray's, she was highly indignant. The whole town, she believed, had entered into a conspiracy to defeat her intention, and she resolved, by having recourse to strategy to defeat the whole town. She induced the Lawsons, who were nearly as vain and foolish as herself, to rein up the horses behind some trees, which grew by the wayside, and there wait some twenty or thirty minutes, when, "all at once," to borrow her own brilliant illustration, she would "burst upon the assembled guests, and dazzle them like a sudden blaze of gas-light."

The simile she made use of was not altogether inappropriate, for the paste gems set in pinchbeck, which glittered on her person, would have constituted a comfortable stock in trade for an itinerant jeweller. The bandeau which bound her luxuriant tresses, and her necklace, both of them, she said, composed of diamonds of the first water, several of the central ones rivalling in size the world-renowned Koh-i-noor, excited, as well they might, the surprise and admiration of all present, with the exception of a few, who were considered of inferior consequence. An ong

these, was Aunt Polly, who contented herself with remarking to James Gray, her favorite nephew, "that all is not gold that glitters."

James Gray, who was a graduate of Harvard, and had commenced the practice of medicine in a neighboring town, had come home for the sake of attending the party; his sister, without mentioning her name, having written him that the richest, handsomest and most accomplished young lady that ever graced the town would be present. Dr. Gray looked at Miss Fitz Jones a moment, at the time she made her entree, while a smile, barely perceptible, played round the corners of his mouth; he then turned to his aunt, who happened to be near him, and inquired if she knew the name of the lady who sat next to Emily Eveleth.

"Isabel Wilton, I understand," replied Aunt Polly.

"She is, I presume, the same young lady Betsey was in such raptures about when she wrote me. I don't know but I shall share her enthusiasm, for I never saw a face I liked better. I must request an introduction to her," and before Aunt Polly had time to undeceive him, he had gone in quest of his sister.

"I knew she would please you," said Betsey. "But where are you going?" he asked; "the lady I wish to be introduced to, is the one next to Emily Eveleth."

"Why, she is not the one I referred to in my letter. That is Isabel Wilton, the daughter of Mrs. Eveleth's sister, who is a poor widow. Miss Fitz Jones is the one I wrote you about."

"Do you mean the girl with those enormous glass beads round her neck?"

"Why, James!—they are diamonds. Her father is a New York merchant, and is worth millions of money."

"He ought to be. The whole of Wall street transformed into a diamond necklace, wouldn't make one equal to that."

"That's a likely story. Come, that's a good brother, and let me introduce you to her. You will like her, I know. She is a great reader, and is charmed with all your favorite authors."

There was a look of such earnest entreaty in his sister's bright, sparkling countenance, that he could not deny her request. Miss Fitz Jones was evidently elated by having her acquaintance, so soon after her arrival, sought by the handsome young doctor. Her volubility was truly amazing. She confirmed, by her own assertion, what his sister had told him relative to her fondness for reading—found opportunity to glance incidentally at her father's great wealth, and dwelt at large on her intimacy with the aristocracy.

"My visiting list," said she, "is already enormous, yet when I return to the city, I shall be compelled to increase it, for my dear friend, Miss Rose Malvina St. Boggs writes me that a French count and an English lord have lately arrived, who are the life and ornament of the higher circles."

"If you have so many acquaintances in New York," said Aunt Polly, who had taken a seat near, and had been listening very attentively, "perhaps you know the young woman who is on a visit to Mr. Eveleth's. There she sits, exactly opposite you."

Miss Fitz Jones cast a scrutinizing glance at Isabel Wilton, the lady indicated, and with a supercilious smile replied:

"No, I never met with her in my life before. She lacks a certain air and style, which shows at once that she does not move in the same circle that I do."

"Nothing can be more evident," said Dr. Gray.

"And I suppose," said the pertinacious Aunt Polly, "that you don't know anything about a certain person I used to be acquainted with, by the name of Abel Jones. He was born and brought up in this place, and married Sukey Downs. He was an industrious, hard-working man, but somehow, he couldn't get anything beforehand—always lived from hand to mouth, as the saying is. Some blamed his wife, and said she was extravagant; and she did dress equal to the women whose husbands were the most forehanded of any in the place; while poor Abel always looked so shabby, that he wasn't fit to go inside the meeting-house. Well, he got along so poorly, that after a while, he and his family went to New York; and the last time I heard from them, they were getting along nicely. Abel had made out to get enough beforehand to buy a handsome handcart, and was in the employ of some wealthy merchants, who found plenty for

him to do, while his wife earned enough by taking in plain sewing, to keep herself in ribbons, laces, and silk gowns. You never chanced to meet Abel with his handcart, did you?"

"How should I know, whether I ever met him or not? I don't associate with people who shove handcarts."

"I am sure," said Aunt Polly, "it is a good, honest calling, and Abel is to be commended for his industry, and if he would give himself the trouble to come and make us a visit, we all of us would make him just as welcome as if he were a crowned king. Your father, I am told, is a merchant, and I am going to make bold to ask if he is doing business by himself, or if he has a partner."

"He belongs to the firm of Wilton, Beekman & Co.," said Miss Fitz Jones.

"Wilton! Why that is the name of the young lady I asked you about just now. Who knows but that she may be some relation to this very Mr. Wilton, who is in partnership with your father?"

"It is not at all likely," said Miss Fitz Jones, changing color, and manifesting considerable uneasiness. At this moment there was a rap at the outer door, and some one was heard to inquire of the person who opened it, if Mr. Gray lived there. Mr. Gray, who heard the question, immediately went to the door, where he saw a middle-aged gentleman, who was a stranger to him.

"I have just come from my cousin Eveleth's," said the gentleman, "where I was told that he and his family—my daughter included—were here."

"Your name must be Wilton, sir," said Mr. Gray. "Mr. Eveleth told me that he was expecting you, though not till the last of the week."

"It proved to be convenient for me to come, sooner than I had anticipated," said Mr. Wilton.

"O, that is my father's voice, I know," said Isabel Wilton, and hastily crossing the apartment, she met him at the door.

Mr. Wilton, who was a fine looking man, perfectly well bred, and of courteous and affable manners, made an impression decidedly favorable on the assembled guests. When he had had time to survey the company somewhat leisurely, his eye rested on Miss Fitz Jones. Having come to some satisfactory conclusion in his own mind, he approached her, and handed her a small packet.

"Your father handed me this, last evening," said he, "with the request that I would give it to you. He moreover requested me to tell you that he and your mother and the children are all well."

The young lady received the packet in silence. She did not have presence of mind enough even to thank him.

"Where did the child pick up all this trumpery?" thought he, as he glanced his eye over her dress.

"Who is that you handed the packet to?" said Isabel Wilton to her father, as he resumed his seat by her side.

"Why, little Dolly Jones—I thought you knew her."

"No, I don't remember ever having seen her before."

"Why her father has been in my employ a dozen years or more, and I have seen her often."

Aunt Polly, finding, as she told her nephew, James Gray, that Mr. Wilton was not starched up, and was inclined to be pleasant and sociable, felt determined to have a little chat with him. She did not feel at all satisfied in her mind, about that firm of Wilton, Beekman & Co., which Miss Jones had mentioned to her, and she was determined, if possible, to obtain from him some satisfactory information on the subject.

"I don't know," said she, drawing a chair close up to Mr. Wilton, and seating herself, "but that you will think I am meddling with what doesn't concern me, but I've a great curiosity to know if that girl's father you handed that little bundle to just now, is in partnership with you?"

"He is not, madam. He has, however, been in my employ for many years, and it gives me pleasure to be able to say, that he is an honest, industrious man."

"I kind o' mistrust," said Aunt Polly, "that I used to be acquainted with him and his wife."

"It is not unlikely, for he has often told me that this was his native place. His name is Abel Jones."

"I was satisfied in my own mind," said Aunt Polly, "that she was Abel Jones's daughter, and what put it into her head to tack that Fitz on to

the hither end of her name I can't imagine, and what seems stranger still is, that the Lawsons should bear her out in her foolish pretensions. But never mind—I shall not mention a word of what you have told me, till after the party is over."

This resolution was very generous and commendable in Aunt Polly, but it proved to be of no avail. Everybody in the room appeared by this time to know as much about it as she did, and what was even more remarkable, nearly all present, according to their own assertions, had been pretty sure, from the first, that Isabel Wilton was a real lady, and "the other one," as she was now styled, only a make-believe. As for poor little Debby Jones, she took the first opportunity to leave the room. Mr. Wilton, by this time, began to comprehend what, at first, had somewhat puzzled him.

"Poor girl," said he, addressing Mrs. Eveleth, "she is ashamed of her father, while the truth is, she ought to be proud of him, for there are few worthier men than he. He has labored, year after year, cheerfully, without suffering himself to spend an idle hour, when many would have been disheartened and given up in despair. You can remember as well as I, the time I went to the city of New York, and that I was in a lower condition, as respects this world's goods, than Abel Jones was, when he went. It is true, that in education, I was his superior. After expending the few shillings I carried with me, every attempt to obtain employment having proved unsuccessful, and I was in the expectation of being obliged to spend the night in the streets, I never felt so happy in my life as when I was so fortunate as to earn enough for a comfortable meal and a night's lodging by assisting to load some heavy articles lying on a wharf, which were to be conveyed to a warehouse."

While the foregoing conversation was going on, the discovery made in the parlor did not fail to reach the kitchen. Miss Keziah, when she found that Miss Deborah Fitz Jones, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, had dwindled down to plain Debby Jones, the daughter of a worthy, industrious laborer, and that her diamonds were nothing but glass, declared that they wouldn't have got her to teaze and worry herself so about having everything nice, had she only known it beforehand. "My time and trouble, according to my mind," said she, "have been the same as wasted."

"Why, you will have your pay, just the same as if her name was Deborah Fitz Jones," said Thomas Gray.

"Pay!" repeated Miss Keziah, with a disdainful toss of her head, "it is the honor, not the pay, that I care about. And what seems strangest of all to me is, that though I've seen so many diamonds, and all kinds of jewels worn by the first ladies in New York, I should be so mistaken about that necklace of hers."

"Never mind, Keziah," said Tom, "for if you don't know diamonds, you know beans."

Tom, as he finished speaking, by a dexterous dodge escaped a pretty smart slap, aimed at the side of his head by Miss Keziah's plump hand. Soon afterwards, Aunt Polly made her appearance.

"Come, Keziah," said she, "isn't it about time for the refreshments to be served?"

"I don't know, nor I don't much care," replied Keziah.

"Why, what is the matter, Keziah?" said Aunt Polly.

"She don't like it," said Tom, "because she has taken so much pains to have everything nice on account of Mr. Abel Jones's daughter."

"I must say," said Keziah, "that it is awful aggravating."

"Never mind," said Aunt Polly, "as long as Isabel Wilton is here."

"Who cares for Isabel Wilton," said Keziah. "If I was deceived about the Jones girl, I am not quite so much of a ninny, as to think that she is any great affair."

"Well, that's where you are mistaken," said Aunt Polly. "I said, from the first, that Isabel Wilton looked and appeared more like a lady than the other one; and what I said proves true, for her father is in the other room, and turns out to be one of the richest merchants in New York, and here is Betsey, who will tell you just as I do."

"Yes," said Betsey, "Aunt Polly tells you just as it is; but I do feel sorry for poor Debby Jones. She is up in my room, and says she wont show her head again, till the company are all gone."

"It is good enough for her," said Keziah.

"The more she is mortified, the better I shall like it."

"But aint you glad," said Tom, "that Isabel Wilton turns out to be no make-believe, and wont laugh in her sleeve because she thinks the cream cakes aint done in the middle, and wont say, like one of my brother Yankees, who attended a city party, that 'the ice-cream is very good and sweet, though a leetle tetched with the frost!'"

"Well, it is some comfort," said Keziah, "to think, that I haven't been slaving myself to death for nothing."

Keziah's spirits rose at once, and with them her self-importance. She felt as if all depended on her—that the party could no more go on without her, than a watch would go on deprived of its mainspring.

Everything went on smoothly, as if to make amends for the inauspicious beginning. The guests were satisfied with their entertainers and the entertainment, and though lust, not least with themselves.

Mr. Wilton, as he afterward told the Eveleths, thought Dr. Gray was one of the most pleasing and intelligent young gentlemen he ever met with. His daughter Isabel, though she agreed with him, kept her thoughts to herself. It was not long, however, before it began to be suspected that she entertained a favorable opinion of him, for during the week that she and her father remained in the place, though he resided eight miles distant, he found time to ride over every day, "to call on Mr. Wilton," he said, though he almost always was seen walking or riding with Isabel.

Miss Deborah Fitz Jones, having descended to plain Debby Jones, no longer attempted to dazzle the "natives," as she had been in the habit of styling the good people who so kindly endeavored to entertain her; but having found her proper level, had the good sense not to affect to feel herself superior to those she met at the social parties common at that season of the year. She soon began to be quite a favorite. Even Aunt Polly was heard to say, that "the girl did not lack for sense: the greatest difficulty was, she didn't always seem to know how to use it."

Miss Keziah Jellison was the only exception. She never could bring herself to fairly forgive her. Her self-esteem had received too severe a check. She had prided herself on her ability to judge of gentility and jewelry, as well as of those things more immediately in her line, and her judgment would no longer be received as infallible.

Dr. James Gray, about a year after his first introduction to her, was married to Isabel Wilton, and by the influence of his father-in-law was established in the city of New York, where he soon ranked with the first in his profession.

Betsey Gray, while on a visit to her brother and his wife, became acquainted with Edward Wilton, Isabel's brother, and there is every prospect that it will be a match.

It gives us pleasure to be able to say, that Miss Jones was never again tempted to hold out false colors, but was content to be known as the worthy Abel Jones's daughter, and that, as such, is going to be married to an estimable young man, who is a clerk in the employment of Wilton, Beekman & Co.

As respects that tea-set, so kindly loaned to the Grays by Mrs. Palmer, in order to enhance the splendor of the entertainment at the ever-memorable party, it passed through the ordeal safe and sound. It is to be regretted, however, that Mrs. Palmer, when she found how it dazzled some of her neighbors' eyes, could not resist the temptation of telling them, as a profound secret, that she, and not Mrs. Gray, was its owner.

As might have been expected, it was not long before all present were in possession of the "profound secret," not even excepting Mr. Wilton and his daughter; a circumstance which made Betsey Gray willing to accept the advice of her parents and Aunt Polly, and resolve never again to borrow anything for mere show.

THE LOBSTER'S STRATAGEM.

Lobsters, like most other crustacea, feed principally on shell-fish, which they extract with their claws, and in the instance in question, the oyster closed its shell as often as the lobster attempted to insert itself: after many failures, the lobster took a small stone, which it placed between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals.*

None pities him that's in the snare,
And warned before, would not beware.—*Herrick*

MISS KIMBERLY.

This lady, whose likeness in a favorite professional character is given below, was born and educated in the State of Connecticut. Naturally of a quick, clear and lofty cast of mind, she early fancied the higher intellectual pursuits, and by a long and arduous course of study she satisfied herself and friends that she was competent to appear before the public, and undergo the ordeal of criticism. Her first effort as a Shaksperian reader, took place in Philadelphia, on the 7th Nov., 1849; immediately succeeding the celebrated Fanny Kemble Butler, in the same line. Her success was most complete; and the comparisons between her and the "daughter of the great dramatic house of the Kembles" were more favorable to Miss Kimberly than her most sanguine friends anticipated. She at once assumed a rank with Fanny Kemble, and has never failed to secure the approbation of the most discerning and fashionable audiences in the different southern cities in which she appeared. In Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and other southern and western cities, her success was particularly marked, and in each she received the most flattering testimonials of personal respect as well as acknowledgments of her talents.

After pursuing her readings for about six months, she returned to her home in Boston. Her remarkable success as a dramatic reader impelled her friends here to advise that she should adopt the stage as a profession. With this view, she placed herself under the tuition of that veteran in theatrical management and business, Thos Barry, Esq., whose keen perception immediately discerned in his pupil the germs of great dramatic excellence. After a proper course of instruction, she was pronounced by her tutor fully prepared to appear before the public. Her first appearance was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on the 2d Dec., 1850, in the character of *Julia*, in 'The Hunchback.' Her success was unequivocal, the entire public press according her great praise, and the public voice cordially responding. In six consecutive nights, she sustained triumphantly the characters of *Julia*, *Juliet*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Rosalind*, *Pauline*, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and *Juliana*, in 'The Honeymoon.' In each she received the hearty and united approbation of full and fashionable audiences,—notwithstanding the weather, during the entire engagement, was of the most inclement character. Since that period, she has performed in different cities of the Union in all the leading dramatic characters, with remarkable success. Her versatility of talents, her peculiar and valuable natural gifts, combined with the fruits of intense study, her expressive countenance, command of feature and action, enable her to perform most happily, in the deepest tragedy, as well as in the light and elegant comedy characters. In such parts as *Mrs. Haller*, and *Isabella*, in 'The Fatal Marriage' (the character in which she is represented in the picture), she is as much at home and equally as successful, as in the lighter and more captivating personations of *Juliana*, in

'The Honeymoon,' or as *The Countess*, in the new and sprightly comedy of 'The Ladies' Battle.'

Although the character of *Isabella* is a favorite one, it is by no means Miss Kimberly's greatest. The play itself is of that heavy description which leaves one in a gloomy state of mind upon its conclusion, only relieved by recollections of the

part, and to forget the actress in the character she assumes. She has been said to exceed in this part the most popular performers who have undertaken it on the American stage. Her style is neither that of Ellen Tree nor Charlotte Cushman, but a beautiful blending, as it were, of both, and yet distinctly original—Miss Kimberly never having seen either perform in the charac-

As *Lady Gay Spanker*, in 'London Assurance,' Miss Kimberly has also created much sensation. It is one of those wild, rollicking, honest-hearted characters, which only those possessing a good flow of animal spirits, can render with effect. Very few actresses, who excel in such tragic parts as *Lady Macbeth* or *Isabella*, can do justice to the dashing *Lady Gay*. But Miss Kimberly possesses such extraordinary versatility of talent that she can in a moment step from a character requiring the greatest buoyancy of spirits, to one expressive of the profoundest grief and agony. In a measure, her great success may be attributed to this remarkable faculty.

Her *Juliet*, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' has been pronounced a most natural and effective delineation. Some scenes we have never seen better represented; particularly the 'nurse,' 'balcony' and 'vial' scenes. Acute theatrical critics have expressed more satisfaction at Miss Kimberly's conception of some parts of this character than that of many veterans in the profession; and as a whole, to embody a perfect realization of the great poet's fancy.

In the sparkling character of *Rosalind*, in Shakspeare's 'As You Like It,' Miss Kimberly is truly happy. Her naturally lively imagination adopts at once the spirit of the part, and the sallies of wit pour forth from her lips in one dazzling and uninterrupted stream, while her full and eloquent eye sparkles merrily at the roguery she meditates. *Rosalind* is one of Miss Kimberly's finest parts. Indeed, all her Shaksperian characters are particularly effective, seemingly as if she had not only read, but carefully studied the meaning and intention of the greatest of dramatic authors, and devoted all her energies to their proper delineation.

The following from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, may be considered a fair critique of the readings of Miss Kimberly: 'It has passed into a proverb, 'no matter what invention is made by others, a Yankee will soon be found to excel it,' and the proposition is strikingly illustrated in the appearance of a new Reader of Shakspeare, in the person of a lady of Connecticut, Miss Kimberly, who made her debut at Sanson street Hall, and read 'The Tempest,' in a manner that gave the highest gratification to a large and intelligent audience. As to her appearance and style, she has fine eyes, a clear, musical voice, a very expressive face, and her manner is at once easy, graceful, and self-possessed. Her countenance is eminently pleasing when lighted up with emotion, and her eyes are truly bright and speaking. Miss Kimberly has since read several plays, and on each occasion exhibited new beauties, and won for herself new and justly deserved honors. Hurrah for the Yankee girl!'

We will conclude this brief and imperfectly written sketch, by stating that no lady in the histrionic profession has won so much renown, or secured to herself a host of warmer friends, in so brief a period, as Miss Kimberly; and that now this beautiful and gifted "Yankee girl" occupies a most brilliant position in the galaxy of AMERICAN DRAMATIC STARS.



MISS E. KIMBERLY AS ISABELLA, IN THE "FATAL MARRIAGE."

intense power and truthfulness thrown into the personation of the heroine. It is a harrowing tragedy, and Miss K. has made points in it which have shot through the audience like an electric shock. But her representation of *Pauline*, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' is a more graceful and pleasing, if not a less intellectual performance. She seems to throw her soul into the

ter previous to her adopting the profession. Her own mind intuitively pointed out the attractive points, and her genius, and power, and intellect, enabled her to render them with a warmth and spirit, restricted only by truthfulness to nature. She has created unbounded enthusiasm in some theatres, in this part, which may be considered one of her greatest.

LOLA MONTEZ.

This extraordinary personage, a likeness of whom we present herewith, has but lately closed a highly successful engagement at the Howard Athenæum in this city. For some months her arrival in this country has been heralded by the press, and the public were on the *qui vive* to see her. Lola Montez owes less of her strange powers of fascination and world-wide celebrity to her powers as an artiste, than to the extraordinary possession of mind and brilliancy of intellect with which Heaven has endowed her. At one moment ruling a kingdom through an imbecile king, and clothed with almost royal honors, and the next the wife of a young and dashing English lord, and still again, a danseuse upon the stage. We see her passing through transitions and scenes that are no less remarkable for their character, than for the rapidity and ease with which she adapts herself to each and every emergency. To say that she is a remarkable woman is not enough. Had she been born in some less puritanic or civilized stage of society than the present age, she might have adorned history and won a world-wide renown. Her person and bearing are unmistakably aristocratic; and her performance upon the stage, though not of the highest order as an artiste, is yet far above mediocrity. Our artist has sketched her here in one of her favorite characters, as she appears with her tambourine in the Carnival at Seville. Let her faults be what they may, we respect the woman for many good qualities—generous, free-hearted, an abhorrer of humbuggery, a plain, straightforward woman, able and determined to make her way in the world, independent of all opposition. It will be remembered that while Lola was in Boston, the Transcript took occasion to refer to her in a manner that created some considerable remark, and called forth the indignation of the lady and her friends. The letter which was published from her pen in reply to Mr. Sargent's attack was characteristic of the woman—strong, ironical, cutting, and as well put together as a legal document. There is no doubt but that in this slight passage at arms, Lola had the best of it. As she proposes to make the tour of the country in a professional character, the many readers of the Pictorial can generally have an opportunity to witness her performance upon the stage. All of beauty that Lola Montez can lay claim to she is indebted for to her large and luminous eyes, shadowed by lashes as dark as themselves, and forming a most marked and decided feature. If we may believe the stories which have reached us from time to time from abroad concerning her, she is an unerring shot with the pistol, a superb horsewoman, and can use her riding-whip, if necessary, about the ears of a biped or a quadruped. People who know her and come in contact with her personally do not care to offend her, while those who claim to be her friends are ever warm ones. In America she is out of her latitude. Paris should be her home, and a successive round of the carnival her sphere of action. She will be very successful here pecuniarily; will coin money at the South and West, but

it will be expended again in Europe in the same lavish style that has characterized her career from girlhood. Thus far her audiences, both in New York and Boston, have been made up almost solely of males, though during the last evenings of her performance here there was a more equal division of the sexes in the house. The age of Lola Montez cannot vary much from

eight or nine languages. It was this visit to the public schools which seemed to give such umbrage to the editor of the Transcript and some of his brethren of the Boston press; but let these self-created censors remember the Saviour's words, "let him who is without sin cast the first stone." We cannot see that Lola's visit, under the auspices of prominent members of

rous in an editor to attack her, as was the case in the instance referred to. A most scrupulous regard for the sex is one of our national characteristics, and we hope that the conduct of a few self-righteous individuals will not prejudice this noble American trait. In the meantime, Lola Montez will most likely pursue the "even tenor of her way," perform her engagements, make the money which it was her object to do in coming hither, and return again to her home in another land. It is well known that she refused to be made the "show" that Barnum made of Jenny Lind; though such a career was offered and warranted to her, she preferred to come and prosper, if prosper she could, on her individual merit as an artiste, and for this we respect her. The career of Lola Montez in this country will form another phase in the starring system—a la Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, etc. It was proposed, and with good guarantee to Lola before she came to America, that her career in this country should be after the style of Jenny Lind, as carried out by Mr. Barnum; and she herself says that she might have had her path garlanded and strewn with flowers, and her coach drawn to her hotel by human hands, on her arrival here, but she detested such mummery, and preferred to rest the reputation she should make and her success in America, upon her individual merits as an artiste. It was currently reported, with what truth we cannot say, that a rich capitalist, already somewhat notorious in this line, did actually send an agent to Paris and offer these terms with other brilliant inducements to Lola to accept a contract to perform a series of engagements from Boston to New Orleans, the West Indies, etc. It is to this offer that Lola refers in her remarks about humbug. By the time this engraving is in the hands of the reader a large number will have seen the famous danseuse and have judged for themselves. To such we desire to refer to the excellence of the likeness herewith given; there is not a line exaggerated, or the least license taken with the reality. The picture gives clearly and faithfully a truthful likeness of the "countess," taken from life and in character. We have said that it represents her in one of her best dances, but her role of characters is by no means limited, and she has as excellent a variety of pieces as any danseuse that has been among us since the early and successful career of Fanny Ellsler, whose style of performance Lola's much resembles. Without any of that ostentation that delights to herald seeming deeds of charity, Lola Montez is, nevertheless, charitable and liberal in every sense of the word. Illustrative of this trait of character, on hearing of the late disastrous fire which destroyed Tremont Temple (which conflagration is illustrated in our present number), and which threw many deserving young artists out of their studios, as well as consumed their paintings and the utensils of their calling, she generously and immediately tendered to the sufferers a benefit, the entire proceeds of which should go towards furnishing them with such necessary refittings, and as far repair their pecuniary loss as it was possible to do.



LOLA MONTEZ AS MARIQUITA, IN THE BALLET UN JOUR DE CARNEVAL OF SEVILLE.

thirty years. In her visit to our public schools a few days since, Lola surprised and delighted the pupils of the Latin School by addressing them in that tongue with perfect facility; at the High School she addressed them in French, and at other departments in English. She is said to be one of the most remarkable practical linguists at this time in America, speaking fluently some

the school committee, was such a very heinous offence against propriety and reason; but some people are of very nice make, and very little matters, in their sensitive olfactories, "smell rank to heaven." As far as we can learn, this stranger has conducted herself in such a manner as becomes a lady since her arrival among us; and it strikes us as being anything but chival-

number), and which threw many deserving young artists out of their studios, as well as consumed their paintings and the utensils of their calling, she generously and immediately tendered to the sufferers a benefit, the entire proceeds of which should go towards furnishing them with such necessary refittings, and as far repair their pecuniary loss as it was possible to do.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY J. ALFORD.

I did not love him for his gold—
T was the soft and tender accent of his witching tongue
that won my heart, and taught me nature's sweet and
holy lesson.

To Clara long had Edwin sighed,
And hoped she soon would be his bride;
For Clara every charm possessed
That could adorn a female breast;
Good-natured, affable and witty,
And much beloved by all the city.
Young Edwin was esteemed a youth
Of wisdom, valor, honor, truth;
Where'er he went his presence gave
Congenial sweets to gay and grave.
Affection's tie between these two
Gave much delight to all who knew;
A love so formed must joy impart
To every fond and feeling heart.

However, by some strange mistake
Of fortune, in a thoughtless freak,
A quarrel 'twixt this pair arose;
But what the cause?—Love only knows.
Some trifle, or perhaps a sonnet,
With other name than Clara's on it;
Yet, whether so or not, 'twas plain
The cause gave each a world of pain;
They parted, both with anger burning,
Terms of reconciliation spurning.

Now as their intercourse was broken,
Each yielded up love's tender token;
E'en Clara's tress of auburn hue
No more would Edwin deign to view.
And lovely Clara, to abuse him,
Tore his portrait from her bosom;
In short, each present love had granted,
Rage into other hands transplanted.

But here awhile I needs must pause,
And give some scope for nature's laws;
Though lovers' quarrels give much pain,
The sweets of making up again
Afford more bliss to each fond heart,
Than years of courtship can impart.

Boston, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LAST PAWN.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

CHAPTER I.

UP one, up two, up three flights of crazy wooden stairs, in an old house, the contemplation of whose height sufficed to make one fairly dizzy, there lived an old man with a little child. The house itself stood in one of the most crowded and crooked alleys of the city, and at its farther extremity.

In the basement was a little shop, opened for the chance sale of oranges, candies, and such other trifling luxuries to the suffering poor, while the few wholly miserable ones who had been thoroughly initiated into the secrets of the place, found no difficulty in obtaining occasional drams of the vilest liquors it is possible for the ingenious malice of humanity to compound. The dingy panes were endeavoring to exhibit to their best advantage, such fruits, still more dirty and dingy, as were arrayed against them; while against the little door hung gay ribbons and whip-cords, to thus earn for the shop, under false pretences, the title of seeming respectability.

On the landing, at the foot of each flight of stairs, were a number of rooms, tenanted, in all probability, by every variety of people. The doors, however, were uniformly closed, refusing to reveal any of the sights within. A number of highly discordant sounds, for all that, managed to betray the not unusual belligerence of the occupants there.

At the farther part of the upper landing, where little or no light fell upon the door, a young child had her slight hand tremblingly on the latch, while she looked back to see if any one might be following her. It was just at evening, and the season was summer. Opening the door, she entered the apartment, and after gazing round in apparent astonishment to find no one there beside herself, she seated herself on a low stool near the opened window.

Gazing out over the Babel below her, and drinking in the multitudinous sounds that thronged the streets, and alleys, and lanes below, she gave herself up temporarily to her reflections and her fears. While she was thus brooding over her thoughts, the door again opened, and an old man entered.

"Ha, my little one!" exclaimed he; "home before me, hey? Well, little Molly, how did it go with you? Did you have any better luck than myself?"

"What luck did you have, grandfather?" asked the child, looking up at him with all the innocence and fervor that slept in her calm blue eyes.

"None at all, child," answered he, shaking his whitened head, sorrowfully.

"Nothing, grandfather? Did you get nothing, grandfather?"

"I could not get either work or charity, my child," answered he. "What are we to do next? How much did you bring home to me?"

"Not a single piece, grandfather."

At this juncture, she dropped her head upon her bosom, and wept most grievous tears.

"But do not let us cry over it, sweet Molly," said he, sitting down near her, and laying his shrivelled hand on her silken head. "There must be some light just ready to dawn on us. You know it's always darkest before day, child."

"But I had walked so far," said she.

She was again interrupted by a flood of gushing tears. The old man took one of her feet into his hand. The thin, ragged shoe was worn through to the bare flesh, and he knew, from the peculiar feeling there, that the flesh was fast becoming callous. He involuntarily fetched a deep sigh at making this discovery, and told her that she must not give up to her feelings in that manner. Poor old man! He could scarcely keep from entirely giving up to his own.

"What shall we do, grandfather?" asked little Molly, looking up through her tears. "We have got nothing to eat!"

"And you are hungry," added he, sympathizingly. "Yes, poor child! You must be hungry. You have had nothing to eat since this early morning! I will go and provide for you at once. How thoughtless I was! I did not think that you would be less able to bear this gnawing hunger than myself. I forgot that you were younger, and fairer, and tenderer than myself. Forgive me, sweet little Molly!"

He stooped down and affectionately imprinted a kiss on the child's pale yet beautiful forehead. Then he started to go out again.

"Where are you going, grandfather?" asked the child, raising her head again. "Let me go with you."

"No, no, my child. I am going to find something for you to eat. You are hungry—you must be hungry. I wonder I did not think of it. I am afraid you will think I have forgotten you. How thoughtless I was not to know that you must be very hungry! Poor Molly! Poor child! Poor forgetful old grandfather!" and with these words of self-abasement, he hurried out of the room.

Down one, two, three pairs of stairs he tottered, holding on by the sides of the stained walls, and occasionally shading his eyes with his shrunken hand, to discover the way, or possibly the character of any he was about to meet. Out of doors, along the dirty alley, into the stirring street—where walked others in gayer garments than his own—he went. His step was hurried, and his eye grew suddenly frenzied. And he kept muttering all the time to himself:

"Poor child! Poor little Molly! I wonder I forgot she might be hungry!"

Where could the old man go? How could he procure food for his grandchild, at that time in the day? The more he walked, the more excited he grew, and the less fitted to perform the only service he was upon. He glared wildly and unmeaningly into the faces of all he met. Slinking within the shadows of the buildings, he felt a growing fear of boldly and honestly asking the passers for alms. He half thrust out his hand on several occasions, and suddenly drew it back, as if it had met a living fire.

For, perhaps, a couple of hours he continued in this worse than useless way. Hope had not only died in his breast, it had been supplanted by a feeling like despair.

Before he knew why, when, or how, he found himself standing at the door of his apartment again, into which he turned his tired feet. He advanced cautiously. The child was not by the window. She was nowhere to be seen in the room. Groping his way to her little cot, that stood in a farther corner, he listened. He caught the sound of her slight, quick breathing. Bending over her, he wept tears such as had never scalded his colorless cheeks before.

CHAPTER II.

At an early hour the next morning—perhaps it was between nine and ten o'clock—a little child was seen wending her way along several streets, clasping something very tightly in her hands, and looking at no one and nothing, to all

appearances, save herself and the route along which she directed her steps.

Presently she reached the door of a shop, into which she entered with all the assurance of an old acquaintanceship with the place. Walking up to the centre, she was about to do the errand on which she had apparently come, when some sudden impulse seized her to turn herself round, and take another view of the premises. This she could very readily do, inasmuch as there seemed to be plenty of others before her at the counter, and her own delay would thereby escape notice.

In the window, properly defended from the hands of those who might be wrongly tempted by a sight of them, hung various articles of quite as various values. There was a short row of watches—old and worn—in the middle of the window, flanked on one side by a parcel of trinkets of poor silver and worse gold, and on the other by a shell-basket, a child's dress, richly wrought, and a pair of new French boots. On the floor of the window were arrayed as temptingly as might be, all sorts and sizes of articles. A silk apron, a lady's cap, a string of gold beads, a few trifling keepsakes, watches of admitted pinchbeck, chains, bracelets, and so forth.

These articles were all exposed in this public window for sale, and the enticing manner in which they were displayed was calculated to have much to do with the success of their immediate sale to some of the passers.

There was likewise a long show-case on the counter, which was made the receptacle of articles similarly circumstanced with those in the window. The child noticed these with much greater care and particularity. She saw a number of children's playthings, and wondered how it was that such trifles found their way there. Rich jewelry was spread out most temptingly, too, such as she had seen on the arms of the wealthy ladies she had daily watched on the thoroughfares. There were chains, and lockets, and clasps, and rings, and armlets, and all varieties of ladies' jewelry.

The sight of so much, and some of it so rare and costly, too, set her into a train of thought. She could not but wonder why all this had been brought here. And she looked instinctively about her, to see what kind of dresses the ladies wore who frequented the place.—Perhaps the child had never been so observant at any visit heretofore.—Instead of beholding any of those finely-dressed ladies at the counter—whom such jewelry as she saw would properly become—there crowded up a motley array of as haggard, beggarly-looking women and men as she had ever rested her eyes upon.

Some held out their thin hands and bared wrists across the counter, in the act of proffering some newly brought article to the pawn-broker. Some were wistfully gazing up into his reddened face, as if they were eager to read beforehand the decision that would soon be given in their case. Some still dallied with their hoarded keepsakes, as if they felt a sympathy for such objects, of which it would take a long separation to rid themselves.

Only one or two were there with eager faces, their eyes glowing with a temporary satisfaction; they were so fortunate as to be able to redeem the pledges they had left with this man, who made himself rich by their sore necessities.

The child's blue eyes opened still more widely when she saw some of these pledges handed back again to their owners, and she already entertained a hope she had never thought could exist before. Presently it came her turn.

"What will you have, my little girl?" asked the fat man behind the counter, in one of his blandest and most patronizing tones.

The child was too much embarrassed temporarily to make any reply, but kept fast hold of the article she had brought to deposit, while her eyes wandered over the shelves, even up to the dingy ceiling.

"What did you bring me to-day, my little girl?" a second time asked the pawn-broker.

She felt encouraged, and answered: "Only this, sir."

At the same time she drew forth from beneath her little apron her tightly closed hands, and laid it on the counter.

"What is it?" asked he.

This time she opened the hand. There lay in its palm a small glittering locket of gold. The man quickly picked it up and touched the spring that was hidden in its side. The locket flew open, and the face of a youthful and beautiful lady showed itself.

The pawn-broker stood a moment to contemplate the surpassing beauty of the countenance. He was unconsciously lost in his admiration of its expression.

"Grandfather says, how much for that?" asked she, in a soft and saddened voice.

"It's worth nothing to me—the picture aint," replied the man, shutting it up again as carelessly as if it were only an old watch, and rubbing the smooth gold gently with the ball of his thumb.

"But how much?" again asked she. "Grandfather wants money, sir. How much can you give him?"

"Well—" "I will come and buy it back again shortly," said she, remembering that she had seen others doing the same thing only a moment before.

"I will give you a couple of dollars," said he. The child paused, and looked wonderingly round her. She knew not whether this was more or less than the value of the article.

"It's every cent the gold's worth," continued the pawn-broker, "and if you callate to redeem it agin, why, it'll only be so much less money for you to pay, that's all."

This reasoning seemed to satisfy the child, for she at once said:

"If you will pay me two dollars then, sir."

The man handed her two silver dollars, and she went clinking them together all the way home.

She felt that immediate starvation was by this method driven back from them; yet her child's heart sorrowed at the thought of leaving the likeness of her mother in the keeping of the avaricious pawn-broker. She carried the money to her grandfather. He wept violently over it, and she, in turn, became his comforter. It was their last resource. Even the old Bible had been suffered to go before it.

CHAPTER III.

EVERY day thereafter, for several days, the child went regularly to the shop. Always watching the opportunity when there was a lull in business, she begged the pawn-broker to let her look at the miniature. At first he was a little chary of it, as well such a character might have been, not knowing whether it was the child's intention to run out of the door with it or not.

At length, however, on seeing that these visits of hers were prompted only by the purest affection, he felt a strange sympathy for her, and suffered her to take the locket into her hands for many minutes together.

The whole was usually kept in the show-case on the counter; and not unfrequently the face was suffered to be exhibited. This method the pawn-broker had adopted for the sake of accommodating the child. He preferred this to being put to the trouble of opening it for her daily.

One afternoon, there dropped in at the office a gentleman of polite address, who seemed to have been attracted thither by some expectation of finding one he was in search of. Gradually nearing the counter, he very naturally and very carelessly glanced along the show-case. Almost the first article upon which his eyes fell, was the locket. The face was opened, and those sweetest features gave their full expression to his astonished gaze.

"Good heavens!" said he, aloud. "That must be the same!"

Excitedly requesting the pawn-broker to allow him to see the locket, he took it within his hands. He looked at it carefully in every part. He turned it over and over, and about and about, a great many times. Nothing was wanting to enable him to identify it.

"Where did this come from?" asked he, of the broker.

The man eagerly eyed him a moment, professionally calculating the chances there were of realizing a speculation out of him, in connexion with the keepsake.

"A little girl brought it here," answered he. "A child? It might be. Yes, she must be little Molly!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"She was very young and very small," said the man. "I didn't exactly want to take it of her, when she brought it to me. But she said that it was all her grandfather had left, and that they must have some money soon, or starve. So I gave her some money on it."

"How much?" quickly inquired the gentleman.

"Why, as for that," replied the broker, "you see that the picture warn't of so much value to

me, and never would be, as I knew; but I was not willing to see her and her poor old grandfather starve, and so I let her have what I could on it."

"But how much—how much?" interrupted the stranger, quite impatiently.

"Why, only two dollars, sir."

The gentleman rivetted his eyes for a moment upon the hardened countenance of the broker, and broke not the silence by a word. He was, perhaps, wondering whether all the world could be at heart like him. Yet he could not forget that even this man's very avarice was the means by which the child's and her grandfather's lives had been saved.

"How long ago was this brought here?" asked the gentleman, still holding it between his fingers.

"Let me see," said the man, calculatingly, "it was as much as a week ago."

"Then their money must be quite gone by this time. Here are two dollars for the locket, and—"

"But I shall have to ask you a little more," ravenously interposed the avaricious broker.

"For what?" asked the stranger.

"Well, it's my custom."

"Here are five dollars, then, if you will find this child for me again!"

"I will do it," answered he, coolly taking the bank-note between his second and third fingers.

"How soon? Will you go now?"

"Wait here perhaps a half hour. She will come in herself," answered the broker, pocketing his funds.

The stranger accordingly stood back a little, resolved to wait, if need be, all night, in order to secure his purpose.

"What will she come in for?" asked he, of the broker.

"It has been her habit every day since she left it here, to come in about this time and look at it. I left it open in the show-case as you found it, expressly for her."

The stranger's heart was sensibly touched with what he heard.

Less than half an hour later, there entered a child. It was little Molly. She looked, as usual, into the show-case. The locket was gone—miniature and all!

"That's her," whispered the pawn-broker to the gentleman.

"Say nothing, then, to her of me," replied the stranger, in a whisper.

He watched the child closely. As soon as she discovered that the miniature of her mother had disappeared, her countenance assumed an expression of the blankest confusion. This finally gave way to the most cruel fear, and that, in turn, to the direst despair.

"Where has it gone? Who has got mother's locket?" asked she, the tears gathering in her eyes as she spoke.

"It had to be sold," replied the broker.

It was more than the stranger could bear.

"Little girl," said he, advancing to her and taking her by her hand, "I purchased the locket. Lead me to your grandfather at once. I will return it to him, and make him happy at the same time."

Without making any further disclosure to her he suffered himself to be led away by her from the shop. A short walk brought them to the old house in the crowded alley.

Up one, up two, up three flights of stairs he climbed, following closely on after the guidance of the child. The door of their wretched apartment opened, and the old man looked up. His energy had seemed to have finally left him, and he had about reconciled himself to death by want and starvation. As soon as the gentleman east his eyes on the old man, he exclaimed, making up to him, and seizing him by his shrivelled hands:

"My father!—My own Mary's father!"

"Is it William?" asked the old man, half raising his hand, while he looked up through his bleared eyes at him.

"Yes; I have found you again," said the gentleman. "But Mary—where is Mary?"

"In heaven!" calmly answered he.

"My child!—My only Molly, that is left me!", frantically cried he, snatching up his daughter, while the hot tears chased each other down his cheeks. The scene that ensued was one of painful interest.

The old man's son-in-law had discovered him and his own and only child just in time to save them from utter destitution. He had been detained for years in foreign lands and returned

only to find the wife of his bosom beneath the churchyard sod, and his child upon the extreme verge of distress.

The most trifling accident had brought him to the pawn-broker's shop, and finally discovered to him the place of his child's and his father's extreme sufferings. It was *the last pawn* the poor child had to bring to the broker, and it was the only one that could by any chance have rescued them from a lingering death!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"OUR BABY."

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Like quivering starbeams stolen from the skies,
Set in the hearts of violets filled with dew;
The laughing radiance of thy sweet eyes,
That seem forever changing in their hue.
Now like the flashing jet—now clear, deep blue,
As the bright heaven that far above us lies,
Gleaming with tender light the swaying foliage through.

Like the half open bud of a wild rose,
The little mouth that utters such sweet notes;
Full of deep tenderness, as the soft tone
That from the ringdove's haunt in beauty floats,
Far on the fragrant air of heaven around,
Among the clustering flowers, with mellow sunbeams crowned.

To every heart a treasure, all untold,
More precious growing with each passing day;
Imparting, as thy slight form we unfold,
Lessons whose worth may never pass away;
While in our hearts thine image is enrolled,
And our deep love for thee refuses to decay.
Boston, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN INDIAN SKETCH.

BY N. B. HALL.

IN 1763, the garrison at Fort Michilimackinac was defended by about one hundred men. At that time, there were nearly, or quite, four hundred Indians assembled in the neighborhood, who were apparently friendly to the English. One morning a large number of the red men commenced a favorite game of ball, called bag-gatway, as if to amuse themselves. The game being carried on with much spirit, and the appearance of the Indians being so friendly, many within the fort came out to witness the amusement, entirely unsuspecting of treachery. As the game went on, the ball, intentionally or otherwise, was often struck out of the usual course, and frequently was even tossed over the pickets of the fort. Having fallen within, it was followed instantly by all engaged in the game, by one party as well as the other, all eager to obtain possession of the ball. This proceeding was repeated several times, exciting no alarm, however, among the inmates, as the red men ran in and out with all possible freedom and ostensible friendliness.

Again the ball went over the stockade, apparently by accident, and as before, the Indians rushed in, pell mell, in every direction. This was the plot, and it had succeeded to their wishes. They took possession of the place without the least resistance; for the garrison were so taken by surprise, that they were helpless among numbers so much greater than their own.

At the commencement of the attack, an English trader, by the name of Henry, was busily engaged in writing letters to his friends in Montreal; these he expected to send by a canoe, which was on the eve of departure. He had been occupied in this manner but a short time, when, to his dismay, he distinctly heard the dreaded Indian war-cry, and an unusual noise. Rushing to the window, he discovered a large body of Indians within the fort, murdering and scalping every Englishman that came in their way. Imagine his horror, also, at recognizing several near and dear friends struggling but vainly in the hands of their merciless captors.

One glance sufficed to show Mr. Henry the advantage of the savages in point of numbers. Looking about him for some means of defence, he could find nothing but a fowling-piece, loaded with swan-shot. Seizing this, he held it for a few moments, expecting to hear the fort drum beat to arms. Disappointed that no resistance was made on the part of the garrison, and knowing that his single arm could avail nothing against four hundred Indians, he began to consider his own safety.

Several of the Canadian villagers were looking out calmly at the scene of butchery—neither joining the Indians, nor being approved or mo-

lest by them,—he conceived a sudden hope that he might find security in one of their houses. The danger was imminent. Mr. Henry was a brave man, and no time was to be lost. Leaving the room cautiously, he instantly climbed over a low fence, which separated his house from that of his next neighbor—Monsieur Langlade. He entered the house precipitately, and found the whole family gazing at the bloody spectacle before them. Langlade turned upon him a cold and inhospitable look, as Henry was about to speak.

"Go!" said the former, sternly. "You will bring danger and death upon us!"

"Put me in some place of safety, Monsieur Langlade, for God's sake!" exclaimed Henry. "Every instant I am in danger of being massacred! I entreat you, as an act of charity, to grant my request!"

"Leave us," replied Langlade, quickly.—"Should you be discovered here, the Indians will think we favor your cause, and we shall all be sacrificed. Go, I repeat; we can do nothing for you!"

With a despairing look, Henry was turning away; but seeing a *Pani* woman—a slave of M. Langlade—beckoning to him, he hurriedly followed her. Opening a door, she desired him to enter, telling him the passage led to the garret, where possibly he might conceal himself. Tremblingly he obeyed her directions. The slave followed him up the stairs, pushed him in, locked it, and with much presence of mind, put the key in her pocket.

While yet scarcely secure, the trader felt an irrepressible desire to know what was passing without. He soon found an aperture in the loose board walls of the house, which gave him a full view of the fort. An awful scene was transpiring. He beheld every feature of savage cruelty. The dead were lying in heaps, scalped and shockingly mangled; the dying were shrieking under the uplifted tomahawk. Uncarthy yells of rage and demoniac victory, mingled with the groans and cries for mercy of the unfortunate victims, made it a scene dreadful to contemplate.

Henry gazed with sickening heart, until a general cry of "all is finished" roused him to a sense of his situation; for at this moment he heard some of his blood-thirsty enemies enter Langlade's house. He shuddered with fear. The flooring of his room only consisted of a layer of boards, and he could hear all that passed. The savages asked if any Englishmen were about; M. Langlade answered that he did not know—he was not aware of the presence of any—as was the fact; for he had not noticed the gestures of the slave. Langlade farther added that they were free to search for themselves.

Upon this the Indians commenced a strict search, and soon came to the garret door. Some delay occurred in consequence of the door being locked and the key missing—thanks to the forethought of the *Pani* woman.

In some measure we can imagine the state of Henry's mind. He had just self-possession enough to look around for a place of concealment. Perceiving something in a corner, which, upon examination, proved to be birch bark vessels, used in making maple sugar, he placed himself beneath them. He had scarcely concealed himself when the door was burst open, and five Indians entered with tomahawks in hand, and besmeared with blood. Their appearance was frightful in the extreme; and in horrible suspense, Henry awaited the event. His heart throbbed so audibly that he feared its beatings would betray him. One Indian came so near that he could easily have put out his hand and touched him. They walked about in every direction, but the darkness of the garret proved favorable to Henry. They evidently did not see him, and a ray of hope once more entered the heart of the trembling Englishman.

As they were descending the stairs, one turned and again made the circuit of the garret. Had he been but a moment sooner, poor Henry would inevitably have been discovered; for, being cramped with lying so long in one position, he had turned, one of the vessels slipped, and his face and shoulders became exposed. Hearing the returning footsteps, he averted his face, and the dark color of his dress prevented his detection.

The savages at last appeared satisfied that no one was concealed, and after entertaining Langlade with an account of their proceedings, they left the house.

With feelings of unutterable joy at his escape,

Mr. Henry saw the Indians depart, and in a few hours, by the aid of the *Pani* woman, whom he generously rewarded for her humane act, made his way to a place of safety.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY CONRAD S. KYSER.

I am happy, they tell me,
Ay, yes I do feel
Whole moments of rapture,
I cannot conceal;
But 'tis rapture for visions
That fitfully fly,
A memory for objects
Once dear to my eye.

The present no sunshine
Of pleasure doth fill
The heart, in its wanderings,
Through evil and ill;
The past has a charm
Which the present but grieves
To wither its blossoms,
And yellow its leaves.

The past was as rosy
As the sky at the dawn;
A garden of beauty,
With upland and lawn.
The present, like that garden,
When autumn is near,
And the frosts of affliction
Fall silent and drear.

Lockport, N. Y., April, 1852.

DOING SOMETHING WHICH HAS A NAME.

To profess any one intelligible art or accomplishment, and in this one to have attained an acknowledged or reputed pre-eminence, is a far better passport into privileged society than to have the intellectual pretensions of a less determinate class. The very narrowness of a man's claims, by making them definite and appreciable, is an advantage. Not merely a leader in a branch of art which presupposes a high sense of beauty, a cultivated taste, and other gifts properly intellectual, but even in some art presuming little beyond manual dexterity, is sure of his election into the exclusive circles. Not merely a painter, therefore, but a fiddler, provided only he is the first of his order—nay, I doubt not, a "chin-chopper," or Jew's-harp player, if only he happen to exceed all other chin-choppers or Jew-harpists—will find himself a privileged man in comparison with the philosopher, or the very largest and amplest intellect that ever nature endowed or art expanded. The advantage lies in doing a thing which has a name, an assignable name; and the narrower is the art, the more appreciable are the degrees of merit in that art.—*De Quincy*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

Forgive and forget—I have wronged thee, I know,
Yet that wrong hath been followed by tears of regret;
Could thy bosom but fathom the depth of my woe,
I know thy kind heart would forgive and forget.
I have loved thee from childhood, and never before
Have I wandered from thee since the hour that we met;
O in pity look down on thy lover once more,
And teach thy young heart to forgive and forget.

Forgive and forget—by the hours we have played
In childhood together—O, turn not away;
For my heart is unchanged, though mine eye may have
Strayed

From the idol it made in life's earlier day.
O turn not away—I have wronged thee, I know,
Yet that wrong hath been followed by tears of regret;
Could thy bosom but fathom the depth of my woe,
I know thy kind heart would forgive and forget.
Camden, N. J., April, 1852.

EDMUND BURKE.

Our greatest authors, Milton, Bacon and Shakespeare, were thorough Englishmen, and Burke, their great follower, wrote in the same spirit. He says: "To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections." True, most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle.—*Frazier*.

O, the pain of pains
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another
Young



BURMESE COSTUMES WITH ROAD AND PAGODA, AT MOPOON.

possible. But the mildness of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the badness of the government, render these valuable qualities of little avail. In countries like Burmah, the customary standard of competence is easily attained. The poorest classes obtain the necessaries which they require with comparatively little labor; and those who should go farther, and attempt to make a display, or to improve their lands and houses, would expose themselves to extortion, and perhaps to personal danger. Sloth is, in consequence, the solace of the poor, and the principal enjoyment of the rich. There are two languages spoken by the bulk of the people; viz., the *Burmese* by the Burmans, and the *Peguan* or *Mou* by the Peguans; exclusive of many rude dialects. Besides these, there is the *Pali*, or sacred language, which has a distinct written character. In the common *Burmese*, the letters are formed of circles and segments of circles, probably derived from the *Pali* alphabet, but differing wholly from the *Devanagari*. The structure of the language is exceedingly simple. There is no inflection of any part of speech. Relation, number, mode, and time are all indicated by prefixing or affixing certain articles. The words follow each other in their natural order, an arrangement indispensably necessary to a dialect so inartificial. The dress of the men is a covering from the loins reaching half way down the leg; over this a frock with wide sleeves, tied all the way to the knee; on the head, a square handkerchief of English or Madras manufacture, or a turban of English book muslin. The women wear a somewhat similar dress, but shorter than that of the men; and the petticoat being open in front, permits the thigh to be seen at every step; they wear no head-dress. The hair of both sexes is worn long, and tied in a knot on the top of the head; the men pluck out their beard; but the practice of blackening the teeth is not followed as it was formerly, and still is, by some neighboring nations; sandals, but neither boots, shoes, nor stockings are worn. The dress of the peasantry, Khyen tribes, &c., is mostly black; yellow is a sacred color, and only used by the priests and upper classes; a quilted jacket is sometimes worn; and in the north-east the Chinese costume is adopted. The court dress of the nobility is handsome, consisting of a long robe of flowered satin or velvet, reaching to the ankles, with an open collar and loose sleeves; velvet caps with gold circles, many ornaments, &c. Boxing, cock fighting, foot-ball, throwing a quoit of bamboo, a few games of chance, chess, and dancing, are among the chief recreations. The Burmese are good mimics, and very fond of acting; their drama is by far the best among the Indo-Chinese nations. Their principal instruments are, a drum of bamboo or cane, covered with skin, a kind of hurdygurdy, oboe, lute, &c.; in their dances, they exhibit many contortions of the body. They have several epic and religious poems, besides some other literary productions. Education is so far diffused that almost every male Burman can read and write; and this is the case with many of the females. The Khyens have no knowledge of books or reading, &c., and hold medicine in contempt; the Burmans them-



VILLAGE IN THE BURMESE PROVINCE OF TENASSERIM.



BURMESE COSTUMES—ROAD IN MAULMEIN

BURMESE COSTUMES, ETC.

On the page herewith, we present three pictures illustrative of Burmese costumes, etc. The specimens given are from those parts of the country mainly, which the Rev. Dr. Judson, missionary, and husband of the talented "Fanny Forrester," made his field of operation. The style of dress, in many instances, is really very beautiful and graceful, while the natives show an excellence of figure that challenges admiration. It may be interesting to the reader to know something of the peculiarities of this people, an account of whom we subjoin. Several distinct tribes inhabit the Burman territories; viz., 1. The *Mranma* (Burmans), between 19 and 24 degrees north latitude; 2. *Talain* (Peguans), between the Than-lweng river and the Galladzet and Anopetomoo hills; 3. *Shans*, with more affinity to the Siamese than other races, and spreading over the north and east provinces; 4. *Cassayers*, chiefly in the capital; 5. *Khyens*, a rude people scattered among the other population, but living in the mildest parts of the country; 6. The *Yo*, probably a Chinese tribe who have adopted Burmese customs, residing between the latter and the Irrawadi; 7. *Karens*, inhabiting an extensive hilly tract between the Than-lweng and Si-tang, good cultivators, but unsubjected, and bearing great enmity to the Burmese; the *Zabaings*, Taong-su, &c.; the *Khamti*, Singphos, and other Tibetan or Tartar tribes in the north. Most of these nations, though differing in language, manners, &c., are of the physical type common to all those situated between India and China. They differ from the natives of both these regions in certain particulars, and are said by travellers to resemble more the Malays. The Burmese are short and stout, but well proportioned; with coarse, lank, black hair, and an olive complexion; the women are fairer than the men, who have more beard generally than the Siamese; the physiognomy of both sexes is open, cheerful, and not unpleasing, and very few of them are in any way deformed. They are robust, active, inquisitive, not deficient in courage, and form a total contrast to their neighbors of Bengal in habits and disposition. They are said to be lively and impatient; much addicted to theft and lying, deceitful, servile, and proud; but, at the same time, courteous, benevolent, and religious—though it is difficult to imagine religion linked with thieving and lying. Though fond of repose, when an inducement to exertion offers, the Burmese exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely

selves are grossly ignorant of physic; blood-letting is unknown, and whether for fever or rheumatism, they shampoo the patient, treading him till he is in a profuse perspiration; any one may practice this profession. Diseases of the digestive organs, and of the skin, cholera, leprosy, &c., are the most frequent; inflammations are not generally acute, and wounds of a very severe character are said to heal with singular rapidity. Excepting near the towns, most of the land is waste and unappropriated, unless occasionally by wandering tribes, who raise crops with little labor on the virgin soil. The cultivated lands are assigned, with their inhabitants, by the sovereign, in large districts, to his various favorites, who are not inaptly entitled their "eaters," and who grind down the cultivators by the most oppressive exactions. The farms generally consist of only a few acres each; and agriculture, except, perhaps, among the Karens, is in its rudest and most imperfect state. Rice is the chief article of produce, and forms the main food of the people; it is mostly grown in the south, where, although the plough is seldom used, and the soil only trodden by cattle, a single crop is said to yield fifty or sixty fold. In the northern provinces, a plough, similar to that of India, is used, and the soil is afterward pulverized by means of a wooden cylinder, and a rough harrow dragged over it; two or three crops a year are here obtained, but they are not so productive as the single crop of the lower provinces. Pulse of various kinds, Indian millet, and maize, are grown in the northern provinces. Good wheat is grown in the neighborhood of the capital, but it is little used for bread; and it is stated that all the wheat produced in the empire would not feed fifty families! *Sesamum* is universally cultivated for its oil and oil cake, which is given to the cattle. Cotton, of a firm and silky texture, but of short staple, is grown in every part of the empire and of its dependencies, but principally in the upper provinces. Indigo is also generally grown, and is naturally of good quality, but the culture and manufacture of the plant are both so very rude as to render the produce wholly unfit for exportation. The potato and pot-herbs of Europe are quite unknown; but yams, and a species of sweet potato, are, as well as tobacco, very general articles of culture in the north. There are no melons, cucumbers, or egg plants; but the banana, tamarind, &c., are plenty.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Farmer's Daughters, or Moving into Town," a story, by Miss R. A. ACKERMAN.
 "Devereaux, or the Maid of Santa Maria," by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON.
 "The Pilot's Tower, or Check to England's Move," a story, by BEN: PERLEY POORE
 "Small Talk," a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "To my Dreamland Lover," verses, by ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.
 "We Live and Die," lines, by S. BURNHAM.
 "An Acrostic," by Miss JULIA A. WILLIAMS.
 "Morn in the Valley," verses, by WM. E. KNOWLES.
 "Children's Voices," lines, by ISABEL ASHTON.
 "To Margaret," verses, by FRANK MORTIMER.
 "A Dream," lines, by PESSA S. LEWIS.
 "The Hour of Death," by FRANCES ARCHER.
 "O sleep, sleep, my Babe," verses, by RICHARD WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine picture of Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest, in the character of Lady Teazle, in the School for Scandal. A capital likeness, and a very effective engraving.
 A view of the new State House, at Columbus, Ohio, one of the finest pieces of architecture in America. A picture of much interest to our western readers.
 A picture of the stupendous Bridge, over the river Corvay, near Bhowane, Madras, situated on the high road from Madras to Coimbatore.
 A view of the noble building in Washington, devoted to the purposes of the Smithsonian Institute.
 An interesting and perfect representation of the Municipal Fire Alarm Telegraph Room, in Boston.
 A likeness of that noble disciple of the temperance cause, the world-wide respected and world-wide beloved Father Mathew.
 A picture representing the Cotton Pod and Flower, as it appears in blossom in the southern portion of the United States.
 A fine view of the Charleston (S. C.) Hotel, in Meeting Street, D. Mixer, proprietor.
 A picture of the Giraffe, being a native group with their Drivers, forming an interesting illustration of Natural History.
 A representation of that curious little animal known as the Jerboa. A creature that is capable of prodigious leaps, like the Kangaroo.
 Also a picture of the Tetrao Medius, a very rare bird, larger than the common pigeon, and very beautiful.
 A picture giving a view of the Rabbit in his native style and characteristics. Also valuable as an illustration of Natural History.
 A very effective picture of the Star Scene in the new play of the Enchanted Harp, now performing at the Boston Museum.
 Also portraits of Mr. Warren as Bulwaden, Madame Radinski as the Princess Runae, and Mr. Keach as Koran, in the new and popular pageant, the Enchanted Harp.

SPEAKING TELEGRAPH.

The French and English journals are speculating on the practicability of turning the electric telegraph that connects England and France via the Channel into a medium of conversational intercourse. The *modus operandi* is this: A plate of silver and one of zinc are taken into the mouth, one above and the other below the tongue. They are then placed in contact with the wire, and words issuing from the mouth so prepared, are conveyed across the Channel by the way—in a whisper, we suppose, though the account does not say. It has been tried, it is said, with successful results.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.—The President of the French Republic, it is said, has seriously conceived the design of establishing a line of French steamers between Havre and New York, and one between Nantes and New Orleans, touching at Havana. The management of these lines will be confined to private companies, but with liberal assistance from government, which will actively stimulate the enterprise.

THE AURORA.—Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, has in preparation a treatise on the Aurora Borealis, to which, for many years, he has paid much attention, and in regard to which he holds an original theory. His treatise is to be published by the Smithsonian Institute.

OLDEN TIME.—A correspondent of the Boston Post says, that at the funeral of Gov. Winslow, (Mass.) 1683, the expense for rum, brandy and wine, was fourteen pounds eighteen shillings and six pence.

MERCANTILE HALL.—The project of building a "Mercantile Hall," in Boston, is contemplated by the Mercantile Library Association.

THE PICTORIAL.

We cannot refrain, now and then, from calling the particular attention of our readers to the improving character of this paper. After unwearied exertions and immense outlays, we have perfected each department of the paper, and more especially, that important division—the engravings. The observant reader will, ere this, have noticed with pleasure the great improvement in the cuts, and by comparing the present issues with those of our first volume, the steady growth of their excellence will be very evident to the most inexperienced eye.

The valuable character of the paper as a work of reference of matters of the past, as well as being so handsome and interesting an ornament for the centre-table, has led to its universal preservation for binding, and over ten thousand sets of volume first have thus been put into durable and convenient form. This fact is one that our subscribers would do well to improve upon by still more carefully preserving their numbers from injury, as in a year or two hence, they will otherwise regret that they cannot obtain sets complete from the beginning.

The only safe way to ensure the regular receipt of the Pictorial, and also to be certain of a regular supply, is to subscribe direct to the office of publication, as we are more particular to furnish our regular subscribers with complete sets when desired, than others, inasmuch as they have the first claim upon us. Thousands who see and admire the Pictorial, from time to time, could they but look ahead for a couple of years or so, would not fail now to secure regular files of it for binding, at a time when they can do so without trouble.

In a family it must impart, not only great pleasure to the eye, and varied instruction by its letter text, etc., to the mind; but also, by its faithful delineation of men and manners, all over the world, its perfect transcript of ancient and modern cities, its likenesses of eminent characters, its geographical illustrations of scenery and localities, and, in short, its illustrations of every notable current event, form a source of intelligence and instruction everywhere that its weekly visits are made.

That these facts are fully appreciated, let our immense edition (exceeding that of any weekly paper in this country) attest. The same journal that we send to you, gentle reader, each week, is read by more than one hundred thousand of your fellow-countrymen regularly, and must be read transiently by treble that number. Realizing the extensive field that we thus command, a feeling of responsibility as to the moral tone and correctness of the Pictorial, is ever uppermost in our promptings, and naught of an objectionable character can ever be found in its columns.

With these few words, let us once more commend our paper to you all, and through its pages to cultivate the kindest relation between you and this establishment.

"CRAYON SKETCHES, AND OFF-HAND TAKINGS."—A book bearing this title, by George W. Bungay, has been laid upon our table. It is exceedingly readable, and is made up of descriptions from life of American statesmen, orators, divines, editors, poets, etc., and is sold at the bookstores for 25 cts. in paper, or 50 cts. bound.

THE POSTAGE ON American newspapers sent to Paris has been augmented. They formerly cost three cents each from Liverpool to Paris; but now, according to the new law of the press, the stamp duty has been added to the postage duty, and every newspaper is charged three and a half cents.

ON DIT.—The last on dit is, that the site of the late Tremont Temple, together with the adjoining locality, extending from School Street to Montgomery Place, is to be covered with a magnificent hotel.

CALIFORNIANS AT THE WEST.—The St. Louis Intelligencer expresses the opinion from preparations now making, that the California emigrants across the plains this year, will equal in amount those of the last.

QUEER.—At Cincinnati, only one colored person was admitted at the "Black Swan's" Concert—that one was the Swan.

COSTLY.—Green peas sold for \$12 a bushel in Charleston, S. C., last week.

NATURE IN THE CITY.

The Philadelphia North American, in announcing that Spring "has come again," and that the trees in Independence Square are beginning to be clothed in verdure, gives a very interesting account of a colony of gray squirrels, which some thoughtful person, in whose heart there is a genial admiration of the animation and gentle vivacity which the presence of the animal creation lends to the aspects of natural scenery, has naturalized amidst the remains of the ancient forest which still stands in that park. These graceful little animals may be seen, at all hours of the day, frolicking upon the ground or chasing each other, in the wildest spirit of sport, up their trunks and out upon the swaying limbs of trees, with quite as much freedom from every sense of fear as if they were at large in the deepest depths of some unbroken wilderness. They will come on being called and eat out of the hands of the passer-by, and seem to have lost all apprehension of danger or harm, of any kind, from man, and to be living there, in the very midst of crowds and the din of a great city, with as much real content, confidence and security, as if they were miles away from any haunt of human kind. We fear, if such a thing was tried on Boston Common, that the boys would hardly have sufficient control over their bumps of destructiveness, to permit these representatives of the "mute creation" to sit down under their own "vine and fig trees" in peace.

HUNGARY.

So great is the discontent in Hungary that the Austrian minister of the interior recently summoned a committee to consult with him as to Hungarian affairs; but the friends of Hungary despair of inducing the Austrian cabinet to accede to anything of a satisfactory character. This miserable despotism still vents itself on women and children. It keeps Kossuth's sisters still in prison. It is said that it is at a loss what to do with the relations of Kossuth. The family is in great distress. A small sum, about \$600, was lately sent to their relief, and the imperial authorities—set this down to their credit—actually allowed it to be paid to the aged mother who has three daughters. The two daughters in prison have thirteen children, who are dependent on this mother for their daily bread! But all this is nothing,—that is, a large number of our American newspapers would have us believe so. They sneer at Kossuth as a visionary, and his cause as Utopian; they heed not the cries of injured women, of a whole suffering people, nor the glorious cause of liberty. A sickly dastardness seems to impregnate a certain class of papers, subservient to party purposes; but where is the whole-souled man, woman or child that does not wish at heart for Kossuth's success, and whose prayer would not be to Heaven for him and his righteous cause?

THE PASSAGE TO CALIFORNIA.—The National Intelligencer publishes a letter from Captain Babcock, of the ship *Sword Fish*, which states that by following the course recommended by Lieut. Maury, he gained much time, more especially on the Pacific side. The *Sword Fish* is 1034 tons burthen, not particularly sharp, and yet she made the passage from New York to San Francisco in 91 days. Her average performance was 187 1-2 statute miles per day.

LIBERALITY AND ENTERPRISE.—It is said that when the Congregational Church now being erected in Pittsfield, shall have been completed and paid for, the inhabitants of that place, numbering some 6000, will have expended in the course of four years the sum of \$76,555, in the erection and repairing of places of Divine worship. This is exclusive of the amount paid for preaching and benevolent objects.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself particularly, being free from flatterers.

THE FISHERIES.—Fishermen on the South Shore are having good success in taking cod. The fish are larger than usual.

HINT.—Zeno esteemed silence as the first of virtues—"For by it," said he, "I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own."

A PRETTY THOUGHT—The well spring of hope is youth, and time is its grave.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Peabody, Mr. Frederic Seara to Miss Marian Shaw.
 By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Warren R. Wheeler, of West Roxbury, to Miss Harriet S. Colby, of N. Middleborough.
 By Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. Lyman B. Meston to Miss Julia A. Emmons.
 By Rev. Dr. Tucker, Mr. Josiah Pollard to Miss Sarah C. Bullard.
 By Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Victor A. Hays, of France, to Miss Albertine Heitzmann Gass, of Germany.
 By Rev. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Joseph Moulton to Miss Theresa Patch.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Calvin S. Penning, of Lawrence, to Mrs. Elizabeth Emmes.
 At Salem, Capt. William H. Crandall to Miss Mary Ann Jaques, of Newburyport.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Harrison Covet to Miss Helen C. Gould, of Burlington, Vt.
 At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Medbury, Mr. Amos Dow, of Atkinson, to Miss Susan E. Wilson, of Amesbury.
 At Essex, Mr. Joseph W. Tucker, of Manchester, to Miss Mary Adaline Farnham.
 At Westboro', by Rev. Mr. Cady, Nahum Fisher, Esq. to Mrs. Mary P. Harrington.
 At Greenland, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Robie, R. W. Robinson, Esq., of Danvers, Ms., to Miss Georgiana Brackett.
 At Augusta, Me., Rev. Uriah Balkam, of Wiscasset, to Miss Anna S. L. Redington.
 At Baltimore, Mr. George W. Lewis, of Virginia, to Miss Emily Contee Johnson.

DEATHS

In this city, Miss Mercy S. Hatch, 79; Mr. Andrew J. Adams, 27; Miss Hucna Morrison, 26, formerly of Calais, Me.; Mr. Henry P. Rockwood, 25; Mrs. Mary C. Whitaker, 78; Mrs. Mary D. Houston, 28.
 At Charlestown, Mrs. Martha J. Adams, 30; Mrs. Abigail Robinson, 65.
 At Chelsea, Mr. John Godbold, 27.
 At Medford, Mrs. Joanna LeBaron, wife of Mr. John Pierpont, and daughter of the late J. L. Sibley, of Sutton, 32.
 At Lynn, Mr. James S. Sumner, 48.
 At Salem, Mr. Amos H. Mills, 67; Mrs. Mary Curtis, 23.
 At Braintree, Mr. Nathaniel Pratt, 70.
 At Rowley, Mrs. Joanna Todd, 35.
 At N. Chelmsford, Mrs. Florida Carver, of Boston, 22.
 At Westport, Mr. J. Cook, of Little Compton, R. I., 65.
 At Manchester, Miss Hannah Hooper, 23.
 At Worcester, Mrs. Esther J. Hamsay, 32; Miss Julia B. Williams, 33.
 At Northampton, Mrs. Sarah Seeger, 81.
 At New Bedford, Mr. Tillinghast Bailey, 70.
 At Newport, N. H., Mrs. Mabel Buel, 89.
 At Providence, R. I., Miss Sophia B. Martin, 17.
 At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Dickerson Newman, 43, formerly of Amherst, Mass.
 At Philadelphia, William R. Grant, M. D., 41.
 At St. Louis, John H., only son of Col. T. H. Benton, 22.
 At San Francisco, Cal., Mr. William T. Felton, 34, of Salem, Mass.
 At Shanghai, China, Eliza G., wife of Rev. J. L. Shuck, Baptist Missionary, 29.

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inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A DOVE AT MY WINDOW.

BY MRS. M. B. HENEGAGE.

A welcome to thee, thou innocent thing,
My snowy guest of aerial wing;
Welcome to thee, for an emblem thou art,
Of peace and love, bright bird of the heart.

O say, sweet dove, does thy wing never tire,
As high above tree-top, and cottage, and spire,
Thou lay'st in the mist of the floating cloud,
Far beyond the ken of earth's mingled crowd?

How oft have I sighed for pinion like thine,
And wished for thy lot, and murmured at mine;
When I've longed to bathe in yon ocean blue,
And bid the green earth for a season adieu.

But the wish was sin, for the Being supreme,
Who made the bright sun, gave light to its beam;
The moon and the stars with splendor to shine—
And this fair earth is thy Maker's and mine.

Lowell, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SECRET BENEFACITOR.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

"HAVE you attended to the business I spoke of particularly, yesterday?" asked Mr. Lambert, a wealthy owner of real estate, addressing an intelligent, fair-looking young man, who sat at a desk, as the above-named gentleman entered his office.

Charles Burchard colored with embarrassment. For a moment his hand moved nervously across his brow, then raising his handsome eyes to his employer's face, he answered in a frank, steady tone:

"I have neglected to follow your instructions."

"Sir!"

"I am sorry—"

"Sorry!" cried Mr. Lambert, angrily, "sorry indeed! and this is the way you attend to my affairs! Young man, if you think I will pass over this carelessness—"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, with a face like marble, but speaking in a calm tone, "I am guilty of no carelessness. I have endeavored to do my duty—"

"Your duty was to follow my instructions. Number twenty-three has been a losing business for me long enough. The family have had warning. You could not have misunderstood me. I told you that if the rent was not paid before 12 o'clock yesterday—"

"I visited the family," rejoined Charles, "and it seemed to me that had you seen what I saw, you would not have had me apply the extremity of the law to their miserable case. They are very poor—they are sick—they are suffering. You would not have had the heart to—"

"Charles Burchard," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, angrily, "you have been in my employ two years. I have found you faithful, honest, capable—and I would not willingly part with you; but since you prefer your way of doing business to mine, and presume to dictate, it is not proper that we should work together any longer."

"I have thought myself," said Charles, "that since I cannot conscientiously pursue the extremes you deem necessary, it will be best for me to quit your service. I am ready," he added, fixing his mild eye upon Mr. Lambert's face, "I am ready to go."

"Well, sir, we will have a settlement at once. How much am I indebted to you? What is your due?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! How—how is this?"

"You will see. Cast your eye over this page."

"Yes—I perceive—you have taken up your wages lately, as soon as due," said Mr. Lambert, who, remembering his clerk's fidelity and capacity, was becoming softened. "This is a new thing, however. But I presume you have invested your money advantageously?"

"I have tried to make a Christian use of it," answered Charles, coldly.

"Have you been dealing in stocks?"

"No sir."

"Ah, you lost confidence in me, and thought proper to put your money into other hands!"

"I have neither made investments nor loans," said Charles, with a peculiar smile. "What small funds I could command, I have used."

"You!"

"Yes sir."

"Bless me, Charles! I thought you a steady young man; and how you can have consumed your entire salary I am unable to conceive."

"And I presume I should be unable to explain it to your satisfaction, sir. It is a subject which it can avail nothing to converse upon. If you get a man in my place immediately, I should be willing to save you the trouble of instructing him in the state of your business."

"Certainly—if you please—and you shall be paid—"

"I did not make the offer, expecting remuneration. I trust that I have kept my accounts in such a manner that it will not require half an hour to make an intelligent man understand the entire business."

"Charles," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, "I dislike to part with you so. We have always agreed until this time."

"Six months ago," replied Charles Burchard, "this family in No. 23 could not pay their quarter's rent. I had orders to turn them into the street. I did not do it."

"But—but the rent was paid."

"You permitted me to give them a few days' grace; you permitted this, on my promise to see that the rent was paid. You are right, sir—it was paid; the next quarter's rent was also paid. At present, they cannot pay. Knowing the condition of the family, I cannot follow your instructions."

"Well," said Mr. Lambert, hardening himself, "I have rules with regard to my tenants, which cannot be broken. I have rules with regard to persons in my employ, which nothing can induce me to break. Justice is my motto. It is a good one; I shall stand by it."

"Mercy is a better one, sometimes," replied Charles, softly. "Justice is admirable in all—but, mercy in the powerful is godlike."

Thus Mr. Lambert parted with his faithful clerk. Another took the place of Charles Burchard, and the latter was without a situation.

About the first business Mr. Carrol, the new clerk, attended to, concerned the poor family in No. 23.

"They vacate the premises immediately," he said to Mr. Lambert. "But there is some mystery about that family; they made allusions to yourself, which I was unable to understand."

"To me!"

"Yes sir; they spoke of your kindness to them—"

"My kindness!" Mr. Lambert colored.

"The woman is an invalid," said Mr. Carrol. "The man is a fine-looking, intellectual person, with thin cheeks, a broad pale forehead, and bright, expressive eyes. He has been for a year at work on some mechanical invention, which he believes is going to be of vast benefit to manufactures."

"I have heard Mr. Burchard speak of that," replied Mr. Lambert. "But what did these people say of me?"

"That they had been indebted to you for numerous favors—"

"Favors!"

"Yes sir—at work at his invention, which, of course, can afford him no income until completed, Mr. Ward has not been able to do much towards the support of his family. Mrs. Ward, as I said, is an invalid. Their only child—a daughter about eighteen, and a girl of some accomplishments—has done considerable towards their support—"

"I have heard all this from Mr. Burchard. What did they say of me?"

"That in these circumstances they have received benefits from you, for which they are very grateful."

"It is a mere taunt—insolent irony," muttered Mr. Lambert.

"I assure you, sir, there were tears in the poor woman's eyes, when she said it; she was sincere."

"Humph!"

"They appreciated these favors so much the more," said Mr. Carrol, "from the fact that, as Mr. Ward's invention is a secret, and as all his instruments and contrivances have been in the house, it would have been a sore disadvantage to be obliged to move. His invention is now on the eve of completion, and he is firm in the hope of being able to pay with interest all your benefits."

Mr. Lambert was greatly perplexed by this inexplicable conversation of his clerk; but he concealed his feelings, and leaving Mr. Carrol to believe he was a man who did a great deal of good in a quiet way, went himself to make an attempt to explore the mystery, by visiting No. 23.

He found the Wards making preparations to vacate the premises. To a beautiful girl, with a handkerchief over her head, who was carrying

small articles of furniture to the hall, he made known his wish to see Mr. Ward.

This gentleman was engaged in packing up his machinery; but soon coming out of his secret room and locking the door behind him, he appeared before Mr. Lambert. As these two individuals had never met, the landlord was obliged to introduce himself.

"I feel highly honored—I am thankful for this new indication of kindness," said Mr. Ward, with emotion.

"I understand," said Mr. Lambert, "that you have been to work on an important mechanical invention."

"Yes sir, and I am happy to inform you it is completed; the model has gone to Washington. I have used all the money I could scrape together to pay the expenses of the patent right; but, sir, a manufacturing company are ready to negotiate with me for my machine, and in a very short time I shall be able to pay all my debts."

Mr. Lambert had hitherto regarded his tenant as a visionary. He did not look like one; he did not speak like one. The thought struck Mr. Lambert that he might after all be able to pay his rent.

"I have concluded that I might as well permit you to remain here a short time longer—although I am myself pressed for money," he said, with a thoughtful air.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Ward, "this is a favor I had no right to expect, notwithstanding all you have done for us; but I am sincerely grateful. We are going into a miserable house, where we did not anticipate residing more than two or three weeks, or until I find my funds coming in; and if we can remain here, you shall be no loser by the operation. Your debt I consider sacred; those many benefits shall never be forgotten."

"Benefits! I am not aware that you are much indebted to me—"

"You are pleased to say so—but for two quarters' rent you gave me receipts in full, relying upon my honor for payment at some future time. I have also received sums to aid me in prosecuting my invention. I have at no time doubted but that they came from you."

Mr. Lambert pressed his forehead with his hand. After a pause he said:

"And why, may I ask—why did you—give me credit—"

"Excuse me for mentioning the subject," said Mr. Ward, with emotion, "but although you parted in anger from your sister—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert, starting and changing color.

"Hers was a pardonable offence," said Mr. Ward. "She declined marrying the man whom you chose for her husband. You disowned her; you have never met her since. But this was years ago, and I knew you could not cherish resentment so long."

"My God," cried Mr. Lambert, "what do you mean? I have heard nothing of her for twenty years. I know not what has become of her."

Mr. Ward fixed his eyes upon his landlord in speechless astonishment.

"Is it possible?" he murmured; "are you serious?"

"Upon my soul! I have made inquiries for Mary, without success. I have supposed her dead!"

"Then these benefits have not been bestowed, because—"

"Sir, I know nothing of what you say. I die with suspense! If you know anything of Mary, tell me what has become of her."

The tenant's eye looked searchingly and earnestly into the landlord's face; then taking him by the arm, he led him deliberately and softly into another room.

There was a pale, thin woman sitting in an arm-chair. She started on seeing the two men enter, and uttered a faint cry of surprise.

"My brother!"

"Mary!" gasped Mr. Lambert; "can it be my sister?"

"Your sister and my wife!"

An hour later, Mr. Lambert might have been seen entering Charles Burchard's lodging. The young man was at home. With surprise he greeted his late employer. The latter was apparently excited by the occurrence of some recent event.

"Young man," said he, "I have learned in what way you have used your salary the past year."

"Sir!"

"You have compromised me; I—I do not wish to blame you; but you should not have left the Ward family to suppose the money they received came from me. You paid their rent, and gave them receipts in my name!"

"And do they know it?" cried Charles.

"Why should they not? Why did you not act openly with them?"

"I had no thought that you would be injured by being suspected of helping them, and I had my reasons for not wishing to be known as the author of the benefits," said Charles, blushing.

"I demand your reasons."

"The truth is, if I must confess it, I—I hope some day to marry Mary Ward—"

"Ah!"

"She is a worthy girl, sir."

"But this is no reason!" exclaimed Mr. L.

"Well, then, you must know, sir, had I advanced money to the family openly," said Charles, recovering his self-possession, and his face beaming with frankness, "there was a possibility that I might be suspected of unworthy motives. And again, even had it been otherwise, and I could have won Miss Ward, as I would have wished to win her, she might have loved me more from a sense of gratitude than for myself; and I would not have bought her love. As it is, I—I hope she loves me for what I am, and that she will accept my hand, when I am in a position to support a wife."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, pressing the young man's hand, "I honor you! You have acted nobly. Return to your situation; you shall have the entire control of my business; your salary shall be doubled—"

"But, Mr. Carrol—"

"He is not permanently engaged. I will procure a place for him. Charles, you must come back! I confess I have acted wrong in this matter. To tell you a secret, Charles, Mrs. Ward is my own sister!"

"Your sister!"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment; but it cannot equal mine, when I learned the fact this morning. I disclaimed all connection with her twenty years ago, because she refused to marry a man who was my friend. I was unjust. Afterwards she married Mr. Ward, of whom I knew nothing. She supposed, however, that I might have learned the facts; and all the favors they have received from you have thus been credited to me. But it shall all be made right. I thank Heaven that I have now an opportunity to atone for my injustice to an only sister, and to thank you for the lesson in humanity you have taught me. Wealthy as I am, I shall never again distress a tenant for rents, without ascertaining whether he is deserving of any favors."

Mr. Lambert was not permitted to do all the good he proposed to his sister's family. In a few days, Mr. Ward's patent was decreed, and his fortune made. Thanks to his noble invention, his family was raised to affluence; but Mrs. Ward did not disdain the kindness of her restored brother.

Mr. Lambert had lost no time in acquainting his relatives with the nature of their indebtedness to Charles Burchard. If they esteemed and loved this generous-hearted young man before, what was now their admiration of his noble qualities! None, however, felt their influence like Miss Ward. The only way in which she could express her joy, gratitude and love was, by becoming his wife, with a dowry which relieved him of the care of providing for the comforts of life. Prosperous in business, happy in his domestic relations, Charles Burchard often had occasion to look back with a smile to the time when he left the service of Mr. Lambert "for conscience sake."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WATER.

BY H. HALCYON.

Hurrah for the gliding water,
And the murmuring forest stream,
As the sunbeams brightly glancing
O'er its crystal surface gleam.
There's glee in the bounding billow,
There's joy in the rolling wave;
Though the deep, blue sea too often
Proves the daring sailor's grave.
The little brooklets foaming
Through the lowlands far and wide,
Still constantly are roaming,
Till they reach the ocean's tide.
O give me a home in the woodland,
And a cot by the crystal tide,
Where the wild birds carol sweetly,
And the cool, pure waters glide.

Cobleskill, N. Y., April, 1852.

GREAT POLAR OCEAN.

At the last meeting of the London Geographical Society, Lieut. Osborne, a member of one of the Arctic Expeditions, argued at some length in favor of the support of the existence of a great, polar ocean. He said that in Wellington Channel he had observed an immense number of whales running out from under the ice, a proof that they had been to water and come to water, for every one knew they must have room to blow. He further said that there was almost a constant flight of ducks and geese from the northward, another proof of open water in that direction, since these birds found food only in such water. He added it was his deliberate opinion, from observations made on the spot, that whales passed up Wellington Channel into a northern sea. In reference to the abundance of animal life, in the latitude of this supposed polar sea, he remarked that, while on the southern side of Lancaster Sound he never saw enough game to feed his dog, Melville Island, one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, abounded in deer and musk oxen. It was thus clear, he continued, that animal life did not depend on latitude; but increased, if anything, after passing the seventieth degree. Moreover, while in Baffin's Bay the tide made for the southward, coming from the Atlantic; in Barrow's Straits it made for the northward, which could only be explained on the hypothesis of a sea in that direction.

A FEMALE SHIP CAPTAIN.

Amongst the fleet lately wind-bound in Larnach, as we are informed by the Glasgow Post, not the least, but perhaps the greatest wonder was the good old brig Cleotus, of Salcoats, which for more than twenty years has been commanded by an heroic and exceedingly clever young lady, Miss Betsy Miller, daughter of the late Mr. W. Miller, ship owner and wood merchant of that town. He was concerned with several vessels, both in the American and coasting trade. Miss Betsy, before she went to sea, acted as "ship's husband" to her father, and seeing how the captains, in many cases, behaved, her romantic and adventurous spirit impelled her to go to sea herself. Her father gratified her caprice, and gave her the command of the Cleotus, which she holds to the present day, and she has weathered the storms of the deep when many commanders of the other sex have been driven to pieces on the rocks. The Cleotus is well known in the ports of Belfast, Dublin, Cork, &c.

DIAMONDS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The North Carolina Whig, at Charlotte, has the following under date of March 17. "A few days since we were shown by Dr. C. L. Hunter, of Lincoln county, what is supposed to be a genuine diamond, weighing about half a carat, discovered in the neighborhood of the doctor's, while searching for gold in a small stream."

ANNEXATION.—There is every prospect that the flourishing locality, known as Washington Village, or Little Neck, will soon be annexed to Boston. The citizens of Dorchester held a meeting lately, and a committee was chosen to represent the interests of the town before the Legislature. It is thought that there will be little opposition to the wishes of the good people of the village.

RATES OF COMPENSATION ON RAILROADS.—The Supreme Court has decided that it has authority to fix the rates at which passengers and freight may be carried over railroads. This opinion was given in the case of the Vermont Central Railroad Company, petitioners, vs. the Fitchburg Railroad Company.

FAST.—A train of cars, without passengers, recently made the run from Poughkeepsie to Peekskill, a distance of 32 miles, in 30 minutes. This, we believe, is the greatest speed ever obtained on any road in this country.

VALUABLE PAINTING.—A picture valued at \$10,000—a Titian Dance—brought from Naples by Lieut. Flagg, was destroyed at the late conflagration of Tremont Temple, Boston.

SPECIE.—During the month of March there was imported at the port of Boston, \$134,984 in gold, and \$1,116 in silver. Exported \$43,400 in gold, and \$26,770 in silver.

ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.—In the month of March there arrived at the port of Boston, 568 vessels; and cleared, 368.

Wayside Gatherings.

The North River is open to navigation. Pine wood sells in Washington, D. C., at \$5 per cord. A great revival of religion is in progress at the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. A new Catholic church is soon to be erected in Newburyport, Mass. Navigation is open between Buffalo and Rochester. The only remaining window glass factory in New England, was closed at Keene, N. H., recently. It is proposed to pay members of Congress a salary of \$1500 per annum, instead of the present allowance of \$8 per day. In Maine, when you ask a man to drink, you must say—"Will you make the landlord violate?" The magician, Herr Alexander, has sued the proprietors of the Organ and Reveille, St. Louis, for a libel, claiming \$5000 damages. According to the New Orleans Price Current the increase of cotton, this season, over the last, at all the southern ports, is 314,000 bales. The commerce passing through the Gulf of Mexico amounts to upwards of \$200,000,000 per annum. Thomas Hickey, for firing the barns of Josiah Bush, of New Braintree, has been sentenced to the state prison for five years. On account of the immense emigration to California, mules are everywhere in demand, and command a high price. The editor of the Wilmington, N. C. Journal confesses that it is spring. He has been serenaded by a pair of mosquitos. Shoe pegs are manufactured by machinery, in Cincinnati, and sold by the barrel. The whole west is supplied by that city. Susanna Huzzey, now living at Townsend, Vt., is 103 years of age. She draws a pension of \$96 per annum. Subscription books have been opened in Savannah for the construction of another steamship, in addition to the Florida and Alabama, now running between that city and New York. We regret to learn that the office of the Louisiana Republican was recently burned, with its entire contents, subjecting the proprietors of the establishment to a loss of \$5000. The telegraph states that the village of Whitesburg, in Georgia, was completely destroyed by fire on the 20th ult. Eighteen hundred bales of cotton were burnt. Nancy Safford, lately acquitted on the charge of poisoning N. W. Engle, at Cumberland, is now suspected of poisoning her three husbands, each of whom died very suddenly. A fire occurred recently in Woodstock, Canada West, which destroyed the Woodstock Hotel, Episcopal Church, and a number of other buildings. The population of Toronto, Canada, in 1826, was 1719; by the census, just completed, it is 30,763, having more than doubled itself during the last ten years. A young woman threw herself into the Genesee River, at Rochester, the other day, and went over the Falls. Her body has not yet been recovered. The custom of purifying the people of Rome once a year, by publicly smoking them with sulphur and bitumen, gave the name to February—meaning the month of purification. John Erpenstein, convicted of the murder of his wife, was executed at Newark, March 30th. He appeared deeply penitent, and left a confession which will be published. Dr. Channing communicates to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, the fact that a lady used ether for the purpose of alleviating pain, more than nineteen years ago. A provision in the charter of the new town of Riverton, N. J., recently incorporated by the legislature, effectually excludes the traffic in intoxicating liquor, from its limits. Jacob W. Barney, indicted for setting fire to a house and barn, in Sekonk, Ms., was tried before the Court of Common Pleas, in Taunton, recently, and found guilty. The dead body of Dr. Henry Durfee was found on the road, near East Killingly, Ct., recently. The deceased was the wreck of a man of education and genius, who had destroyed himself by intoxication. A curious phenomenon occurred at Honolulu, on the latter part of January. The sea rose to such a height as to submerge several houses and plantations. The incident is attributed to submarine volcanic agency. The lunatic asylum of Dr. Mead, near Chicago, was set on fire, lately, by a female patient, who afterward seated herself at the piano, and began to play and sing. The building was, fortunately, saved. The usury laws have been abolished in Louisiana. A law has also been passed, exempting homesteads to the value of \$1000, besides \$250 worth of furniture, the library, &c., from seizure for debt. In the Essex Court of Common Pleas, Hannah Popplewell recovered \$130 for an injury sustained by her from the bite of a horse kept in Lawrence, by defendant, and used by defendant's servant.

Foreign Miscellany.

The direction of the prisons, in Naples, has been again committed to the monks. Charles Dickens is proposed as a candidate for Parliament from Nottingham. Smith O'Brien is at present acting as classical tutor in the family of Dr. Brook, in Van Dieman's Land. The steamer Great Britain will be able to carry 18,000 yards of canvass when under full sail. Ladies rather stout are designated in the Parisian reports of fashions as persons of "advantageous figure." Madame Sontag has been singing at Leipsic for £104 a night. She intends visiting the United States, accompanied by Thalberg. In England and Scotland there are 694 churches and chapels, and 972 priests, and in Ireland, 2205 churches, and 2552 priests. Emigration from Bremen is going forward on a large scale. On the 1st of February alone, three thousand souls embarked for America. Mr. Layard, at Lord Derby's request, will hold office until Lord Stanley returns from his tour in India. Detachments of all the regiments of the French armies are to be soon convoked in Paris, for a distribution of new colors, with pompous ceremonial. An exhibition of linen manufactures is about to be held in Silesia, the Prussian government aiding in erecting a crystal palace for the purpose. It is calculated that the strike in England has entailed a loss upon workmen and masters, during the past seven weeks, of about one million dollars! Mr. Barnard, Ambassador of the United States at Berlin, is gone to Naples for two or three months. During his absence, Mr. Fay, First Secretary to the American Embassy, takes his place. One Dr. Miller, of Manchester, England, is said to have patented a process for producing gas from water, at a trifling cost, and is making preparation for lighting Dunkeld,—thus anticipating Mr. Paine. On the 6th ult., 268 prisoners were set at liberty from Fort Lamalgue, by order of Louis Napoleon. They gave vent to their feelings of gratitude by repeated shouts of "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive la President!" In Neustradt, in the grand duchy of Weimer, the peasants from four villages made a descent upon the mansion of the lord of the manor, and destroyed the brandy and stores in the cellars, and the furniture of his house.

Sands of Gold.

—He who oppressed honesty never had any himself.
—He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.
—If fools wore white caps, mankind would look like a flock of geese.
—A fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.
—He that is little in his own eyes, will not be troubled to be thought so in others.
—He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.
—The storms of adversity are wholesome, though like snow-storms, their drift is not always seen.
—The mind is never right but when it is at peace within itself, and independent of anything abroad.
—The woman who reigns the queen of the ball-room, seldom graces as well the more common scenes of life.
—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another.
—The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.
—They that are against superstition, oftentimes run into it of the wrong side. If I wear all colors but black, then I am superstitious in not wearing black.—Selden.
—The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.
—Read good books, not forgetting the best of all. There is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; we should be all miserable beings without it.
—The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.
—There is no poser like sprightly acquiescence to your eternal wrangler. Let him have his own way, and you confound him at once. Leave him to himself, and you make him so uncomfortable that he will leave you—"a consumption devoutly to be wished."

Joker's Olio.

The "last fete" of Louis Napoleon will be the fate of all tyrants, we trust. When does a man devour a musical instrument? When he has a piano-forte (piano for tea). Lunatic Asylum—A kind of hospital where detected lunatics are sent by those who had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity. The romance of love does very well before marriage; but after it, it sinks into the real pork and cabbage of human life. The new liquor bill will prohibit the use of air and water, for Diogenes, of the Lantern, says they are composed of gin!—hydro-gin, oxy-gin, and nitro-gin. A pedler who indignantly demanded why a man cannot hawk goods without a license in this land of liberty, was informed by the justice of the peace, that liberty is not license. Some weak men carry their point against a strong antagonist by sheer bluster and demonstration; just as a bristly-backed, sputtering cat will drive off a big bull-dog. The following sign on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality:—"Kaiks, Krackers, Kandies, Konfekshunarys, Hoolesale and Retail." To ascertain whether a beauty has faults, just boast of her attainments in the presence of some of her female brethren. This was Franklin's method, and we know of none better. A bachelor, aged 70, married at Portsmouth, lately, a young girl, aged 15. Strange! The young girl was pretty and poor, though, and the old fellow was rich. 'Taint strange. Pleasant—To open your wife's jewel-box and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey." Never waste arguments on people who don't know logic from logwood—which is the case with half the folks who love disputation. The best reply to a stolid dogmatist is to say, "certainly—no doubt of it—it's as clear as mud." A horse-dealer, who lately effected a sale, was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field, he was "bad to catch," and he was "of no use when he was caught." A nobleman observing a person eminent for his philosophical talents, intent upon choosing delicacies at table, said to him, "What! do you philosophers love dainties?" "Why not?" returned the other; "do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made for blockheads?" "Massa says you must sartin pay de bill, today," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper. "Why, he is n't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not ezactly dat; but look ahea," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heself, an' darfor wants to make a big raise!" The Lowell American says that at a recent examination of a young law student, preparatory to his admission to the bar, Judge Merrick asked the applicant if he had read the new code. "Yes." "Do you understand it?" "No." The judge said he was very glad to hear it, for if he had said he understood it, he should not have admitted him.

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

They were soon checked, and the fire was supposed to be in a fair way to be speedily extinguished. The flames, however, which had secretly and unobserved crept into the ceiling and under the floors, burst out with renewed force, and raged with almost unexampled fury until the whole structure was in an entire sheet of fire. It was one of the most serious and destructive fires we have had in Boston for many years. The catastrophe is also especially sad from the fact that human life has been sacrificed, and art lost some of its finest trophies. Tremont Temple may be said to have been the resort of the artist, for under its roof were congregated more of the profession than any other in the city. Many of our first works of art in painting and sculpture now lie in ashes among the ruins. So speedily and fearfully did the flames spread, that scarcely anything was saved. Many attempted to enter the building after the conflagration had got full headway, but were repelled by the threatening danger. The fire was first discovered in a room on the third floor, in the northwest corner of the building, occupied by Benjamin Champney, portrait and landscape painter. Upon the rekindling of the flames, the fire extended rapidly to the southerly side of the building, and soon burnt off the principal timbers, and about two o'clock, the roof fell in with a heavy crash. At this time a number of persons were inside the building, all of whom narrowly escaped serious if not fatal injury. In attempting with the others to obtain shelter under the balustrade from the falling mass, a fireman named Turner, fell from the balusters to the ground, and very fortunately received but slight injury. Several persons made every effort to gain access to the different rooms for the purpose of saving such articles of value as they could grapple, but the heat and dense smoke forced them back repeatedly. An intense excitement prevailed upon the instant of the falling of the roof, and the escape of several from a terrible death seemed to have been cut off, but fortunately a rear door was forced by some bold hand, by which egress was had through a house in Montgomery Place.

During this period the entire department had got to work, and torrents of water were pouring from the various lines of hose upon the flames, apparently producing but little effect. At about half-past two, the south wall fell, outwardly, upon the roof of a low old wooden building adjoining, crushing the building nearly to a heap of ruins. Several persons who were in this building narrowly escaped with their lives, and we regret to state that one fireman, George Esty, a member of Engine Company No. 7 of Charlestown, was very badly injured by the falling wall. He was taken into the Tremont House, where a physician was called, and every attention paid him by the proprietor, Mr. Parker, and his assistants. It was soon ascertained that Mr. Esty's left leg was fractured, his back very badly wrenched, and perhaps broken, and that he was otherwise very severely bruised. He was subsequently conveyed to the Massachusetts Hospital, where he still lingers with little hope of life. All efforts to extinguish the fire were vain. First the immense roof, flame-lined, fell into the fire below, throwing into the sky immense clusters of cinders, which spread in every direction, and presenting one vast atmosphere of sparkling fire. Shortly after the magnificent front wall of the Temple began to sway and totter. The flames beat against it in terrific rage. The massive granite began to crack with heat. The masonry crumbled away. The engulfing flames raged still fiercer. The pile again trembled, tottered, and then fell, with a tremendous crash into Tremont street. The earth almost shook, as if by a quake of nature. A thrill of fright ran through the assembled thousands. Heavy blocks of granite, hot and seething and

steaming now lay in confusion. Hundreds had barely escaped instant destruction. The fiery mass fell entirely across the street, carrying before it the massive iron fence in front of the Tremont House. The moment was one of intense excitement. But two minutes before the place where were piled tons of granite, stood hundreds of our fellow-citizens. Had the wall fallen when it first tottered, the loss of life must have been sad indeed. Providentially it did not.

Tremont Temple, as is well known, was formerly the home of the drama, having been built as a theatre in 1827, and was used as such until 1843, when it was sold to the Baptists for public worship for \$55,000. It was fitted as at present at an expense of \$25,000. The depth of the

very rare and costly pictures stored in an upper story, lost his entire collection, which was valued at over \$50,000. He had no insurance, and the loss is irreparable. Many of the paintings were collected in Europe, and were master-pieces. It was said to be the finest collection in the United States. We understand that Mr. T. was in one of the upper rooms of the Tremont House, and saw the flames gradually consume all that was dear and genial to his taste; and to gather which had been the ambition of his life. As one bust and painting after another fell before the ruthless element, his agony of mind was almost insupportable. Mr. King, the sculptor, lost probably over \$3000. Among his collection were marble busts of Webster, Clay, Calhoun,

correctly estimated at present, but it is certain that it cannot fall short of \$200,000, on which there is undoubtedly considerable insurance. Among the losses which will be felt as a public calamity, is the destruction of the magnificent organ in the Temple. It was one of the finest in the country, and was as ornamental in appearance as it was rich and grand in tone, and was considered a beautiful specimen of musical art. At the height of the fire, the sight was terrifically grand, the immense volumes of flame illuminating, for a time, nearly the whole city. We understand that the light was distinctly visible on board the steamer Eastern State, which was off Boon Island, sixty-five miles in a direct line from Boston. Thousands of our citizens, as well as many strangers in the city, visited the scene of destruction the following day. The burning of this noble edifice is an event which will long be remembered. Mr. John Hall, carpenter, who was found dead beneath the ruins of the Temple, has left a wife and one child, who live in Province House Court. He left his home soon after the fire commenced, and seeing there was no danger of his house being burned, went back, and said to his wife, "we are all safe," and after showing his little son the fire, left him with his mother, saying, "I am going to lend a hand to get out some things." Thus he perished in his noble endeavors to assist in saving the property of others. He was 39 years of age, and left a destitute family, whose only dependence was his daily labor. It seems to be the opinion of some of the engineers, that the fire must have had its origin in a defect in a flue, as some persons who were earliest on the spot, and who exerted themselves in endeavoring to quench the flames, declare that they distinctly heard the crackling of the flames in the ceiling before they had actually burst into the room occupied by Mr. Champney.

The ruins of the building are still smoking and smouldering. The two granite corners fronting on Tremont street, remain standing as the fire left them. They have been propped so as to prevent the possibility of their falling outwardly. On Friday, several pieces of glass ware, known to have been in the attic of the Temple on the night of the fire, were found among a mass of brick, stone and rubbish, in the cellar, and what is quite remarkable, among those same pieces were a wine-glass and tumbler, as perfect as when first manufactured, with the exception of being discolored somewhat by the heat. The two perfect articles, together with others of glass nearly so, were placed in a conspicuous position for the observation of the throng of persons who visited the ruins.

Many inquiries are made, whether Tremont Temple is to be rebuilt. The matter is as yet undecided. The insurance on the former building is not sufficient to rebuild it with such improvements as are desirable, and the trustees are deliberating whether to sell the land or rebuild. If they are able to raise a loan of \$10,000 on the scrip which they are authorized by the conditions of the deed to is-

sue, secured by the property after the mortgage, they will proceed to rebuild with substantial improvements, and manage as heretofore.

The project of erecting a theatre on the ruins of the Temple is also the topic of earnest conversation. Many of the stockholders of the Boston Theatre are desirous of transferring their interest into the enterprise. For our own part we should be glad to see the "old Tremont" thus revived again, and believe that a first class theatre in this locality would pay a good percentage on the investment, and if properly conducted, with what Boston has not had for a long while, a good stock company, would prove profitable to the management. The earliest recollections we have of actors and theatricals are those of our boyhood at the old Tremont Theatre, and we should be glad to see those scenes renewed.



VIEW OF THE RUINS OF TREMONT TEMPLE.

building was 135 feet; width in front, 78 feet; width in rear, 90 feet; covering an area of 11,340 feet. The front of the Temple was built of Quincy granite, in imitation of the Ionic style of architecture. The upper hall was 88 by 90 feet in extent, and capable of seating 2000 persons. Its destruction will be looked upon as a public calamity, for its central locality, its great capacity, and its convenient arrangement for its uses, aside from its massive and stately appearance, made it an object of interest and regard to all citizens and strangers. There was insurance on the building to the amount of \$26,000, divided between four offices—one in this city, one in Hartford, one in Salem, and one in Portland. A large number of artists, dentists, and others, occupied the various rooms of the building. Mr. Thomas Thompson, who had a collection of

and many other eminent men, which he had been at great cost in procuring. Among Mr. Pope's collection of paintings was a portrait of Madame Tedesco, which has been much admired by thousands, and which was destroyed. This picture was one of the best productions of the artist. Chapman Hall, in the rear, a large and costly structure, soon fell into the grasp of the huge flame. The efforts of the fire department, though heroic and sustained, were not competent to secure it from destruction. In two hours a portion of its walls fell, the noise from which sounded long and wide. The building was owned by Mr. Amos Baker, who occupied a portion of it for a private school. Mr. Baker is insured for \$16,000, which will nearly cover his loss. The building is valued at \$20,000. The precise amount of loss by this conflagration cannot be

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

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MRS. SINCLAIR.

We present on the page herewith a very excellent likeness of Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest. The publicity of the domestic troubles between Mr. Forrest and his wife have been already made sufficiently notorious without our recurring to the details of this unpleasant lawsuit. Suffice it to say then, that Mrs. Sinclair was the successful party in the suit, and now receives, by decision of the court, three thousand dollars per annum from her late husband's estate, and is divorced from him. Of the merits of the case we have nothing to say; public sympathy, as a matter of course, was with the lady. But we must be permitted to remark that the full report of such a case is, beyond a doubt, of a most questionable propriety, and cannot but exert a baneful influence upon society in general. During the progress of this case the New York papers were crowded with the evidence as given in verbatim, of chambermaids and low-lived serving-men, whose veracity was questioned at every assertion, and whose verbal evidence was a disgrace to any press. So sensible were some of the New York editors of this, that at its close they declared that no such trial should ever again appear in detail in their journals. We rejoice at such a conclusion, for we would no more soil the purity of these columns with the report of such a trial than we would admit into its pages profane language and obscene allusions upon any subject. There is enough of sin and sorrow in this world, without making it unduly conspicuous in print. But we desire more particularly here to refer personally to this lady. Soon after the close of this long trial, Mrs. Sinclair resolved to adopt the stage as a profession; and declaring that the money which the court had awarded to her from her late husband's estate should every cent of it be devoted to charitable purposes, resolved, by resorting to the theatrical profession as a means of support, to maintain herself by her own exertions. Her debut in New York was, of course, of the most flattering character, having the prestige of her name, and the notoriety of the late trial, to aid her in drawing good houses. We have not yet seen the lady perform; but judging from the tone of criticism which meets our eye in the New York and Philadelphia papers, it is probable that she has a vast deal to learn in her adopted profession before she can expect to excel. She opened at Brougham's Theatre, New York, in the School for Scandal, as Lady Teazle, following up her first appearance by running through with a role of characters, such as Julia, in the Hunchback, Pauline, in the Lady of Lyons, etc. After playing out the term of her engagement in New York, and reaping a very handsome pecuniary harvest, she filled an engagement in Philadelphia, and has now again returned to New York, where she has been running through with her role of characters for a second time with less success, we believe, as it regards drawing large audiences. Mrs. Sinclair will find that, unless she can bring sterling genius to her aid, and so personate character as to give her acting an intrinsic value in itself, the curiosity of the multitude once gratified, they will no longer crowd the theatre to see one of whom they have heard so much and seen so much in print. Mrs. Sinclair has many admirable requisites for the stage, a fine figure, quite English in its style, and very naturally so, as she was born in London. Her complexion is very fair, and her face decidedly

handsome, with features sufficiently marked and prominent for stage effect. In private, her style and manner are highly attractive, dignified and ladylike; of her public performance, we may have more to say in a future number, when we shall have seen her in Boston—an opportunity of which our readers will probably have ere long. In a previous number we gave a miniature representation of Mrs. Sinclair as Lady Teazle, in the famous screen scene, in Joseph Surface's library, but the present picture is one wherein the size has enabled our artist to effect a perfect likeness. Mrs. Sinclair is the daughter of Mr. Sinclair, the famous artist, who made a reputation in this city, when the opera of Cinderella was first produced at the Tremont Theatre, in the character of the prince. His daughter inherited her father's musical taste.

TURKISH QUARTER OF CAIRO.

The Turkish quarter of Cairo still retains the picturesque Saracenic architecture of the times of the Caliphs. The houses are mostly three stories in height, each story projecting over the other, and the plain stone walls are either white-washed or striped with horizontal red bars, in a manner which would be absurd under a northern sky, but which is here singularly harmonious and agreeable. The only signs of sculpture are occasional doorways with richly carved arches, on the light marble gallery surrounding a fountained court. I saw a few of these in retired parts of the city. The traveller, however, has an exhaustless source of delight in the wooden balconies enclosing the upper windows. The extraordinary lightness, grace, and delicate fragility of their workmanship, rendered still more strik-

ing by contrast with the naked solidity of the walls to which they cling, gave me a new idea of the skill and fancy of the Saracenic architects. The wood seems rather woven in the loom, than cut with the saw-chisel.—Through these lattices of fine net work, with borders worked in lace-like patterns, and sometimes topped with slender turrets and pinnacles, the wives of the Cairene merchants sit and watch the crowds passing to and fro in the twilight of the bazaars, themselves unseen. It needed no efforts of the imagination to people the fairy watch towers under which we rode daily, with forms as beautiful as those which live in the voluptuous melodies of Hafiz. On entering Cairo, the European visitor is gratified and interested with the entire contrast this city presents to all he has left behind him in Europe. In the words of a British resident,

"here everything is oriental—the style of the buildings, the shaded streets, the aspect and costumes of the people, the quiet and repose universally prevailing; no rattling of carriages and carts; no rushing, busy crowds, intent on their different pursuits. But in their stead, the solemn camel and his patient little attendant, the donkey, making their noiseless way under their burdens; the people gathered in groups around the doors of the *cafes*, chatting or smoking; the shopkeeper listlessly reclining in his stall; the sentinel, half asleep at his post, while the guard within lie stretched in profound repose; all yielding to the influence of a climate as delightful as it is salutary, and which fortunately acts as an opiate, to some extent, against the many physical ills the people are exposed to from a bad and rapacious government." Cairo, at present, contains 240 principal streets, forty-six public places (squares), eleven bazaars, 140 schools for the instruction of children, 300 public cisterns, 1166 coffee-houses, sixty-five public baths, 400 mosques, and several considerable hospitals. The whole city is enclosed by a stone wall, terminated on the southeast by a detached and scarped rock rising more than 200 feet above the level of the Nile, on which stands the citadel. This fortress, with the city walls, was built or restored by Saladin, about 1176. The walls have battlements, and lofty towers at about 100 yards apart. They are, however, of little strength, and have been suffered, in many parts, to fall to decay. There are four magnificent gates.—*Bayard Taylor.*

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love you seek; but its whole soul will incline itself to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*



MRS. SINCLAIR (LATE MRS. FORREST), AS LADY TEAZLE, IN THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

LIFE LEAVES FROM THE OLD COLONY TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

ORLANDO CHESTER:
—OR, THE—
ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG HUNTER.
A Story of Old Virginia's early Days.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXII—[CONTINUED.]

Wet and cold was Morgiana, for the rain had found her unprotected—her lips were set and colorless, and no mark of animation dwelt upon her marble features. Orlando placed his hand beneath her neck and raised her head to his knee, and then, with his own heart hushed to a fearful stillness, he placed his hand upon the bosom of his mother to see if hers had motion in it.

"It beats! it beats!" the young hunter cried. "O, Chiron, my mother lives!"

The excitement of the moment came near overpowering the youth, for long suffering had made him weak, and closing his eyes beneath the unerring spell he sunk back upon the damp moss, and the form of his mother settled once more upon the ground. Chiron stooped over the forms of both mother and son, and ere many moments the latter was aroused to consciousness, and when reason once began to come to his aid, the situation of his parent flashed upon him, and strength returned to his every nerve and muscle. Chiron had raised the form of Morgiana upon his own bended knees, and was caressing her temples with the seal-skin pouch he wore at his girdle.

"Can she live?" asked Orlando, as he took one of the cold, alabaster hands in his own.

"There is hope," returned Chiron, "for her heart already beats stronger, and warmth begins to reach her temples. Take off your frock, Orlando, and place it here upon this gentle mound of moss. We will let her rest here while we prepare a litter."

The youth did as directed; then Chiron laid Morgiana's head back upon the rough pillow thus prepared, and taking off his own shirt of soft fur, he placed it over her. This having been done, the old hunter drew his hatchet from his belt and proceeded to get out the proper materials for a litter, and ere long one of sufficient capacity was formed, and upon it Morgiana Chester was laid. The two hunters raised the litter to their shoulders, and with eager steps they started homeward. The way was difficult and tedious, but at the distance of quarter of a mile they struck into a hunting-path, and they moved on with more ease. Often did Orlando find himself obliged to stop and rest, but at length just as the sun had sunk below the towering tree-tops, they reached the forest cot. Old Elpsey bounded forth, and with a wild cry of anguish she fell upon the form of her mistress; but as soon as she could be made to comprehend that there was life in that cold form, she clasped it in her arms and carried it into the house, where she placed it carefully, tenderly, upon the bed.

With a fond heart did the faithful old negress chafe the temples of her mistress, and apply such restoratives as she could command. Chiron and Orlando stood by with earnest, eager watching, and at length, as the last soft shades of twilight were deepening into darkness, the maniac mother's eyes opened—but O, what a fire burned in their bright depths! She put forth her white hand and grasped Old Elpsey by the wrist.

"Ha! you black fiend!" she cried, as she started up in her bed. "Twas you, you who carried off my boy!"

Chiron sprang forward and pressed the raving woman back upon her pillow. Orlando seemed for a moment riveted to the spot—then he sank upon his knees, buried his face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed aloud.

Poor Morgiana Chester! She had indeed come back to life, but she had been awakened only to find all reason gone. The soft light of her mild eye, the heavenly purity of her passive countenance, and the gentle dew-drops of her soul's sorrow were gone—all gone! She was mad! The frail throne of her mind that had been toppling for years upon its foundations, had now fallen, and beneath its weight the soul fell crashing to utter chaos!

A moment Chiron gazed tearlessly upon the scene—then he took the young hunter gently by the arm and led him unresistingly from the spot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MENTAL MORN HAS BROKEN FROM ITS NIGHT.

A WEEK had passed away since the melancholy development recorded in the last chapter. In a quiet, handsomely furnished chamber in the mansion of Sir Oliver Wimple, reposed, upon a bed of downy softness, the form of the poor maniac mother. A raging fever had set in, caused by her exposure in the forest, and, at the earnest request of the baronet, sustained by the permission of an excellent physician, she had been removed to her present quarters. The gentle Ada had nursed her with a fond daughter's care—Elpsey never left her side, while Lady Wimple left nothing undone for her comfort.

Morgiana had raved exceedingly—sometimes for her husband, sometimes for her son, and anon her mind would turn upon the secret of the old oaken chest. Her ravings were wild and incoherent, but they lasted only an hour or so at a time, her physical strength soon giving way beneath them. She recognized no one, not even her son, for her mind seemed utterly uprooted.

It was towards the close of the day that the physician called in his daily visit, and as he entered his patient's chamber a smile of satisfaction lit up his features. Morgiana had just sunk into an easy, grateful slumber, and a profuse perspiration was upon her brow and temples. Her skin was moist and soft, and her pulse—that index to the beating heart—was steadier than it had been before for a week. Those hard, painful lines that had marked the maniac's fair countenance, had softened to a more pensive look, and the blue veins, which had been so long swollen almost to bursting, left now only their azure tracings beneath the transparent skin. The right hand was thrown over her head, and the left arm was outstretched, as if to give more room for the heart.

Orlando stood at the foot of the bed, and by his side leaned Ada. Upon the countenance of the youth there was a broad ray of hope, which seemed a reflection of the physician's own smile, and yet he watched the latter's movements with nervous anxiety. As the doctor turned to leave the room, he beckoned for Orlando to follow him.

"Mr. Chester," said the physician, as soon as they had reached the hall, "your mother is past all present danger."

"Great God, I thank thee!" ejaculated the youth, as he clasped his hands together.

"Let her not be disturbed to-night," continued the physician, "for if I am not greatly mistaken she will sleep quietly till morning. Yet she must be narrowly watched and properly cared for."

At this moment Chiron entered the hall, and a joyous look overspread his face as he heard the result of the doctor's investigation.

"Doctor," said he, as that individual was upon the point of turning to depart, "you have not lisp'd a word of Mrs. Chester's whereabouts, have you?"

"Not a word."

"Nor of her son's?"

"No, not a syllable, nor does any one in the town seem to mistrust that the youth has returned."

"I am glad of that," returned Chiron, and then turning to Orlando, he said, in an under tone:

"Berkley mistrusts not the retribution I have in store for him."

As the physician departed, the youth gazed long and earnestly into the face of the old hunter, and at length, laying his hand upon the arm of his mysterious friend, he said:

"Chiron, I would ask you a question. Since I have known you I have troubled you with but few questions. I once promised you that I would not seek to rend the veil from your secret—have I not kept that promise?"

"Most faithfully," returned Chiron.

"Then I would now be absolved from its further claims."

"I grant you the absolution," Chiron rejoined, with a smile.

"Now, now, Chiron, tell me who and what you are. You say the crisis is near at hand, and before it comes, I would at least know you for what you really are."

"Then know me for your friend."

"No, no—not that, Chiron. That I have long known."

"Orlando," said the strange man, while a peculiar shade of mingled hope and anxiety passed over his features, "if you do not receive what you ask from other lips than mine on the morrow, I will myself open the seal and hold it up to your view. The mission of years is soon to be accomplished, and when the veil is lifted you shall know wherefore I am your friend. Sleep quietly to-night, and on the morrow your soul shall be moved by things of which you never dared to even dream. Part of the crew of the brig will be here, and Roswell Berkley is also summoned. The villain knows not yet that we are domiciled here, and at the request of Sir Oliver he will come most unhesitatingly. Let your dreams be happy to-night, and let your hope range to heaven if it can."

* * * * *

Bright and joyous danced the beams of the morning sun over the forests and streams, and gaily sung the lark as it dipped its light plumage in the golden flood. At an early hour Orlando glided softly from his chamber, and approached the apartment where lay his mother. His heart beat with a hushed motion as he gently raised the latch, and in a moment more he stood by his parent's bedside. Elpsey was drowsing in her chair, and as the youth entered he gave her permission to slip out and take the fresh air.

The negress was gone, and the son was alone with his mother! He bent low over the bed and kissed the white brow. That simple kiss—so sweet, so gentle, so pure, and so loving! That son's token of undying affection—so heart-felt and so gushing, and yet so quiet and unobtrusive, seemed like the rod of God's chosen redeemer of Israel!

Morgiana opened her eyes and gazed for a moment about her—then she closed them, and placed her hands hard upon her brow. Again she opened them, and murmured:

"Where am I?"

"Here, here, dearest mother," cried Orlando, as he took her hand in his own.

"Orlando," uttered she in a tone so strange that the youth was startled.

"Yes, yes, dear mother—your own Orlando—your own loving son. Do you not know me?"

Long and steadily did that mother gaze into the face of her boy. Shade after shade, and light after light, passed over her features, but her eyes varied not—their light was deep, intense, and a thousand souls seemed struggling in their lustrous depths. At length her lips parted, and she murmured:

"If this be not real, then what a dream has been mine."

"It must be like a dream to you, mother," said the youth, still moved most strangely by the peculiar manner of his parent, "for during the past week you have been low, very low; but you are better now."

"A week!" uttered Morgiana. "Raise me up, Orlando, and let me look upon you."

Tremblingly the youth obeyed, and as the

mother reclined upon the arm of her child, she continued:

"A week! No, no; it must have been years—long, long years! I remember I had a child—a laughing babe—an infant boy—and I called it Orlando! And I remember, too, that my boy once had a father; but, alas, that father—"

Big tears gathered in the poor woman's eyes, and for a moment she hesitated, but at length she wiped her tears away, and while yet a fearful shudder ran through her frame she continued:

"I see it all! My husband went out on that pleasant morning—he kissed me before he went, and his hand trembled as he left me. I was frightened at his looks, but he promised me he would soon return. My husband I never saw again!"

"And he deserted you!" uttered Orlando, in accents of fearful suspense.

"Deserted me! Who ever told thee that?" exclaimed Morgiana, with sudden energy.

Orlando hesitated for a moment how to answer, but soon he resolved to speak the truth, and in a kind, soft tone, he said:

"You told me so, mother. Ever since I can remember—and that is sixteen years—you have given me to understand that my father deserted you."

"And thus my dream passes before my eyes," murmured she, as she placed her hand again upon her brow. "No, no, my son—for such I know thou art—my husband loved me truly, faithfully. He promised to come back, but he never came. In an hour after he left me some men brought a body into the house. I lifted the pall from the face, and beheld the features of my husband! He was cold and stiff, and his cloak was all bloody! They told me he had fallen in a duel! I fell upon that lifeless clay, and there my soul sunk into a slumber of memory's oblivion! Now, now, I feel that I am awakening from my life-dream; yet that dream has some pictures which my memory still clings to. Your image is graven upon my heart, even as the unconscious lake receives the image of the tree that grows upon its margin. My son, my son, what a dream has been mine! How fraught with tears and woe—with smiles and flowers!"

As Morgiana spoke she sunk back upon her pillow and closed her eyes. She was weak, and she needed repose. At that moment Elpsey came back, and without a word the youth slipped from the apartment. In the hall he met Chiron who had just come in from the garden.

"Orlando," said the old hunter, as he grasped the youth by the hand with astonishment, "what is the matter?"

The young man fell upon Chiron's bosom, and bursting into tears, he murmured:

"My mother! my mother!"

"What has happened? Speak! speak!" uttered Chiron, in breathless anxiety. "Morgiana is not more ill—she is not dead!"

"Dead! Ah, no," returned the youth, while the sun of a refulgent joy beamed softly from his every feature. "Chiron, the sun of reason has risen upon her—the dark clouds of her mental night have rolled away, and, in all its pristine strength and purity, her mind has assumed its throne! She spoke to me—she called me Orlando—her son! She told me of that fearful, terrible morning, when, upon the cold corpse of my father, she sank into the chaos of her mental world!"

A moment that powerful man gazed into the features of the youth, and then, with his hands clasped above his head, he sunk upon his knees. No sound broke from his lips, but yet the prayer of thanksgiving that went forth from his heart was such an one as angels love to receive upon their celestial tablets and bear to the throne of the Father!

As Chiron arose to his feet the physician entered the hall, and having been informed of what had transpired, he proceeded at once to his patient's chamber. Ada came down from her apartment, and drawing her arm within his own, Orlando led her forth into the garden, there to pour into her ears the joyful intelligence of his mother's return to reason, while Chiron went to his own room to prepare his morning's toilet, and when he returned to the hall he looked almost like another being. The long beard was shaven from his face, so that the kind, benevolent look which had before been confined about his mouth and eyes, now spread its beams over his whole face. His rough suit of furs and deer skins had been replaced by a neat citizen's dress, and when Orlando saw him again it was some moments before he could realize that in

the noble form before him he really beheld his mysterious friend. Ada was delighted with the transformation, and so was Lady Wimple, and even in the presence of the gentlemen they both declared they loved him.

When the doctor returned from his visit to the invalid, his countenance was all smiles and joy, and he assured the assembled household that Morgiana was beyond all danger. Chiron drew him one side, and conversed earnestly with him for some minutes, after which the transformed hunter took Orlando by the hand, remarking as he did so:

"The doctor says I may see her. Come, my boy, let us to Morgiana's chamber."

When Orlando entered his mother's room she was sitting up in her bed, with the pillows so arranged as to give a comfortable support for her back, while her eyes were dwelling upon Ada's flower-garden, which opened its fragrant beds in front of her window. With reason once more sending its beams of intelligence athwart her features she looked more beautiful than ever, and, almost transported, Orlando stood and gazed upon her ere he stepped forward.

"Orlando, my son," uttered Morgiana, as her eyes rested upon the form of her boy, "come to my side and let me look upon thee. Kiss me. —There, now tell me of the past. I've dreamed of forests and ruins, of flowery gardens and running brooks. Upon my mind there is pictured a sylvan paradise—a wood-embowered home in the sweet wilderness. I would know—"

She did not speak further, for at that moment her eyes rested upon the powerful form of Chiron. She did not gaze upon him wildly, nor did she start with sudden excitement, but calmly, steadily she gazed, and then placing her hand upon her brow, she murmured:

"Orlando."

"Well, mother," softly returned the youth.

"I fear me I am going back again to my dreamland home. I dwell again in the realms of phantasy," and as the woman spoke, she pressed her hand over her eyes.

"How—what—of whom do you dream?" asked Orlando, placing his hand upon his mother's brow, and bending over her with earnest solicitude.

"Did you not see that form that stood but now by my bedside?—that airy phantom?"

"'Tis no phantom, mother," urged Orlando. "Look up again. He is still here, and he has been our best friend."

"Here! here!" murmured Morgiana. "No, no, my son—that may not be. It cannot be."

"Morgiana," said Chiron, in a tone of the softest, richest melody, while he stepped forward and took one of her hands in his own.

Slowly Morgiana gazed up into the powerful man's face. For a full minute she looked, and then, while an expression made all of earnest, hopeful prayer, rested upon her features, she said:

"Speak to me again. Call me Morgiana. Call me—no, no—O, God, that cannot be."

"Morgiana, it can be—it is!" said Chiron, and while he spoke, a loving smile shone upon his broad, kind face.

"Then speak to me again. Call me—"

"My wife!" cried the old hunter; and as he stooped further forward, Morgiana fell upon his bosom and was clasped within his powerful arms.

"Has kind Heaven played me false in this, or do I see my father?" ejaculated Orlando, in trembling, fearful accents, as he drew nearer to his strange friend.

"My son, my son," murmured Chiron, as he drew one arm about the form of the youth, "you do indeed see in me your father. My wife—my child!"

As the stout man spoke he drew his priceless burdens more closely to his bosom, and then wept like a child. In a few moments, however, he laid Morgiana's head back upon her pillow, and wiping the tears from his cheeks, he gazed upon her sweet face.

"Let no doubt cloud your joy, my own dear wife," he said, while yet both the mother and son were regarding him with speechless wonder. "I am your own husband—I am the man to whom you pledged your heart's early love—the father of your boy, and the fond worshipper of your goodness and truth. Look up, sweet wife, and be happy, for ere this sun that now illumines the earth shall sink again to its rest, there shall not be a cloud to darken the horizon of your peace. You now have a husband and a son to live for—you have other hopes to realize,

and many scenes yet to come shall be blessed with the sunlight of your smiles. Look up, my wife, and smile."

Morgiana did smile, so happily and so sweetly, that heaven itself seemed reflected upon her countenance. Again she placed her arm about her husband's neck, and murmured her thanksgiving with an overflowing heart.

"But tell me, my husband," said Morgiana, as soon as she could bring her mind down to a cool reflection, "how is it that you live? I saw your bloody form, all stiff and cold, and they told me you were dead. Why have we thus been separated?"

At that moment Orlando cast his eyes out at the window, and an exclamation of some sudden emotion escaped from his lips as he noticed Roswell Berkley coming up from the river. Chiron's eyes wandered in the same direction, and pulling his son by the sleeve, he bade him seek Sir Oliver and inform him of the arrival, at the same time promising that he soon would follow.

As Orlando passed out he saw Chiron take Morgiana's hand again in his own, and though anxious curiosity ran wild in his bosom, yet he endeavored to curb it by the self-assurance that all would ere long be revealed to him. He had seen his mother in the possession of her long-lost reason, and he had found in the person of his mysterious friend a dear father, but yet there was much more for him to know. The life-lots had not yet all been drawn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

At the same moment that Roswell Berkley entered the hall of Sir Oliver Wimple's dwelling Dick Nolan and three of his shipmates came up from the river, and remained within hailing distance. Berkley was not without some slight shade of suspicion as he entered the baronet's dwelling, for the servants had eyed him with strange glances as he passed them; but, remembering that the old baronet was his friend, he strove to banish all unpleasant suspicions, and in a moment more he greeted Sir Oliver with a bland smile.

"Ah, whom have we here?" uttered Berkley, as the remodelled hunter entered the room.

"Let me introduce you," said the baronet, "Mr. Berkley, my friend, Lord Chiron."

"Chiron! Lord Chiron!" repeated Berkley, starting with a sudden fear, as he recognized the noble form of the old hunter.

"Have you forgotten me?" asked Chiron, as he regarded the dumbfounded man with a bitter smile.

"Sir Oliver, what means this?" cried Berkley, in a tone which seemed to indicate that he still counted upon the baronet's friendship, but at the same time evincing a fear that might not be easily shaken off.

"It simply means that Lord Chiron, and one or two other friends, have business to transact, and your presence was deemed absolutely necessary. Ah, here comes another," continued Sir Oliver, as the young hunter entered the room. "Mr. Berkley, Orlando Chester."

"Fiends of darkness!" shrieked the villain, as his eyes rested upon him whom he thought either dead, or far away. "Sir Oliver, let me go hence."

"Easy," said Chiron, as he motioned Berkley to a seat. "I have business with you, and when that is done you can be relieved of our presence."

Roswell Berkley gazed first upon one, and then upon another of those present, and, while his gaze seemed wavering between Chiron and Orlando, he sank into a seat. A deep struggle was apparent upon his countenance, but at length his native impudence seemed to triumph, and with a forced look of offended dignity, he said:

"Then go on—but be quick about it."

"You will find the business quickly enough transacted for your own pleasure," returned Chiron, as he quietly took a seat.

"And who are you that thus assumes to dictate?" asked Berkley, with considerable distrust. "If you be Lord Chiron, you can be nothing to me."

"I am the Lord of Chiron, and I am something to you; but it is of your brother that I would now speak."

Roswell Berkley started and turned pale.

"I would ask you," continued Chiron, "if you remember of your brother's making his will and leaving the colony for England?"

"Since I hold all my property by virtue of that will, I should not be likely to forget it," returned Berkley, through whose perturbation there was a tone of assumed sarcasm and contempt.

"And, if I remember rightly, your brother never returned to America."

"No sir; he died in England."

"And do you remember how Sir Wallace Berkley came to his death?"

Again the villain turned pale, for he remembered the dark hint about the *duel* which Chiron had thrown out a week before.

"I will help you," continued Chiron. "Sir Wallace Berkley fell in a duel with one Vincent Gilman."

"Well, sir, and what of that?" uttered Berkley, vainly endeavoring to curb his swelling fears.

"The fatal will which the unfortunate baronet placed in your hands you made his death-warrant; for you sent Gilman over to pick the quarrel, and when he returned he bore to you the intelligence of your brother's death!"

"It's a lie!" cried Berkley. "a base, infernal lie, coined for the purpose of my ruin. There dwells not the power on earth that can prove it!"

"Perhaps not," replied Chiron, "for the man who did the deed now lives no more—his bones are lying beneath the deep shade of yonder forest. But I will help you further. When Gilman returned, he informed you, also, that your brother had left a wife and child. Almost immediately after Sir Wallace's arrival in England he fell in with a lovely companion of his childhood's years, and he married her, of which fact he informed you by letter."

"I never received it! He did not write!" shrieked the villain, while the white foam actually stood upon his lips. "My brother was never married! That maniac—"

The speaker did not finish his sentence, for with a bound like a royal tiger Chiron sprang forward and grasped the dastard by the throat.

"Villain," whispered the powerful man, in a tone that resembled the rushing whirlwind, "Morgiana Chester was your brother's wedded wife, and she is one near and dear to me. Let your lips give utterance to but a whisper against her fair fame again, and I'll crush you as I would a viper. You *did* receive your brother's letter wherein he informed you of his marriage, and you destroyed it. You then sought his death, and when you learned from Gilman that his poor wife was made crazy by her misfortune, you resolved that she should pass before the world as a dishonored woman!"

Chiron released his hold upon the villain's throat as he ceased speaking, and went back to where Orlando stood trembling with amazed astonishment.

"Sit down, sit down for the present," said Chiron, as he saw the youth about to speak. "I will bring this matter to a close ere long."

As the old hunter—for so we may still call him—thus spoke, he turned once more towards where Berkley sat, and he was just in time to see that individual fumbling within the bosom of his vest, as if in search of something, but the moment he met the fiery glance of the powerful man he half withdrew his hand, and with a tinge of insolence he uttered:

"It seems strange that if my brother took to himself a wife, he should have withheld from her his family name."

"Sir Wallace did not withhold from his wife his family name," returned Chiron, "but she, poor woman, wandered from it. After her mind fell from its throne of reason she conceived the idea that her husband had deserted her, her mind was filled with a fearful phantom of his faithfulness, and seeming to forget the past, she took her own pure virgin name, and shrank from the society of those whom she had known in her happiness."

"It's a lie!—it's all a lie!" cried the excited villain, seeming ready to grasp at the least straw that might float before him. "My brother's will gave to me all his property, and nothing can gainsay it."

"Do you not know that by the laws of England the will of a bachelor or widower is made null and void by a subsequent marriage and birth of issue?" asked Chiron, with a look of utter contempt.

"Prove it! prove it!" cried Berkley, while a flash of demoniac hope shot athwart his livid features. "You cannot prove this cursed marriage. The mother is a maniac, and there is no proof."

"The mother is *not* a maniac," returned Chiron, at the same time putting forth his hand to keep Orlando in his seat. "Her reason has returned to her, and even now she is almost within sound of my voice."

"Her word will not pass against me," uttered Berkley.

"But *this* will!" returned Chiron, as he took from his pocket a small parchment roll. "'Tis the secret of your mother's old oaken chest," he continued to Orlando, and then spreading it open to the gaze of Berkley, he added:

"Here, thou heartless villain, is the marriage certificate of Wallace Berkley, baronet, and Morgiana Chester, and it bears the seals and signatures of the Earl of Boston, Sir Thomas Warren, together with that of the rector who married them. Is that evidence enough?"

For some time Roswell Berkley had been sustained upon the expiring embers of his own hopes, and like the cornered rat, he had turned at bay; but now all, all was crushed, and with a groan he fell back in his chair, his glassy eyes still glaring wildly upon his powerful antagonist.

"Now, villain," continued Chiron, as he noticed Berkley's manner, "you will plot no more. The same fate which you planned for Orlando may yet be yours. There's murder, deep and black, upon your soul, and you cannot escape its just punishment. 'Twas you who plotted for the death of the young hunter, and then you plotted for mine. You attempted to sell the youth into Algerine slavery, and you tried to gain the mother into your power; but through all your wickedness the finger of a just God has been visible, and He seems to have saved you till this moment only that your crimes might be exposed, and yourself given over to the laws you have outraged."

"But, by the torments of the fiends! thou shalt not live to witness thy triumph," roared the villain, starting from his seat and springing forward.

The movement of the wicked man was so quick that he seized the parchment from Chiron's hand before the latter could prevent it, and then darting back he drew a pistol from his bosom.

"Now die, tattler!" he gasped; and as he spoke, he pressed his finger upon the trigger of the weapon he held.

If Berkley's movements had been quick, Chiron's eyes had been quicker, for the last movement of the villain he had anticipated, and springing nimbly on one side he dashed the pistol from its owner's grasp.

"There, miserable scoundrel!" uttered Chiron, as the weapon bounded across the room. "Thus are you foiled. Dost think that the destruction of that marriage certificate would benefit thee? Roswell Berkley, do you not know me?"

"Know thee?" iterated the foiled man, in a fearful, horror-laden whisper, while his knees trembled beneath him? *Know thee!*"

"Ay, Roswell, do you know me?" again asked Lord Chiron, while he bent upon the man before him a sharp, searching gaze.

Roswell Berkley arose slowly from his seat, stepped breathlessly forward, and laid his hand upon the strange man's arm. He gazed deeply searchingly into his opponent's face, a livid, deathly hue overspread his features, and, while his heart seemed to shrink back from the very blackness of the soul that held it, he sank back into his seat, and murmured:

"The grave itself has turned against me! Wallace—my brother! O, that the earth had swallowed you ere you came to thwart me thus. Not dead, but living—and living to curse me!"

"Your own black heart shall alone curse you," returned Chiron. "I am indeed Sir Wallace Berkley, and I am your brother. I am Lord Chiron, too."

Roswell Berkley seemed ready to speak, but he had not the power. The crushing of all his hopes had been so utter, so overwhelming that his tongue could find no utterance. In the meantime Orlando came forward and caught his father's arm.

"Father," he said, "is this, too, all real, or do I dream?"

"It's all real, my boy," returned Chiron, while his face softened with a beam of affection as he gazed upon his son. "It's all real, and you shall no longer be kept in suspense; for your own and my brother's information, I will explain it all:

"Shortly after you were born, my son," commenced Sir Wallace, "I was one day grossly insulted by a perfect stranger. At first I took

no notice of it. The insult was repeated, and at length I struck the miscreant with my fist. He challenged me. His own insults had been too public to leave me room for any other course than to fight him. My moral nature shrank from the deed, but I was too much of a coward to stand out against a false public opinion, and so I accepted his challenge. The scoundrel fired before his time! His bullet entered my side, and with one or two quick, painful bounds, the surrounding scenes swam before me, and I sunk unconscious upon the ground. When I came to my senses I found myself in the house of an old physician, who informed me that I had been two weeks under his roof. The ball had been extracted, and I was told that I should recover; and when I asked for my wife, they told me that she could not see me now, but that she was safe. But they had deceived me, for when I was sufficiently recovered to go out, they confessed to me that Morgiana had disappeared with her child. I learned that I was carried to my house all bloody and insensible from the sanguinary field, and to all appearance dead. The sight threw the reason of my fond wife crashing from its throne, and, unknown to her friends, she had disappeared. They told me that she had raved some, and that she thought I had deserted her, and that she also spoke of going in search of me. Before I had made much arrangement for seeking out my poor night-stricken wife, the old physician, who had so kindly had me taken to his own dwelling, gave to me a small portmanteau which had been left by the man who had shot me, and who had been obliged to take such sudden flight that he had no time to return to his hotel for it. Within that portmanteau I found certain letters which revealed to me at once the whole dark plot that had been concocted against me, and which opened my eyes to the horrible fact that my own brother had been at the bottom of the whole. At first I resolved to come directly back to Virginia and punish him as he deserved; but then I could not leave till I had learned something of my wife and child, and at length, when I found that the impression was abroad that I was dead, I resolved to let Roswell remain under the pressure of his own conscience, for I knew his grasping, penurious disposition, and I knew that he would not waste my estate. After much searching and inquiry I made out to trace a woman and her child into Scotland, but I found them not. About six months after the disappearance of my wife I received from the king the lands and titles of Chiron. I had been a firm adherent to the interests of Charles, and this was my reward. I accepted the lordship, and at the same time received from my sovereign the promise that he would keep the affair of my identity as secret as possible. From that time I threw off my family name, and wore only the title of my new grant. I was known only as Chiron. Some thought that Sir Wallace Berkley was dead, while others thought him safe in the American colonies, but only a chosen few knew him in his new guise. I had sworn that I would not reveal myself to my brother till I had found my wife, or learned something of her fate.

"Year after year passed away, and I became convinced that my Morgiana and her child were dead. Charles had passed from the throne; James had worn the English crown for his brief day, then fled into France, and William was now the monarch. In the troubles that ensued from James trying to regain his lost sceptre, I was called upon for my aid, and I could not refuse. At length, as I was one day sailing down the Thames, a woman and her child were discovered upon the shore, upon which an old sailor made some remark about a poor insane woman, with an infant boy, who had many years before gone over to America in a ship to which he was attached. I started from my seat, drew the old sailor aside, and soon I knew that the poor woman of whom he spoke was my wife. I gave the man some gold, and as soon as possible I set forth for the colonies. I landed in Boston. I there gained intelligence of a maniac mother and her child, and at length I followed them here, where I arrived in season to save them from the fangs of the serpent that would have devoured them. The rest you know, my son, and at some future time you shall know of my wearisome searches through Great Britain, and of other things which might prove interesting to you. For the present I will only tell you further that the governor has had the accusation against you withdrawn, and that you have nothing more to fear."

"O, my father, my father!" murmured Orlando. It was all he could say, and he only fell upon his parent's neck and gave way to the gushing emotions of his rapture-wrought soul. So thick and so fast had come these strange and startling developments upon his understanding, that it was some time ere he could comprehend the full force of their eventful meaning; but when, at length, they became comprehensively arranged in his mind, he shook back the flowing locks from his brow, and turned his wondering, speaking gaze upon the form of his miserable uncle.

Roswell Berkley spoke not a word after his brother had closed; but after casting his eyes for a moment about him, he arose from his seat, and turned towards the door. There was a strange gleam in his eyes, a peculiar twitching about his mouth, and his hand trembled violently as he placed it upon the latch. None moved to detain him, none thought of it, for his manner struck them with awe. A bitter curse rested upon his lips, the whole weight of his sins seemed dwelling upon his heart, but above all came the chaotic crashing of his grasping, unnatural ambition, rumbling and thundering about his shrinking soul. For a moment after the villain had passed out, all was quiet, and Chiron was just upon the point of following his brother, when the sharp report of a pistol broke the air.

The party rushed out from the hall, and within a rod of the door-stone, they found the wretched man weltering in his own blood! He had carried a second pistol, and that life which he had blackened by his heinous crimes, he had himself taken!

"Poor Roswell!" murmured Lord Chiron, as he stood and gazed upon the fearful scene. "For all thy sins I could not have wished thee so terrible an end as this. But God's will be done!"

Nolan and his companions were soon called, but instead of carrying Roswell Berkley back to Jamestown a prisoner, they carried his cold corpse to its burial! His brother placed a marble slab above his grave, but on the next day afterwards the heavens lowered upon the spot, and a lightning-bolt shivered the pale marble into fragments! It was never replaced!

Soft and gentle twilight had spread its grateful influence abroad, when within the chamber of Lady Morgiana Berkley were assembled the principal living characters of our tale. The happy wife and mother, now almost entirely recovered, was sitting up in her bed. Upon her left hand stood Sir Oliver and Lady Wimple, and their gentle Ada, while upon her right stood her husband and son.

Lady Berkley had been informed of all that had transpired. She had listened to the interpretation of her maniac dream—she had heard her husband's story, and she had read the heart of her noble-minded son, and from the deepest fountains of her heart she had thanked God for His boundless mercies and kindness.

"Sir Oliver," she said, while a joyous light danced in her dark, lustrous eyes, "Orlando has imparted to me a secret, and he assured me that you have for some time known and admitted its import. In addition to your many kind favors I would now ask you for another, my husband having given the mission into my hands. Will you give to my bestowal the hand of your sweet Ada?"

A happy smile irradiated the features of the old baronet as he took the hand of his blushing child, and without a word he passed it over to his wife. Lady Wimple kissed her fair daughter's brow, then led her to the head of the bed, and placed her hand in that of the Lady Morgiana. The latter drew the gentle girl to her bosom, and after having embraced her with a gushing fondness, she put forth her thin white hands—one to Ada, and the other to her son.

"There," she said, as she joined their hands together, "let each take the other as the best gift of earth. Look back upon the past and cull such lessons of experience as shall enable you to live for peace and joy in the future. Misfortune is the lot of all, but to those whose souls are pure it can only cloud for a time, and when it passes away it leaves no sting, no grief behind, but serves to make brighter still the sunlight of our new-found joys. May God bless us each and all, and long continue to us the joy of this blissful moment."

The happy mother raised her eyes to heaven as she spoke—the others followed her example, and they all responded,—"**AMEN!**"

THE END.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

DESIGNED FOR THE ARCHED FRONTPIECE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

This album 's like the	R ural walk where	B eauteous flowers are seen,
H ere 's every hue the	E ye to please,	A dorning life's sweet green;
E ach friend may plant, or	G ather here, some	L ovely floral themes,
P erfuming every leaf	I n which joy,	T ruth or friendship beams.
R eason in sober dress	N ow gives her	I nferences clear,
O ld valued friendships	A re renewed and	M ade thus doubly dear;
P leasure's bright smile	H ere knows no change,	O r ought that tends to blight,
E xciting wit and mirth	O bey the moral	R ule of right,
R omance's dreams	R ise up and spread,	E nrapturing the sight;
T he glow of fancy	W files the hour	C onnecting light with shade,
Y et still instructing	E very page	I n which her scenes are laid;
O ur various duties	L et us strive	T o lighten as we may,
F or young in years, this	L ife to us is	Y outh's fast flitting day.

Alexandria, Va., April, 1852.

USE YOUR OWN LEGS.

You who, in these days of vehement bustle, business and competition, can still find time to travel for pleasure alone—you, who have yet to become emancipated from the thralldom of rail-ways, coaches and saddle-horses—patronize, I exhort you, that first and oldest established of all conveyances, your own legs! Think on your tender partings nipped in the bud by the railway bell; think on the coachman's detested voice that summoned you, famishing, from a good dinner table; think of luggage confided to extortionate porters, of horses eating shoes and catching colds, of cramped legs and numbed feet, of vain longings to get down here, and to delay for a pleasant half hour there; think of all these manifold hardships of riding at your ease, and the next time you leave home strap your luggage on your shoulder, take your stick in your hand, set forth, delivered from a perfect paraphernalia of incumbrances, to go where you will, how you will, the free citizen of the whole travelling world! Thus independent, what may you not accomplish? What pleasure is there that you cannot enjoy? Are you an artist, you can stop to sketch every point of view that strikes your eye. Are you a philanthropist, you can go into every cottage and talk to every human being you pass. Are you a botanist or geologist, you may pick up leaves and chip rocks wherever you please, the livelong day. Are you a valetudinarian, you may physic yourself by nature's own simple prescription, walking in fresh air. Are you dilatory or irresolute, you may dawdle to your heart's content; you may change all your plans a dozen times in a dozen hours; you may tell "Boots" at the inn to call you at six o'clock, may fall asleep again (aesthetic sensation) five minutes after he has knocked at the door, and may get up two hours later, to pursue your journey with perfect impunity and satisfaction. For to you, what is a time-table but waste-paper? and a "booked place" but a relic of the dark ages? You dread, perhaps, blisters on your feet; sponge your feet with cold vinegar and water, and show me blisters after that, if you can! You strap on your knapsack for the first time, and five minutes afterwards feel an aching pain in the muscles at the back of your neck; walk on, and the aching will walk off. How do we overcome our first painful cuticular reminiscences of first getting on horse-back? By riding again. Apply the same rule to carrying the knapsack, and be assured of the same successful result. Again, and uncompromisingly I say it, therefore, walk and be merry, walk and be healthy, walk and be your own master! walk to enjoy, to observe, to improve, as no riders can! walk, and you are the best peripatetic impersonation of genuine holiday enjoyment that is to be met with on the surface of this work-a-day world.—*Rambles Beyond Railways.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FAREWELL.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Farewell! we may not meet again,
Our life is full of changes;
Amid the haunts of busy men
The grim destroyer ranges.

Farewell! we may not meet again,
And time may dim the hours
I've spent with thee mid grove and glen,
Gathering the wildwood flowers.

Farewell! the word is fraught with pain,
And gloomy thoughts within me
Echo we may not meet again,
O may the Saviour bless thee!

Farewell! but we shall meet again
When all earth ties are riven,
And death has laid us 'neath the plain.
We'll meet again in heaven!

Situate, Mass., April, 1852.

The velvet moss will grow on sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the meditation of the receding year; and, heaven be praised, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

IDEAS OF THE ARABIANS.

Their general opinion of an English traveller is, that he is either a lunatic or a magician; a lunatic, if, on closely watching his movements, they discover he pays little attention to things around him; a confirmed lunatic, if he goes out sketching, and spends his time in spoiling good paper with scratches and hieroglyphics; and a magician, when inquisitive about ruins, and given to picking up stones and shells, gathering sticks and leaves of brushes, or buying up old bits of copper, iron and silver. In these cases, he is supposed, by aid of his magical powers, to convert stones and shells into diamonds of immense price; and the leaves and sticks are charms, by looking at which he can bestow comforts upon his friends, and snakes and pestilence upon his luckless enemies. If a traveller pick up a stone and examine it carefully, he will be sure to have at his tail a host of malapert little boys deriding him, though keeping at a very respectful distance, in deference to his magical powers. Should he indeed turn round suddenly and pursue them a few steps, they fly in an agony of fear, the very veins in their naked little legs almost bursting, and they never stop to look back till they have got well amongst the crowd again, where, panting for breath, they recount to their auditors the dreadful looks that devil of a Frank gave them, making fire come out of his eyes and adders out of his mouth.—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY ALICE LINCOLN.

Whither art thou bearing my thoughts, fair star,
Whither art thou bearing my thoughts away;
To the land that blooms in the west afar,
Where the bright gold shines with its luring ray?

There the miner delves, and his throbbing heart
With hope's fever pulse is swelling high,
Till visions of wealth into life will start,
Full soon 'neath despair's chill wave to die.

Leave my thoughts not there, O star so fair,
For I feel my shuddering heart grow chill;
O the death angel stoops o'er loved ones there,
I fain would forget—lead onward still.

Yes, on till the sweet spice isles are gained,
That gem the far off Indian sea;
Where the leaves are ne'er by the frost-breath stained,
And the gentle flowers from blight are free.

Can thought rest here and be free from pain,
On the spot like another Eden fair?
Ah, no! for sin, with its crimson stain,
In darkest horror is reigning there.

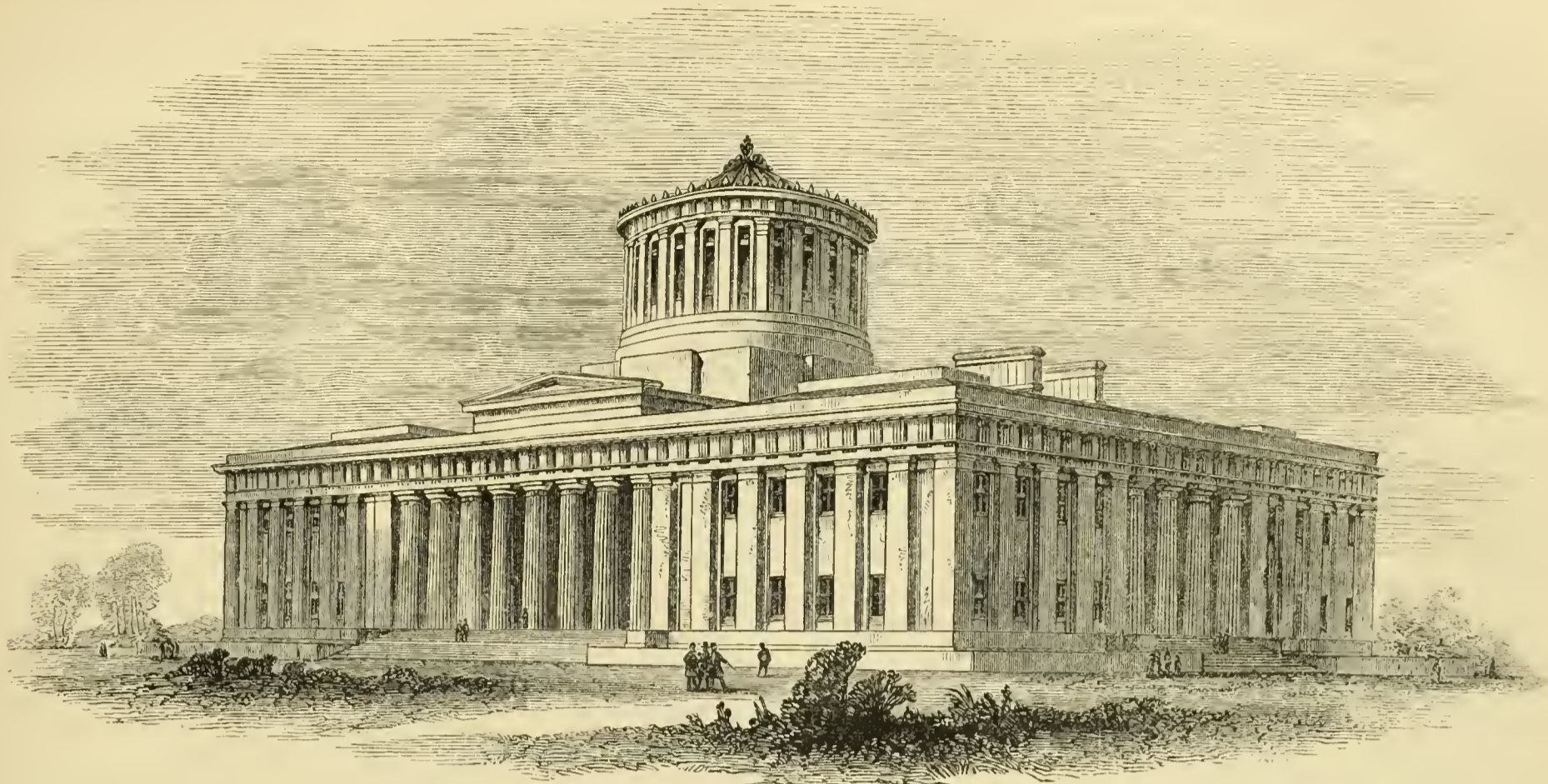
There's no rest for thought on earth, fair star,
For grief and change o'er each scene doth fly;
Bear the weary one on thy beams afar,
To a home of rest and peace on high.
North Truicksbury, Mass., April, 1852.

THE DEAD CHILD.

The little child is dead! Move softly round the house; tread reverently, when you near the room where the beautiful form lies in its little coffin. How still! the very shroud seems sculptured; you never knew how lovely he was until now; you never knew half his gentle virtues. Over your heart the memory of his sweet smiles hovers like an angel; his eye was brighter than any of you will ever see again; his voice more musical than the sweetest lute. O, why will the stranger pass on unheeding? why does the school-boy laugh and shout even beneath the window where he lies? How can travellers rattle by so heedlessly? how can the world—the heartless world, go on with its shows, its farces, its pleasure seeking, its tumults of peace and war, joy and hatred, when loving, happy-hearted Willy sleeps unknowing all? Alas! the little child is dead, and fain would the stricken soul clothe all the world in mourning.—*Olive Branch.*

The pride of ancestry is well rebuked in the following beautiful lines of N. P. Willis:

If the rose were born a lily, and by force of heat,
And longing after light, grew tall and fair,
"T'wore a true type of the first fiery soul,
That ere made a low name honorable.
They who take it by their inheritance alone
Are like stars seen in the ocean,
That were not there but for their bright originals in heaven



VIEW OF THE NEW STATE HOUSE. AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

THE STATE HOUSE, OHIO.

This handsome edifice stands in the centre of a square, in the city of Columbus, the seat of government of Ohio. The dimensions of the building are 305 by 184 feet. It is surrounded by a terrace 18 feet wide and about 12 feet in height. The height to the top of the roof of the rotunda from the ground is 140 feet. The building contains the Hall of Representatives, 84 by 72 feet; the Senate Chamber, 54 by 72 feet, and the Library, of the same size. Each of the large apartments is of appropriate height, and are finished in the best style of art. Besides these magnificent apartments, the building includes a rotunda 60 feet in diameter, and 120 feet in height to the eye of the dome, richly ornamented with cornice, brackets and panels. There are also rooms for the Circuit Courts of the United States and offices for the Executive, and every

department of the State Government, besides, thirty-six Committee rooms. The style of the architecture is Grecian Doric, of the proportions of the Parthenon. The columns are 6 feet 7 inches in diameter at the base. The rotunda is covered with a stone conical roof, designed by Mr. W. Russell West. By this form of roof, Mr. West has, with great skill and taste, avoided the incongruous arch of the dome, always in bad keeping with form of the most rigid and the most beautiful of the Greek orders. Architects and men of taste, as well foreign as those of America, have pronounced the whole design of this building one of the best adaptations extant of Grecian models to modern purposes. The material employed in the building is a secondary limestone, of compact texture, and in color, nearly resembling, at a distance, white marble, making a beautiful appearance.

BRIDGE AT MADRAS.

The Corvery river is the most considerable of any south of the Krishna, both Mysore and the Carnatic owing much of their agricultural wealth to the water it distributes. It rises in Coorg, bounds Coimbatore, and after a winding course of 450 miles east, falls into the sea, in the district of Tanjore. The specimen of engineering skill, given herewith, has recently been erected across this river, near Bhowanee, Madras. It consists of twenty-six brick arches, of 47 1-2 feet span, built on stone piers, and is nearly a quarter of a mile in length. It was begun in December, 1849, and opened to the public in May, 1851; taking two working seasons, or about twelve months, to complete the building; for in that part of India, where this bridge is built, the natives can only work between the monsoons, viz., during the months, from Decem-

ber to the end of May. It is situated on the high road from Madras to Coimbatore (famous for its cotton) and the Neilgherry Mountains. An average of 700 people were employed daily on the work, chiefly women! Owing to the very low price of labor, the cost will be considerably under 50,000 rupees, or £5000. The average daily pay of a man is two-pence, and that of a woman, three-halfpence. This noble bridge was designed and built by Lieutenant Charles Vaughan Wilkinson, of the Madras Engineers. Although of so unusually long an extent, it has no *dry* arches. In the accompanying sketch, over the centre arch, may be seen the pagoda at Bhowanee, formerly famous as a place of worship for the Thugs; and beyond is a distant view of the Neilgherry Mountains, situated about eighty miles from Bhowanee; the whole is quite descriptive of East Indian scenery.



BRIDGE RECENTLY ERECTED OVER THE RIVER CORVERY, NEAR BHOWANEE, MADRAS

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS:

—OR—

MOVING INTO TOWN.

BY MISS R. A. ACKERMAN.

"Debby, Debby! you can't guess what glorious news,—Steve, do stop shaking that tree, so that I can get somewhere within a mile of you to tell my story."

The speaker bounded, panting for breath, into the orchard where the persons addressed were engaged in collecting the fruit of a large apple-tree; she was a young girl of apparently not more than sixteen, the image of health and happiness; her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with excitement; flinging herself down upon a wheelbarrow, standing nigh, and employing her sun-bonnet as a fan, she exclaimed, "O, I am so glad, Deb, we are really going!"

"Steve," a pleasant, thoughtful-looking youth, of some nineteen or twenty years, sprang from the bough of the tree that he had been stripping of its honors, and gazed with a look of anxious inquiry into her face.

"What did you say, Nell?" said he.

"I said," replied Nell, with great emphasis, "that we are really going to move to the city."

The apples that Debby had gathered in her apron fell to the ground, as she said, in a tone of reproachful astonishment, "after all our coaxing, too! it is too bad! what has made you so crazy to go to the city, Nell?"

"O, Letty has told me such magnificent stories about it, ever since she has been home from school; of the beautiful streets, and the splendid houses, and the music, and sights, and wonders, and the crowds of people, and the elegant dresses, and all that; it's a wonder that I've as many senses left as I have. We have an old friend living there, who has promised to see about buying the house for us, and anything else that we want him to do. Father went to New York, on purpose to look at some of the houses that were for sale; he told us of half a dozen, but there is one that suits our fancy better than the others; it is a three story brick, with stone stoop, iron rail, and what they call a gothic doorway; Letty has seen it; she says it is in one of the most fashionable streets, and stands in the middle of a long row of the same kind; so father has written this afternoon, to say that he will take the house and move into it as soon as possible. I am so rejoiced that we are going to get out of this dismal, lonely place!"

"Dismal and lonely! why you never thought it so, till lately, Nell," said Debby.

"Well I know, but then it seems so, compared with the city, and such a city as New York! I shall be too happy to live!" exclaimed the delighted girl; "but I forgot!" continued she, suddenly springing up, "I was sent on an errand to the bush down yonder. I will tell you all about it at singing-school to-night; don't forget to be there;" and she disappeared like a flash, leaving Debby and Steve to make the best of her communication.

Nell and the Letty she had mentioned, were the only daughters of wealthy farmer Hilton; he owned, to be sure, but the one homestead in which he resided, and which had descended to him from his forefathers; but its far-reaching acres were the finest looking and most fertile of any for miles around. Letty was about two years older than Nelly, being about eighteen at the period of which we speak; she had a short time before returned from a boarding-school in the city of New York, where she had been for two years acquiring some of the accomplishments of that city. Before she left home, she was a quiet, dreaming girl, happy in the rural occupations and companions that surrounded her; but contact with the thousand attractions that New York possesses for a youthful stranger's mind, had produced a revolution in her character. She returned home, longing for the delights of the distant city; the friends of her childhood seemed to her disagreeable and rough. So long and so repeatedly did she dwell upon the pleasures she had left, that Nell, who had no idea of what a great city was, having never approached, what Letty called civilized life, nearer than a small market town, had her head completely turned by her sister's eloquent descriptions, and grew almost as discontented as she. After Letty's return from school, there was no more peace for farmer Hilton. The two girls pleaded with him incessantly to sell the farm and remove to the city; their mother, like many

others, fond and foolish, thinking of the grand match that by the capture of some rich merchant or something of the kind, might thus be made for her two handsome daughters, joined in their entreaties. Farmer Hilton was a good natured, easy soul, loving his wife and children above everything on earth, and willing to do anything to please them; at last, though it was terribly against his conscience to do so, he sold his farm with all its appurtenances, and bought a dwelling in one of the fashionable streets of New York. It was their contemplated removal thither, which had occasioned Nelly's outburst of glee.

The young persons whom Nelly addressed as "Debby" and "Steve," were Deborah and Stephen Boughton, the daughter and son of the good Dominic, who for some dozen years had officiated as clergyman of the township. Deborah was a mild, pleasing girl, a year older than Nell; Stephen, as we have said, was a young man nearly twenty, of much the same disposition and appearance as his sister. He was fond of retirement, and was studying with his father for the ministry, preparatory to entering college, which he intended doing at the commencement of the next term. For many years farmer Hilton had served in the capacity of either deacon or elder in the church presided over by Dominic Boughton. Between the family of the elder and his worthy Dominic, there had always existed the greatest possible intimacy and friendship, and sorrowful indeed was the household of the Boughtons when the removal of the Hiltons first began to be a subject of conversation; the younger portion, however, among whom were Debby and her brother, hoped to the last, that something would happen to prevent their going.

It was the custom of Dominic Boughton's parishioners, to devote an hour or so after the prayer meeting of every Friday evening, to the rehearsal of tunes for the service of the following Sabbath. Stephen Boughton was generally the leader of these rehearsals. The district school-house being the most central point, was the spot chosen for such meetings; many of the younger ones, who did not wish to attend prayers, came when they were over, to "singing-school," as they called it. Among these latter, on the evening referred to by Nelly, was herself and her sister Letty. They came unattended, for it was a beautiful moonlight evening, and their house was not quite a mile from the place of meeting; besides, they were accustomed to travelling the roads alone. They entertained their companions with a long, rapturous account of their home that was to be, till the interest of even the most unconcerned was awakened, and many envied them their anticipated departure for the glories of the city; some of the young men, however, declared that they could not see for the life of them what attraction there was about it all.

For some reason which did not appear, the singing never was worse than on that evening. The base was audible only in a sleepy sort of growl, and the tenor squeaked by fits and starts in the most listless, unmusical manner. Perhaps it was because the chorister was out of humor; for he certainly was unaccountably cross. He scolded the treble unmercifully for not keeping time, and looked at the alto as if he meant to annihilate them for singing out of tune.

"Steve Boughton acts as if he had lost his wits," remarked one young lady to another.

"Or his heart," replied her companion, somewhat frightened at the vengeful glances he ever and anon cast in the direction of the Hilton girls, who were amusing themselves by a flirtation with some young gentlemen across the room.

The rehearsal was terminated at an early hour, by an open rebellion of the persecuted treble and alto, who declared that Mr. Boughton was finding fault without the slightest cause or provocation, and that they would not practise another note without redress of some kind, if the singing on Sunday had to be omitted because of them; redress, Mr. Boughton did not seem inclined to offer, and the meeting was unanimously voted adjourned.

Stephen, as he had always done, escorted Letty home, but her lively sallies had not the least effect in rousing him from an unusual reserve.

"Are you ill, Stephen?" she inquired, when after walking some moments in silence, he heaved a deep sigh.

"No, I thank you," was the laconic answer.

Another silence ensued, which was broken by Letty's exclaiming:

"How strange it will seem to leave the farm, after all!"

"Are you really so glad as you seem to be, to leave all your old friends and associations, Letty?" The dark eyes of the young man looked with an expression of anxious inquiry into the face of the beautiful girl leaning so confidently upon his arm; her eyes met fully his troubled, melancholy gaze, but there was no change in their expression, no shadow upon their brilliancy, as she replied gaily:

"Certainly, Stephen, I am not glad to leave my friends; I should like it extremely if they were all to accompany us; but since that cannot be, you know, it would be all nonsense to mourn over it. If you should ever stroll in our direction, when we are established in New York, you won't fail to make us a visit, will you, Steve?"

"Thank you—of course not," replied Stephen, laconically as before.

A few moments brought them to Letty's home; relinquishing her arm, and bidding her a hasty good night, he took his solitary road across the fields to his own dwelling.

"How I wish that Letty had never seen that detestable boarding-school!" was the thought of bitter regret that again and again arose in his mind. "How can two or three years so have changed her? She used to smile so sweetly and affectionately when she spoke to me; now she is so fashionable and indifferent; it is no coolness on my part, no change in myself, that has produced the alteration in her conduct; nothing, nothing but city flatteries and folly; but she shall not think that I am grieving for the loss of her regard; I will show her that I can be as cold and careless as she!"

Of the two sisters, Letty had always been Stephen's favorite; her tastes and feelings were so much more like his own than those of Nelly. Growing up together from childhood, they cherished for each other the affection of brother and sister. But Letty's departure for boarding-school had been on her part the herald of a change in her feelings toward the dearest friend of her early days—Stephen Boughton. She had been caressed and flattered by the foppish gallants of the city, till her thoughts, which were not given to deep reflection, had been completely diverted from their old channel. Stephen's brotherly regard for Letty had passed insensibly into a feeling deeper and more dangerous to his peace; but even of his words and looks she took now so little notice, that she had no suspicion of the change. Since her return she had mixed so seldom with the associates of former years—not exactly because she felt herself above them—but because meditation upon the acquaintances she had left, had rendered their society, as we have said, uncongenial to her, that she seemed almost a stranger in the scenes so long familiar.

Stephen's resolution of coolness toward Letty did not forsake him, though it cost him a terrible effort; for when he next met her, on the Sabbath, his heart beat almost audibly, and his frame trembled so that he could scarcely stand, as he returned her morning salutation with a bow and smile, polite and indifferent as her own. From that time till the departure of the Hiltons, which took place as soon as the house in the city could be arranged for their reception, Stephen never betrayed by word or glance the slightest sign of his disappointment with regard to Letty; and when he took leave of her, for anything that he knew to the contrary, forever—for many hundred miles lay between New York and his quiet home—it was with a calm eye and steady voice, that would have done credit to a stoic. He stood by the window of his study, watching the carriage that bore them away, till the last trace of it disappeared; he glanced toward their old homestead; the smoke curled up as usual from among the trees around it, that were just putting on the gorgeous apparel of autumn; but they that to him had given it life and beauty, were gone; strangers trod its pleasant dells, and rejoiced in its bright hearth fires. Turning hastily from the window, Stephen bowed his head upon his hands, and gave way to the gloomy reflections that overwhelmed him.

"I do wonder who those people are?" mused the fashionable Mr. Augustus Belmonte, as he raised his quizzing-glass to his eyes, at the window of his boarding-house, to survey two young ladies, who were descending the steps of an elegant dwelling opposite. The young ladies were attired completely in superb velvet and ermine, and had a dashing, consequential air.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Belmonte, aloud, to a

companion, who was amusing himself upon a sofa with Bulwer's last work. "Jake, do come and take a squint at these girls! see how they step off, as if the pavement wasn't good enough for them! I wonder if they wouldn't like to have it carpeted? Who are they?"

"Who are who?" inquired Jake, looking up pettily from the pages of his book just in time to hear the last part of Belmonte's address.

"Why, those girls in dark blue velvet, that have just left the house directly opposite; they must belong there, for I have seen them dozens of times peeping in and out."

"O, I forget the name just now—I'm not acquainted with them, and never was. All I know about them is that they bought that house, and moved into it last fall, and that they're reputed to be very rich; now don't bother me with any more questions about girls in dark blue velvet, or dark blue tow-cloth, or anything else, for I'm just commencing a new chapter;" and he resumed his reading, leaving Belmonte engaged in a variety of speculations respecting the young ladies.

"It wouldn't have been Mr. Augustus Belmonte," thought that gentleman to himself, referring to the time of Jake's sojourn, "that would have been living three months, opposite two such pretty girls, without scraping an acquaintance, by hook or by crook. What a fine substitute either one of them would make for my little Miss Sophonisba Would-be-somebody, who has taken it into her young head to turn up her nose at me in Broadway. By the shades of my ancestors, I'll get an introduction somehow, if I have to introduce myself!"

Belmonte's wishes, in this respect, were gratified sooner than he expected. The same evening, while leisurely sauntering into the drawing-room, his eye fell upon two young ladies engaged in a lively conversation with the daughter of his landlady; they were the same two that had so attracted his attention in the afternoon. Immediately upon the introduction. "Mr. Belmonte, ladies—Miss Hilton, Miss Ellen Hilton," he seated himself between them on the divan and chatted as familiarly as if he had been an acquaintance of years. Upon his return, after escorting them across the street to their residence, he communicated to his friend Jake the intelligence of his introduction to the ladies in dark blue velvet, and announced his intention of calling upon them immediately.

"In the meantime," said Jake, with a sort of contemptuous sneer, "what is to become of Miss Sophonisba Up-town-there, the little heiress that is to be? You'll give me a letter of introduction and a recommend in that quarter, now won't you, Gus?"

"O, no you don't, now, my dear boy; don't be too obliging; I'll find out on which side of the scale the gold weighs the heaviest, and then, ahem! Why, it isn't the first time in my life that I've made love to two ladies at once, Jakey," and crecting himself before the mirror, he fondled his moustache with an air that he had cultivated as being peculiarly irresistible.

The Misses Hilton, who were no other than our friends Letty and Nelly, were exceedingly pleased with their new acquaintance. They were captivated at once by his exquisite bow.

"How different from the awkward country obeisances that we have received all our lives!" exclaimed Letty.

"How much handsomer, and how much more polite he is, than even Steve Boughton, whom you thought such a pattern of perfection, Letty," remarked Nell. "How much handsomer than any of the New Yorkers that we've been introduced us to as yet. Why don't you set your cap for him, Letty?" continued the young lady. "I would, if I wasn't shut up all day in that plaguy academy; all you've got to do is sit here and cast sheep's-eyes at him through your bewitching ringlets; you won't deserve an offer all your life, if you don't catch that fellow in no time!"

"Mrs. Augustus Belmonte!" said Letty, musingly, "how sweetly it would sound. Nell, I believe I'll take your advice!"

"Do! do!" replied Nell, laughing merrily, as she seated herself at her studies for the ensuing day; "the sooner you're out of the way the better, for then I shall have the field entirely to myself!"

It was not long before Belmonte made his promised call upon the Misses Hilton. At first, he inquired for "the young ladies," and flirted alternately with Letty and Nell, but his regard soon seemed to take a more decided turn, and when his ring at the door-bell was answered, his inquiry was invariably for "Miss Hilton" alone.

His visits became more and more frequent, he escorted Letty to the various places of amusement, presented her with elegant gifts, and by a thousand delightful innuendoes, made it very evident that he did not wish longer to be considered by her merely as a common acquaintance or friend. Farmer Hilton and his wife encouraged his addresses by every means in their power, for by his kind attention to themselves he had completely ingratiated himself into their favor. He had won the old gentleman by the gift of a massive, handsome walking-stick, and enraptured the old lady by a magnificent presentation of her favorite woollen yarn and Scotch snuff. "He seems," said the good old farmer, "just like one of the family."

Between Letty and Belmonte the attachment appeared to be mutual; they exchanged rings, containing each other's daguerreotypes, and the sweetest little notes, containing the most touching expressions of affection, went daily back and forth between the boarding-house of Belmonte and the residence of the Hiltons. Nothing was wanting now to complete the happiness of all parties, but the climax of a proposal; but having marched up energetically to this momentous crisis, the affair made a decided halt. Weeks slipped into months, and left him standing still in *statu quo*.

Nelly, in the meantime, was busied with her school studies and accomplishments, but had found time to fall in love with a desperate character, who performed upon the stage of one of the fashionable theatres. Actors had always been her father's dread and abhorrence; and this person's reputation for morals did not tend to correct the impression he had formed of them. What was rather singular, Nelly's favorite possessed none even of those qualifications which recommended Belmonte to favor. He was several years older than herself, and not at all good-looking, and rough in manner. Nelly had seen him only in his fictitious characters, and her imagination had transferred the fascinations of those characters to his own; her father had several times forbidden him the house, and of late nothing had been seen of him in her company, either at home or abroad.

To give Letty and Nelly every advantage, no pains or expense had been spared; every whim that seized them had been gratified, and having always lived in the country, neither parents nor daughters had any idea of the expenses attendant upon a city residence. When farmer Hilton sold the homestead, he had from its sale, exclusive of the house in which he now resided, a considerable sum of ready money remaining; what was left, after furnishing this city residence, he laid out in bank stock, as being the best disposal of it. At first he had paid his bills as they were handed in, but as the demands of the young ladies increased, he was obliged to obtain articles upon credit; this it was easy for him to do, as he possessed the reputation of being extremely wealthy. Whenever they tormented the patient old gentleman for new dresses, jewelry and so forth, they would say, playfully, "never mind, pa, we'll both be married in less than a year, and have as much money as we want of our own." Partially consoling the thoughts of their extravagance with this reflection, he allowed them all the jewelry and trappings they desired, and suffered himself to be bored to death with accumulations of splendid furniture, and the uproar of their nightly entertainments.

But though the Hiltons almost forgot that any debts were due, one by one the bills came in at last. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and four hundred, thus the several amounts inscribed upon each accumulated. The bank stock was the only resource: but alas! to the utter confusion and affright of the family, when it was all expended, many heavy unrecipited bills still stared them in the face. There was no remedy but to sell the house and its costly furniture. The idea almost crazed the young ladies, for their father declared if he did, he would move immediately back into the country. Letty exhausted herself in tears and lamentations; Nelly was furious. "I go back into the country, indeed! among such a stupid, uncivilized set!" was her passionate exclamation, in reply to Letty's heart-broken, "What shall we do?" "Go back, indeed!" she continued, "and hire some poor mean hut, and live like beggars and be laughed at, where we once owned the handsomest farm and lived like nabobs, though it was only in the country! No, indeed! Nell Hilton isn't quite such a fool as that!"

"How can you help yourself?" asked Letty.

"You shall see," was Nell's only reply.

Letty felt uneasy; for though she had not mentioned it to any one, there had been, for two or three days past, something in her sister's conduct that excited her suspicions. That same afternoon, she observed Nelly attiring herself in an unusual manner, in her best apparel, and with an uncommon quantity of jewelry. "Where are you going, Nell?" she inquired.

"O, only to take a walk," said Nell, coolly.

At this moment the door-bell rang violently. Letty stepped into the hall and answered it. A note was handed her directed to her father. She carried it up stairs into the sitting room, where the old gentleman, lost in the smoke from his pipe, was musing over his fallen fortunes. "Read it for me, Letty," said he, as she held it towards him. Letty did as she was directed. The note ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:—Your daughter Ellen has made an engagement to meet a certain worthless character at a hotel near some of the steamboat landings, I know not which, for the purpose of marrying him. They intend to leave for Albany by this evening's boat. This is the earliest information I have had it in my power to give you; it may possibly not be too late to save her."

"Quick, father, quick!" said Letty, pale as ashes, and gasping for breath, "it is true! I know it! Perhaps Nell hasn't gone yet, she was putting on her bonnet and shawl when I came up—quick!" And she flew down into the room where she had left Nell a moment before. The room was empty; from the window she caught a glimpse of her wayward sister just disappearing down the street.

"Down street, father! She has just gone! I can overtake her in a moment," said she to the old gentleman who had followed her almost as excited as herself. Seizing his hat and cane he motioned her back. "Go to your mother, Letty," said he; before she could answer, he was out of sight.

Nelly's steps were swift as a winged arrow, but the old farmer was active and strong; for half an hour he followed her from street to street, but the distance between them increased, and his eyesight failed him. Hastily motioning to the driver of a hack which stood near, he ordered him—"Follow that young woman with the white shawl and white bonnet and veil; let me know where she stops. She is my daughter—I am not crazy," added he, seeing the driver hesitate and scrutinize his wild looks and gestures. "Drive on quick, for your life!"

The vehicle dashed forward, and was soon moving on at an even pace with the swift steps of the deluded girl; her father was just about springing from the hack to her side, when she suddenly stopped and entered a large hotel just before them, just above the steamboat landing. Ordering the driver to wait, the old gentleman followed her. She entered a small side-room; he knocked at the door—it was opened and the father and daughter stood face to face. Nelly looked aghast, uttered a slight scream, and sank, nearly fainting from terror, upon a chair. There were two other persons in the room; one was the actor, with whom Nelly had been forbidden to associate, the other a catholic priest of the city. With a firmness that formed a singular contrast to his usually easy nature, the old gentleman turned to Nelly, and taking her by the arm, said, "Nelly, you are wanted at home."

The priest stood in awe before the gray hairs of the injured father. The actor, putting on as much effrontery as he dared, asked insolently, "What do you mean by this intrusion, sir? The lady is my affianced wife."

Farmer Hilton looked at him with an expression in which indignation strove with contempt for the mastery, and merely replying, "She is my daughter, sir," once more endeavored to draw Nelly toward the door. Nelly drew back, and covering her face with her hands, exclaimed, "I cannot—I cannot go home again!"

"Nelly," said her father, endeavoring to preserve his firmness, while the tears started to his eyes, "a hack is at the door waiting for you; do you wish to be taken back by force to your father's house?"

Seeing that there was no help for her, Nelly rose, and, without removing her hands from her face, allowed herself to be led away. The old man seated himself by Nelly's side, and leaned his elbows upon his knees, his head bowed upon his hands; not a word was spoken by either till the vehicle stopped before the door of their dwelling. Nelly was overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Soon after appeared a notice in the newspapers announcing that the residence of the Hiltons, with all its "new and fashionable" furniture was for sale at auction. In a few weeks, the house was completely deserted, the blinds closed, and "To Let," in conspicuous characters inscribed upon the doorway. The Hiltons had departed unheralded, as they came; of all the dear friends who had courted them for their supposed wealth, none knew or cared whither.

* * * * *

There was a small farm in the township where the Hiltons had formerly resided, that for more than a year had been untenanted. Persons seemed to have an aversion to hiring it, probably on account of its unproductiveness and lonely situation. It was reached by a pathway through a dense wood, on the outskirts of which it lay. To this, with the amount that remained after satisfying the demands of his creditors, Farmer Hilton repaired. It was a poor home indeed, compared with the one they had sacrificed for city life and society. Letty and Nelly begged piteously that their father would choose some other situation not in the vicinity of their old friends, but this time he was not to be moved by their tears or entreaties; he had determined, he said, to die among the scenes in which his whole life, with the exception of the last two wretched years, had been passed, and till they found better homes of their own, his present one must satisfy them. Dominic Boughton, to whom he had written for advice and whom he had informed of his intended removal, was the first to call upon him.

"I feel as if I could breathe once more," said farmer Hilton, as he returned the eager grasp of his pastor's hand. "I have not had a moment's peace since I moved into that terrible city. I have come back poor in pocket, but richer in experience."

"Letty and Nelly have changed very much outwardly," said the Dominic, turning towards them; "but they are the same in heart as ever, I hope."

The young ladies looked conscience-stricken, and did not reply.

"Debby will be delighted to see you," continued their friend; "I will send her over with Stephen; we expect him home to-morrow from college to spend a few weeks vacation; let me see: it is just two years this fall since you moved away, isn't it? Debby and Stephen will hardly recognize their old playmates."

"Stephen has probably found other and worthier favorites by this time," remarked Letty, with a slight tinge of sadness in her tone.

The expression upon Nelly's face said plainly as words could have said, that she didn't care whether he had or not.

"Stephen's taste isn't very changeable," said the Dominic, glancing inquiringly toward Letty. After a few moments lively chat, he took his leave, expressing a hope to meet them all at church on the following Sabbath.

Since the news of their bankruptcy first spread abroad, Letty had heard nothing from Belmonte. He had not even called to pay his parting compliments. Still, though she would have been horrified to have him visit her present home, she somehow cherished the idea that there might have been a reason for his conduct, and that time would yet restore him to her affections.

The next evening after the Dominic's visit, according to promise, Debby and Stephen, who had that morning returned home, paid a visit to the Hiltons. Debby seemed a little afraid of Letty and Nell, and called them each "Miss Hilton." Stephen looked considerably older, but otherwise he was not much changed. He greeted the young ladies with all his former friendship, but he felt, with deep regret, the change that two years had wrought in them. Their beauty had not faded, but it had acquired a bold flashy stamp, and their manner was distressing, artificial and chilly. He hoped, however, that absence from the associations of the city would at length restore the loveliness and simplicity they had so completely lost.

During the few weeks that Stephen remained at home, he labored incessantly to divert the minds of Letty and her sister from the melancholy recollections that seemed to overwhelm them; but his efforts seemed of no avail; for, when he departed again, he left them nearly as reserved and low-spirited as he found them.

There was a partial reason, however, for Letty's continued despondency. She had, just before Stephen left, received intelligence of Belmonte's marriage to a wealthy heiress, of New

York; the lady of his choice proved to be the Sophonisba, whom his friend Jake had referred to at the commencement of his acquaintance with the Hiltons: as he intimated his intention of doing them, he had been paying his addresses to this lady, and Letty, at the same time determined to propose to the one that should prove the best provided with the "capital" he so much needed. Some slight misunderstanding with Miss Sophonisba had suggested the idea of one of the Misses Hilton as a "substitute." The embarrassed condition of the Hiltons' affairs fully revealed to him how little he had to expect from a marriage with Letty; and Miss Sophonisba's great grandmother happening just at this period to die, leaving her in possession of a considerable and long expected property, Mr. Augustus Belmonte capped the climax of his iniquity by proposing to and marrying Miss Sophonisba.

This intelligence with regard to Belmonte, came from a source that Letty could not doubt. It was a sore trial to her, but indignation at his deception, and the strength of womanly pride, gradually overcame her love which was mostly one of the imagination, and the excitement of hope and fear with regard to Belmonte, that had so long agitated her, having nothing more to feed upon, died away. When Letty awoke from the delusion respecting him, she awoke to a better life. Even Nelly had learned to be ashamed of her stage actor romance, and applied herself with alacrity to household duties, which, a few months before, she would have despised. In a long letter that, at the opening of the spring, Debby wrote to her brother, she concluded thus:

"I am so glad, my dear Steve, that your vacation is again near at hand. Do hurry home; you can't imagine what a change has come over our old friends Letty and Nelly Hilton. Nelly is busying herself about the dairy and farm yard with all the dignity and more than the good nature of an inexperienced housekeeper. I will let you into the secret, however: it is the opinion of all the good people round that we shall soon have an invitation to a wedding at neighbor Hilton's, for it is generally understood that there is an engagement existing between Nell and Haslett, the young widower that purchased their old farm when they moved away."

"Now, a word in your ear, my dear brother: here is something still more interesting for you. I have found out—I will not tell you how—that Letty is *not* engaged; she has lost all her fantastic city airs, and though she seldom speaks of you herself, she listens with all attention and interest whenever we speak of you. Your heart would beat quicker for a year, if you could only see how delightfully she blushes when we say a word in your praise, or refer to the good old times when you and she used to stand looking at each other's faces in the brook. To tell you the truth, dear Steve, I am in haste to secure my sister-in-law before some one carries her off."

* * * * *

Three years have passed. The little farm upon the outskirts of the wood is once more deserted. The homestead formerly owned by farmer Hilton has been enlarged and beautified, and a joyous company are assembled within its walls to grace a Thanksgiving dinner. Conspicuous among the group, are farmer Hilton and his wife, looking as happy as if a thought of care had never reached them; near them is one whom we recognized in feature, though no longer in name, as Nell Hilton, now the wife of young Haslett, and sole mistress of the home in which her early years were passed. Haslett looks upon Nell with an eye of confiding affection; and farmer Hilton and his wife, as they watch their bright happy faces, thank God that after all the changes through which they have passed, he has given them so pleasant a rest at last in the home of their children. Dominic Boughton and his wife, and Debby, are there, and several others also; but the group does not yet appear to be completed. Every few moments, Debby will jump up and gaze eagerly from the window, with an exclamation of "I wonder why they do not come. Hark! there are sleigh bells. Ah! I see them; there they are!" she shouts, as she runs to the door, followed by the greater part of the company. In a few moments, a neat sleigh drives up and stops; a young gentleman, very much resembling Stephen Boughton, alights, and lifts out carefully and tenderly a lady, with a bonnet, veil and gloves, much befitting a bride.

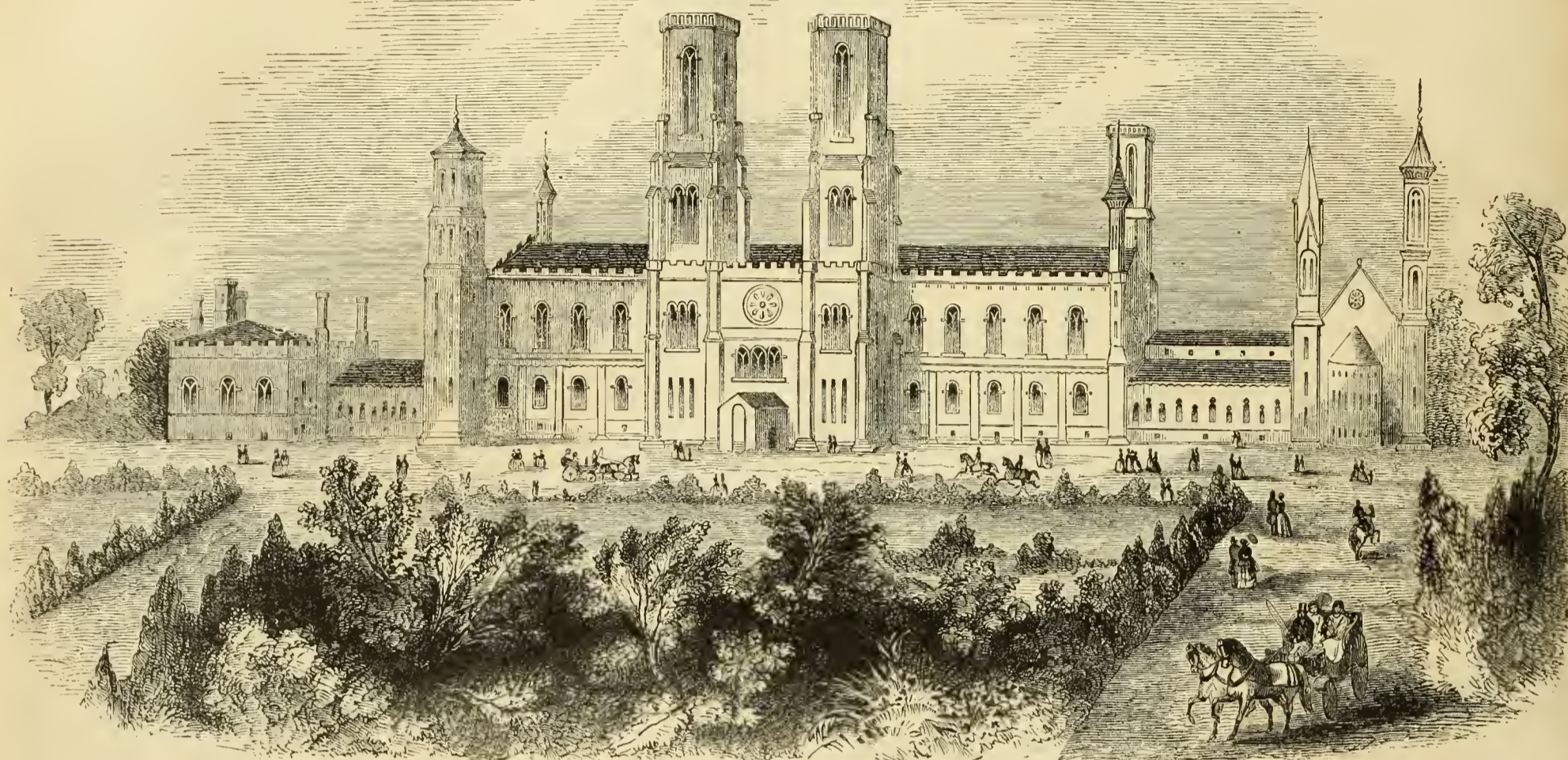
"Allow me, my dear Mrs. Boughton," says Nell, advancing with mock dignity to the lady, "to congratulate you upon this agreeable termination of your bridal tour. How do you relish the idea of settling in the country at last?"

The bride very unceremoniously gives Nell a box upon the ear.

"None of your old capers, Letty! remember that you are a pastor's wife now; you will have to carry yourself rather more straightly than you have done hitherto," and Nell laughingly led the way into the house.

As the company are seated around the bountifully spread board, Debby makes the remark, "I am so glad, Stephen, that you did not accept that call to the city; it will be so much pleasanter to have you and Letty so near us."

"For my part," says Letty, archly, as she returns Stephen's gaze of fond delight, "I have had quite enough of moving into town."



VIEW OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

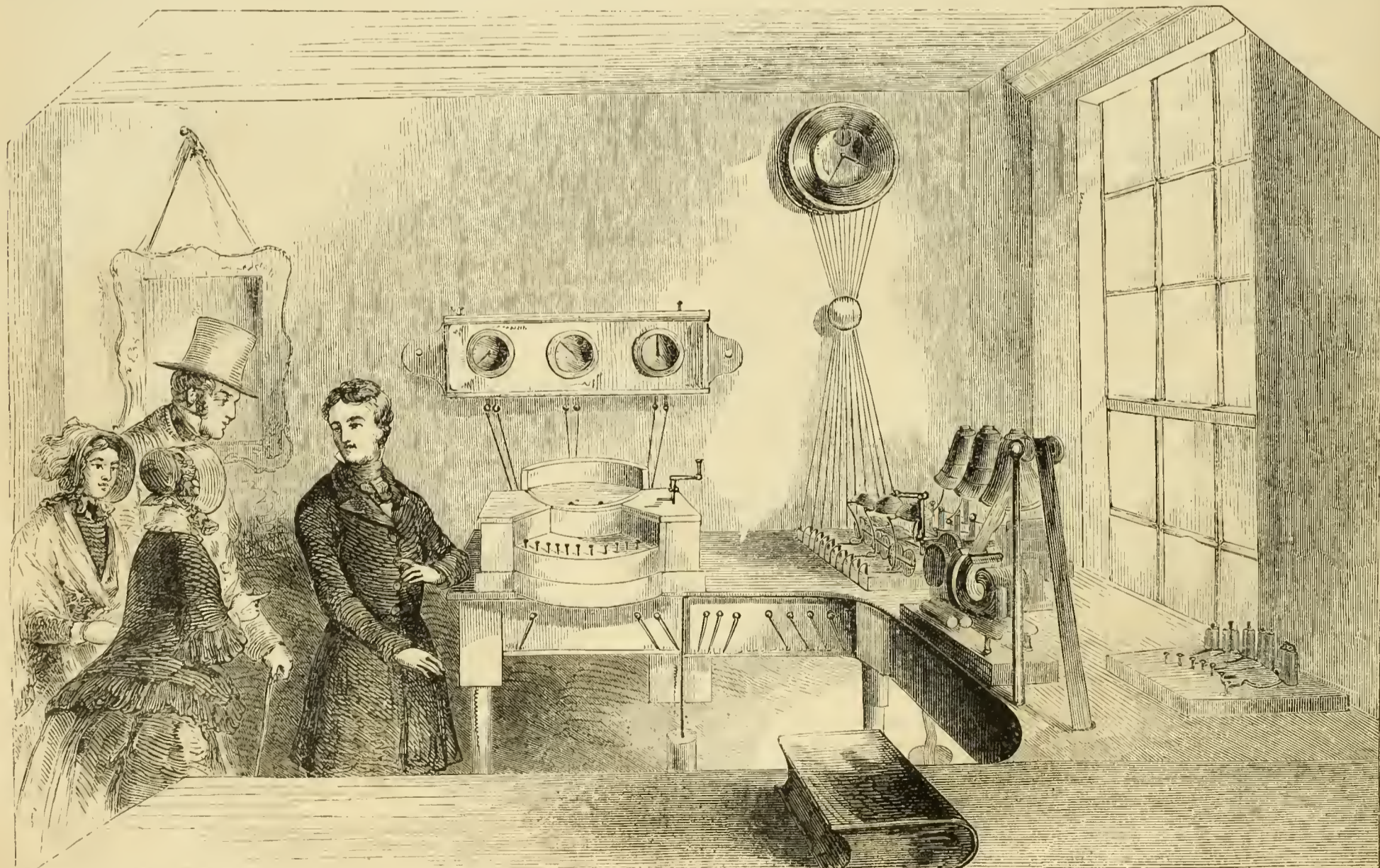
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

Above, we give a fine view of this beautiful building. The engraving will convey a better idea of its architecture than any description we can give. The corner stone was laid in 1848. The edifice is built in the style that prevailed in Southern Europe during the twelfth century—the Norman or Lombard style, which was succeeded by the Gothic. It consists of a centre, fifty by two hundred feet inside, with two connecting ranges sixty feet in length in the clear, and averaging forty seven feet in breadth. An

east wing forty-five by seventy five feet in the clear, with a vestibule and porch attached, and a west wing thirty-four by sixty-five feet in the clear, exclusive of the spires or semi-circular projections. There are two central front towers on the north, one central rear tower on the south, besides a bell tower, a large octagonal and two smaller towers at the different angles of the building, with porches, vestibules, stair halls, &c., attached to the centre. The east wing, or chemical lecture-room, has a bell tower, and the west wing a campanile tower and apsis connected

with it. The central building contains, in the first story, the library, ninety by fifty feet, and the principal lecture-room, to hold from eight hundred to one thousand persons. The second story contains the museum, two hundred by fifty feet. The west wing contains the gallery of art, sixty-five feet long; the east wing, the chemical lecture-room, forty-five by seventy-five feet, and laboratory. The extreme length of the building is about four hundred and fifty feet, with a breadth in the centre of over one hundred feet. The centre building rises sixty feet, and with its

principal tower one hundred and fifty feet; the wings from thirty to forty feet high, and their towers of various heights, from eighty to one hundred feet. Connected with the gallery of art, there are studios, in which young artists may copy without interruption. The library will contain, at least, one hundred thousand volumes, and will embrace many valuable works, not to be found elsewhere in the United States. This institution bids fair to exert a widely extended influence in the cause of science, and thus carry out the design of the liberal donor in his bequest.



THE MUNICIPAL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH ROOM, BOSTON

[See page 269, for description.]

FATHER MATHEW.

Our readers are all familiar with the career of this remarkable man. For years has he been engaged in the work of redeeming his fellow-countrymen from the grasp of intemperance. His labors have resulted in eminent blessings to them in his native land. Not long since he visited America, travelled through



PORTRAIT OF FATHER MATHEW.

the length and breadth of the land, administering the pledge, and left his impress so distinctly marked here, that multitudes hail him, at this moment, as their deliverer from the power of a vice debasing and destructive of every hope of honor or advancement. We need not eulogize him; his name is written upon the imperishable tablet of many a heart, and he will long be remembered as the apostle of temperance, and registered as a public benefactor, when many a marble record of factitious greatness shall have been effaced

by the tooth of time. The Rev. Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. Mr. Mathew lost his parents at an early period of life, and was then adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew. About the age of thirteen, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, and after remaining there seven years, he was sent to Maynooth, to pursue his ecclesiastical studies. After some time, stimulated by the example of two old Catholic friars of Kilkenny, he joined their order. On Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, he was ordained Roman Catholic priest, and soon after proceeded to Cork. In the discharge of his ministerial duties he has ever been zealous and untiring. He has made the poor and the deserted the objects of his special care, and the more wealthy classes place full confidence in his integrity. As a witness to, and the executor of wills, he has had a large portion of the wealth of Cork pass through his hands. With the management of all the public charities there he is more or less connected, and the time he was long able to devote to meetings of committees, &c., was the astonishment of every one. By his exertions, and almost entirely at his own expense, he has also established there a cemetery, which is one of great beauty. Although frequently called the "Apostle of Temperance," the Rev. Mr. Mathew was not the originator of temperance societies. They were first formed in the United States; and the Rev. George Carr established the first in Europe in August, in 1829, at New Ross, Ireland. Shortly after, one was formed in Cork, and Mr. Mathew, from his great popularity, was invited to assist in carrying out the designs of the founders, who belonged chiefly to the Society of Friends. At first there was but little progress made; but at length, and particularly in 1838, the rapidity of the advancement of the temperance cause was astonishingly great. At this period, two days in each week were devoted by Mr. Mathew to administering the pledge. Day after day the streets of Cork were crowded with those who came to take the pledge. It seemed as if some mania had seized the people: it was a movement which none could doubt, and yet which few could understand. The people came from all parts—from places near and from others at a great distance. They came unasked and unsolicited, and they braved every hardship, want, and fatigue to accomplish the journey. His influence over his fellow-men has been almost unparalleled.

CHARLESTON HOTEL.

We present our readers below with a very fine view of this favorite home of the traveller, situated in Meeting Street, Charleston S. C. To say more than that mine host of the establishment is a prince of landlords would be superfluous to any one who has visited the hotel under his charge and shared his hospitality; but for the benefit of those not acquainted with Mr. Mixer, we will say, when you visit Charleston don't fail to call on him and place your individual comfort in his charge. We rejoice to see these first class hotels multiply throughout the Union; every city from Bangor, Me. to San Francisco will have one shortly, and this is one of the advancements of civilization and refinement in our growing country.

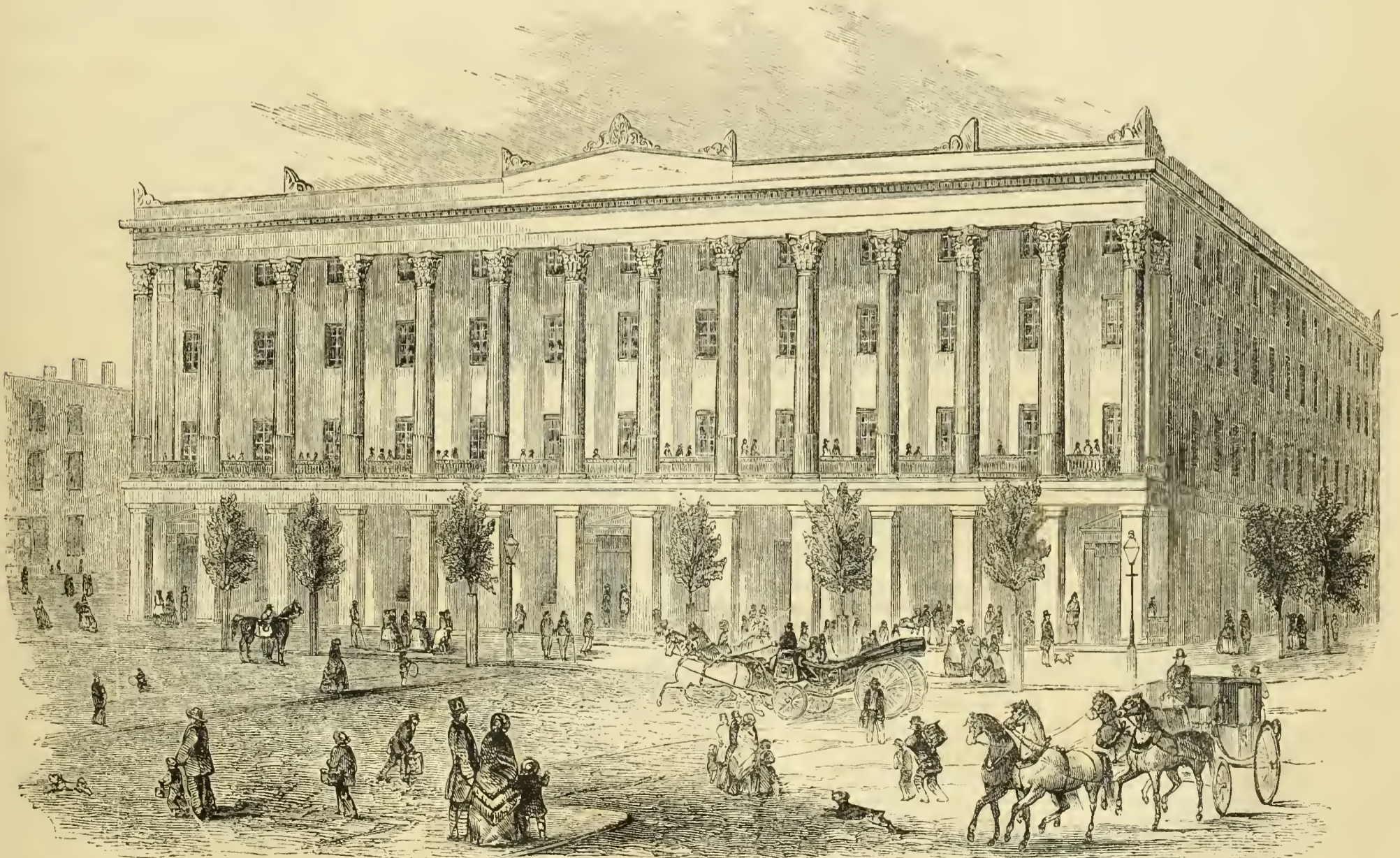
THE COTTON POD AND FLOWER.

The annexed engraving represents the cotton pod and flower, in their natural size and appearance. Cotton is a well-known filamentous substance produced by the surface of the seeds of various species of *Gossypium*. It consists of vegetable hairs of considerable length, springing from the surface of the seed coat and filling up the cavity of the seed vessel in which the seeds lie. These hairs are long, weak tubes, formed from cells which have grown together, and which, when immersed in water and examined under the microscope by transmitted light, look like flat narrow transparent ribands, presenting at short intervals a spiral twist, by means of which their surface is roughened, so that cotton goods are less soft than linen. Cotton is common to both continents. There is no record of the first cultivation of the cotton plant in Asia or America: it being indigenous to both, so far as our present knowledge extends. The distinctive names by which cotton is known in commerce are mostly derived from the countries of their production: the exceptions are Sea Island Cotton and Upland Cotton. The former of these was first cultivated in the low sandy islands near the coast of Charleston in South Carolina; while the latter is grown in the inner or upland country. The Sea Island Cotton is the finest of all the varieties of cotton. In India and many of the islands of the Indian Ocean, the cotton-plant has been cultivated, and its filaments spun and woven, from time immemorial. In Mexico the Spaniards found cotton in common use at the time of their conquest of the country. The Egyptians were acquainted in the time of Pliny with the use of cotton. The cotton-plant was very early known in China, and cultivated as an ornamental garden shrub; but its filaments were not brought into use until about the 13th century. The Saracens cultivated cotton in Spain and Sicily in the 10th century. The manufacture of cotton did not rise in other countries till a much later period. It was not until the 17th century that cotton goods were made in England; and even of these the warp was composed of linen and only the weft of cotton, until



COTTON POD AND FLOWER.

the invention of Arkwright afforded the means of producing good fabrics of cotton only. The increase of the cotton manufacture, during the last half century, is one of the most interesting events in the history of commerce. In the United States, the progress of this manufacture has partaken of the characteristic energy and vigor of the country. It is only since the introduction of the power-loom, that it can be considered as having been established on a permanent and useful basis: the scarcity of skilful weavers, and the high prices of weaving, had been found serious obstacles to its success, which was secured by this invention. The first successful experiment with this instrument was made at Waltham, Massachusetts, in 1815, applied to the coarser fabrics; but so rapid has been the extension of the manufacture, that, besides furnishing the United States with its full supply of the more staple productions, and a considerable export of coarse goods, the beautiful prints of Manchester and Glasgow are imitated in great perfection; and more than half the consumption of the country, in this important branch, is supposed to be now furnished from native industry. Several improvements, originating in the country, have been introduced into the manufacture, and the whole process is believed to be performed to as great advantage as in any part of the world. The descriptions of cottons exported are mostly of a coarse fabric, which are taking the place of the cottons of India, and are known abroad by the name of American domestics.



CHARLESTON HOTEL, MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN O. RAUM.

I have a little blue-eyed girl,
A gay and sprightly thing;
Whose frolics all the livelong day,
To me sad memories bring.

I think of days long since ago,
The orphan life I led;
When I, too young to comprehend,
That father he was dead.

My mother strove with woman's heart,
To guide my wayward youth;
Taught me to seek the better part,
And follow gospel truth.

And thus my little blue-eyed girl,
Who knows no care nor sorrow;
With heart so young and free from guile,
Is five years old to-morrow.

And O may she, as years increase,
In every grace abound;
May truth, and holiness, and peace,
In her young heart be found.

Trenton, N. J., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DEVEREAUX:

—OR—

THE MAID OF SANTA MARIA.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

"DID I ever tell you about my first and last love adventure, Lewis?"

"Never. Let us hear it, if you please, Devereaux. I know your lady would be pleased to hear it, too."

"Would you, Matty?" asked Devereaux.

The lady addressed was a beautiful brunette. She blushed, and smiled an assent, looking all the while as though she preferred to be excused.

"You are aware," said Devereaux, "that I was an officer in the 'Army of the West,' destined to pass through the northern provinces of Mexico and California—a long and weary march, enough to test the strongest constitution, and try the boldest heart. I will not commence at the beginning, and take you step by step along the line of our difficult march, but begin my story at once.

"The 'Army of the West' had left San Isabel, and we were on the way to San Diego, which was then in possession of Commodore Stockton. On the fifth of December we reached the rancharia of Santa Maria. It had been a cold, rainy day, but the clouds lifted at night, and the evening was tolerably fair. Partaking of such cheer as the rancharia afforded, I took my side arms and went forth for a solitary walk. You know that I am somewhat eccentric, and one of my eccentricities was a strange desire to be alone, especially of moonlight nights. Passing the spot where the 'Army of the West' was encamped, I strolled away towards the less populous part of Santa Maria. I was not in a very cheerful mood, for there had, thus far, been plenty of toil and hardship, with but a very little fighting; and I had set my heart on fighting. The fact of the case was, the Californians were arrant cowards, and there was no real fight in them. I walked on, venting my spleen on the whole Mexican nation, Indians and all, and went much farther from the rancharia than I had intended.

"The thread of my thoughts was suddenly broken by a shriek. It was by no means a common outcry, but a shriek of unfeigned terror, which echoed among the gorges far and wide. Drawing a pistol from my side, I ran forward in the direction of the sound with real American gallantry—for there is no disputing the gallantry of the American people. I had to ascend a sharp hill, and then descend it upon the other side before I reached the spot where I seemed to be needed, and that I accomplished in a remarkable short space of time. I reached the foot of the hill just in time to rescue a young female from the brutality of two half-drunken Mexicans. They fled, and the report of my pistol served to hasten their retreat, for there is nothing very musical in the whistling of pistol bullets.

"I turned towards the female I had had the happiness of serving. She was trembling with fright. She had drawn a thick veil over her face—which was very vexatious—and I could not see a single feature of her face. But my surprise was great, when she began to express her thanks in good clear English, for I supposed I had served a California maiden, who confessed Mexican blood only.

"The tones of her voice were peculiarly soft, and sweetly modulated, and every motion was so full of grace and modesty, that I was quite confounded. But though she thanked me over and over again, it was easy to see that she did not yet feel fully assured that she was safe. I comprehended the case at once. She saw me in the uniform of those who had been represented as moral monsters, the direct enemies of California, and, in short, little better than pirates and robbers; for the priests had taken care, we had learned, to fabricate and spread such reports.

"'Lady,' I said, employing the word in use in fashionable circles, 'do not fear the American uniform. It is the friend of the weak, and the enemy of oppression and wickedness only. We Americans are not cannibals. We did not come to kill and eat you.'

"This speech, though short, was to the point, and re-assured the maiden; though I was persuaded that she did not, even then, feel wholly safe.

"'Are you really an American?' she asked, with evident reluctance and hesitation, mingled, I thought, with incredulity.

"'I am proud to confess that I was born in the happiest and most favored country in the world,' I replied. 'I am, undoubtedly, an American.'

"'American or not, I thank you very much,' she answered, and then added, after a moment's pause, 'but I fear you are deceiving me, because I never saw an American, and am ignorant of their customs and habits, save what little I have learned of the priest.'

"'Ah, yes! the priests have given us a fine character, truly. They make us but little better than cannibals; but as bad as we are, we make it a point to protect beauty and virtue,' I rejoined. 'But which way shall I conduct you?'

"'My father's ranch is just over the hill yonder. It's but a moment's walk. I think I can go safely alone.'

"'You will persist in fearing me,' I replied, smiling.

"'And should I not fear my country's enemies? Yesterday, my father was wounded badly, perhaps fatally, by an American.'

"'Believe me, senorita, he must have sought them in the guise of war, or he would never have suffered at their hands. Pray, how was he wounded?'

"'He was one of a small party of horsemen, who were sent out to reconnoitre and to harass the enemy when opportunity offered. He came unexpectedly upon them; a short and undecided skirmish ensued, in which he was wounded by a young officer attached to the staff.'

"'As the young girl ceased speaking she looked inquiringly into my face. I was embarrassed, and felt my color changing, for I was the identical young officer who had wounded her father. My trepidation escaped her observation, doubtless, for the veil still concealed her face.

"'Here was a fine piece of business, truly. I had saved a fair maiden—I took it for granted she was fair—from insult and shame, and just as I was beginning to feel an interest in her, discovered that I had knocked over her father in a running fight, and given an ugly wound which, possibly, might prove fatal.'

"'This is my father's ranch,' said the sweet voice of the veiled maiden. The sound actually startled me, for it made me understand that we must part.

"'Will you enter?' she added, in a tone betraying evident embarrassment.

"'Yes—no! but there is something I wish to say, but have forgotten,' I managed to say, trying to think of something all the while to prolong the moment of parting.

"The maiden lingered.

"'Do you recall it, signor?' she asked, quite naively.

"'It's gone entirely; but do not, in future, fear an American uniform, and assure all your friends that *los Americanos* will not eat them.'

"'This, I knew, was not exactly to the point, but it in some measure answered my purpose, for she paused on the threshold to reply, in her peculiarly rich voice:

"'Be assured, I will remember it. The California maidens are not forgetful of favors, and those who do them a kindness are remembered long. You will not enter, signor?'

"'No; at least not now, for I must return immediately to the rancharia.'

"I would gladly have entered, had I not feared that her father would recognize in me his antagonist, and in that way lose the esteem of the

daughter; and I had the vanity to wish that she might remember 'Signor Americano' without one unpleasant association.

"'Adio, kind signor,' said the maiden.

"'Adio, fair maiden,' I replied, and thus parted with the girl, probably to meet no more this side of the great future.

"With a sigh I turned towards the rancharia. If I thought of anything in particular during my solitary walk back, it was not about fighting—for the 'forty-two fifty, or fight' motto had suddenly stepped out.

"We had learned that a large body of the enemy were in force between us and San Diego, and it was necessary for us to give them another defeat, in order to enter that place. At about midnight of December the sixth, the 'Army of the West' was in motion, moving towards San Diego as fast as the nature of the ground would permit.

"The general and his staff, with the advanced guard, consisting of twelve men, came in sight of the enemy while the main body of our men were far in the rear. At the word 'Forward!' we dashed in upon the enemy, whose fires were still burning brightly. We were soon engaged in a desperate struggle with overwhelming numbers. Capt. Johnston, who commanded the advanced guard, fell at my side while fighting like a lion. It grieved me not a little to see the fires of so brave and generous a heart go out forever, and I spurred madly on to avenge his death. I remember seeing others of our gallant fellows fall, and of dealing some pretty effectual blows, and then my head seemed to 'cave in' of a sudden—to use a cant expression—and my senses closed upon the fight. I heard no more shouting, and firing, and the clashing of swords; but went into the land of thick darkness, next akin to death. * * * The hand of death relaxed his gripe a little. Faculty after faculty, and sense after sense came back. First, hearing, then seeing, and finally some feeble powers of locomotion. Where was I? In a situation strange and appalling, left for dead, and partially covered over with leaves and brushwood. A portion of the enemy's flag, torn, trampled and bloody, was wrapped about me, and all the glory I had dreamed of acquiring in the expedition, in my mind's vision, at that moment, seemed but poorly realized. Near me was one of my more fortunate companions in arms; more fortunate because quite dead, consequently with no more to suffer in this world, which was not the case with me, as a lingering dismissal from the body seemed before me.

"As I looked with dim and dizzy eyes towards the scene of the melee, I heard the low, ominous growl of wolves. They had scented the dead, and one of the horrid creatures came and sunk his long, hungry muzzle into the body of my comrade, and dragged it away; and I soon heard and saw several of them quarrelling over it, and snapping fiercely at each other. A cold and sickening sensation, worse than the fainting, reeling sense of the final agony of dissolution, ran through my frame and pervaded it. It was easy to meet the enemy, and do my duty as a soldier, but I felt that it was indeed hard to be left by my friends to be eaten by ravenous wolves before the last fires of life had gone out, and when they might, perchance, with careful nursing, be blown into a flame. I turned one last, despairing look upon the sun, which had climbed far up from the eastern verge, and shone brightly down into my face, attempted to scatter the brushwood that lay upon me, uttered a faint cry, and went into the land of darkness again.

"When the consciousness of existence returned, and sense and reason attempted to sit once more upon the throne of the mind, my horrible fears began precisely where they left off, and I expected, momentarily, to feel the hot breath of the devouring wolf. I shuddered, and dare not open my aching eyes. But I felt no deadly fangs, no fetid breath, no tugging at my heart; but instead thereof, a light touch upon my forehead. For an instant, and only an instant. I fancied that even that might possibly be the tongue of the wolf, and that my senses were rendered less acute by loss of blood. With a painful effort I opened my weary and pain-dimmed eyes. One of the sweetest faces in the world was looking down upon me: upon its every lineament was written tender solicitude and care. The exquisite beauty of that fair creature I will not attempt to describe. I have a painting that greatly resembles the dear original, which I will show you anon; but even that will not do her full justice, because in doing the office of an an-

gel, she borrowed, for the time being, an angel's beauty.

"A lovely woman by the couch of pain and sorrow, is more beautiful than in any other situation in life. I do not describe her, friend Lewis, for the reason that to do so transcends my power; but her complexion and figure were like those of the lady now with us."

"If that be the case," interrupted Lewis, "you do well in not attempting a description."

The lady alluded to changed color, and seemed painfully embarrassed.

"A strange whim passed through my wandering brain at that moment," resumed Devereaux. "I deemed it possible that I had already paid the last penalty demanded of human nature, and some friendly seraph had come to conduct me to the land of the departed. But this dreamy illusion was soon dispelled. I glanced about me and discovered myself lying upon a couch, beneath a sheltering human roof. I closed my eyes, and tears came into them in sheer thankfulness; the first time, possibly, that I was ever really thankful to God. A gentle hand wiped the grateful effusion from my cheeks. I smiled faintly, and was going to ask many questions, but was instantly forbidden by my unknown nurse.

"'I shall not allow you to talk much,' she said. 'You are very weak, and the effort might do you a great injury. Know that you are safe, and shall be cared for as well as circumstances will admit.'

"The voice sounded familiar, but my head was too weak and shattered to know whether it was really familiar, or a mere phantasy. Be that as it may, the voice never fell upon my ear during my long and critical illness, without vibrating strangely upon some unknown chord of my memory.

"I cannot tell you, my dear Lewis, with what unremitting kindness and attention I was treated by the stranger maiden. When she was with me the rudest of my pains softened down, and the hand of sickness relaxed the asperity of its grasp.

"The ranch was divided into two or three compartments, and my faithful nurse was often busy in one of them, and often when with me, she turned a listening ear towards it. I soon learned to know that there was another who demanded her care. A half-bred servant girl, at times, came to perform some office for me, but did so like one who does the bidding of another. At length I grew strong enough to talk a little. 'Where am I?' I asked.

"'You see, signor, do you not?' she replied, with a smile.

"'Who are you, that takes such an interest in a nameless stranger?'

"'Nothing but a poor girl of Santa Maria,' she answered, averting her eyes.

"A new thought, at that crisis, crossed the track of my mind. Perhaps I had been found by some of our men, and the commanding officer had had me left where I now was, and had paid liberally for having me well cared for.

"'I am at Santa Maria, it would seem?'

"'You are, signor.'

"'I was probably found by some of our people? I added, with some hesitation.

"'No, signor.'

"'By whom then?'

"'By a girl of Santa Maria.'

"'Yourself?'

"'Yes, signor,' she replied.

"'To you, then, I am indebted for my life. How did you happen to find me?'

"'I was looking for the body of a friend on the field of battle, when a cry of distress attracted my attention,' she answered.

"'The last I should ever have uttered, doubtless,' I rejoined. 'I remember it perfectly, for those horrible animals were about me. God be praised that you were near. How can I ever repay you?'

"'Nothing is demanded,' she replied, quickly.

"'Is your father a native of the country?'

"'Yes; but my mother, now dead, was an English lady.'

"'That accounts for your pure English?'

"'It does.'

"It seems to me that I have heard your voice before. All its tones awake some pleasing remembrance—something that I probably did not wish to forget; but this ugly wound upon my head has made a confused medley of all past events. I must pick out one remembrance at a time, as I have leisure. And now it strikes me that I have heard a voice like yours not long

ago, and I know I did not wish to forget its silvery melody.'

"I looked inquiringly at my gentle nurse, but her head was averted, and I could see but little of her face. When she *did* look up, I observed that her cheeks were uncommonly red. I noticed it at the time, but knew not the cause.

"I will not be tedious. As the wounds in my head grew better, I found wounds in my heart, which daily grew worse; the latter were inflicted by the black eyes of Matilda; and few who were under their influence day after day, could hope to escape without some inroads upon that organ which represents the affections. To think of her hour after hour, when she was out of my sight, became an every day employment. At last I was able to sit up, and to walk about the room a little; but it was after a hard struggle with the grim conqueror of all mortal beings.

"The girl of Santa Maria, as I was pleased to style her sometimes, was still attentive, though more reserved. It was a source of infinite mortification to me that as I grew stronger, she grew more distant in her manner; but I could not say that she was less kind. I was ready, at times, to reproach myself for recovering so fast.

"Matilda, I said to her, one day, somewhat pettishly, 'how is it that as I improve in health, you become more distant in manner. Is it fair, good nurse?'

"What is the girl of Santa Maria to Signor Devereaux?' she asked, with an affectation of gaiety.

"Much, very much,' I replied. 'She is the preserver of my life, my kind and attentive friend. I should be all that the priests have represented my people to be, did I forget her during the years of the longest life.'

"You Americans can make gallant speeches,' she rejoined, with a blush and a smile.

"All men speak well who speak from the heart, fair Matilda,' I returned.

"But all who speak well do not speak from the heart,' she retorted.

"Very true. But tell me how I shall reward you for what you have done for me?'

"By saying nothing about it.'

"That I cannot consent to; I shall talk of it as long as I live, should I attain to the age of the oldest patriarch of whom there is any history. My wounds are nearly healed, and they admonish me that I must leave the spot made so dear by your presence. I shall leave my heart with the strange girl of Santa Maria.'

"Signor Devereaux,' she said, reproachfully, 'do not trifle with one who has felt it a pleasure to serve you through long days of sickness and pain.'

"Trifle! Heaven forbid! I exclaimed. 'I should trifle with my own happiness in doing so.

"I will withdraw, Signor Devereaux, if you desire it,' she replied, raising her tearful eyes timidly to mine with the air of one somewhat offended.

"Nay, stay! hear me. I love you as dearly as man should ever love woman. I feel that life can bring me little happiness, if it be not passed with you. Can you reciprocate, in any measure, a passion which has become the absorbing subject of my existence?'

"I had taken Matilda's hand, and as I spoke I threw myself at her feet. For a moment she did nothing but weep and tremble, and then she said, in a low voice:

"Remember that I am but an unknown girl of Santa Maria, without friends, and without money.'

"I needed to hear no more to assure me of the state of her affections, and the next instant the fair girl of Santa Maria was—"

"Hush!" said the lady sitting near the narrator, looking up from her embroidery, and holding up her finger, while her face was beautifully suffused.

"Do not spoil a good story for love nor money, Devereaux," said Lewis.

"Do not fear; I will not. I will begin precisely where I left off. And the next instant the fair girl of Santa Maria was pressed closely to my heart. I was the happiest of men, for I had not loved in vain.

"There is another part of the story to be told yet. I had rescued the maid of Santa Maria on the night of the fifth of December, while the 'Army of the West' was encamped at San Isabel. That Matilda's voice sounded familiar to me, you will no longer wonder at or doubt; for as I have said, it was a very sweet voice, and afterward became very dear to me."

"How fared it with her father?" inquired Lewis.

"He recovered of the dangerous cut I had given him, and is living at this moment. The attention of Matilda was divided between us two.

"Why did you not tell me that I had had the happiness of doing you a service on the night of the fifth of December?" I asked of Matilda, as soon as the secret was known to me.

"Because I was a woman," she replied, "and had a woman's heart, and wished to learn if you still remembered the incident; or if it had left any impression upon the mind of the man whom I felt that I could love."

"Matilda's father recognized me at the first glance, but soon forgave the offence, as it was given in 'glorious war,' and on the 'tented field.' The old gentleman was worth an hundred thousand dollars, and the Maid of Santa Maria did not prove a portionless bride.

"My father-in-law has imbibed notions quite favorable to *los Americanos*, and thinks their form of government the best in the world. I did not join the 'Army of the West' again. I resigned my commission, having received about glory enough for one man, and returned to the States."

"And where is the girl of Santa Maria?" asked Lewis, with a stare of feigned surprise.

"Look at the young lady whose face is hidden in that nice embroidery, and you will see her," replied Devereaux, with a peculiar smile of triumph.

"No!" said Lewis.

"Yes," added Devereaux.

"I was never so taken in, in my life!" exclaimed Lewis.

Devereaux, with a gentle force, raised the head of his wife from the embroidery frame. It was wet with happy tears, and crimson with blushes.

"There!" said Devereaux, proudly, "look at the MAID OF SANTA MARIA!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GIVE QUICKLY.

BY MARY A. WOOD.

Take pity on her, passer-by,
How poorly clad is she!
The tear that standeth in her eye,
Is born of misery.

Her bed is on the cold, damp stone,
Her covering the sky;
And then she spends the night alone,
No friend to comfort by.

How came she thus? a cruel storm,
A storm far out at sea,
Bore ship and crew both quickly down,
Of all none saved but she.

Take pity on her quickly! see
How frail her slender form;
She cannot long meet sturdily
Life's tempest and life's storm.

Take pity on her! 'Tis too late!
Help was not quickly given;
Alas for him from whose barred gate
Her spirit went to heaven!

Andover, Mass., April, 1852.

CHILDREN.

Children, like dogs, have so sharp and fine a scent, that they detect and hunt out everything—the bad before all the rest. They also know well enough how this or that friend stands with their parents; and as they practise no dissimulation whatever, they serve as excellent barometers by which to observe the degree of favor or disfavor at which we stand with their parents.—*Goethe.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, FOR 1852.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

Great in thy fair and noble fame,
Long shalt thou highest praises claim;
E'er pure and bright, and free as now,
A glorious, stary gem art thou!
Still may thy favored pages fair,
Our hearts delight with beauties rare;
Ne'er destined in disgrace to fall,
Still onward, upward, thou dost call.

"Perfection" is thy motto proud,
It scorns misfortune's darkest cloud;
Conquering all, with power to shine,
The laurelled crown shall yet be thine.

"Onward" still thy watchword be,
Renown and fame now wait for thee,
In power to crown thee fair and free!
All hail, Pictorial! brightest gem,
Lighting New England's diadem!

Princeton, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FANCIES.

BY GEO. CANNINO HILL.

In the boughs where the turtle dove broods,
In the leaves where the cool shadows sleep,
By the shores where the long sedges bend,
And the water curls darkly and deep;
Upon banks where the green grasses wave,
Down in lanes where the sun-blotches play,
All my fancies are ever at work,
All at work through the long summer day.

There are dreams in the strip of a brook,
That slips through the shaded ravine;
There are hanging bright clusters of dreams,
Wherever the branches swing green.
If I stand in the gloam of the wood,
Or stretch out at the foot of a tree;
If I drift on the picture-filled lake,
These fancies drift ever to me.

Riverside, Ct., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SMALL TALK.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

A GREAT proportion of most people's time is consumed in small talk. It affects all ages, sexes and conditions. Do you see those two girls across the street?—listen a moment. One is rehearsing to another what such an one said about Mr. B., that "nice young man." terrible tirade is carried on about somebody's appearance at the opera; little squibs of jealousy, if they could be converted from their pop-gun loquacity into missiles of grape shot, would wound more than a thousand hearts in a year. Turn a little to the left; those two old bachelors are discussing that haunting subject of their thoughts—*pretty girls*. They have just heard of an "engagement," or a "refusal;" and see how they are shaking their sides with laughter! "Good enough for the old man," or, "served him right," is all you hear in passing; but under and above those shrugging shoulders, and that slow gait and swift tongue, is a whole column of small talk, fit only for each other's ears; or why do they look behind occasionally, to ascertain if anybody is listening?

Those two maiden ladies! One of them has actually thrown back her fur tippet, the subject is so heating! Major G. bows very politely. "O," remarks one to the other, "I could tell you a story about that man; but it's all over now. I might have been Mrs. G., if I had cultivated his attentions. But I knew enough to satisfy me; and—but I won't tell." Then the companion relates *her* experience. Many a man who is now in affluence, was once just on the point of an "offer," when she gave him some unmistakable signs that *hands off* was her motto. Then how voluble they become in talking about certain engagements. And the finale always is: "I wouldn't marry the best man living, not I, who have seen so much of domestic trials!" Nevertheless, beware, major, unless you really want the prize.

Then, there are other varieties of small talk. We have a species, adopted by men, in reading-rooms—a kind of mongrel news-venders, who always draw a certain clique about them, and there they sit, day after day, discussing characters, reports, accidents, fires, and telegraphic operations.

Another class sit in insurance offices; these discuss every kind of topic—trade, and exports, and imports, being favorite themes; large dividends, too, are pleasant matters to talk over; the probable future, and the certainty that such and such a fortune will soon melt away when the heirs come in possession, is fully discussed. And the dear old covies brush up their gray locks, and straighten out their stiff legs, and, like Hezekiah of old, wish their dial could be turned back a few years; but alas! the gout, chronic rheumatism, or a severe influenza, carries them away, and the millions are divided, and what rich bombazines and crapes the sons' wives wear! At their funerals, volumes of small talk may be heard. And so it is in all places, that the unruly member will riot in small talk. We hear it in lectures, we find it in sermons; it is in Washington and Wall Streets, in the parlor and the kitchen, on the sidewalk and in the lobby; and surely if there be a recording angel to register it as a *sin*, the account can never be satisfactorily adjusted, since everybody finds a provocation for what they utter, and nobody disputes but a spice of small talk greatly adds to the flavor of existence.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle, in this instance, carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages.—We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity; this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stone have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day; and long historical ballads of their huntings and their wars are sung at all their festivals.

There is no need of saying how this passion grows among civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it; but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels; in riper years he applies himself to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance; and, even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, my lord, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom? That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves—nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man that can read and think; and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful, application of our minds.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BOAT SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF C. CHIANTI.

BY OWEN O. WARREN.

Wake, Astarte, leave thy dreaming,
On the lake the moon is beaming,
See my bark before thee swimming,
We will be alone with love.

Fly, my gondolet, wherever
Shines the moon or breathes the zephyr;
All is love with us forever,
All around and all above.

Ah, beneath thy silken lashes,
Love's soft radiance on me flashes;
O, until this heart be ashes,
It will burn and beat for thee.

Blush not, love, at my caressing,
I should prize a moment's pressing
Those sweet lips a dearer blessing
Than all else in heaven for me.

New York, April, 1852.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

"To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections." True, most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I WILL BE SOMETHING YET.

BY C. JILLSON.

Dame Fortune may withdraw her smiles,
And eoldly turn away,
And all the friends I dearly love
Refuse with me to stay;
But this will never chain my soul
To scenes of sad regret,
For I will soar above the world—
I will be something yet.

The golden links of love may lie
All broken at my feet,
And scorn may sit upon the brow
Of every man I meet;
But all will fail to change my course,
Or cause me to forget
That in the future fortune lies—
I will be something yet.

Worcester, Mass., April, 1852.

THE GIRAFFE.

We present herewith a very fine illustration of that curious animal called the giraffe or cameleopard. The herd here given are represented in their native country, which is that lying between Egypt and Ethiopia. Like the camel they are domesticated, and the children of the natives, as seen in the picture, fondle and handle them as an Arab family do a favorite horse, that sleeps in their tent, like one of the household. The body of the giraffe having considerable resemblance to that of the camel, and the color of its skin being an impure or yellowish white, spotted with rhomboidal patches of fawn color, something like that of the leopard, led to its bearing the names of these animals conjoined. In its manner of kneeling for the purpose of sleeping, in the length of its neck, and the presence of callosities on the lower part of the breast and over the joints, it has a further similarity to the camel. Its horns, which, in the male, are about a foot long, permanent, and covered by the skin of the head to the very tips, give the giraffe some analogy to the genus *cervus* or deer, under which it was classed by Linnaeus. Its most striking peculiarity is the great apparent height of its foreparts, which rise very suddenly from the fore-shoulders. Measured from the ground to the top of the head, the animal is from 15 to 17 feet high. The posterior extremities are not higher than 9 feet; but the difference in length between the anterior and posterior extremities is by no means as great as would be inferred from the appearance of the animal. The great difference is owing to the length of the neck, which tapers upwards, and at its base is rendered exceedingly thick, by the long dorsal and cervical spinous processes, that give attachment to its powerful muscles and ligaments. The trunk of the body is short in propor-



A HERD OF GIRAFFES OR CAMELEOPARDS.

The jerboas, of which we annex a portrait, are most singular looking animals, approaching something in form to the kangaroos, although very different in other particulars. They were formerly supposed to walk only on the hind feet, but subsequent observation has proved this to be incorrect. They usually walk on all-fours, but when alarmed endeavored to escape by prodigious leaps, springing from their hind feet by the assistance of the tail, their fore feet being pressed close to their breast on these occasions. They are rather handsome creatures, the fur being of a bright fawn color above and white beneath, and having a large full black eye. Being closely allied to the mouse in organization and habits, they are very destructive to grain. It is almost impossible to kill them, except by coming on them unawares. They keep within their holes during the day, sleeping rolled up, with their head between their thighs. At sunset they come out, and remain abroad till morning. In their wild state, these animals are very fond of bulbous roots. We also present an engraving of a very rare and interesting bird of the gallinaceous order, found in the northern parts of Europe. It is known to the continental naturalists as the *Tetrao Medius*, although much doubt still exists as to whether it ought to be considered as a distinct species or as a hybrid, between the bearded and the black grouse. It is a male, about two thirds the size of the capercaillie, or cock of the wood, to which it has a strong similarity, except in its forked tail, which resembles that of the black-cock. Its color is a beautifully rich black, relieved by bronze reflections, that cast a pleasing lustre round the bird.



JERBOAS.



THE TETRAO MEDIUS.

The rabbits which are also represented herewith are very beautiful specimens from nature, showing the pure blood and long ears of this domestic animal. These little fellows have been regaling themselves on their favorite dish of cabbage leaves. The rabbit, found so universally, is said to have been originally introduced from Spain into the various countries of Europe in which it is now found. In its wild state, the color of its fur is brown; its tail black above, and white beneath; but when domesticated, the colors vary much, being white, pied, ash-colored, black, etc. In England, rabbits are reared either in warrens, or in hutches; the best situations for the former are sandy hills, on which the juniper is thickly planted, as the leaves of this shrub are eagerly eaten by rabbits, and impart a delicate and aromatic flavor to their flesh. If rabbits are kept in hutches, these places should be kept perfectly clean, or otherwise these animals will be sickly. They are extremely prolific, beginning to breed when about six months old, and producing young seven times a year, the litter usually consisting of eight. Should this happen regularly, the produce of one pair, in four years, would amount to the amazing number of 1,274,840. Rabbits are subject to two disorders, which often prove fatal to them—the rot and a kind of madness. They are taken either by snaring them, or smoking them from their holes by the fumes of sulphur. Their fur is extremely useful in the manufacture of hats, and their flesh is more juicy than the hare. It is forbidden to be eaten by the laws of Moses



SPECIMEN OF PRIZE FANCY RABBITS

tion to the neck, and the fore limbs are more robust than the posterior. The hoofs are rounded and cleft like those of the ox. The tail is slender, cylindrical, and terminated by a tuft 3 or 4 inches long. The head of the giraffe is not unlike that of the horse; the eyes are large, fine and brilliant; the ears, both in length and figure, more resemble those of the ox. It is a mild, timid and harmless animal, choosing dense forests for its residence, and feeding on the leaves and shoots of trees. When it browses the herbage on the ground, it is not, as has been supposed, under the necessity of kneeling, though its natural mode of feeding, for which it seems to be especially constructed, is by browsing upon trees or shrubs of considerable elevation. It is hunted and killed by the natives for the sake of its large and beautiful skin, as well as for the marrow of the bones, considered by them to be an exquisite dainty. The flesh of the young cameleopard is said, by travellers, to be an acceptable article of diet. Little is known of the gestation of this animal, though it is said, like that of the camel, to endure for 12 months. The giraffe has long been known to naturalists, though opportunities of examining living specimens have always been rare. They were brought living to Rome, to adorn the public games and festivals, as Pliny states, during the dictatorship of Cæsar. Figures of the animal are still preserved in the Prænestine pavement, wrought under the orders of Sylla. The figure of the giraffe also occurs among the hieroglyphic monumental drawings of the Egyptians. The giraffe moves with great celerity, and it requires a swift horse to equal its speed, when only in a trot. It has not been tamed, or applied to any useful purpose, as far as we know, though a few specimens have, at different times, been sent to other countries, as presents, or for exhibition.

and Mahomet. The *American Hare*, so well known under the name of rabbit, is found in most parts of North America. The summer hair is a dark brown on the upper part of the head, lighter on the sides, and of an ash color below; the ears are wide, edged with white, tipped with brown, and dark colored on their back; tail, dark above, white beneath, having the interior surface turned up; the fore legs are shorter and the hinder longer in proportion than those of the European. In the Middle and Southern States, the change in the color of the hair is by no means as remarkable as it is further north, where it becomes white or nearly so. There is often much in their habits interesting to the lovers of natural history. A gentleman who had long amused himself by raising them, says: "I began with only one male and one female, the former white, the latter gray; their produce was very numerous; the greatest part were gray, a good number of them white, and of a mixed color, and some few black. They seem to have a great respect for paternal authority; at least I judge so, from the great deference which all my rabbits showed for their first ancestor, whom I can always easily distinguish by his whiteness. It was to no purpose that the family augmented; those which, in their turn, became fathers, were still subordinate to him. Whenever they fought, their great progenitor would run to the place of dispute, as soon as he heard the noise; and if he surprised any one of them actually assaulting another, he used to separate him from the rest, and punish him on the spot."



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Fate of the Sea Gull, or a Sailor's Courage," a fine story, by FRED. HUNTER.
 "The Baron's Fate, or How the Knot was Tied," by BEN. PERLEY POORE.
 "The Agent's Stratagem," an adventure, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
 "Housekeeping," a prose sketch, by MRS. E. WELLMONT.
 "The Walling Wind," verses, by W. A. FOOO.
 "There's Nought so Light as Love," lines, by H. W. FAXON.
 "The Black Eye and the Blue," verses, by S. E. CHURCH.
 "A few more left," a humorous poem, by JOHN RUSSELL.
 "The Inebriate's Musings," verses, by WM. V. NOE.
 "Poor Jack," lines, by G. B. LEONARD.
 "The Fairy Song," verses, by D. HARDY, JR.
 "Reminiscences," lines, by CHARLES L. PORTER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A beautiful and timely picture, allegorical of the month of May, composed of a fine rural scene, embracing groups of happy children and older participants in the good old custom of celebrating May Day. In short it is a very exquisitely arranged picture, drawn by our artist, Mr. Billings.

An illustration of the new Novellette to be commenced in our next number, entitled the Ruined Abbey, representing the scene where the young lord of Glenburn protects the gipsy maiden, Cora, from the cruel treatment of the old witch, Hlepsey Herne, the terror of the tribe.

An East India scene, representing the progress of the young Maharajah from Lahore to Lulluanah, in royal state, and with war elephants and full escort.

A Chinese picture, representing a collection of literary persons, in true Canton style.

Also a party of Chinese ladies in their boudoir—quite at home, and characteristic enough.

A third Chinese scene, representing a Canton Magician at his table and hooks.

Also a Chinese juggler, in the performance of his curious feats of legerdemain.

A view of a Chinese Mandarin, in the travelling chair, borne upon the shoulders of servants.

And a sixth picture upon this theme, giving a view of a Chinese Cobbler at work at his trade.

We shall present six original views of West Point and vicinity, taken by our artist, Mr. Chapin, of New York, on the spot. First, giving an engraving of Cozzen's beautiful and romantically situated Hotel.

Also a picture representing a group of Mexican Flags, which were captured during the late war, and now occupy a place in the library of the Military Academy.

A capital picture of West Point, taken from the opposite side of the river, below the landing, and bringing in many points of interest.

Also a very beautiful view of Kosciusko's Garden, so named from having been a favorite resort of that officer while stationed here during the Revolutionary war.

A view of that chaste and beautiful piece of monumental sculpture known as Dade's Monument, erected by the cadets to commemorate the loss of American officers in the Seminole war.

Also a very fine view of old Fort Putnam, on the apex of the hill that overlooks the scenery at this point.

A fine likeness of Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, only son of Toussoun Pacha, and grandson of the late Mehemet Ali.

A view of the United States ship-of-war Jamestown. A fine nautical picture.

A picture of the Capitol of Virginia, at Richmond, Va.; being a faithful scene, taken on the spot by our artist, Mr. Manning.

A picture by one of our New York artists, representing the late Dinner of the American Dramatic Fund Association, at the Astor House.

"SARGENT'S STANDARD SPEAKER."

This is the title of a large and elegant duodecimo of 558 pages, just published, by Messrs. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., of Philadelphia, and containing exercises in prose and poetry for declamation, translated or compiled by Epes Sargent. The New York Commercial Advertiser says of the work: "It deserves to become the standard speaker in the highest schools throughout the Union. We know no collection of specimens of remarkable oratory heretofore published, that can be compared with it, in variety or extent. There is scarcely a name in the catalogue of the world's orators which does not appear in this magazine of eloquence." The work is having a great sale, and has already passed to a second edition.

OMNIBUSES FOR NICARAGUA.—Contracts have been entered into by the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company for the construction of a large number of carriages or omnibuses, to perform the land transportation of passengers taking the Nicaragua route to the Pacific. They will be sufficient in number to convey 1500.

EMIGRANTS.—The St. Louis Republican says it is computed that about 1500 persons, mostly clerks and merchants, will leave that city this season for California.

FARMING.

While there are some persons who see nothing in farming but wearying, uninteresting toil, there are others so fond of agriculture that they would not exchange the occupation of tilling the soil for any other calling on earth. While some paint the pursuit in gloomiest colors, others exaggerate and laud it to the skies. Both the laudators and detractors of farming have done their cause great injury; and the truth, as is usual in such cases, lies between the two extremes.

With regard to the question of profit, too, others assert that farming impoverishes a man—others, that it is the sure road to wealth. Both parties have their illustrations in isolated cases, exceptions to a general rule, and not authorities themselves. No man who ever managed what might be called a farm, judiciously and intelligently, ever came to want; for the promise of the Scriptures that "seed-time and harvest should never fail," is unlimited, and applies to the world of to-day, as well as to the generation to whom it was uttered.

There are undoubtedly bad seasons, in which, from drought, or from rain, from unseasonable frost, or from some plague of insects, the crops throughout an entire agricultural region may fail; but the abundance of one year compensates for the dearth of another, and the average returns yield a satisfactory interest on the investments in capital and labor. Because, however, a few men have made fortunes by farming, it does not follow that all who embark in the calling will be equally successful. It is the same as in all other pursuits of life; success is various.

Let us, avoiding extremes, look calmly at the subject. Farming involves severe bodily toil; this cannot be denied; but it is equally undeniable that corporeal labor, when not excessive, is not an evil. It is the condition for the enjoyment of health, the true comfort of life; for the healthy intellect and the healthy frame are mutually dependent. Now, if we look at the statistics, which stare us in the face with all the force of figures that cannot be looked out of countenance, we shall find that the average duration of life among farmers is far greater than that of any other class of men.

This longevity is not a diseased protraction of life; the aged farmer is usually hale and hearty, and his eye, like that of Shakspeare's old man, is "like a lusty winter—frosty, but kindly." If the farmer has toiled hard at ploughing and planting, his eyes are soon gladdened by the stores with which nature so amply repays the rustic laborer. The fruit trees richly laden with tempting fruit, large fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty puddings, and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round proportions to the sun, and giving ample promise of the most luxuriant of pies, all greet his eyes.

But it is not mere physical comfort that the farmer derives from his occupation; he secures that spirit of independence which renders the yeomanry of a country its sturdiest and most intelligent defenders. Brought into intimate communion with nature, her gentle yet powerful influences strengthen and ennoble his soul. He is not necessarily an unlettered man, for he has ample time—during nearly six months of the year—for study and intellectual improvement; more time by far for general reading than the divine, the lawyer, the physician, or professional author.

If the farmer so chooses, he may, indeed, render his toil dull and uninteresting; but if he illuminates his pathway by the light of science and art, and unites theory with practice, he will find that no occupation is more capable of interest and elevation.

FOREIGN MADE SILKS.—It is stated that \$23,486,456 worth of foreign made silks passed into consumption at the port of New York alone last year, and probably not less than \$3,000,000 worth more at other ports of the United States.

"WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?"—Redding & Co. have a neat little English pamphlet, thus entitled, price one shilling. Housewives should have it.

QUEER.—There are more Free Masons in San Francisco, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world.

THEATRICAL.—Two Hungarians have appeared at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in their national dances, with great success.

BOSTON FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

The stranger that passes through Court Square, will, if he looks over head, see a great number of wires radiating from the top of the City Building. The question will naturally arise, what great spider's web is this? His curiosity is excited, and like a true Yankee, he walks into the building, and in the third story discovers the room which our artist has sketched on page 264. But as the picture would be worthless without some explanation, we will attempt to describe it, although it is no easy matter to delineate, understandingly, the construction and operation of electrical machinery. First, the wires that we see outside of the building, are lines running all over the city. There are six distinct lines; two at the north, two at the south, and two at South Boston. They are of two kinds; one leading to the churches, and the other to the little black boxes, which may be seen stationed in different parts of the city. These wires are paths for the electricity. These different circuits are called alarm and signal circuits, and run from the top of the City Building down into the room represented. Here we see a machine, with a strip of paper running through it, and beyond it several bells; these are connected with the wires that run to the several signal boxes.

Let us now notice one of these boxes, say the one at the Old Colony Depot. A policeman stationed there politely opens the box to let us look inside. We see a crank, and a key that we can tap. While we are looking, somebody cries that the United States Hotel is on fire. The officer instantly turns the crank eight or ten times, and in a minute he hears the bells ringing all over the city. They strike thirty or forty blows—cease a moment—then strike one, two, three—then stop—and then repeat the same number. The city is divided into districts, and the Hotel is in the third district. The thirty blows call the attention of the firemen, and the three strokes indicate in what district is the fire. But how was this ascertained? In this way. One of the bells on the table before the operator began to ring. Looking at the strip of paper he saw some dots and marks that told him the crank in the signal box at the Depot had been turned. Going to the box, seen in the sketch with some knobs projecting from it, he pressed one of them down, and instantly the bells began to strike. Pressing down another, three strokes followed, designating the number of the district.

The above may be given as a description of a part of the *modus operandi* by which the telegraph instantly guides in the direction of a fire. We cannot enter into that minuteness of detail perhaps desirable to those who have little conception of this invention, but would urge any of our readers abroad, who feel interested in it, when they visit the city, to make this one of the items of their observation.

In this invention Boston stands unrivalled in the world for a system of fire-alarms. When completed, it will cost about \$15,000; and were it three that sum, it would be invaluable. The city are under great obligations to Dr. Channing, the originator, and Mr. Farmer, the constructor and superintendent, for the system, and to the city government, who have so liberally carried the enterprise through.

THE RUINED ABBEY:

—OR—

THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

We shall commence in our next number a novelette thus entitled, from the pen of Dr. J. H. Robinson. The scene is laid in the early times of "Merry England," and the plot is one that is well sustained, vivid, entertaining and truthful. We recommend it with pleasure to our readers as a story that will interest and please them universally.

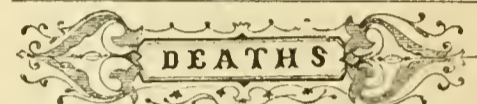
SHIP FEVER IN THE INTERIOR.—This fatal disease has been introduced into the poor-house of Blair county, near Holidaysburg, Pa., by an emigrant, and a number of the inmates have died, among the rest, Mrs. Lytle, the wife of the superintendent.

ENTERPRISING.—It is said that the ladies of Upper Marlboro', Md., have undertaken to devise ways and means to have the streets of that village paved.

LIBERAL.—The senators of the Ohio Legislature have agreed to pay five dollars each to the Kossuth fund.



In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Richard T. Murray to Miss Anna C. Hoyt.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Thomas T. Osborn to Miss Sarah S. Bicknell.
 By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. John T. Mathews, of Virginia, to Miss Anna G. Thomson.
 By Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Josiah C. Vinton to Mrs. Harriet M. Burnham.
 By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. George Gunnison, of Amesbury, to Miss Malvina Collins.
 At Lexington, Mr. Francis R. Bowman, of Roxbury, to Miss Mary J. Whiting, of Waltham.
 At Westboro', by Rev. Mr. Gage, Mr. Lincoln Wood to Miss M. H. Mellen.
 At Gloucester, Mr. George C. Dennison, of Port Norfolk, to Miss Charlotte Augusta Robinson.
 At New Bedford, Rev. Carlos Banning, of the Providence M. E. Conference, to Miss Harriet E. Pitman.
 At Falmouth, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Hooker, Mr. Benjamin B. Webster, of Boston, to Miss Abbie L. Butler.
 At Ware Village, by Rev. Mr. Ward, Mr. B. J. Howe, of Dover, Del., to Miss Francena W. Howe.
 At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Charles M. Smith, of New York, to Miss Adeline A. Hutchinson.
 At Gorham, Me., by Rev. Mr. Mayall, Mr. Stephen Wiley, of Charlestown, Ms., to Miss L. A. Foster, of Linnington, Me.
 At New York, Mr. W. H. Thomas to Miss Frances A., daughter of Thomas D. Bailey, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H.
 At Lock's Island, N. S., by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Beniah Spinney, of Wilmot, to Miss Abigail Lock.



In this city, Mrs. Lydia A. Lyneh, 26; Mr. Isaac Snow, 64; Mr. John Ryan, 43; Mr. Allen C. Nichols, of Cohasset, 31; Mrs. Jane White; Stephen D. Smith, 16; Mrs. Susan C. Palmer; Mrs. Hester Watson, 32; Miss Hannah Edwards, 47; Capt. Alpha Richardson, of North Enfield, N. H., 55; Capt. Wm. Cobb, of Roxbury, 70; Mr. Charles Bates, 39; Mrs. Abigail Harrington, 72.
 At Roxbury, Mrs. Abigail Parry, 25.
 At Charlestown, Mrs. Matilda T. Hunnewell, 32.
 At Somerville, Mr. Daniel Fosdick, 51.
 At East Cambridge, George H., youngest son of William V. Thompson, 1 year 5 mos.
 At Cambridgeport, Mr. George W. Moses, 23.
 At Chelsea, Miss Isabella M. Cunningham, 20.
 At Lynn, Rev. Ebenezer Nelson, 64.
 At Salem, Mrs. Sarah R. P. Noah, 23.
 At Dedham, Mr. Isaac Paul, 77.
 At Natick, Miss Mary L. Childs, 20.
 At Andover, Dea. Daniel Noyes, 60.
 At Lowell, Nathan Luther, Esq., 81.
 At Dracut, P. Fisk Worcester, late of New York, 24.
 At Fitchburg, Mr. Charles F. Wade, of Boston, 35.
 At Hadley, Dea. Jacob Smith, 87.
 At North Leverett, Mrs. Sybil Graves, 90.
 At Epping, N. H., Mrs. William Plummer, 90, widow of the late Gov. Whilster.
 At Portland, Me., Joseph Pope, Esq., 72.
 At Bucksport, Me., Rev. Mighill Blood, 74.
 At Philadelphia, Capt. W. W. Whilden, 80, the oldest steamboat captain out of that city.

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THE PILOT'S TOWER:

—OR—

CHECK TO ENGLAND'S MOVE.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

ON the 18th of November, 1662, the good city of Dunkirk was in that peculiar state of agitation which pervades a bee-hive when its tenants are about to swarm. News had that day been received that Louis XVI, who was then king of France, had purchased the city from the English, to whose share it had fallen by the treaty of 1658; and as the sun was sinking behind the horizon, the French squadron came into the harbor with a light wind, and anchored off the citadel. A hundred years previous, the French army, commanded by the Duke of Guise, had ravaged the town with fire and sword; but time wears away all resentments, and the Dunkirkers were now ready to swear allegiance to the haughty monarch, who sought to make Paris the dominant city of Christendom.

The quays of the city were thronged with fishermen, who gazed on the French fleet with critical eyes, as they discussed the models, rigging, and general appearance of the respective vessels. Merchants, notaries, and priests, each wearing their peculiar costumes, were also attracted to the water-side, every one taking a great interest in the coming change of rule, save those who (and they were few in number) were on intimate terms with the English garrison. The officers of this force, too, were exceedingly vexed, as most of them were comfortably located, and loudly did they censure their young King Charles. In so doing, indeed, they but echoed public sentiment in England, for it was evident that the inexperienced monarch, fond of pleasure, and in need of ready cash, had been enticed into the sale of a flourishing portion of his kingdom for a tithe of its value. All of his ministers had opposed the transfer, and when they found their exertions useless, they set to work to so hamper the sale with conditions as to diminish the value of Dunkirk to the French.

The news soon reached the environs, and nowhere did it produce greater excitement than in the collection of miserable cabins, which dotted a plain, covered with frames of brushwork, upon which the fishermen cured their spoil. Leaving their nets half spread out, the men had gone to the quay the moment that the French squadron anchored, and by sunset most of their families had followed them. In the cabin of Cornille Bart, however, a light twinkled as night came on, and a faint wreath of smoke curled upward from the low chimney. Bart had gone to the quay, taking his two sons—Gaspar and Jean—with him, but his good wife Catherine, like a good housewife, remained at home to prepare supper.

Her domestic zeal, strong as it was, could not eclipse her curiosity though, and every time that she turned the johnny-cakes of barley-meal, which were being baked before the fire, she gazed eagerly through the small and only window of the cabin.

"Well, well," she soliloquized, "here the cakes are done, and no one to eat them. Nor do I know a thing. Dear, dear, but women who keep house are unlucky—" Here a rapid cannonading interrupted, but she soon continued: "Saluting at last—bang, bang—and I not know what it's all about. Well, when the powder is burnt, I may look for my stragglers. That is, if there are no fire-works. But here comes a man and two boys—is it them?"

Soon a familiar knock at the door dissipated the good woman's doubts, and she hastened to admit her husband.

"Well, dame," said the burly fisherman, "you are waiting supper for us, are you not?"

"That I am, Cornille; and it was not very charitable in you to stay away so long, for you know my curiosity, at any rate, you tell me often enough."

"Never mind, Catherine; serve supper, for these lads are half starved, and as they eat, I will give you all the details."

"And you, Cornille, have you left your appetite on the quay?"

"Yes, indeed! The news weighs heavily on my heart, and I do not feel like eating a morsel."

"Our lady preserve us! what is to happen?" cried the good woman, as her anxious glance shot from husband to children.

"I will tell you," replied Cornille. "You have heard that the king of France," and as he

spoke, the fisherman loyally raised his woolen cap, "has re-purchased Dunkirk for five millions of francs—"

"Certainly; but that is good news for us all."

"At first sight, Catherine, it seems so. But when one learns the conditions of sale, it is anything but good news."

"And what are these conditions?"

"What are they? Why, every public building is to be razed to the height of the highest dwelling house. By the great white whale, Dunkirk fisheries, though worth millions now, will not then be worth that morsel of barley crust."

"But how will the cutting down of the fortress do this? Faith, I have often thought that it was more cost than profit."

"No one cares for the fortress, Catherine; but for the church-steeple—the beacon by day and the directing light by night for those who enter the port. No fisherman will dare venture out—no coaster will dare venture in to purchase—in short, Dunkirk is ruined!"

There was an interval of gloomy silence, but, at length, Cornille said:

"Come, my boys, go to bed. You must get up early to-morrow."

"And you," said his wife, "will you go to bed now also?"

"No! I do not feel like sleeping now, and will take a smoke; but you need not wait for me. Let us repeat our evening prayer." And all kneeling, repeated together a beautiful canticle, for in those days, the French were a religious people.

The lads were soon between their coarse brown sheets; and Catherine, throwing herself upon the bed, apparently went to sleep. Cornille sat for nearly an hour, silently watching the circling smoke of his pipe, and then, with a stealthy tread, went to the door. As he shot back the bolt, there was a slight movement on Catherine's bed, which arrested his progress, but as she did not speak, he opened the door, closed it gently behind him, and set out for Dunkirk. He had not gone more than two-thirds of the way, when he heard rapid footsteps coming behind him. Was he pursued? Did he not know that step? Was it the echo of his own? No. Another instant solved his doubts, for his wife approached him.

"I knew," said she, "that you had concealed something from me."

"My poor Catherine, it was that you need not be alarmed. We fishermen have agreed to meet to-night in the priest's garden, to see if something cannot be done to save our beacon-tower. But you see that women could do nothing at such a meeting."

"Saints preserve us! but if you men care so much for the steeple, do you suppose that we women do not care for the church? There we were married, there our children were baptized, there we joined in masses for our deceased parents. O, Cornille, let the women pray that the church may be spared, if nothing more, for fervent prayer can never injure any enterprise."

"That's what I think, mother," said a soft voice; and Jean Bart, the youngest son, came from behind a fish-flake. He had followed his mother, but feared his father's anger, and hid himself until he could see how she was received.

"Another hand at the oar," murmured the fisherman.

"Don't send us back," entreated both mother and son.

"Well, well," said Cornille, "come along."

Half an hour afterwards, the trio entered the priest's garden, where they found about a hundred fishermen, some of them, like Bart, accompanied by their families. All were in groups, discussing the threatened demolition of their church, and in the centre, surrounded by the oldest of the party, was the venerable priest. When all who were expected had arrived, he stood upon a wheel-barrow, and requested silence. Every head was uncovered—every tongue was silent.

"My children," said the priest, "you asked me to permit you to assemble here to-night, and I granted your request. Now, have any of you any project for saving our dear city with our loved church, from the parting destruction of the English?"

Several propositions were made, but the priest shook his head as he heard them. Each one was more impossible than was its predecessor, and all were based upon some act of violence which would have drawn the wrath of both nations upon the city.

Catherine, profiting by a moment's silence, addressed the priest.

"Supposing, reverend father, that we women, leading our children, go in procession to see the English commissioner, and implore him to spare our tower?"

"It would be useless, my daughter, for England seeks to ruin our port that hers may flourish. Your idea is hopeless."

There was a murmur of discontent through the crowd, and one of the oldest fishermen, elbowing his way up to the priest, and with a countenance purple with rage, said, or rather growled:

"Look here, father, we hoped that you would head us in saving our church and tower, but you appear disposed to throw cold water on all our projects. Indeed, everything that is suggested, you object too. I didn't expect it."

"Master Perron, you have the fire of youth under the debilitated envelope of age; but you do not possess the wisdom which belongs to your gray beard. I do not wish to throw cold water upon any reasonable project; but those suggested thus far are wholly impracticable. Neither, my children, can I suggest anything myself; and if Heaven does not aid us, why—"

"Our tower must be demolished," murmured several voices.

"Not at all," cried a shrill, childish voice.

"Who spoke? What boy is that?" said Cornille Bart, in a severe tone.

"Your son Jean, father; and I think I have the idea which you all seek. Do you care much for our cabin at the flakes?"

"Jean," cried Cornille, "I will thrash you, if you say another word."

"For pity's sake," said the priest, "let the lad speak. Remember that God has often chosen a child to deliver those whom he loves, and Jean's thoughts may be like the pebbles in David's sling."

"Well then, Jean, as the priest wishes it, go on, but speak quickly. As for our cottage, it is all we have to shelter us; but I will cheerfully sacrifice it, if it will do any good at the present critical moment."

"Then, father, tear down our cottage to-morrow night, and rebuild it before morning upon the top of the church tower. It will then—dwelling house as it is and will be—be higher than any other edifice in Dunkirk, and the city will be saved!"

A burst of applause, hushed by a gesture of the priest, hailed this bright thought.

"Silence, my children," said he. "You see now that Providence protects us. And as for you, my lad, you will be spoken of hereafter."

"It's not to be praised that I made the plan," murmured Jean. "But I love Dunkirk, and I hate the English. There it is."

"But you will become famous, my boy, and your mother will be proud of you. Now, friends, shall we execute the child's plan?"

"Yes, yes. Once get Bart's cottage on the top of the tower, and we are safe."

"Well, then, meet here to-morrow night at sunset, with such tools and building materials as you can conceal under your sea-jackets. Master Perron here will act as foreman, and tell each one what to bring. And now let us implore a blessing upon our deliberations, and ask a continuance of Divine favor for to-morrow night's work."

The next day, the priest, accompanied by Cornille Bart, called upon Monsieur Wostyn, one of the richest merchants and ship-owners of the city. They found him sad and thoughtful, for the destruction of the beacon-tower would be the downfall of his fortune. But his countenance brightened up as he heard the project of little Jean Bart.

"Dunkirk is saved!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands joyfully. "And as if to aid you in accomplishing your task undiscovered by the English, Providence has so ordered matters that all the officers will pass the night on board of the French squadron. As for the soldiers, a few jugs of Dutch gin will quiet them."

"How?" said the priest.

"Why, some strange fancy, as I thought, prompted the Count d'Estrades to offer a ball to our late enemies, and they will thus be all out of our way."

After mutual congratulations, the priest repaired to the church, and Cornille Bart to his cottage, which Catherine was preparing to leave. The family were gladly received by the neighboring fishermen; and before night, the cabin was entirely demolished, and conveyed, concealed under loads of brush-wood, into the priest's garden, which adjoined the church.

Meanwhile, all was in motion on board of the

admiral's frigate. The upper deck, covered by thick awnings, was converted into a magnificent ball-room. Flags of all nations decorated the sides, while clusters of fire-arms, highly polished, chandeliers and mirrors, gave a fairy like appearance to the scene. Below were long supper-tables, spread with every delicacy, and a full band of martial music prompted the inspiring dance. The other vessels of the squadron were brilliantly illuminated; and, as may well be imagined, there was not a British officer in Dunkirk by nine o'clock. About that time, too, various landlords became very generous towards the English soldiers, and even gave them bottles of gin for those of their comrades who were on guard at the citadel.

Around the church, all was life, yet grave-like silence reigned. Some, by the aid of the booms brought from their fishing boats, rigged derricks upon the broad platform of the stone tower; others tempered the mortar; and the old sanctuary resembled an ant-hill. The priest was on his knees before the altar, and the women kept watch and ward round about. To cheer them in their toil, came the enlivening strains of music from the squadron. Nor did they cease until the cottage was entirely rebuilt, a fire burned in its kitchen, and Catherine had her coffee-kettle on. It was sunrise, and when the ropes and accessories were taken down, and the cottage stood there—the highest dwelling house in Dunkirk, and higher than any other building in the city—then they called out the old priest, and the assemblage, falling on their knees, sang the "matin-hymn."

On board of the flag-ship, meanwhile, all was hilarity and gaiety, though, unlike every one else, Monsieur Wostyn appeared uneasy. Occasionally he would steal out into the stern gallery (which all frigates then had), and cast an anxious glance towards the church-tower. The Count d'Estrades noticed that he did not dance, and after supper, he introduced him to the English commissioner.

"Neither of you dance, messieurs," said the count; "and you may like a game of cards, chess, or dominoes."

Both bowed assent.

"What shall it be? Chess?" said the Englishman.

Wostyn said yes, though it was with difficulty that he could bring his mind to bear upon the game, and he consequently lost several times. His antagonist became elated with success, and, just as daylight shone in through the flags, he made a bold move, and exclaimed, in a boastful tone:

"Ha, ha! your castle is in danger, and I fear it will fare no better than your old church-tower. 'Tis a pity, by the way, that I must have that tower pulled down to-day."

At that moment, the almost despairing merchant heard the hymn of praise, and he knew that all was safe. Rising from the table, he went out into the stern gallery, and requested his opponent to follow him. They found the Count d'Estrades already there, and the poop of the vessel was lined with curious observers—French and English. Plainly visible, in the glowing rays of the rising sun, was Bart's cottage, and through the open door all could see the honest fisherman and his family quietly eating breakfast. From the chimney waved a French flag.

"Check to your move!" said Wostyn, to the English commissioner, significantly pointing to the cottage. "Behold the highest dwelling house in all Dunkirk, nor is there even a weather-vane above its level!"

"I give up the game!" said the Englishman, good naturedly. Then, turning towards the count, he continued: "We may contend with you upon the battle-field, but when wit and invention are at stake, we surrender. Gentlemen, we will evacuate the city to-day!"

Such is the legend related at Dunkirk; and a small cottage is still carefully kept upon the top of a massive watch-tower, which serves as a beacon to the flourishing commerce of the city. As to the naval exploits of Jean Bart, they fill many a glowing page of French history, and show that he always retained his early antipathy to his English neighbors. The prediction of the old priest was fulfilled.

—If there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
'Tis that by loving father shed
Upon a dutiful daughter's head.
Scott's Lady of the Lake.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?

At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, "Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think *How beautiful is spring!* And when the summer comes and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is summer!* When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is autumn!* And when it is *ere winter*, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look through the leafless branches, as I never could till now, and see the *stars shine.*"

A PASSING THOUGHT.

Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses, soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be had for nothing in this world. Genius, beauty and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, but not a pretty throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked and goes out naked; the difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again into dust.

VERY FINE.

A young lady, resident of Albany, N. Y., recently received from a relative, in California, by letter, a gold watch and two gold chains. The package did not weigh an ounce and a half. The watch is a perfect gem. It is a Geneva lever, full jewelled, is not much larger than a dime, and keeps admirable time. One of the chains was of gold and agate very beautiful, and the other was of the finest California gold, and about eighteen inches in length. Such a letter is worth the postage, at least.

AGRICULTURE.

A cultivator of fruit, whose good example is referred to in the *New England Farmer*, published in Boston, keeps a circle of several feet around the roots of every tree clear of grass, and enriches it with chip manure, bones, ashes and several other kinds of fertilizing substances. He has very large crops of most excellent fruit, which, he states, bring him more money than any of the neighboring farmers obtain from all their crops.

READING AND THINKING.—It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee's touching of the flowers that gathers honey, but her abiding for a time upon them and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most, that will prove to be the best Christian.

SUGGESTION.—It is proposed to make a law to restrain the sale and use of camphene and other burning fluids. If people would exercise a little prudence and common sense, much of the danger in their use would be avoided. Persons must expect that when they put powder on a live coal it will burn.

EXPRESSIVE.—The English historian, Allison, relating Washington's retirement into private life, holds this language:—"He bequeathed to his countrymen an address, to which there is no composition of uninspired wisdom which can bear comparison."

CLERGY IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.—The Rev. Mr. Alford has been appointed Inspector and Chaplain in the Custom-House. He lately left the pulpit to improve his health.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN SAN FRANCISCO.—There are now twelve places of religious worship in San Francisco.

Wayside Gatherings.

The small-pox prevails at Litchfield, Ct. Gold has lately been found in the Gila river. The average cost of telegraph lines is \$200 a mile. The Maine liquor law has passed in Pennsylvania. A \$500 Homestead Exemption Law has been passed in Tennessee. The manufacture of paper is about to be commenced at Cumberland, Md. Six different railroad bills have been engrossed in the Senate of Texas. A fine quality of coal has been found 75 miles up the Minnesota river. The receipts of gold at the Philadelphia mint, since January, have been \$11,061,900. The number of slaves in the United States has increased, since the last census, 711,085. The lowest bid for the present census job is \$900,000. The highest, \$1,300,000.

There are four daily German newspapers in New York, six weekly, and one semi-weekly. The number of French emigrants that arrived at New York last year was 6064.

It cost something more than three millions of dollars to govern the city of New York last year.

D. H. Blake has been arrested at Wilmington, N. C., for kidnapping a slave at Augusta, Ga.

By the explosion of the Mary Kingsland, at New Orleans, five persons were killed.

Steamship Yacht has been sold at New Orleans for \$40,000, and steamship Fanny for \$30,000.

The Western papers say, that the grain crops look bad in some places since the disappearance of the snow.

Mrs. Mowatt has not been able to sit up since her accident, and it will be long before she will be able to resume her profession.

The last way of vending liquor in Maine, is by saturating a sponge with the forbidden drink, and charging sixpence per suck.

The treasurer of Texas is now paying the claims upon the State, either in gold or United States bonds, at 3 per cent. premium.

It is said that 157,000 bushels of coal were sunk by the sudden breaking up of the ice in the Ohio river.

There are 298 orphans now registered in Girard College. The institution is reported to be in a highly prosperous and excellent condition.

As the wife of Mr. Andrew J. Roberts was filling a fluid lamp, while lighted, it exploded in her hands, burning her dangerously.

The number of towns and cities in New Hampshire is 230. The whole number of representatives last year was 282.

Arkansas is said to be the only State in the Union where the mineral called lapis lazuli is found. It is worth four times its weight in gold.

Robberies of the most alarming character and extensive Indian depredations were occurring in Mexico, at the latest dates.

Newell Johnson, of Shrewsbury, Vt., aged 22 years, committed suicide in a temporary fit of insanity; he had for some time been ill.

The Committee on Internal Improvements, in the Virginia Legislature, report in favor of making appropriations to the amount of \$4,362,000.

Two thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars and fifty nine cents have been raised in Georgia for the Washington monument.

The receipts for licenses in New York last month amounted to \$814 75, including \$136 25 for fines of hackmen, stage drivers and cabmen.

During the past winter, 4877 loads of wood, and \$1400 in money, were distributed among 7000 destitute persons in Cincinnati.

Mr. Clay has again relapsed into a condition of serious prostration, and his case is now worse than ever.

Messrs. W. Corbyn and John Buckland have taken "Brougham's Lyceum," for the summer season.

The Ledger gives the assessed value of property in Philadelphia city and county. The aggregate of real and personal property is \$142,726,572.

The slave trade is still carried on at a fearful rate in Cuba. Two vessels recently brought upwards of 1400 slaves to different points of the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt will give three concerts in New York, during the latter part of April, and sail in the Atlantic for Europe early in May.

Over \$300 have been subscribed for the widow of Mr. John Hall, who was killed at the Tremont Temple fire. Mayor Seaver will receive contributions.

California is equal in size to eighteen or nineteen such States as Maryland, and four or five such as Pennsylvania; but the whole population is only equal to one-half of Philadelphia.

A newspaper is a law-book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent, it may instruct the most profound.

The New York papers speak in severe though just terms of condemnation against the prevailing practice of erecting cheap and insecure buildings. The authorities have taken hold of the matter, determined to punish the guilty party.

Foreign Miscellany.

Paris has twenty theatres. England imports from the continent a hundred thousand eggs annually. The Royal Exchange, in London, is to have a set of fifteen bells in its steeple. By the dissolution of the French National Guard, more than eight hundred thousand muskets have been returned to the imperial arsenal.

The potato crop in Limerick, Clare and Tipperary is already planted, an immense quantity of grass land having been turned up for the purpose.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal announces that orders will soon be issued for the release of the Irish exiles, on condition that they do not return to the British islands.

It is reported that the New York Tribune has been prohibited from entering France, on account of its comments on Louis Napoleon and European politics.

The number of American vessels which arrived at St. Petersburg, in 1851, was sixty-three—tonnage, 24,892. Seamen in American vessels, 663; foreign, 427.

Thousands of olive trees were torn up, the lemon and orange trees seriously injured, and a church steeple thrown down, in Corfu, by whirlwinds and water-spouts late in February.

The king of Siam has allowed not only full toleration to all religions, but has permitted free access by the missionary to every part of the empire, whose labors are unrestricted.

There has been something like a rebellion in the Portuguese territory of Goa, occasioned, it is said, by resistance to some unpopular taxes lately imposed by the governor.

In 1688, there was cast in France an enormous bomb, which is said to have been in the shape of an egg, and capable of containing 7000 or 8000 pounds of powder.

A Danish paper publishes a remarkable article proposing that an English prince, a younger son of Queen Victoria, be selected to inherit the crown of Denmark.

A letter from Constantinople says that Austria is reported to have demanded from the Porte a cession of territory, as indemnity for injury sustained through the assistance given to Hungarians during the late war.

The London Times says it has taken some pains to ascertain the number of persons arrested in France within the last few weeks, and it was assured by the best authorities, speaking on sufficient evidence, that the number reaches one million.

Sands of Gold.

—All things are soon prepared in a well-ordered house.

—Life abounds in cases of brilliant results to generous policy.

—Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

—Happiness is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

—He that would enjoy the fruit, must not gather the flower.

—Good spirits are often taken for good nature, yet nothing differs more.

—The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

—Love is a key with which woman can unlock the heart of man.

—The purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

—Forget injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

—Nothing can be great which is not right; nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind.

—The public is a body very much like that which assembles round a dinner-table, and the wise host will cater for all.

—When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

—Power is not always proportionate to the will; the generality of men begin by willing, and act afterwards as they can.

—I have cleaned my mirror, and, fixing my eyes on it, I perceive so many defects in myself, that I easily forgive those of others.

—We must not always speak all that we know—that were mere folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

—A modern writer sensibly remarks, that many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the propriety of female management, as to the knowledge and activity of the father.

—The true felicity of life is to be free from anxiety, to understand our duties towards God and man, and to enjoy the present without too much concern about the future.

—Look at the beautiful star, the first and the brightest. I have often thought it was like the promise of life beyond the tomb—a pledge to us, that, in the depths of midnight, the earth shall have a light, unquenchable, from heaven.

Joker's Olio.

We wonder if anybody ever picked up a tear that was dropped?

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters? Because they never saw.

Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because we can't make it out.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river, has been trying to spin a mountain top.

An India rubber omnibus is about being invented, which, when jam full, will hold a couple more.

An editor out West says if "time is money," he is willing to exchange a little of his, for the "hard."

Why is an errand-boy like an old horse put up at auction? Because he'll go for what he'll fetch.

Why is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he is going to a-light.

The youth that once acted as lover to "Araby's daughter," now tends a switch on the Tillytulum railroad.

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it is able to stop it.

If "money makes the mare go," what a fast travelling old jade John Jacob Astor's maro must have been—if he had one.

To prevent the rising of flour, the authorities of Maine have prohibited the manufacture of yeast. Great place—next to California.

"Although I never drink, I think I'm 'taking a drop' now," as the temperance man said when he fell out of a third story window.

"I know by a little what a great deal means," as the gander said when he saw the tip of a fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

Why is a hyena, in full gallop, like the manager who refused to produce my last tragedy? Because he's a fast hideous (fastidious) beast.

Jerrold says, that young boys who marry old maids, "gather, in the spring of life, the golden fruits of autumn." A werry nice sentiment, but not all likely to take.

There is a young lady up town who says that if a cart-wheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a woman like her can't have one. Simple girl, that.

In the opinion of most physicians, a patient will recover if he don't die; while his disease may be considered mortal if it only terminates with his life. Those who take rhubarb, will please notice.

"Why is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "because we can't be wed without it."

A jury who had been directed to bring in a prisoner guilty upon his own confession and plea, returned a verdict of not guilty, and offered as a reason, that they knew him to be such a liar that they could not believe him.

A western editor, in speaking of a cotemporary who is down with the "fever and shakes," says the doctors have given him up," which is just what his bail did two years ago, when he was indicted for horse-stealing. Singular coincidence, isn't it?

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION,

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

THE STAR SCENE

IN THE ENCHANTED HARP.

Week before last we presented on the first page of the Pictorial a fine engraving of the principal scene in the play of the Enchanted Harp, now performing at the Boston Museum. The scene given herewith is known as the star scene, and illustrates a very important part of the plot in the play. It is that where the good Genus of the Harp (Miss Cutler) appears to Koran (Mr. Keach, a likeness of whom is given below in character), in a dream, apparently bursting forth from a star in the sky to his entranced vision, and so encouraging him that he resolves to dare all danger, relying upon the spirit of the harp as his good genius and protector. The scene as sketched by our artist is as it appears at the moment when the good spirit is imparting her words of hope and good cheer to the nobly born but long lost Koran, and is managed with the mechanical skill and excellence of effect that characterises all scenic business at this establishment. It is literally the star scene of the piece, and never fails to bring down the house in raptures of applause. The vision of the Peruvian hunter, which our scene presents, is a brilliant appearance of the fairy of the harp and her mortal friend. The stage is enveloped in clouds, which divide, and discover the genius of the harp, and princess Runac in a sun of glory, and the following prophecy is announced.

Koran, the obscure and lowly bred,
The path of glory thou shalt tread.
The unequal combat bravely dare,
Thy bright reward, a Princess fair;
Dispel all thoughts of doubt and fear,
Thy Guardian Genius will be near;
The Enchanted Harp such powers can
disperse.

To lock in magic slumber every sense.

The Fairy of the Harp thy course shall guard.
Honor thy aim—and Love thy bright reward.

Below we present three pictures of the three principal characters in the play, Mr. Warren, Mad. Radynski, and Mr. Keach. It would be superfluous to say that they do full justice to the parts assigned them; they always do so. Mad. Radynski as princess, who is the promised bride to Koran, provided he encounters successfully the common enemy and conquers him, in spite of the magic that screens him from mortal power, adds great interest to the part by the very sweet vocal powers she possesses. This lady made her debut at the Museum during the past season, and has gradually grown better as she has become more *au fait* in stage effect. Mr. Warren, without doubt, one of the very best comedians now known to the stage, needs no eulogium from us. The inimitable drollery that

he invariably imparts to his character is a source of never failing mirth to the audience, with whom he is an immense favorite, and justly so, for in private his personal popularity is scarcely less extended than the appreciation which he receives as it regards his public and professional career. If any one desires a remedy for the blues, let him witness Warren in Poor Pillacoddy, Box and Cox, or Slasher and Crasher, or any similar pieces that will give play to his endless fund of mirth provoking power often roguishly used on his fellow-actors, as a sort of "aside," and with most telling effect. Warren in short is

one of the main spokes of the Museum and could hardly be spared. Mr. Keach is as usual all impregnated with the part he assumes. He is a gentlemanly and good actor, always perfect in his part, and often throwing forth some excellent points in declamation and conception. He has literally been brought up upon the Boston stage, and served a long apprenticeship on the boards of the National, under Pelby. His figure is slight but good, and in many characters we consider him excellent. In the Enchanted Harp he has the character of the hero of the piece, and acquits himself with credit.

of most agreeable temperature, formed in the pure and white substance of the cone, and lined with the same. Here the traveller may lie at his ease, and watch the bursting of the boiling fountain above him; but, if the wind should happen to change, he must shift his position, or his place will soon be too hot for him. A small native village is here, with the usual appurtenances of a native steam kitchen at the Hot-springs—where native ovens are always in readiness, and holes of boiling water, in which fish and potatoes can speedily be cooked.—Bishop Selwyn's *Travels in New Zealand*.



STAR SCENE, IN THE PLAY OF THE "ENCHANTED HARP."

WATERING PLACE.

On our way we visited Wakarewarewa Hot-springs, by far the finest at Rotorua, about seven miles from Mr. Chapman's, and about three from Ohinemutu. Here are to be seen all the varieties of Ngawha (hot springs) They are mud cauldrons, black, blue, gray, green, yellow, and red, the very emblem of laziness; a faint stream rises from them, and ever and anon a solitary bubble of gas disengages itself slowly from the surface, which then returns to its usual dulness. Close by the side of these, and in strong contrast, are the clear pools of boiling water, of great depth, and of bright azure, enclosed in precipitous walls of sulphurous formation: from some of these, hot streams flow down, which are guided by the natives either in artificial baths or into natural hollows of the rock; the supply of hot water being regulated so as to keep the bath at the right temperature. Among these cauldrons and pools, a strong and rapid stream of cold water rushes down, in some places not a yard from the spot at which the natives are sitting up to their breasts in hot water, shelling Tawa berries, or peeling potatoes, or, failing in the seemly employments, enjoying their usual resource of smoking.

But by far the most beautiful springs are the boiling jets, which are thrown up to the height of many feet from a narrow orifice in the top of an irregular cone, formed of the matter held in solution by the water, which is deposited as it cools, and forms a substance of a pinkish white color, sometimes also tinged with yellow by crystals of sulphur. It is perfectly safe to stand upon the tops of these cones, to the windward of the spout; and from that position it is grand, first, to hear the roaring and boiling of the cauldron, and then see the jet spring up into the air, shivered by the force of its projection into silvery foam, accompanied by a volume of white steam. The hot water, in its descent, trickles down the sides of the crater, and falls into several natural baths



MR. WARREN, AS BULWADEN.



MADAME RADYNSKI, AS THE PRINCESS RUNAC.



MR. KEACH, AS KORAN.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



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ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF MAY-DAY.

[For description, see page 285.]

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
 —OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

HEPSEY HERNE—CORA—GLENBURN—JACK LYND.

It was long ago, in the olden time, in the reign of Charles the Second. England contained but one-third of its present population. It prided itself upon its extensive forests, its fen and moor-land, its arable grounds. The gipsy spread his tent, and the moss trooper slept quietly in his blanket upon the heath, and in the oaken wood where great cities now stand, and where the wheat and the maize now flourish. Glorious days were those for the outlaw, and the trampler. The reins of justice were held with a feeble hand. The roads were intolerably bad; travelling was a slow and difficult matter, and vagrants and vagabonds, who trusted to the fleetness of their feet, and their knowledge of the country, had but little to fear. It is true that offenders were often severely and even cruelly handled when caught; but to catch them was not an easy thing. Lords and noble country gentlemen dwelt in fortified castles, and endeavored to mete out justice to those within their jurisdiction. In this they sometimes succeeded, but oftener failed. In many instances the powerful lord was but a rustic clown, rude and unpolished; and it was often the case that his dependents were governed with all the rigor of a complete despotism.

The scenes of our story are laid near Canterbury, in the county of Kent. With these few prefatory remarks, we will proceed.

It was the pleasant month of June. The oak had just put forth its foliage, the spreading beech and the tough ash had budded; the white thorn had blossomed, and the holly grew by the green hedge-rows. The heath flower was seen on the mossy moor; and the verdant grasses were luxuriating in the dank bogs and meadows. The elder-bush and the hazel grew rank on the banks of the streams and rivulets, and the cress crept along the beds of running brooks and stagnant waters.

The sun was sinking in the west; his beams lay along the branches of the trees at Forest Hill, gilding them with a fiery glow. The gentle winds that toyed with the green leaves were fragrant with the breath of nature, breathed from sweet flowers, odorous herbs and grasses. Two persons stood near the summit of the hill. Both were females. The eldest was a tall, dark woman, clad in a fantastic manner. Her hair was coarse, long and black, and flowed unrestrained by comb or band; it fell about her neck and shoulders in heavy masses. Her face was wrinkled and swarthy. Her nose was sharp, pinched, and long. Her cheek bones were high and regular—her eyes small, black and piercing. When excited, they had the appearance of emitting flashes of light. Her mouth was large, and drawn down at the angles, while the lips were thin, and she had a habit of compressing them, especially when looking fixedly at one. Her figure was gaunt and bony, her fingers and arms long and skinny. She was clad in garments of various colors, some of them being very bright, and others very dingy and faded. A yellow handkerchief was tied about her head, and a ragged remnant of a thin shawl thrown in a curious manner over her shoulders. A plaid skirt, six inches too short, completed her dress.

The companion of this woman was in every respect unlike her. Instead of age, ugliness, and wrinkles, she had youth, beauty and fairness. Instead of a figure tall, thin, and angular,

she had a form of graceful proportions, symmetrical, rounded, and faultless. Instead of the repulsiveness which characterized the hag, she had that peculiar attractiveness calculated to inspire interest at the first glance. Her eyes were dark as the wild looking woman's; but they shot forth no malignant fires; they were mild and sweet in their expression. Her mouth was small, and a model of classic perfection.

The swarthy hag turned sharply to the young girl. She fixed her fierce eyes upon her and scowled angrily.

"You are as faint and timid," she exclaimed, shaking her finger threateningly, "as you are smooth-faced and fair. You are no gipsy at heart. There is not a drop of pure Rommany blood in your veins. At your age I was as bold as the boldest. I could get my own living, which you cannot. I could tell the *ventura*; I could cheat and deal; I could scatter the deadly *drao* in the manger of the Tororo cattle."

The girl shuddered, but dared not stir.

"But why should you do such things, mother?" she ventured to reply. "Could you not have gained a living in some other way?"

"A living in some other way! ha! ha!" screamed the hag, striking her stick spitefully upon the ground. "Hepsey Herne get a living in some other way! Girl, you will provoke me to beat you. How should a gipsy live, if not by lying, cheating, and thieving? Where would the laws of the Caltees be, and what would they be good for, if we did not *hokawar* and *chore*? (cheat and steal). It is bred in the blood and in the bone; it is a part of our nature. But you will never comprehend it, and learn to love it. You are a poor, weak fool, and no better than a gentile. I never can teach you the tricks of our people. I hate you with an intense hatred."

"Say not the cruel words!" cried the girl, falling upon her knees before the hag. "Let your heart relent; let some soft emotions of pity have place in your heart. Am I not your child? Can a mother hate her offspring? Is it in human nature?"

"Cringing, contemptible creature!" added Hepsey Herne. "You know not the nature of the true daughters of Roma—the intensity of their hatred, or the depth of their love for the wandering life of the dark Callee."

"People who live by honest industry call us vagrants, vagabonds, cheats, thieves, and trampers," said the girl.

"I spit upon them—I defile the graves of their fathers. May evil come upon them in an unexpected moment. May they choke with vexation; may they die with hunger and thirst; and may their children suffer with heat and with cold, with disappointment and shame, and wander in the rags of wretchedness, and drink the bitter waters of affliction!" exclaimed Hepsey Herne, in a loud voice.

"Why do you thus hate the Tororo?" (A word the English gipsies apply to all not of their own race.)

"Why do I hate the Tororo? Silly wench! Why does the sun rise and set? Why does the grass grow? Why do the waters flow toward the sea? I will answer. Because it is *nature*."

"Then I am not a true child of Roma," replied the girl. "I love not the sins of my people. I had rather be beaten, and shunned, and made wretched, than to practise their wickedness. I turn with horror from lying and cheating. I shrink from the sight of blood with indescribable fear and disgust. I can labor with my hands; I can be a drudge—the slave of slaves—

a creature to be beaten and insulted by every one, but to practise *hokkano borro* (the great trick), to *hokawar* and *chore*, I cannot."

Hepsey Herne lifted her stick over the girl's shoulders. The latter bent her head meekly, and went on.

"You tell me I am your child—flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone. But why are our natures so dissimilar? Why do you hate what I love, and love what I hate. It is something strange in nature. If you are indeed my mother; if your sufferings, and agony, and tears brought me to the light; if you heard my first faint cry when I came helpless and naked into the world; if you saw my first smiles of consciousness, heard my first words when the seal of infancy was taken from my tongue, be indeed my mother, let your heart soften towards me. Treat me with less harshness. Permit me to hear, once in a great while, a few words of kindness; or at least of pity. Steel not against me forever the gentle impulses of humanity. Sometimes unbend your brow, sometimes look less fiercely upon me with your eyes; sometimes throw a tithe of human sympathy into the tones of your voice."

Hepsey Herne made no immediate reply. She looked contemptuously at the kneeling figure, and burst into a loud, prolonged laugh. When she had expended her frantic mirth, she struck the girl across the shoulders with the stick. No cry indicated pain; but the trembling and shrinking of her person confessed how much she suffered.

"You would move the pity of Hepsey Herne," added the hag. "Vain thought—vain waste of words. You may melt steel and brass, and you may reduce a flint stone to powder; but you cannot sway the heart of Hepsey Herne. I was born a gipsy, and the planets and fixed stars conjoined and conspired to make me what I am. Child, your skin is too fair—your heart is too soft; therefore I despise you. If I am your mother, I was made so for my sins. If I gave you being, I curse the day and the hour that brought you into the world. If my sorrows and pains were the passports to your present life, then was some malignant star in the ascendant; and in being the mother of one like you, I am doubly accursed."

"I have heard you discourse thus dreadfully before, but certainly you cannot mean what you say. Wretched creature that I am!"

"If punishment and cruelty can make you know that I mean what I say, then shall you have sufficient proof of my being in earnest. Here is for you!"

Hepsey Herne raised her stick, and dealt cruel blows upon the fair person of the maiden.

"That makes the smooth skin dark and rough!" cried Hepsey Herne, "and it is your greatest curse that you were not born so. Yes, it is like the skin of the Tororo—soft and fair, and a blow discolors it."

"Mercy! mercy! spare—spare me!" cried the victim of the hag's vengeance. The voice of the suppliant reached a friendly ear. A tall young man came running to her aid. His eyes were flashing with anger, and his chest was heaving with emotions which he found it impossible to express.

"Hag! witch! devil! what are you doing?" he exclaimed, seizing her arm with a furious grasp, and wrenching away the stick.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Why do you beat this poor girl?" Why do you make her continually wretched with your causeless cruelty? Sorceress! I am tempted to throw you over yonder cliff."

Hepsey Herne gazed fixedly at the youth a moment, and then laughed as she only could laugh. She then shook him from her with her masculine strength, while her eyes flashed and sparkled like a serpent.

"Go, rash fool!" she shrieked, throwing herself into an attitude, and stretching out her right hand. "Dare my fury no longer. Begone, before I blast you with the lightnings of my eyes."

"Are you hurt much?" asked the youth.

"Go: heed me not," replied the maiden. "You can do me no good; you will but bring evil upon yourself."

"Son of a gentile!" continued Hepsey Herne, "foolish meddler! dread my vengeance. What is this weak wench to you? Why should you wince when I strike her? Why should your own flesh quiver as though you felt the blow? Is she not my daughter? Does not the blood of the Callee flow in the veins that go coursing beneath that fair skin?"

"You say she is your child; I know not if it

be so. If a lamb may be born of a wolf, she is yours," said the youth.

Turning to the object of his solicitude, he added, in a gentler voice:

"Cora, can I not protect you? Can I do nothing to alleviate the wretchedness of your condition?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I am beyond the reach of aid from you." Hepsey darted a warning look at Cora.

"Beside," resumed the latter, "this good woman is not so bad as she seems."

"You cannot disguise the truth, poor girl," replied the youth. "I see but too plainly your situation."

"I am not very wretched," added Cora. "This woman is stern sometimes, and I am not very dutiful; but she loves me."

"Do you hear that?" asked Hepsey, triumphantly.

"Yes, I hear it, and I know why it was spoken," said the bold youth. "It pains my heart to hear lips so fair obliged to utter untruths for one so unworthy."

"You have braved the vengeance of Hepsey Herne," retorted the hag, "and you shall learn to know what you have dared. Young lord of Glenburn, the curses of a sorceress shall follow you wherever you go. Hepsey Herne is wise in the language of the stars. She knows when they conjoin to work evil. She understands the mysteries of the *Cabala*. She can prepare the seal that preserves against the evil chance, and the charm which works destruction. She can draw the circles, and write the potent characters, and sign the sign of the malignant powers of the air, of the earth, of water and of fire. Henceforth, lord of Glenburn, she marks thee as the object of her cabalistic arts and her hatred. Smile, if you will, but what is to be *will* be, and fate will have it so."

Young Glenburn made no answer. The manner of the strange woman awed him and kept him silent.

"I know the name of this hour, and the name of the angel of this hour, and the seal of the angel of this hour," added Hepsey Herne. "Lord of Glenburn, tremble at my power. As for this girl, she is mine. I shall do what I wish with her, and it matters not to you. I know what you think—what you would do; I read your secret, and it shall be mine to make your disappointment bitter. Remember my words—they are prophetic—what is to be *will* be, and fate will have it so."

Hepsey Herne ceased speaking, gazed an instant at the youth, then turning her back upon him, made a gesture to Cora, who cast a grateful look upon him who had befriended her, and walked away with the hag.

Glenburn continued to look after them as they descended the hill by a steep and difficult path.

"Gipsy born—the daughter of a gipsy hag!" he said, musingly. "A fair offspring, but a witch mother. An attractive face, a goodly figure has the maiden they call Cora. But that hag will kill her."

At that moment young Glenburn received a blow upon his shoulder which nearly prostrated him. Recovering himself, he turned angrily towards the offender, who had approached him from behind, and now stood with clenched fists in the attitude of a boxer. He was a short, stout man, with coarse features, gray eyes, reddish hair, and bushy eyebrows. He was dressed after the manner of the poorer peasantry, with some additions from the gipsy style, produced doubtless by free intercourse with them. Glenburn immediately remembered having seen him on many occasions with that wandering people.

"How will you have it, sir?" he exclaimed, flourishing his arms about in the true spirit of pugilism. "I have all kinds, at your service. Will you have some smart rib ticklers, or the real dry knocks—reg'lar stunners?"

"Who are you, fellow? What means this insolence?" said Glenburn.

"Which did your honor say? the stunners, or the ticklers?" replied the man.

"Answer," added Glenburn. "What is your name and purpose?"

"I am called Jack Lynd when I'm wanted, and that's but seldom. My purpose is to give you a reg'lar touch of my science; so come up to the scratch," retorted the intruder.

"Before we proceed to blows, allow me to know for what we are to fight. How have I given cause for offence?" added Glenburn.

"I'm a man as can fight just as well without a cause as with one; so here goes!" returned Jack Lynd.

"Hold, sir; that's not satisfactory," said Glenburn.

"I saw you starin' after some females; I'm willin' to fight about that; it's all the same to me. How do you know but that's my wife and daughter, sir?"

"I do not, neither do I care," said Glenburn. "All that I can say is, if that tall woman is your wife, I don't envy your situation."

"Don't go for to disparage her, sir. I'm a chap as wont allow female virtue to be scandalized. Look out for a stunner."

"I came here, strange fellow, to defend innocence, not to disparage it; therefore desist. You perceive that I wear a sword. I should be loth to harm you. I am a Glenburn; my father owns these lands."

"Then you are the son of a lord," said Jack Lynd, dropping his belligerent attitude.

"I am."

"I'm werry sorry for that. You look as though you could fight a werry good battle."

"It would seem that you fight for pleasure?"

"It's the only amusement I like, your worship.

When the world goes hard with me, and I find it difficult to get a crust of bread, and a little straw to lie on of a night, and nature looks down at the heel, as we say, if I can only have a reg'lar set-to, I feel like a new man again. If I was a dyin', sir, I should want to have a little bit of a skrimmage, afore I knocked under."

"I perceive you are an original character. I rather like you."

"I am just as I was made, and don't care to be nothing different."

"You probably belong with those people yonder?" said Glenburn, pointing towards the gipsy encampment.

"You mean the trampers. I go with them sometimes; but I don't belong nowhere in particular."

"How do you get a living?"

"By dry knocks and stunners."

"Is it a profitable business?"

"It's not werry profitable, but werry refreshin'."

"Do you know Hepsy Herne?"

"I've seen the animal. Her daughter's a reg'lar stunner. They aint very well mated, though. When I see 'em; I allers think of a hawk and a dove together. I don't think she's over fond of her. The swarthy folks all seem to be afeared of old Hepsy. I've heard that she beats the little 'un. When I catch her at it, she's in for a stunner. When I lay down at night beside the green hedge-rows, I should sleep all the better for it."

"Jack Lynd, here is some money for you. It will keep you in crusts of bread and clean straw for a long time to come. All I ask in return is, that you will look after old Hepsy's girl a little, and protect her when she is abused."

"Seein' as how you refuse to fight me, to give me money is the next best thing you could do for me; however, we must try and put up with disappointments. I'll keep an eye on the daughter of that witch-wife, you may depend. But if you would be good enough to take back the money, and just exchange a few knocks with me, I'd consider it a greater inducement."

"I think you must excuse me now; perhaps at some future time I will try it with you," said Glenburn, with a smile.

"It would really be an act of kindness," replied Jack, brightening up. "You are a fine built fellow. Your arm is a long one, and the muscles are as hard as iron. Your young lordship might throw in some of the real 'stonishers. I could make a rum chap of you. I must endeavor to do the right thing by you. I will go up to the castle some day and give you a touch of science, as you can learn only on the roads."

"Thank you, and when you come, be sure and bring me word how the girl gets on with her mother."

"I'll do it with pleasure, your lordship. It's many a long day since I've fingered so much money, for as I was sayin', knockin' and stunnin' isn't werry profitable, though werry refreshin'."

Waving his hand, Glenburn turned from his new acquaintance, and pursued his way homewards, with many strange thoughts in his mind.

CHAPTER II.

ISADORE—HARDWICK.

THE sun had kissed the soft dews from the grass. The breath of the morning winds was redolent with sweetness and health. A young lady was walking towards Forest Hill. In figure

she was somewhat taller than the daughter of Hepsy Herne. She was richly attired, and evidently of "gentle blood," if one may be permitted to judge of such matters from dress and bearing. Her face and features were as unlike Cora's as they could well be, but they could not be called less attractive. She was a brunette, and nearly as dark as a gipsy. Decision and energy were marked upon every lineament. The lips had that peculiar formation which so unerringly indicates firmness of character. The eyes, though not very large, were exceedingly lustrous, and might be said to possess a certain wildness of expression. Her hair, the rich glossiness of which corresponded with her complexion, was unusually long and abundant, and hung in heavy curls over her neck. As she moved forward her step was proud and firm. Her person seemed wanting in no requisite of feminine beauty. Foot, hand, and ankle were as diminutive as aristocracy could desire, or symmetry of proportions demand.

She paused when she reached Forest Hill. Below her on one side was a deep valley, through which flowed a brook. The wandering descendants of the Egyptians were encamped there. Their tents, sheds and huts were teeming with life; the owners were already astir.

"Fair lady, do I behold you once more?" said a young man, coming forward from the shelter of the trees.

"I would be alone!" said the maiden, with dignity, pointing towards a path which led in a different direction.

"Lady, you scorn me. I expected that you would," replied the intruder.

"You are right, presuming youth; the daughter of Dunalstein scorns you!" returned the lady.

"For the sake of looking upon you for a moment, I am willing to feel even your scorn," added the youth.

"Your way lies yonder," said the maiden.

"The sun, proud Isadore, is glorious; but the meanest creature may bask in its light. Beauty is glorious, and may I not presume to gaze upon it?" replied the other, earnestly.

"Go down there among your own people, and you can gaze without giving offence."

"You despise me, daughter of Dunalstein, because I belong to a hated and wandering race. But think not that I regret the fate that made me a gipsy. No, no! I love those of the blood, and I scorn the gentle."

"Why, then, do you intrude upon me, when I would be alone?" asked Isadore, quickly.

"Because you differ from all your race that I have seen. I see in your flashing eyes, in your bold spirit, and firm step, something to remind me of my own people."

"You are complimentary, my swarthy friend," said Isadore, with a smile.

"I feel the taunt, proud Isadore; you imagine there can be nothing fair or loveable among the children of Roma."

"Your customs are horrible."

"They may be so to you, but to us they are second nature. We love the hills, the valleys, the fen, the field, the moorland, and the forests. We love freedom. We love to wander from place to place, to make our own laws, and to be a distinct people. All these things we have been taught, until they have become a portion of our being. You were differently instructed, and your heart yearns for other things, which you esteem desirable. Are you to be blamed for what you have been taught? and if you are not to be blamed for what you have been taught, am I?"

"Flimsy reasoning, sir."

"And yet you seemed to listen with interest. Your eyes lighted up when I spoke of the hills, the valleys and fields."

"All fancy, I can assure you. What cares the daughter of Dunalstein for you or your people? Stuff and nonsense!"

"Then you love not freedom?"

"Not such unlicensed freedom as yours. Why do you not leave those vagrants and learn something better? It is possible that you might in time become respected and beloved."

"No, lady, no," said the gipsy, solemnly. "I was born what I am, and never can be any different. It is in my flesh, and in my blood, and in my bones. It is my nature; it will live still with me, and it will die with me. The leopard cannot change his spots."

Isadore made no rejoinder, but looked steadily towards the tents in the valley.

"Lady, you change color; you are agitated. What moves you?"

"Nay, I am not agitated. I am very calm."

"Then you cannot look with complacency upon one so much below you in worldly condition. You cannot unbend your pride; you cannot feel the promptings of a gentle compassion. Look on me! Have I not the manly attributes of one of your own people? Am I then so contemptible in person? Does my figure lack manliness or symmetry of proportion? Does my arm want strength? Has my face no excellence of feature? Is there no persuasion in my voice? Has my mind no power? Is my intellect weak and puny? Speak; why should I excite such scorn? Why should those lips curl with disdain, those eyes flash with contempt?"

"Is your presumption, then, so great that you expect words of encouragement, or looks of compassion from me?"

"You pride yourself upon your rank. Is the difference then so great between us. Your father is a lord; mine is a count."

"And is that all the difference, sir? Can you forego your detestable habits? Can you wash your skin white?" said Isadore, breathing hard, and struggling to be firm.

"You are pleased, lady, to refer to my complexion. Is the difference in that respect so remarkable?"

"What, sir!" exclaimed Isadore.

"I have heard it observed—nay, do not frown thus—that your cheek is nearly as dark as mine."

"How dare you insult me, base son of a base people!" returned Isadore, but in a voice indicating as much grief as anger.

"Daughter of Dunalstein, I would not insult you to save my life; I would peril it to protect you from insult. Among all your admirers there is not one who loves you with half my devotion. There is not one who would dare so much for you. There is not one so disinterested. There is not one more capable of a noble passion; not one who scorns me more than I scorn him; and there is not one more proud."

The gipsy youth spoke with enthusiasm, and his cheeks glowed with excitement. He stood erect, proud, manly, and handsome. The daughter of Dunalstein gazed on him with wonder. A strange fascination held her to the spot.

"Daughter of a powerful lord," resumed the gipsy, in a voice still firm, but respectful, "we part now; but the stars say we shall meet again."

"Wayward youth, believe not the stars," replied Isadore, in a tone less cold. "The stars may light your pathway at night, and the moon may look down upon you, sleeping, through the crevices of your tent; but more they cannot do."

"The planets are a mystery and a wonder; they speak a language which the wise understand. Without the moon, and stars, and planets, there would be no upheavings and downgoings of the sea; the grass would not grow, the trees would not bud and blossom, the grains and esculent roots would never germinate and bring forth after their kind. There is no inherent virtue, no life-giving principle in the soil of the cold earth we live upon. The fertilizing breath that develops life, both animal and vegetable, descends from above by the agency of the planets. Is it not so, maiden of Dunalstein?"

"Something like that, I acknowledge; but I am not much of a philosopher."

"I will intrude no longer upon your retirement."

"Stay one moment. Am I then as dark as your people?"

"Be not offended at my freedom; there is one among us whose skin is fairer than your own."

"What is her name, sir?"

"They call her Cora. She is the daughter of Hepsy Herne."

"A tall woman, tawny and frantic?"

"You describe her well."

"She has a fierce eye, a ready tongue, and dabbles in sorcery?"

"The same."

"A strange personage—a wild woman. Her daughter is more beautiful than the daughter of Dunalstein?"

"Not more beautiful, but her skin is fairer. Proud maiden, I go—forget not Joseph Abershaw, the handsomest youth in England."

Joseph Abershaw touched his hat gracefully, and walked away with the independent air of a governor of provinces.

"The handsomest youth in England! Vain fellow!" said Isadore. "But who comes here? It is Hepsy Herne. Her step is firm, and she has, apparently, lost none of her pride since I last saw her. That woman affects me strangely; yet I cannot say that I fear her."

Hepsy Herne approached. She paused, leaning on her stick before Isadore. She put forth her skinny hand, ran her long fingers through her black hair, patted her upon the cheek and smiled.

"What does the child of the Tororo here?" she asked, in a friendly voice.

"I love the open fields, tawny mother, hence I came here to walk."

"It is a good thing to love the fields; I am glad you love the fields. You are a sweet young lady, a fair young lady; there is a *bon* fortune in store for you. But you'll have reverses; everybody has reverses; and all pass through some sorrow to obtain much happiness. I can read your destiny as in a *gabicota* (book). I know the *cabala*. A learned man taught it me, my little *chabori* (girl). I can see in the crystal, and I can find out what the stars say. A learned man taught me that, also. Hold out your fair hand, sister, and let the wise woman look at the lines."

Hepsy Herne took the hand of Isadore, held it in both hers and kissed it.

"You are still the same," said the maiden.

"The same to you—the same to you. Do not fear, pretty lady, dark-skinned lady; the tawny woman will not hurt you. She loves the child of the great lord, because the child of the great lord loves the fields, valleys and hills, the meadows and streams."

"Where have you been since I last met you?"

"I have been tramping; tramping to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west. I have slept on the heath; I have drunk from the streams; I have told the good fortune; I have played all kinds of tricks with the genies. I have consulted the stars for thee, and the dark spirits that tell the future. The signs and the influences were all propitious, for the moon was on the increase, and the spirits of earth, air, fire and water would be inquired of, and were compelled to the truth. Listen to the riddle which contains the secret of thy life:

When that which seems to be, is not,
And that which was shall be forgot,
When two are lost, and one is saved—
And the enslaver is enslaved;
When shame is bought, and virtue sold—
Then, lady, shall thy fate be told.
This riddle read, it will be plain
That gain is loss and loss is gain.

"It appears to me that the language of the fates is not a little obscure and dark," said Isadore.

"Because the seal of the angel of the hour is upon it. Be content: the seal cannot be broken at present. That which is to be *will* be, and fate will have it so. Hepsy Herne has said it."

Hepsy passed her fingers once more through the redundant tresses of Isadore, stroked her fair cheeks with her horny palm, and then strode away towards the huts in the valley.

"Why am I attracted to these wild people?" asked Isadore. "Why does the name of gipsy awake such sensations in my bosom? I never see them tramping across the moor, or climbing the hills, or encamped in the dingle, but I wish to be near them. And this Joseph Abershaw! I think I'll walk towards the castle of Dunalstein."

Among the admirers of Isadore was the lord of Hardwick, a distant relative of her father. The latter had favored his suit, and he had become a frequent visitor at Dunalstein. He was the owner of a large estate, and was considered an eligible match by all the neighboring fathers, for their marriageable daughters. But he had failed to make any favorable impression upon the heart of Isadore. She was not pleased with him, neither did she affect to be pleased with him; for she was too proud to stoop to deception. His advances she had taken but little notice of, and in fact troubled herself but little about them. She had hitherto regarded Henry of Hardwick as a good-natured sort of person, of narrow habits of thought, and possessed of an intellect rather wanting in force and energy. As for personal attractions, she had persuaded herself that he had none.

She had proceeded but a short distance on her return homeward, before she met the subject of this brief description.

"I have been seeking you this hour," said Hardwick.

"And you have found me; what next?" replied Isadore, coldly.

"The fact is, my fair cousin, I have news for you," said Hardwick, in his usual drawling manner.

"I bid you welcome, then. News has been rather scarce lately. We don't get the London Gazette very regularly, you know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MEGATHERIUM.

This leviathan of the vast plains of South America, which were once occupied by immense numbers of the race, now entirely extinct, partakes of the generic character of the existing diminutive sloths. It rivalled in size the largest rhinoceros, was armed with claws of enormous length and power, its whole frame possessing an extreme degree of solidity. With a head and neck like those of the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of the armadillo and the anteater. Some specimens of the animal give the measurement of five feet across the haunches, and the thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant. The spinal marrow must have been a foot in diameter, and the tail, at the part nearest the body, twice as large, or six feet in circumference.—The girth of the body was fourteen feet and a half, and the length eighteen feet. The teeth were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and the general structure and strength of the frame for rearing up the ground in search of roots, wrenching off the branches of trees, and uprooting their trunks, on which it principally fed. "Heavily constructed, and ponderously accoutred," says Dr. Buckland, in his eloquent description of the megatherium, "it could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under the ground; and all its movements must have been necessarily slow. But what need of rapid locomotion to an animal whose occupation, of digging roots for food, was almost stationary? And what need of speed for flight from foes, to a creature whose giant carcase was encased in an impenetrable cuirass, and who, by a single pat of his paw, or lash of his tail, could in an instant have demolished the cougar or the crocodile? Secure within the panoply of his strong armor, where was the enemy that would dare encounter this leviathan of the Pampas? or in what more powerful creature can we find the cause that has effected the extirpation of his race? His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, adapted exactly to the work it had to do. Strong and ponderous in proportion as this creature was heavy and unwieldy, it was, nevertheless, suited to its pristine condition, and in many other respects was it calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds, which, though they have ceased to be counted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have in their fossil bones left behind them imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed."—*Dr. Mantell's Models of Creation.*



SCENE FROM "THE RUINED ABBEY."

The young lord of Glenburn protecting the gipsy maiden, Cora, from the old witch, Hepsy Herne, the terror of the tribe.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind—for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the next room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awaked him.

A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in his fright, he found that he had not been asleep ten minutes. —*Dr. Winslow's Psychological Journal.*

THE MAHARAJAH OF LAHORE.

We present our readers herewith a very fine picture of the mode of travelling in state in India, with war elephants, and in full accoutrements. The scene represents the young Maharajah on his way from Lahore to Lulluanah, on some national errand that called forth his personal presence at the latter place. The gorgeous manner in which the Sikhs caparison the elephants, the thorough training they put them to, and the extraordinary docility of the animal himself, were strongly shown in the late combat with English troops. The horses, too, are superb specimens of this noble race of quadrupeds; and the Indian soldier loves his charger as he does his life. Gorgeous as a fairy scene, when the Maharajah moves abroad, it is only in state, and as represented in our engraving. Self-complacency is written on his young face, while the whole cortege seem to evince that blind devotedness which is universally given to royal blood in the East.



PROGRESS OF THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH FROM LAHORE TO LULLUANAH, TO SEEK PEACE WITH THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES.



A LITERARY COTERIE.



A PARTY OF CHINESE LADIES.

Aiming to give our readers the largest possible variety as it regards the character and locality of our engravings, we have devoted the page herewith to Chinese subjects, and illustrate some of the peculiarities of this most peculiar people. The first engraving, entitled "A Literary Coterie," is that of a group of *literati*, one of whom is reading *Esop's Fables*. The literature of the "Celestial Empire" is, perhaps, the most interesting point of view in which the Chinese can be contemplated. Study is confined to one un-deviating routine, to diverge from which would be considered worse than eccentric. Science, properly speaking, is not cultivated at all, therefore chemistry, physiology and astronomy are at low ebb. Such is the reverence paid by the Chinese to literature that they will not tread upon written or printed paper. The writing apparatus of a Chinese scholar consists of a square cake of ink, a small black polished slab, groved out at one end to hold water, a finely pointed hair pencil, and a supply of paper. These are called "the four precious implements," a phrase indicative of their high respect for letters, despite the manifest non-cultivation.

Next we have a group of Chinese beauties, consisting of three ladies of rank in full costume, with their attendants. Their dresses, which are of the richest materials, magnificently embroidered, are exceedingly modest and becoming. The "Kin-leen," or "golden water-lilies," as the small feet of these fair ones are called, are highly prized by their "celestial lords." Their occupations are characteristic. One of the group is smoking, another fingering a guitar, and the third amusing herself with a fan.

Owing to the narrowness of the Chinese streets, wheel carriages are but little used. In the vicinity of rivers, boats are employed, but the sedan is the general mode of conveyance, as seen below. It looks the very home and comfort of

In India the sleight-of-hand tricks of some of these conjurers defy all credulity, and stagger the faith of the beholder as to whether he has the full possession of his faculties. The Chinese juggler is often equally skilful in the arts of legerdemain. In the annexed engraving, the

of the *artiste* holds several pieces of bamboo about two feet long. The juggler's object is, while standing perfectly still, to throw these pieces of bamboo to a great height with his left hand, and catch them in the jar. This, however, is but a trifling example of their skill; for, ac-

pany assembled; after going through a number of surprising feats of skill and agility, one of these men handed the other a large china basin. This basin, after a few flourishes above his head, and being turned upside down to convince the spectators that it was empty, the exhibitor suddenly allowed it to fall, but caught it before it reached the floor. This movement brought him into a position resting upon his heels, the basin being now hidden from view by the folds of his garment. In that attitude he remained for a few seconds, with hands extended, but in no way touching the basin. With a sudden spring he stood upright, and displayed to the astonished spectators the basin filled to the brim with pure clear water, and two gold fishes swimming in it.

The ambulatory shoemaker, as seen below, with his rude tools, and his enormous spectacles, is a study for a painter. He carries with him, in a basket, wherever he goes, all his implements, together with his whole stock in trade. A fan and pipe, without which, it would almost seem, a Chinaman could not exist—complete his equipment.

The reader will notice the novel manner in which our shoemaker's spectacles are kept in their place. This is effected by no greater expenditure of ingenuity than is involved in passing a loop fastened to the ends of the spectacles round each ear. They are sometimes retained in their position by silver cords slung over the ears, to which small weights are attached, to preserve the equilibrium. The glasses, or rather crystals (for rock crystal, ground with the powder of corundum, supplies the place of glass), are perfectly circular in shape, and of enormous dimensions, which give the wearer a very sapient appearance. The Chinese methods of doing things are novel, and can bear no comparison to the handy working of a Yankee mechanic. Still, although their uses of scientific knowledge



reader will perceive a faithful representation of one who ranks high in his profession. On his head is placed a narrow-mouthed porcelain jar, so nicely poised, that even the relaxation of a muscle would cause it to fall. The right hand

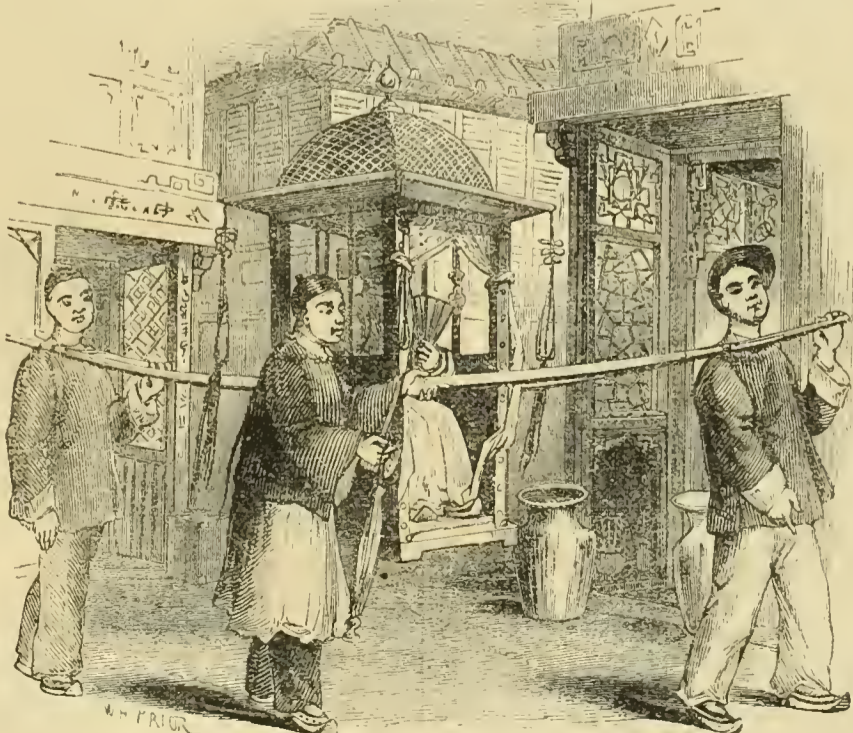
according to Mr. Langdon, the Chinese jugglers far outvie the Arabian magicians described by Mr. Lane. The following scene occurred in the drawing-room of a foreign resident in Canton. Two jugglers were introduced before the com-



A CHINESE JUGGLER.

repose. The illustrious Falstaff himself never took "mine ease in mine inn" more luxuriantly than the rich Chinaman in his vaunted sedan. Private gentlemen are allowed only two bearers, civil officers four, viceroys eight, while the emperor's dignity requires sixteen.

It is well known that among the Eastern nations there are many skilful adepts in jugglery



A CHINESE MANDARIN



CHINESE COBBLER.

are far different from ours, their mechanical skill has attained high perfection; their industry in the manufacture of stuffs, porcelain, lackered ware, &c., is astonishing. Many of our most useful inventions are to be found among them. They printed books before the art was invented in Europe. They also used the magnet before its use was known to us; but they have remained far behind us in the art of navigation, on account of their ignorance of ship-building.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR DARLING.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

White arms clasping round my neck,
Blue eyes looking love in mine,
Little rosy, laughing lips,
Sunny brow has Madeline.
Dancing to the blue bird's note,
Tresses bound with rose and green,
Never say more glad or bright,
Sports in elfin-land, I ween.

Cupid nestles on her cheek,
Dimples shut the blind god in,
For the fairies, in her sleep,
Kissed her little, graceful chin.
Rosy fingers on my eyes,
Red lips pressing close to mine,
Merry, little, laughing elf,
You're a darling, Madeline.

But the care shade gloometh down,
Darling, when I think of thee,
For the cold world darkest frowns
On a spirit light and free.
Blossoms smile around thee now,
Merry blue birds gaily sing,
But there's night for them and thee,
O thou darling, little thing.

Earth hath shades of light and gloom,
Be the gleaming glad on thee,
And the darkness falling down,
Rest as now for aye on me.
Kneeling low I breathe a prayer,
Grace on earth to thee be given,
And when life's wild march is o'er,
May thy blue eyes open heaven.

Elmwood Cottage, Pomfret, Ct., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FATE OF THE SEA-GULL:

—OR—

A SAILOR'S COURAGE.

BY FRED. HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARTING LEVEE.

"My bark is out upon the sea,
The moon's above;
Her light a presence seems to me,
Like woman's love.
My native land I leave behind,
Afar I roam;
In other lands few hearts I'll find,
Like those at home!"

A RAKISH and staunch little schooner was the Sea-Gull; and, as she lay at anchor off C—, on a beautifully clear October night, her graceful bearing and saucy contour was cause for oft-repeated remark and commendation from those who looked upon her from the shore, or those who chanced to pass her upon the water.

The atmosphere, on the occasion to which we now allude, was singularly crisp and clear. A light breeze from the southwest rippled the water, and in the tiny waves were reflected, in myriad shapes, the brilliant effulgence of the harvest-moon, which rode high in the heavens, and shed a calm and beautiful light on the scene below.

An occasional strain of music was heard amid the evening breezes, wafted away from the shore—at times, soft and bewitching, anon, full and startling in tone and volume. The slender rigging of the schooner had been tautened up, the hull and decks shone bright and clean, the tapering spars were admirably adapted for beauty and utility to the narrow and sharp-prowed model of the hull, and everything seemed in readiness for departure.

But she now lay quietly at anchor, like a sleeping bird, on the bosom of the slightly ruffled waters. The Sea-Gull was shortly destined to be upon the wing, however; and she but awaited the coming of certain parties on shore, to avail of the favoring wind, and put to sea.

Within the brilliant halls of an old mansion located scarcely a mile distant, there were gathered, at this moment, a gay party of English gentlemen and ladies; and among the company were a few foreigners of rank and distinction. Of those first named was a young gentleman of modest and retiring appearance, genteelly but simply attired, whose conversation and apparent general information had been cause for repeated remark during the night—now far spent. And as the company were about to retire, the desire seemed to be more and more eager to cultivate his acquaintance, or to know exactly who and what he was.

"Lowden, Lowden?" remarked a titled personage to a friend, "the name of Lowden I have heard before, but I think it no common name."

"No," was the reply; "and your lordship will also acknowledge that the young man who answers to it, yonder, is not a common youth, either."

"You are right, Weston—right. He is young—"

"Scarcely three and twenty, I should say, my lord—at furthest"

"Well, he is a very extraordinary person, surely. Did you mark, to-night, in spite of his exceedingly modest demeanor, how he drew around him a circle of admirers?"

"Constantly, my lord."

"Yes; and those of the highest grade, too."

"I could not but observe this."

"And was this all you noticed, Weston?"

"All, my lord; that is, all—all of general interest, I mean."

"Exactly; so I suspected."

"Suspected, my lord! What did you—a—suppose—I mean, suspect?"

"You observed that among the admirers of Lowden, the ladies were foremost?"

"Were they?"

"Ha, ha! My young friend, come! Let us understand each other."

"With all my heart. What do you suspect, however, first—if you please?"

"Well, then, Weston, I have been about the world a good deal, and old bachelor as I am, you know I am privileged to a close observance of the conduct of the sexes whom I meet and desire to know. I will tell you what I suspect—"

"My lord," shouted a sweet, rollicking voice behind the two speakers, just at this moment, "my Lord Workley! I pray you rally our good friend Weston, here—and let us know what it is that has caused him to exhibit such a degree of ennui, to-night. Good Mr. Weston, pray tell us, have you lost a friend? Has anything occurred here that should so elongate that countenance?" continued the fair speaker, archly, as she seized upon the arm of the gentleman addressed—"Come, confess! Upon my word, I never knew you so dull."

Weston laughed, and apologized for his seeming stupidity; but he felt very little better after it. He offered the lady his hand at once for the waltz, however; and, as gaily as he could do it, he whirled away amid the maze of the dance, with his beautiful and lively young hostess, who, in common with the rest, had not lost sight of his dullness.

At each successive turn up and down the long and elegant parlor, he encountered a figure upon which his gaze was riveted—ah, how earnestly and continually! He saw but that form, he watched but that soft, sweet face, he heard only that rich, ringing voice, as the music of her laugh floated by him! She was the star of the evening, and Weston was madly in love with her—the graceful, joyous, beautiful Bel Truffini.

"Bel Truffini!" She was of Spanish origin, it was said, but had been educated in England. Her age might have been eighteen, or may be nineteen; she was tall and majestic in form, her raven black hair hung in a rich cluster of massive curls over her full white shoulders; and though her dress was simple, yet a magnificent diamond necklace clasped her throat, twin bracelets of the same costly jewels encircled her round full arms, and a girde of heavy pearls clasped her taper waist. Bel was the heiress in prospect to a large fortune, it was also hinted; and, of course, she was surrounded and petted by flatterers and the sycophants of fashion.

The belle of the evening whirled down the saloon again, followed by the eyes of the whole assemblage.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the blunt old bachelor, "she waltzes like a sylph!"

But Bel knew nought of all this admiration; she had no ambition to excel in the dance, she entertained no jot or tittle of vanity in her composition. Nature had made her what she was, and, in her guileless innocence, she never dreamed that she was beautiful; she never aimed to captivate the hearts of the sterner sex, in order to gratify a pride of doubtful character.

Nevertheless, she glided easily, gently, majestically through the figures, and Weston forgot his partner, the occasion, himself—everybody but the form of her who had thus bewildered him!

And who was he that bore the lovely being so gracefully along? Whose arm was that which now clasped her delicate zone? Whose hand was it that rested at her side? And whose were the eyes that gazed directly upon her glowing cheeks, as the handsome couple floated down

the hall, once more? Weston was giddy—confused—almost delirious. Poor fellow, he was, indeed, in love!

Half an hour afterwards this young gentleman stood beside the old bachelor again.

"As I was saying, Weston," continued the latter, "it is plain that you fancy the young Spanish belle, yonder. And well you may! for, by my troth, I never saw her match. But, have a care, my fine fellow. I was a young man once, myself; and I am not so old now, even, but that there is a chance that I may be ensnared. So, have a care"

"Is she not a lovely creature?"

"You say right—she is; but she is not for you, Weston."

"How, then?"

"How? As plain as the nose on your fine face, my boy!"

"Explain, my lord."

"Cheerfully, will I. Do you note the youth we spoke of an hour since?"

"He in citizen's garb?"

"The same. The women have rivalled each other constantly, to-night, to obtain a word or a smile from that same young man; and a princely fellow he is, I'll warrant."

"And you think—that—the lady favors him?" asked Weston, earnestly.

"Not a doubt of it, my boy."

"And why should she?"

"That is a question of your own asking. In reply, let me ask you why has it occurred that that same youth has to-night drawn about him the most unequivocal and marked attention of all the older heads in the hall—the men as well the softer sex?"

"Such is the fact, I know."

"Yes, Weston, I have never met the person yet, I say, who, at his age, was master of so many subjects, who talked so well and so readily, and who appeared to such advantage. He is in command of the little schooner in the stream, and is bound off, anon, I learn. But, hist! he's coming this way."

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

As the two gentlemen moved aside, a well-formed man, but little past his majority in years, apparently, approached them, in company with half a score of ladies and noblemen. His voice was pleasant in its tone, but heavy and rather masculine than otherwise. His movements were dignified and decorous, and upon coming nearer he proved to be very comely in his features. He crossed the apartment, and was presented by his hostess to his lordship and young Weston.

"Ah!" thought the latter, as he took the stranger's hand, "he is a noble fellow, to be sure!"

There was so much of frankness, of unassuming dignity, of mildness and generosity in his countenance, that the first address of Charles Lowden always caused a favorable impression, wherever he appeared.

Weston forgave him, in his heart, at the outset; but he very deeply envied him his prospective happiness, nevertheless.

"I have just learned," said Weston, very glad, notwithstanding his envy, to show the young officer that he didn't feel very badly, "I have just heard from his lordship, here, that you are in command of the pretty little craft in the stream, outside."

"Yes sir," said Lowden, "and am bound off in the morning."

"So soon?"

"Yes, with the daylight, if possible, should the wind favor us."

"Your visit is a brief one," continued Weston, not at all sorry, by the way, that it was so.

"Yes. We sailors must make the most of the favoring weather, in these latitudes. Our business hither is nearly completed—in fact, we only await the pleasure and convenience of the charming Lady Truffini, to spread our sails to the breeze."

"The Lady Truf—what—" stammered out young Weston, hardly conscious of what he was saying.

"I allude to the beautiful belle, who has so charmed us all here, to-night."

"What are you to do—that is, what do you mean to do—"

"Mean? Nothing—only that she is to be a passenger with us to the northward, that's all; and we now only await her pleasure to sail hence."

"You don't mean to say that the lady is going to leave us, surely!" continued Weston, exposing himself, momentarily, and causing his lordship a good hearty smile, for the moment.

"O, yes; that is the occasion of our visit here. We touched at this place for the express purpose of receiving this lady on board."

"I had not heard of this," said Weston, warmly.

"Why should you?" innocently asked the officer. At which sharp query, his lordship laughed outright, and Weston was deeply annoyed.

"Her ladyship is not a resident here," continued the youthful officer, "as you are probably aware. This is her last visit, and on the morrow we shall bid adieu to your hospitable shores."

Weston immediately made himself as uncomfortable as a love-stricken swain could well do; but the parting hour came, at length, and the brilliant company separated.

At sunrise next morning, a tiny little boat was drawn up at the gangway, into which the master of the Sea-Gull stepped, attired in his best shore-suit of black; and a brace of oars quickly glistened in the rays of the early sun, as the barge put away to the shore.

The Lady Bel was already awaiting the arrival of the boat, and alighting from the carriage in which she had been borne to the landing, she courteously accepted the proffered hand of Lowden, who assisted her to a seat in the stern of the barge. She was accompanied by two female attendants, who were also provided for; and after an affectionate leave-taking of a few friends who came to see her depart, the order was given, and the boat with its choice burthen returned to the schooner.

There were already on board three or four other passengers, bound to the same destination with her ladyship; and, in a short space of time, the sails were set and the Sea-Gull was dashing away before a singing breeze, homeward bound.

Upon meeting at table, subsequently, the passengers counted half a score—among whom were the Lady Truffini and her two companions, a Frenchman and his wife, and an Englishman. The French passenger was a querulous, excitable, talkative fellow; and the foremost of the English party was an overbearing, ill-bred personage, who very often forgot himself and the company he was in. Nothing seemed to afford him so much gratification as it did to tease and rally his French neighbor, who, at times, became very spicy and personal in his retorts.

It was the fourth day out, and the passengers were anticipating the happiness of reaching their destination within the next four and twenty hours. The passage had proved a fortunate one, up to this time, but during the morning of this day the wind had been unsteady, and the atmosphere had assumed a hazy aspect by mid-day.

The little party met once more to dine. Some incidents at the field of Waterloo had been narrated, in his own way, by the bullying Englishman, and in his customary offensive manner, to which the French gentleman replied with unusual tartness, when the captain of the schooner, who presided at the table, checked the speakers.

The Englishman immediately suggested that Lowden had no right to interfere.

"You are on board my vessel," said the captain firmly, but respectfully, "and you are using language in the presence of ladies, here, which is ill-timed and annoying to them."

"The insult was offered here, and here I resent it," exclaimed Mr. Bull, firing up and turning very red in the face. "Monsieur is a liar!"

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Lowden, rising from his chair. Then quickly checking himself, he turned to the Lady Truffini and her companions, who had finished their meal, and said:

"Ladies, by your leave."

The three ladies immediately followed him to the after-cabin, where he left them and returned to the dining-room.

Though he was absent but a single moment, when he came back, loud words were passing between the antagonists; and as Lowden approached them, the Englishman gave his French neighbor the lie again, and followed it with a blow. The captain instantly seized his arm, and the belligerents were separated.

A challenge followed this scene, and young Lowden meantime came in for a round share of abuse from his English passenger, who berated him soundly for stepping between him and Monsieur, at so critical a moment.

"Your manners towards Monsieur," said the

captain, calmly, "were very offensive. You have repeatedly annoyed him at table and elsewhere, and I regret to be obliged to add, that you have not respected, as you should have done, the presence of females, either, on several occasions. Let this scene be your *last*, sir, on board this vessel!"

"So you defend that contemptible frog-eater, do you?" muttered Mr. Bull, savagely.

"I enter into none of your disputes, sir, nor can you make me quarrel with you. But, I mean what I say. I am master of this vessel; you must not repeat your offence."

"You are *master*, here!" responded Bull, ironically. "I should say so. You take the part of a pappy, and thus stoop to his level. You are no better than he is."

"I tell you—"

"You needn't tell me anything. You are a coward!"

"What, sir!"

"A coward," continued the Englishman, snapping his fingers, spitefully. "I will see to your case when I get on shore."

At this moment the second officer rushed hastily into the cabin, and in an excited manner, said: "Captain, quick!—on deck!"

Lowden turned away and hastily ascended to the quarter-deck, where a most unexpected scene awaited him.

Within the previous hour the atmosphere had become completely blackened with heavy clouds, and now a fierce white squall was advancing from the southwest with a rapid pace. Sail had already been shortened, but Lowden instantly saw that a sharp blow was coming, and every rag of canvass, save the closely-reefed jib, was forthwith ordered to be taken in.

And very quickly afterward came the crash. Far away to leeward, for a moment or two, could be seen the sheet of whitened spray and foam, forced in a mass before the rushing squall, as it struck the water, and then dashed on in its wild and resistless fury. The thunder followed, and peal after peal succeeded, while torrents of rain gushed from the over-charged clouds. The lightning quivered and crinkled down the deep black clouds, with terrible fierceness; and, though the schooner had been for an hour previously in sight of the very harbor to which she was destined, this sudden and terrible storm had deeply alarmed both crew and officers.

For an instant a deathlike stillness pervaded the air. Then a frightful glare of light was seen from the edge of a dense cloud, and a peal of thunder clattered over their heads, as if the whole of heaven's artillery had at once been discharged upon them. The staunch little schooner quivered from stem to stern, for a moment, and then moved forward from the increased action of wind and wave.

"Fire!" was the first word that was distinctly heard, after this shock; and "fire! fire! the schooner's on fire!" quickly passed from cabin to deck, and from mouth to mouth among the frightened crew.

"Helm a-port!" shouted the captain through his trumpet, quickly. "Stand by, men! Bear a hand, bear a hand, and up with the mainsail!" The Sea-Gull was doomed. The lightning had struck and fired her!

Lowden saw that a desperate effort alone could save his vessel and passengers. His quick eye glanced shoreward, and in spite of the peril of the shift to which he resorted in this emergency, he resolved to put on sail—if the thing could be done—and run the schooner ashore. But it was impossible! The willing men sprang to their stations at the word, but the gale raved with fury; and scarcely had a yard of the mainsail been unfurled ere it was stripped into shreds and scattered over the storm.

A wild wail was heard below, meantime, and the passengers, deeply alarmed, demanded to see the captain. After being desired thrice to descend below, he left the quarter-deck, drenched to the skin, and hastily descended to the cabin, where he anticipated every inquiry at once.

"Ladies," he said, soothingly, "be of good cheer. Trust me, that under the fearful circumstances, I will do all that man can do. Gentlemen, we are in a critical condition. The vessel is on fire, and we are yet three miles from the shore, and the gale is increasing. Be men, however, and present examples of courage to the crew. We must hope for the best."

With these brief words of consolation and advice, Lowden sprang up the companion-way, drew back the slide, and resumed his place near the wheel.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAILOR'S COURAGE.

JETS of smoke were forcing their way up through the seams of the deck, and the fury of the squall was yet unabated. The sea ran so high that it was unsafe to be on deck, and Lowden deemed it prudent to secure the cabin-door, lest the passengers should force their way up, and be washed overboard. Signals of distress had been run up, but the gale tore them into shreds as fast as they appeared, and the schooner was now full three miles from the shore, with the fire increasing frightfully, below, at every succeeding moment!

"Open, captain, open! for God's sake! We shall suffocate," shrieked the terrified Englishman, hammering away at the cabin-door.

"O-pen—o-pen ze door, Monsieur Capitan—o-pen, I say—*si vous plait!* I sall smodder, capitan—o-pen!"

"Give us air—help! What, ho! help!" again bawled the whilom valiant Englishman, as he now pleaded for his liberty. But Lowden knew that they could not stand on deck; and for a moment he still detained his passengers prisoners below, for their own safety.

Every possible exertion, under the trying circumstances, was resorted to by the officers and crew to stay the progress of the fire, but without success. The weather had previously been excessively hot and dry, the schooner had just come out of a low latitude, and the devouring element made rapid work in its destructive course below the decks. When the peril reached its height, and no further hope existed of stopping the fire, the cabin-door was opened, and the passengers sprang upon deck.

The first movement of the *brave* Englishman, upon his release, was to curse the captain for detaining him below; the next moment he found himself heels over head in the lee scupper, knocked flat by the schooner's lurch in the heavy sea. Pale as death and considerably bruised, he arose and clung to the rigging for a single moment; then, jumping astern, he seized an axe and commenced cutting away the small boat, which had been temporarily secured there.

"Hold!" cried Captain Lowden, firmly. "We have but two miles to make, and I hope to reach shoal water before it is too late."

But the Englishman persisted in his work. The flames had broken through the hatches in little forked streams, and it was plain that but a few minutes longer would be allowed them to prepare for leaving the burning vessel. Nevertheless, the youthful captain felt that he could manage things best in his own way; and so he continued:

"Hold, I say! Must I remind you again that I am master, here? Another stroke with that axe, and as there lives a God in heaven, you go over the side. *I mean it!*"

The offender turned round, white as the spray which flashed around him in every direction, and—*believed* what Lowden said! As he dropped the axe, the captain advanced and took her ladyship's hand, as she stood trembling and clinging to the side of the companion-way, desperately alarmed, but uncomplaining, and silent with her terror.

"Cheer up, madam," he said, "and trust in the good God, who may preserve us, if He will."

A deafening shout arose at this moment from the men forward, who had collected in a group, waiting for further orders. Sail after sail had been run up, in one shape and another, until every rag had been destroyed—and the Sea-Gull was now very near her end. The flames burst out from below, and half the crew plunged into the water, resolved to try a swim for it, rather than be burned to death. The order was at once given to stand by to lower away the boats, two of which were manageable. The remainder of the crew obeyed, and into the first one, as it rolled and pitched against the side, Captain Lowden, with his own hands, passed the ladies and three of the crew.

The other boat was quickly in readiness, and into this the Englishman and the others were placed—though Mr. Bull was very anxious to be among the first who left the sinking vessel. Twice was he driven back by the strong arm of the firm and brave captain, as he was forcing himself into the first boat, but during which time, Lowden addressed him not one word, except "back, sir; wait your turn!" When he finally got on board, he assured Lowden that he would "settle his hash" for him, when he reached the shore.

The wind still raved, and the sea ran furiously high, as the two boats swung off from the burning schooner, which was very soon afterward enveloped in flames, and sunk within another hour. The brave sailors tugged away at the oars, and had got within half a mile of the landing, when a heavy wave struck the foremost boat and instantly capsized her.

Scarcely had its precious burthen reached the water, when Lowden grasped the bow oar of the boat in which he sat, and cried: "give way, boys! give way, and save them!"

In another moment, the rear boat reached the spot where the disaster occurred, and where the lovely Bel was now sinking beneath the waves! In the next instant, a plunge was heard, and the gallant captain rose at the lady's side, supporting her with a strong arm, even amid those angry and lashing waters!

Success was at hand. The trouble had been noticed on shore, and already a life-boat had started to the rescue. The Frenchman clung to the overturned boat, and the ladies all were rescued. By the time that the life-boat reached them, its services were needed—but all were subsequently landed in safety.

The Englishman got over his fancied offence, and acknowledged that Captain Lowden was not only a good sailor, but that he was also really a brave man. His epithet of "coward," he retracted, voluntarily, but the young captain only replied—"you didn't know me, sir, or you wouldn't have suffered yourself so to speak, I think."

Bull was abashed, and was more careful in future; but his French friend never forgave him for his cutting criticisms on the action at the field of Waterloo.

But, asks the reader, what became of the captain and the beautiful Lady Bel, and the old bachelor, and the love-sick Weston? Really—I can scarcely tell particulars!

* * * * *

The bachelor lord, and his young friend, who was so smitten with the fair lady stranger, at any rate, I never heard anything more of. The fussy little Frenchman declared that if ever he was fortunate enough to reach Boulogne, he would never try the West Indies again for his health. Mr. Bull went to Lun'un, to tell the story of his mishaps, and to enjoy his beef and ale more leisurely, subsequently.

Two years after this incident, however, Captain Lowden retired from nautical life, and settled upon a beautiful farm in one of the southern counties of England. This place was one of more than ordinary beauty, and had been occupied for ten years previously by a relative of one Bel Truffini. Notice was served upon the tenant in due form, and possession was yielded, one fine spring morning, to the original owner and tenant that was to be.

A bridal party drove up the smooth avenue to the wide old portal of the mansion, and, surrounded by a half dozen intimate friends, this very Bel Truffini was welcomed there, as future mistress of the establishment. She was handed from the gay vehicle by that very Captain Lowden, and she introduced him, at once, to the neighbors as her husband!

They still occupy that farm, because its pursuits better suit the taste of the brave sailor. But they have means in plenty otherwise, and both Bel and her talented mate are as happy as wealth and true love for each other can possibly make them.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MARGARET.

DESIGNED FOR A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

BY FRANK MORTIMER.

To Margaret's laugh, and sparkling eyes,
Where many a witching influence lies,
And mind-bound gem in secret shines;
To mirth, to grace, to beauty, too,
As real as e'er lover knew,
I dedicate these humble lines.

Some lady's hand should thus bequeath
Her living wishes in this wreath,
Nor let me mar its rosy hue;
But time will to this garland prove
Its leaves will fade before his love,
Who gives his brightest wish to you.

Baltimore, Md., April, 1852.

Remember that the true pleasures of temperance and the many benefits that follow sobriety, cannot be imagined by those who lead riotous lives; so neither can the sweet influences thereof be enjoyed without self-denial, and some trouble to old Adam.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

COME, COME O'ER THE HEATHER.

BY J. L. FENTON.

Come, come o'er the heather at morn's early hour,
Come forth, and together we'll pluck the gay flower;
For winter's drear shadow hath faded away,
While forest and meadow their verdure display;
The snow from the mountain hath sunk in the earth,
And bright stream and fountain leaps joyously forth.

Then come o'er the heather at dawning of day,
While yet we may gather, ere dew fades away,
Of roses the fairest in woodbine or grove,
And twine with the rarest bright emblems of love;
For spring adeth lightness to every pure heart,
And morn in its brightness new pleasures impart.

Then come o'er the heather—remain not at home,
Come forth, and together light-hearted we'll roam
Where loveliness springeth o'er valley and knoll,
And earth's beauty bringeth relief to the soul;
For nature inviting drives care from the brow,
While birds are delighting the ear from each bough.

Then come o'er the heather—enjoy the pure air,
Come forth, and together we'll offer a prayer
To Him who releaseth from sadness the soul,
While bounty increaseth beneath His control;
For glad nature showeth our Maker's high will,
Who freely bestoweth His kind bounties still.

Nyack, N. Y., April, 1852.

PROFESSOR WHITE.

White was a very extraordinary man, of great profundity as an Asiatic linguist. He was first discovered by the late Dean Tucker, working as an apprentice to a poor weaver, in a village either in Gloucestershire or Somersetshire. At this village, on a certain day, was to be a dinner party. The dean, strolling about before dinner, chanced to go into a poor weaver's shop. He took up a dirty, shattered Greek Testament. "How comes this here? who reads this book?" "Sir, my lad is always poring over such books." On speaking to the lad, he found him well versed in Greek and Latin. By appointment, he waited upon the dean in the afternoon, who introduced him to the company. A collection was made for him. Tucker undertook the care of him, put him to school at Gloucester, and from thence sent him to Oxford. Here he gradually rose in academical success—Fellow of Wadham, Professor of Arabic, Canon of Christ Church, and Hebrew Professor.—*London Times*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DYING POET.

BY C. YOUNG.

Repress those scalding tears!
Hold not my spirit back from the pure joys of heaven!
Think not, with sorrowing grief, in coming future years,
Of ties that now are riven!

Let me go hence!
Shed not those bitter tears of unavailing grief,
So deep, so terrible in their stern silence;
They cannot grant relief.

Weep not, my friends;
See ye, I fear not the insidious advance of death,
Though o'er my lowly couch in preternatural pride he bends,
And on my brow I feel his breath.

On yestere'en
God's angel whispered in my listening ear,
Smiling in his placid beauty, calm, serene;
"Mortal! thou hast nought to fear!"

Weep not for him
Whom angels guard with more than holy care,
Soon to be borne from earth by cherubim and seraphim,
Even now they cleave the air.

From heaven death's chariot doth roll,
It cleaves the realms of space and boundeth towards me;
O, holy Parent of the universe, receive my soul!
Father, I come to thee!

Jersey City, April, 1852.

THE GIRL THAT NEVER TOLD A LIE.

A little girl once came into the house and told her mother something which was very improbable. Those who were sitting in the room with her mother did not believe her, for they did not know the character of the little girl. But the mother replied at once—"I have no doubt that it is true, for I never knew my daughter to tell a lie." Is there not something noble in having such a character as this? Must not the little girl have felt happy in the consciousness of possessing her mother's entire confidence? O, how different must have been her feelings from those of the child whose word cannot be believed, and who is regarded by every one with suspicion? Shame, shame on the child who has not magnanimity enough to tell the truth.—*Genesee Courier*.

A FRAGMENT.

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

SKETCHES OF WEST POINT.



VIEW OF COZZENS HOTEL, AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK.

SCENES AT WEST POINT.



WEST POINT is among the most prominent of those interesting localities, round which the heart of every American delights to twine its most cherished memories. No single locality throughout the Union offers to the patriot so rich a fund of interesting

historic reminiscence as this. Independent of its attractions in this respect, it offers to the artist and poet, as well as to every admirer of the beautiful in nature, attractions beyond any spot within the limit of our far-extended boundaries. Situated in the heart of the Hudson highlands, where that majestic river twines snake-like through that mighty channel, which ages since it has forced for itself by some terrific convulsion, it presents a view north and south for miles in either direction, while that on the east and west is shut in by the towering heads of Crow Nest, Breakneck, Bull and Butler Hill. Our artist, during a visit to this lovely spot, made numerous sketches embracing the most interesting portions of the academy grounds and buildings, as well as of such relics of the Revolution as time has not destroyed. We shall, from time to time, present to the readers of the Companion, whenever our space permits, the result of his labors in a series of pictures, the first of which we now offer.

The visitor to the military academy lands at Cozzens's dock, about a mile below the point, which, in connection with the road leading to it, was built at an enormous expense by Mr. W. B. Cozzens, the proprietor of the hotel represented in the above engraving, and formerly known as the proprietor of the West Point Hotel and the American Hotel in New York city. Taking an omnibus at the dock he commences the toilsome ascent over a road winding around the precipit-

ous face of the rocky barrier, which here bounds the western shore of the river. He will not be disappointed with his glimpses of nature, as he toils up to the hotel, which is situated on the edge of a plain extending from the brink of the precipice facing the river, back to the base of the mountain seen in the picture. From the top of the hotel he will have a beautiful view of the country around.

After feasting his eyes with the landscape which is presented to his view from this elevated position, let the tourist descend and ramble for a

while around the grounds connected therewith; and if his ramble ends at the dock where he landed in the morning, so much the better. He can then take a small boat, and, for a trifling fee, be rowed down the river to Buttermilk Falls, which, if in full play, will amply repay a visit. The avarice of man, however, has turned the stream to turn a mill, and only in the spring or fall, when the freshets cause a supply of water, do they show to any advantage. Turning the prow of his boat eastward, let him land on that side of the river, at a spot called Flat Rock, and

he will have presented to him the view of Cozzens's Hotel, which our artist has depicted above. This building was erected some four or five years since by W. B. Cozzens, Esq., as a summer resort for the fashionables of New York city; and, to the admirer of nature, it presents attractions unexcelled by few of the fashionable watering-places in this country. Hence it is the resort of many of our first artists, who here find an endless variety of subjects for their pencils, springing up spontaneously at every step, while the military academy affords an ever-varying



WEST POINT, AS SEEN FROM BELOW.

theme of interest to the casual visitor, which never tires the eye or mind.

Turning his eye up the river, the visitor will have a view of West Point from below, embracing some of the most prominent academy buildings. On the brow of the point or promontory, is seen Kosciusko's monument. Below, and a little to the left of which, is Dade's monument. The building on the point immediately to the left of Kosciusko's monument, is the West Point Hotel, while stretching along the plain will be seen the tents of the cadets, with the chapel, library and other buildings connected with the institution. The initial letter at the head of this article represents a group of Mexican flags, which were captured during the late war, and now occupy a place in the library, with many similar trophies.

There are omnibuses constantly running to and from the hotel and the academy grounds, over a very pleasant and picturesque road. And if the visitor is desirous of seeing all that is to be seen in this interesting locality, his best way will be to jump into one and ride as far as the gate at the entrance, where he had better alight and inquire his way to the Lovers' Walk. This is a delightful serpentine walk, winding for a mile or more along the banks of the river, and leading to a natural terrace, which has been called Kosciusko's Garden, from the fact of its having been a favorite resort of that officer while stationed here during the Revolution. It is a most charming spot, shaded by a weeping willow and other trees, and the pedestrian can linger here for hours, and give himself up to meditation, with nothing to disturb the peaceful calmness of his thought, save the occasional splash of the sturgeon, as he leaps from the water a hundred feet below him, or the rush of some passing steamer or vessel, of whose snow-white sail he may now and then catch a glimpse, as the fitful breeze occasionally lifts the leafy screen which intervenes



VIEW OF KOSCIUSKO'S GARDEN, AT WEST POINT.

Capt. Gardiner, 2d Artillery, Capt. Frazer, 3d do., Lieut. Basinger, 2d do., Lieut. Mudge, 3d do., Lieut. Reais, 3d do., Lieut. Henderson, 2d do., Dr. Catlin, Medical Staff. On the north side—The remains of the dead repose near St. Augustine, Florida.

Besides the many revolutionary reminiscences, and its broad and ample fields of beauty for the eye of the artist and the poet, West Point possesses other attractive features to engage the interested attention of visitors. Here is located, as is alluded to above, the celebrated Military Academy, a fine stone building 275 feet long by 75 feet wide, and three stories high, containing a riding hall, a number of recitation rooms, various offices, and the engineering room, furnished with beautiful models of fortification and civil

engineering, architecture, &c. There are two spacious galleries for paintings and sculpture. In the basement is a chemical laboratory. The hospital is a stone edifice near the bank of Hudson river, commanding a fine prospect, and admirably fitted up. The military laboratory has towers designed as workshops, and enclosed within the walls are various kinds of ordnance, some of revolutionary memory, and among them the remnants of the immense chain which was stretched across Hudson river. The education given at West Point, both scientific and military, is of a high order; and many persons have graduated from this institution, who have conferred honor upon it, and ranked high as skilful and efficient officers and engineers in the army of the United States.

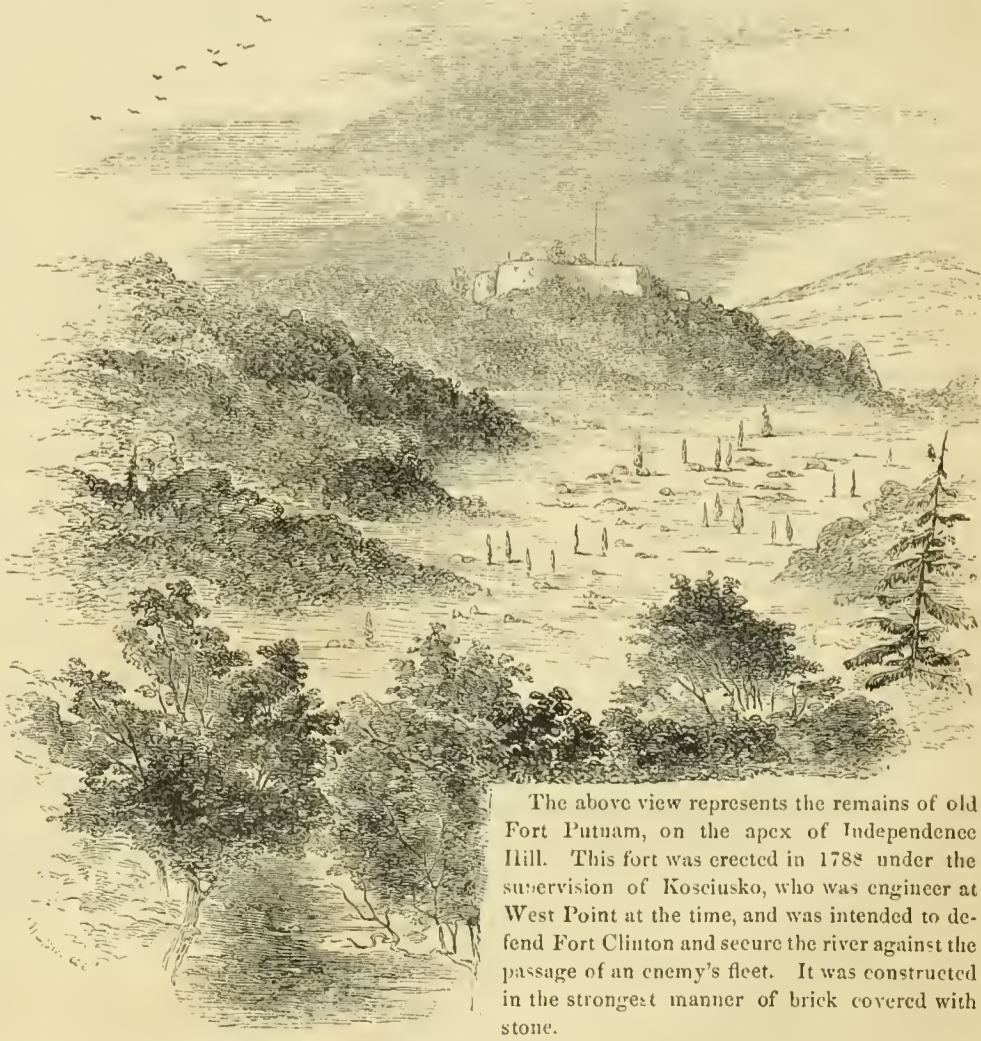


DADE'S MONUMENT.

between him and the river. A tiny fountain bubbles up from a marble basin, and adds the influence of its monotonous music to soothe the mind to calm and pleasing reflections.

Pursuing his way along the lower path—seen leading out of the picture in the foreground—the visitor comes out upon an open space, surrounded by trees, whereon stands Dade's Monument. This is one of the most chaste and beautiful pieces of monumental sculpture we have ever seen, and we think our readers will agree with us on reference to the accompanying illustration. It consists of a square base or pedestal, at the four corners of which are carved cannon supporting the entablature, on the respective sides of which is represented, alternately, swords and stars. Rising from this, is a column somewhat in the form of a Roman *fascis*, surmounted by a

most beautifully carved eagle with his wings drooping, and holding in his beak the end of a fillet of laurel leaves, which twines around and binds together the column. Altogether it is a most exquisite piece of workmanship, and reflects great credit upon the taste and liberality of the cadets, by whom it has been erected. It bears upon its four sides the following inscriptions: On the south side—To commemorate the battle of the 28th December, 1835, between a detachment of 108 United States troops and the Seminole Indians of Florida, in which all of the detachment save three fell without an attempt to retreat. On the east side—Erected by the three regiments and the medical staff, whose comrades fell on the 28th December, 1835, serving their country and honoring their profession. On the west side—Major Dade, 4th Infantry.



VIEW OF OLD FORT PUTNAM

The above view represents the remains of old Fort Putnam, on the apex of Independence Hill. This fort was erected in 1788 under the supervision of Kosciusko, who was engineer at West Point at the time, and was intended to defend Fort Clinton and secure the river against the passage of an enemy's fleet. It was constructed in the strongest manner of brick covered with stone.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO THE YOUNG.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Just as the rainbow tints of even, or morning's rosy light,
Are youth's fond dreams of happiness as varied and as bright;
Mingling with memories of the past, the present springs
to view,
Each fairy vision decked in garb of love's own roseate hue:
Such, such is youth, ere life's dull cares have proved its
hopes untrue.

How blessed are the young! their world is beautiful and
gay,
Earth's fairest flowers are thornless, too, that blossom in
their way;
No shadow comes to blight their hopes, no tear to dim the
eye,
Reality's stern face is hid, it brings to them no sigh;
Yet O, its power full soon will come, their trusting hearts
to try.

Then do thou trust in Him who made the world to thee
so fair,
And who has shielded thy young life from many a hidden
snare:
Remember He has given thee power to choose the good and
ill,
Keep then the straight and narrow path, and strive to do
His will;
Earth cannot always be thy home, however bright it be,
Remember this—and joy be thine through all eternity.
Cohasset, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BARON'S FATE:

—OR—

HOW THE KNOT WAS TIED.

BY DEN PERLEY POORE.

Joyous and unthinking, passionate and nervous, destitute of that religious principle which acts as a balance-wheel to Anglo-Saxon hearts, the French, as a people, place little value upon existence. A race of warriors, they not only combat hostile armies, and engage in domestic wars, but sacrilegiously bold that one has a right to deliver oneself from life, when life is a burthen. Horrible as it may appear, the suicides committed in France average two thousand a year, and amount to more than three times the number of murders; so that, if a person be found dead, and you have only to conjecture the cause, it is three times as probable that he died by his own hand as by that of another person. We state this lamentable passion for suicide, that our readers may not think the following narrative incredible.

Adjacent to Paris, lies the "Wood of Boulogne," a vast forest, intersected by broad carriage roads, but containing many a picturesque nook, surrounded and over-shadowed by nearly impervious foliage. And it was into two of these little openings in the wood, which nestle side by side in a dense thicket of young oaks, that two men walked, early one August morning, precisely at the same moment. They came from different directions, by different avenues, and although not twenty feet apart, each imagined himself far from any human being.

The one who came from the aristocratic ward of the "Elysian Fields," was a noble-looking man, whose intelligent eyes flashed, and whose dark moustache gave him a martial air of determination. Stopping when he thought himself hidden from observation, he threw off his elegant outside garment, lit a fragrant Havana cigar, then taking from his pocket a beautiful pocket-book, he wrote on its blank leaf with a gold pencil:

"I am thirty years old to-day, and have exhausted happiness. My fortune has only enabled me to lead a vicious life—I have deceived those who trusted in me—I have lost every friend I ever made—prodigal and profligate—existence has no pleasant recollections, neither have I any hopes. I have been tired of life—I am tired of life, and I now hang myself, not knowing what else to do. JULIUS DE MONTMORENCY."

Meanwhile the other man, who had walked from the business heart of the city, took from his pocket an unsealed letter, which he opened and penned. It read thus:

"To my daughter:—I have a heavy note to pay on the first of September, and nothing but our furniture. But my creditors will have pity on you when they see you left an orphan, and Jules Dubois will not dare break his engagement, even though your promised dowry is all

spent. I have always endeavored to be upright and honest, yet I die a bankrupt. Credit, once lost, cannot be regained, and poverty is now reckoned dishonorable. I cannot live, and seek death. Adieu. Remember your poor mother, and think sometimes of your unfortunate father. PIERRE MARAT."

Monsieur de Montmorency, drawing from his overcoat pocket a thick silken cord, made a slip noose at one end, and then climbing a tree, he leaned out on a lower bough, to which he tied the other end of his cord. Finishing his cigar, he took off his stock, and put the fatal noose around his neck, humming, meanwhile, a popular air. And Pierre Marat, repeating a simple hymn which his mother had taught him in childhood, made a halter with his cravat, tying one end to a sapling, and converting the other end into a noose, which he put about his neck with a trembling hand.

Both—the rich man who had exhausted pleasure, and the poor man who had exhausted credit—were on the point of launching themselves into eternity, when, as if by a miracle, they saw each other! After a mutual stare, Monsieur de Montmorency began to laugh, and Pierre began to cry; then each detached the noose from his neck, and they advanced towards each other, looking like two miserable dreamers who had been suddenly awakened from horrible dreams.

"Sir," said Monsieur de Montmorency, "I should say that you were just going to hang yourself."

"Sir," replied Pierre, "I thought that you resembled a man half hung."

"But, sir, you prevented me!"

"And you prevented me—so we are even."

"After all, though, one of us can go somewhere else."

"As you please, sir."

"Or we can hang side by side."

"Any way, sir."

"Take your cravat, then, and I will out with my cord again."

"How did you tie your knot?"

"Badly—it slipped."

"And you didn't know how to tie a noose?"

"No—and you?"

"Could I guess?"

"Ah!" and Pierre's sigh came from the very depths of his sad heart, "it makes but little difference, after all, how the knot is tied."

For the first time, Monsieur de Montmorency's conscience spoke, and its "small voice" told him that he would be a murderer in thus seeing a fellow-being hang himself.

"Sir," said he, to Pierre, "I have always scoffed at the unfortunate, and even this morning, I should have laughed at your long face; but now, somehow, I feel a desire to know who you are, what you are, and why you would commit suicide?"

"Sir," replied Pierre, "I cannot confess to man."

"Nay, I ask not a confession, but simply that you make a confidant of your humble servant. What is your name?"

"Pierre Marat."

"Your occupation?"

"Retail grocer."

"Your home?"

"The Rue St. Denis, in the very heart of Paris."

"Your family?"

"I have only a daughter—my adored Sara."

"And how old is Mademoiselle Sara?"

"Eighteen."

"She must be good, sensible and handsome."

"She is as good as she is handsome, and as handsome as any angel."

"Why, you have a treasure, unfortunate man, and yet you seek to destroy yourself. Why?"

"Because I am bankrupt; read." And Pierre handed to his questioner the letter quoted above.

It was read with attention; and when Monsieur de Montmorency had perused it, he asked:

"Who is this Jules Dubois?"

"A young hatter, who has solicited my daughter's hand."

"Does she love him?"

"She esteems him."

"That is not enough. When a wife is old or ugly, it will suffice for her to esteem her husband; but when she is young and handsome, she should love him."

"Love follows esteem."

"Not always."

"Now, sir," and as he spoke, Pierre sat down on a large stump, "it is my turn. To whom do I speak?"

"You speak to Julius de Montmorency?"

"The Baron de Montmorency?"

"No more nor less. Don't rise, my friend, for we were equal just now, though neither of us had, perhaps, tied the genuine knot."

"Baron," said Pierre, in a hesitating tone, "I replied to all the questions you asked me, and I would fain ask you a few in return."

"I authorize you to be inquisitive."

"You are a nobleman by birth, and belong to an ancient house?"

"I flatter myself, Monsieur Marat."

"You possess a large fortune?"

"I am taxed for upwards of a million."

"You are good looking, accomplished, and a welcome guest everywhere?"

"I have been told so."

"And yet, unfortunate man, you sought to destroy yourself. Why?"

The baron opened his pocket-book, and Marat read the impious outpourings of dissipated satiety which we have already quoted.

"Ah, sir," said he, when he had concluded reading, "this is sad! Young, noble, rich, intelligent, and nevertheless tired of life. Where have you dissipated the pleasures of existence? What have you done with your youth, your social position, your mind, and your opulence?"

"Nothing good, to my shame be it said. My years have been passed in dissolute pleasures—my position and rank have but enabled me to gratify my depraved appetite with impunity—my mind has but enabled me to gain hearts, and then cast them off—my fortune has never been employed for any good work. Why should I live?"

"Life to you, baron, should have charms. Science, poetry, the arts, are all open to your pursuits, and O, how much good you might do!"

"Bah! I renounce."

"Well, then, let us carry out our project, but not here. Let us walk through Passy to the river, and leap, hand in hand, into its oblivious bed."

"Willingly." And the two, side by side, struck through the trees into an adjacent avenue.

Just then, along came a party of merry young Parisians, who had hired donkeys at ten sous the hour, and were having a famous race. The last couple pulled up when they saw our heroes—it was Sara Marat and her lover—Jules Dubois.

And Pierre had told the truth about his daughter. She was beautiful indeed, and looked angelic as she ran up (leading her donkey) to kiss her father. She wore a common dress, yet it was clean, neat, and fitted snugly to her graceful form, nor did ever a crown shade a more lovely face than that which beamed forth from her coarse straw bonnet.

"Sara—my dear Sara," said Pierre, "what are you doing here?"

"Why, papa," replied the young girl, "you told me I could come with our sewing-circle, and have a ride."

"True, my daughter." And then Pierre shook hands with Jules Dubois.

The baron bowed low, and Sara, blushing, curtsied to the ground. Then her downcast eyes espied her father's letter, which he had retained in his hand since the baron returned it, but dropped in the confusion produced by his daughter's arrival. As he was now conversing with the baron, she opened it, read, shrieked, and fell upon her knees. For a moment she regarded her father with a look of agonized tenderness, and then, clasping her hands, looked upwards. She prayed!

All regarded her with admiration, although with that of her lover was mingled evident astonishment. Rising, she handed him the fatal letter, that he might see how matters stood. The news was evidently unacceptable, for he changed color as he read, but did not utter a word.

"My child—my dear child, pardon me!" said Pierre, "though I feel that I merit no pardon from God or man. But my fortune was lost—I could not survive my bankruptcy—I could not see my name figure in the list of insolvents, and I wished to die."

"Hush, hush!" murmured the young girl; "Heaven grant that you may be averted from such a sinful act, and that you may put your trust in that Providence which never deserts those who are worthy of its favors. You must live—live for me, and live to prepare yourself for death! I see you, but I tremble, and I weep, but, dearest father, I will nerve my limbs and dry up my tears, for you are preserved. Let me

serve you—let me console you, and I shall be happy!"

"What a glorious day!" repeated almost mechanically the baron, as the sun shone out in full glory from the heavy clouds.

"Sit down, Jules," said Pierre, in a sad tone, "sit down upon this bench, and let me relate my losses, my debts, my ruin, and my mercantile dishonor."

"Monsieur Marat," and the baron bowed as he spoke, "if you have no objection, I will join your family council."

All sat down, and poor Marat recapitulated his business affairs, which were bad enough, for he had been the dupe of cunning men.

"All this is very fine," coolly ejaculated Jules, at a pause in the catalogue of losses, "but it doesn't interest me. You once told me that you should give Sara five thousand francs on her wedding-day. Have you that sum safe?"

"Nay, Jules; all is gone!"

The young man rose, but ere he could speak, the baron exclaimed:

"Really, Monsieur Dubois, you appear to be actually trading for this young girl's hand!"

"But, my lord, marriage is a business affair, after all, and I wish to drive as good a bargain as I can."

"So be it!" said Pierre; "but, sir, let me tell you that the merchandise in question is not to be sold, or to be let, or to be given to such a sordid heart as yours. Leave us!"

"I have no ob—" stammered Jules, but ere he could finish his sentence, the baron seized him by the collar. Sara sprang forward.

"Spare him," said she, in an indignant tone. "He is not worthy of your anger, or of mine. I never loved him, nor can I now esteem him."

And the young man, mounting his donkey, rode off in silence.

"Good riddance!" exclaimed the baron.

"Alas! what shall I do?" said Pierre.

"I will tell you, Monsieur Marat," answered the baron, "but will address myself to your charming daughter. Sara, I am thirty years of age, rich, well connected, and never committed a crime, but until to-day, I have ennuied myself in doing wrong. Now, I wish to do right, and I beseech you to aid me. I would fain call you my bride, and perhaps, as the man who saved your father's life, I have some right to call myself your protector."

"And have you saved my father's life?"

"That I have. Is it not so, my dear Marat? Without me you would have been hung this morning."

"Possibly. But, baron, would you not have been hung had it not been for me?"

"True—true. And as Providence would not permit us to end our days rashly near each other, let us live together. Hush! Not a word about rank or fortune. Do not speak, Sara, for silence speaks consent. Ah! I hope!"

That evening, as the lovers sat in Marat's little parlor, the baron doubtless remembered some of his aristocratic gallantry, and (must I write it?) kissed his betrothed before she suspected such a thing.

"Tut, tut!" said she, with charming simplicity, "you forget that I have no fortune, and if you kiss me now, what can I give you on our wedding-day?"

Simple and innocent words. They fell like heavenly balm upon the heart of the baron, nor did he seek another kiss until his wedding-day. On that happy morning, the baron said to his future father-in-law:

"My dear Marat, from this moment I associate myself with your intelligence and your honor; use my fortune as if it were your own. And I must quote a fable which I unfortunately forgot for many years. 'I am rich, and good for nothing; you are poor, and good for something; I am the blind man, and you the paralytic. Well, my friend, I will sustain you with my fortune, and you will guide me by your counsels. We will march onward together, sustaining each other in the paths of usefulness; and now let us to church, and have the knot tied!'"

"Ah," exclaimed Marat, "what happiness! The hymeneal knot, baron, with such a wife as my Sara, will prove far pleasanter than those which we ignorantly strove to tie in the 'Wood of Boulogne!'"

"Right and true. Ah, mine is a lucky fate!"

"Nay," said the bride, who had entered the room unperceived, "rather thank Providence for preserving you both from a wicked death, and me from a sad life. And I hope that both of

you will soon cut the gordian knot of fatalism with the sharp sword of divine truth."

The marriage of the proud and wealthy Baron de Montmorency to the daughter of an obscure retail grocer was the nine days' wonder of Paris; but when he appeared in public with his fair bride, none but the envious condemned him. Pre-eminently beautiful, and naturally graceful, Sara was not eclipsed by any titled dame at court, and her unaffected excellence hushed slander.

The Baron and Baroness of Montmorency, however, mingle but seldom in the frivolities of Parisian life, but reside on their estate in the south of France. There it appears to be their sole aim to elevate and improve their numerous tenantry, and to see that the young are instructed. Monsieur Pierre Marat, as manager-in-chief, has his hands full—especially when he takes with him his grandson, a fine lad, who has inherited his father's beauty with his mother's angelic disposition.

One thing I came near forgetting. Since his marriage, the baron has discarded his family "coat of arms," with its absurd heraldic devices, and has adopted a simple enigma, which is painted on his carriages, and engraved on his silver. It consists of two joined hands, holding a cross, and the whole surrounded by a cord, tied with a lover's knot.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO."

BY W. S. CHASE.

Your eyes are orbs of liquid light,
And mirrored in their deeps;
I've often read, with wild delight,
That constancy ne'er sleeps.
And when those silken locks unfurl,
They on your white neck play so
Bewitchingly in every curl,—
Then if you love me, say so.

Your pouting lips have caught, I ween,
The rosy tint of morning;
And oft sweet smiles reveal between
Two rows of pearls adorning.
Yet still my heart, though it beats true,
At times does really ache so
Painfully to think that you
Will not, though you love me, say so.

The fragrant roses, when you pass,
Do blushing appear;
And glittering dewdrops on the grass
Tremble when you are near,
Envious of your witching eyes—
But why do you delay so
Whispering what I most would prize?
Then if you love me, say so.

Lynn, Mass., April, 1852.

THE PAST.

History is, so to speak, the geology of humanity. Its records are the annals of the growth and development of humanity through ages. The various forms of civilization which it tells us of, immature efforts to attain the true social state, developing up to a certain point, and then falling, because incapable of further progress, may be considered as the analogues of the various types of the animal creation which prelude to the culminant creature, man.—*British Quarterly Review*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ACROSTIC.

BY MISS JULIA A. WILLIAMS.

Golden light is winging its way,
Like the distant beam of a meteor's ray;
Ever there cometh a sweet, sad song,
As the echo, at nightfall, passeth along;
Soft as the notes of the dulcet string,
Or the wild bird's song in early spring;
Names are breathed in the sweetest rhyme,
Sung by the writers of Gleason's line.

Pictures rare of vivid life,
In thought and feeling deeply rife;
Caught from the muses of fairy clime,
Told as soft as the dewbell's chime;
Onward thy course forever and aye,
Rich in thought and in manners gay;
In the hall of the rich, in the cot of the low,
Ambient streams from thy pages flow
Like the ray from the brilliant sunlight's glow.

Rindge, N. H., April, 1852.

In Sidney Smith's "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," that somewhat celebrated individual says: "A hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit, on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia; the hissing of a cobra di capello is sublime—it is the whisper of death!"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE RESTING PLACE.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

"And the pilgrim, looking toward heaven, exclaimed,
'We are weary, let us rest.'"

Rest for the weary frame,
As on life's rugged road we slowly trod;
And though a thorny path we came,
'T was but the ladder-rounds which led us on to God!
Life seemed dreary,
While we, weary,
Bowed beneath the chastening rod.

Rest for the weary mind,
As through the dark and unknown paths we stray;
Could not the star of hope e'er find,
An opening in the clouds to shed one ray?
Life seemed dreary,
While we, weary,
Walked in sorrow on our way.

Rest for the weary heart,
As homeward now we turn our aching eyes;
It seems no trial to depart,
As to our view the holy turrets rise.
Life is ending,
We are blending
With the joy that never dies.

Wilson Collegiate Institute, N. Y., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

You ask me, my dear friend, to give you some of my own experience in domestic management. Well, prefacing the request with the old maxim, that "experience is the best teacher," you know in the beginning of my course, I started with the expectation that my husband was an independent man in financial affairs. My household, at this time, consisted of a cook, a chambermaid, and a man servant; making one more to do the work than there were above stairs to work for. By referring to my note book I find the first complaint was from my cook, who protested that the chambermaid annoyed her by humming a low kind of sound continually, as she went about her duties. The charge did not seem to me a very grave one, and I hoped to remedy the trial to my cook by a simple reference to the offending party. But this little difficulty was not so easily disposed of; for the aggressor contended she only hummed a tune to drown the scolding virago who complained. The result of this trivial affair, in the end, displaced the chambermaid.

The next entry reads thus: "Complained of Thomas for leaving his master's boots in the front kitchen, instead of the back one." Very trifling, as it reads, but, my dear Emma, could you have seen the serious trouble which accrued, I am sure you would have pitied the young and inexperienced housekeeper. The man was a particular favorite with my husband; he was, moreover, a careful driver, and a skilful attendant upon our coach horses, which is a trait always highly valued in that department. But the disagreement about the boots made the parties silent and disagreeable to each other, and the next record runs—"Dismissed Thomas on account of cook's charges and their mutual disaffection." Thus in my first month's experience I was forced to change off two valuable domestics for the purpose of securing peace and quiet; but I did not thus attain it, for the radical defect lay in the complainer, who, in after life, I should have known at a glance was not suited to her situation.

Having, therefore, made a thorough change, I started afresh with renewed courage. But I was doomed to disappointment. With my complement of three servants to attend two people, the strange complaint was now made that "my work was too hard, my house too large, and my requirements too severe." Did not my heart die within me at this strange assertion? Surely waiting on themselves was too much labor, for I had carefully avoided giving any extra trouble. For the first time in my life, I felt discouraged. To remedy the evil I foolishly introduced a girl of all work, whose business was to wait and tend. From that hour the trouble increased—what was everybody's work was nobody's, and the confusion I was obliged to witness, and the destruction and waste which my eyes looked upon, made me wretched while living in enviable gentility. I could not bear to retail these domestic disturbances to my husband; I was ashamed to appear overwhelmed by them, and yet I could not tell how to rid myself of such disagreeable annoyances.

At length, however, I thought it inevitable to constantly change, and do as others do; so I practised the part of all ill-regulated housekeepers, kept myself as much as possible out of the reach of petty discord, gave the most extravagant wages and the greatest indulgences, kept aloof from the kitchen, and let the flood gates of destruction and waste go on with only slight compunctions. We had the semblance of regularity above stairs, and my husband was not a man to fret over expenses, provided his young wife was kept comfortable. The most of complaint he ever uttered was, "Mary, dear, I had no idea of the expense of this housekeeping before I began."

At the end of the first year of my experience little Effie was born. A new feature in domestic life was now assumed. An Irish woman to nurse the baby, and an experienced hand to take charge of myself, made up the sum of domestic grievances. Now my work was never done. Only the drawing-rooms were fit to receive any one, and these I actually dusted myself, so dingy and slovenly were the coverings of my nice damask furniture adjusted, and so awry had they become in their fit. And now there arose a quarrel with the cook and nurse, all about a trifle—but life is made up of little things—and not being able to define whether it was the duty of the maid or the nurse to take the necessary articles from the store-closet, it resulted in both quitting the premises. At this crisis I felt the trying situation of a housekeeper inadequate for duty; I thought my task too heavy for mortal endurance.

About this time, however, Mr. Brown looked haggard and distressed. Evidently his mind was ill at ease, and I well knew some business difficulties were disturbing him. His sleep was greatly harassed by distressing dreams; and soon after, when he communicated to me the prospect of *failure*, I somehow could not bend before the storm, but felt a renewed energy infusing itself in my dormant existence. The idea of change was to me grateful. I shrank from no task which poverty might impose, provided my constitution were equal to the task.

We removed to a smaller house. With no reluctance at parting with the elegant comforts which had so greatly annoyed me, I cheerfully arranged all the superfluous things for the auctioneer, and in a simple form arranged my one parlor, two sleeping-rooms and kitchen. I dispensed with every servant but my nursery maid, and was soon surprised to see how like clock-work the new system worked. Now I could place a thing and find it again; I could clear up and clean out, and nobody's untidy habits soiled the premises. The nursery maid took Effie abroad, and in this interim I arranged everything. I really began to be a systematic housekeeper, and although my husband was forced to accept the situation of a clerk, yet we actually laid by several hundred the first year of our experiment. My health, too, became much more vigorous; my dyspeptic habits left me, and I had no need to saunter abroad for exercise, since the healthful glow on my cheeks indicated I had found the panacea at home.

Perhaps I am singularly constituted, but I have no recollection of any foolish tears over my altered situation; my mind was too much occupied now; I never envied my more opulent neighbors, who peeped out with jaundiced eyes between the lace and crimson satin curtains; for I had once been in their places. My only regret, as I now look upon the retrospect, is, that I did not dismiss my nursery maid, as I have since ascertained many practices she early taught little Effie are not effaced to this day. She is liable to sudden fright, and requires to be reasoned out of the idea of the black man's seizing her in the dark.

Were I to give you the result of my whole experience, I would add, do not multiply your domestics, hoping thereby to secure personal comfort; do not conform to fashionable usage if it forbids you to have a watchful oversight of your kitchen; do not refrain from necessary labor upon which so much bodily and mental vigor depends; and above all, should your husband's circumstances change, do not sit down and weep that your fashionable reign is ended. There is a moral heroism which you may now exercise, that shall elevate your social position among all whose opinion is worth regarding; and you shall find that a faithful housekeeper secures her husband's affections far above a mere delicate toy, whom we liken to the aspen, or who shrinks from adversity's touch like the pressure upon the sensitive plant.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TWIN HEARTS.

BY OWEN O. WARREN.

He left her for a sunnier clime,
And fixed with her the happy time
When to the shrine he should lead forth
The fairest flower of all the north.
They parted, and more brilliant still
Her wondrous beauty grew, until
The hectic on her fair cheek lay,
The fatal herald of decay.

He went, and wealth and honors found,
Where walked grim death his noon-day round;
And mid the dying and the dead,
Won all he sought, and knew no dread.
But as drew on that happy time,
He left for aye the southern clime;
And joy and hope sat on his brow,
For he was rich and honored now.

He reached his home as day was o'er,
On Kennebec's romantic shore;
And saw around the mourning gloom
Of her they'd laid within the tomb.
Heart-broken, to the tomb he sped,
And wept the night long near the dead;
And ere a month he lay beside
The clay that should have been his bride.
New York, April, 1852.

FARMERS.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall, he was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright, and obedient, was a farmer, and his stern endurance has passed into proverbs.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the music found him at the plough, and filled him with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles, in the green and verdant lawn that surrounded their homesteads.—*Literary American*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOPE FOR HUNGARY.

BY S. H. INGALLS.

The trees, though now of verdure reft,
Shall put it on again;
The streams, though now to silence left,
Sang not their songs in vain.

Some plants a firmer rooting take
By being once uptorn,
And hearts to fonder feelings wake,
When absence makes them mourn.

Thus, O beloved Magyar land,
Though now thou'rt desolate;
Though over thee the sword and brand
Waved, and, yet waving, wait.

Yet, yet upon thy hills shall spring
And bud, and bloom, and bear;
The tree of liberty—the wing
Of peace be folded there!

Once more the battle must be fought,
Once more thy heroes bleed;
Thee forth the freedom thou hast sought,
It shall be thine indeed!

Then faint not! fail not! for our hearts,
Perchance our hands, are thine;
Once more! and all despotic arts
Shall harmlessly combine!

Ludlow, Vt., April, 1852.

ASKING FOR WORK.

To me—speaking from my heart and recording my deliberate opinion upon a material, frail as it is, will far outlast my own fabric—there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man, in the prime of his life and vigor, offering himself a voluntary slave in the labor market, without a purchaser, eagerly offering to barter the use of his body, the day-long exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of his flesh and blood, bone and muscle for the common necessities of life—earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by the Creator—and in vain, in vain! Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of an industrious turn, willing for an infinitesimal share of the honey, to undertake the labor of its fabrication.—*Thomas Hood*.

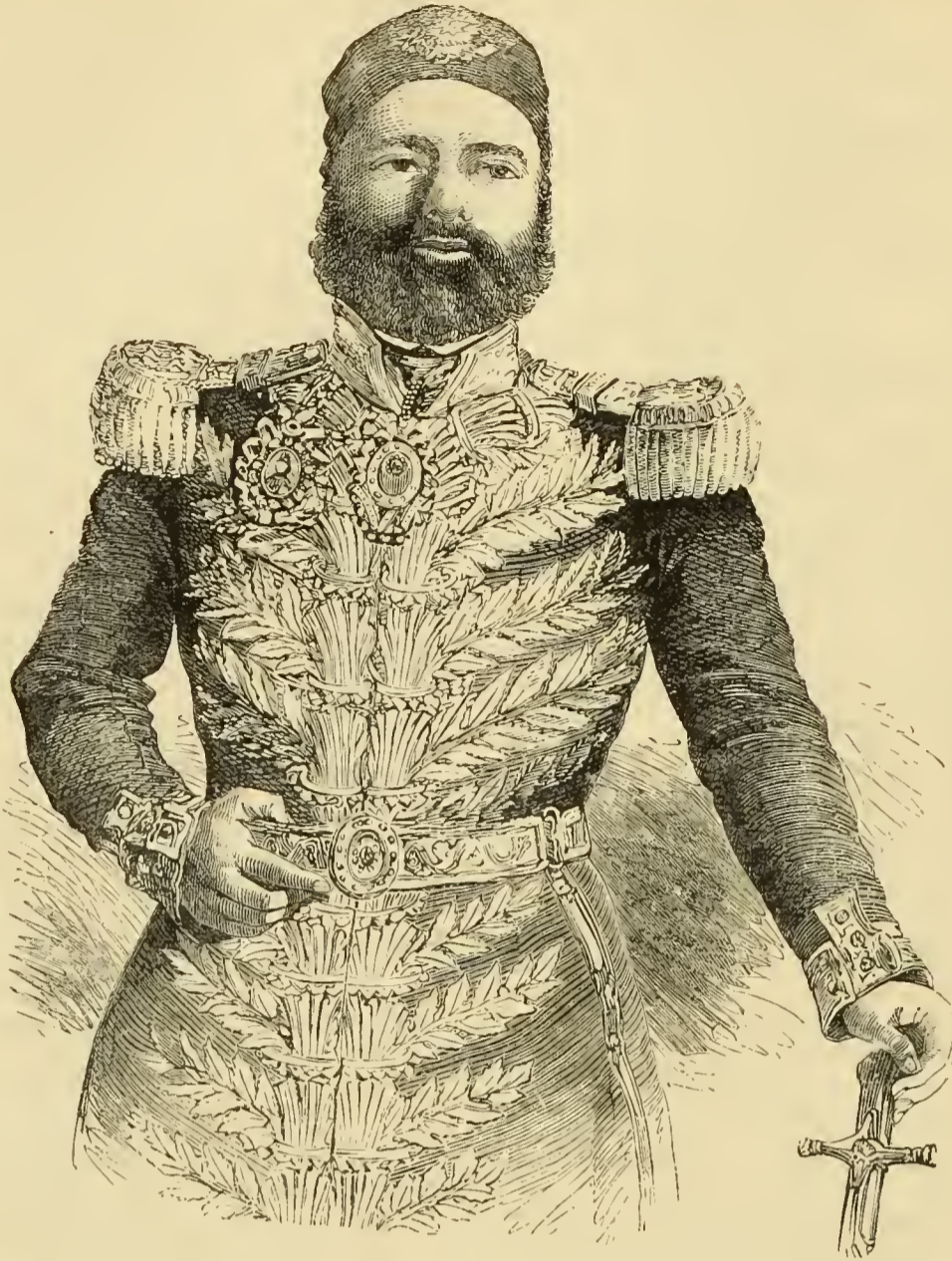
A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's above his might.

Burns.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

His Highness Abbas Pacha, present Viceroy of Egypt, was born at Jedda, in the Hedjas, in the year 1813, and is consequently now in his thirty-ninth year. At the age of eighteen months he was brought to Egypt; six months after which he lost his father, who died at Cairo of plague in 1815. Until he had attained his seventh year, he was brought up and acquired the rudiments of an ordinary education in the harem of his mother; when, in consideration of the character and services of his father, he was made a *pacha of two tails* by order of the Sultan Mahmoud. At eight years of age, he was sent to the college of Aboo-Zabel, and subsequently to that of Kaukah, where he received a liberal instruction in the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages, and also in mathematics and military engineering. At the age of fifteen he was removed from collegiate studies, and appointed by Mehemet Ali to the confidential office of provincial inspector, which post he occupied for a period of three years. At this time the expedition had been sent against Syria, and Abbas was named to the command of the cavalry division of the Egyptian army under Ahmed Pacha Manickli. The fatigues of incessant exposure and unhealthy bivouacs brought on an attack of intermittent fever, which necessitated his return to Alexandria. On his arrival Mehemet Ali refused to permit him to rejoin the army, as he required the services at home of confidential men; and Abbas Pacha received the appointment of governor of the Gharbiah district. After two years he was named inspector-general of the Provinces; and, during the year in which the great fire occurred at Cairo, he succeeded to the responsible offices of khahir, or chief minister, and president of the council at Cairo. During his occupation of these posts—for a period of more than eight years—he acquired general respect, both with the natives and European consuls.

On the accession of his uncle, Ibrahim Pacha, Abbas lost favor, in consequence of his vindication of certain of the members of Mehemet Ali's family; and he determined on a pilgrimage to the Hedjas, whither he proceeded in 1840. He had been there only thirty-eight days, when intelligence of his uncle's death reached him, and he was enjoined to return to Egypt without delay, to assume the succession. He was duly recognized by the foreign consuls as the legitimate successor, under the hereditary settlement of the year 1841; and proceeded soon after to Constantinople, where he was well received by the sultan, and duly invested with viceregal authority in Egypt. On his return (20th November, 1848), he directed the attention of his people towards agricultural industry, released them from the pressure of severe taxation, and removed, as far as possible, all restrictions on free internal trade. The effect of these measures is beginning to manifest itself in the increased wealth of the country, the increasing productions, and the existence of a spirit of enterprise unknown before. The removal of the odious poll-tax reduced the people's burthens and the Pacha's income by the large annual sum of £530,000; yet, we believe, in spite of this, from a better system



PORTRAIT OF ABBAS PACHA, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

of administration, the public revenue of the country has now increased to almost its former amount.

To carry out his plans he had serious difficulties to encounter. He found in office a cabal of men hostile to all departure from a system of things that enabled them to enrich themselves by means of speculation and corruption. But,

bringing a thorough practical knowledge of the popular wants to bear on the government of the people, he determined at once to grapple with the difficulty, and he dismissed all those among the public employes in whose fidelity he could not place the necessary confidence, and replaced them by tried and more trustworthy men. While he thus benefited his country, he had the mis-

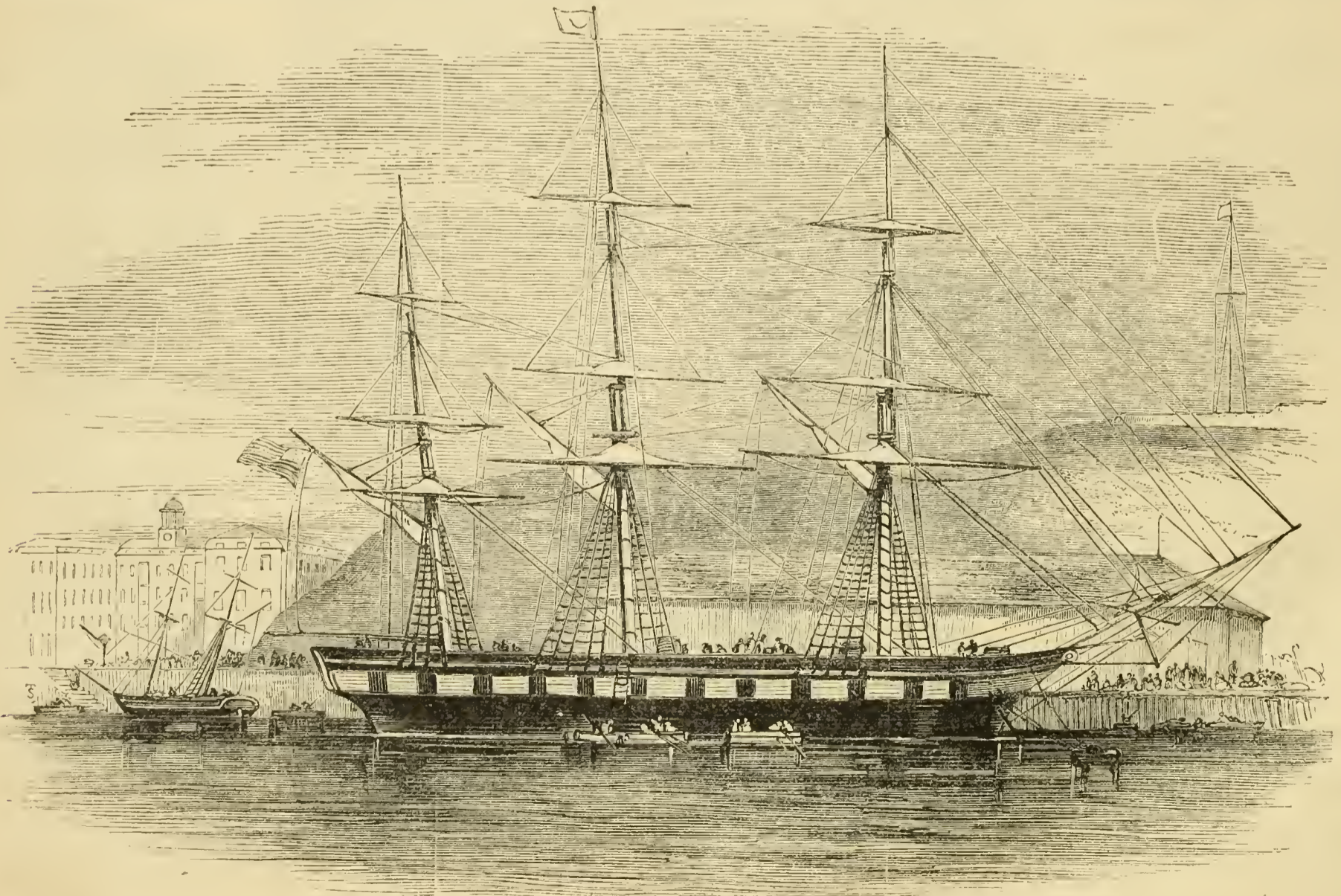
fortune to raise up against him at Constantinople, whither all those men repaired, a powerful and hostile party, by which he has been since grievously harassed. They have had influence enough to seduce several members of his family from their duty and allegiance to him; and their familiarity with the resources of Egypt has lately been taken advantage of by the vizier of Turkey to concoct a system of judicial and administrative reform, which, under the most specious pretexts for the improvement of the local government, is designed to subvert the authority and independence of the Pacha; promote disorder among the people, and so enable its rapacious projectors to aim a blow at the existing dynasty, and supply a long envied field of patronage to the cupidity of Constantinople adventurers and courtiers.

The Pacha has always shown the utmost anxiety to promote the interests of the Anglo-Indian transit. He has spent £70,000 in making a carriage road across the desert to Suez; he has expended large sums in improving the Nile navigation; and he has also undertaken, at the probable cost of a million sterling, the construction of a railroad from Alexandria to Cairo.

In private life the Pacha is distinguished for his generous remembrance of services rendered during his comparative adversity, and by many other good qualities of heart; but he is by no means free from weakness of character. Contact with the world has greatly contributed to expand the resources of his intellect, and improve the better qualities of his mind. He has been generally misunderstood, and faults and vices have been attributed to him which are libellous and unjust. He is fond of out-of-door sports, and has one of the most valuable and extensive collection of horses and dogs existing. He often joins in the gazelle chase and in boar-hunting, in both of which he exhibits extraordinary skill and activity. He is much and affectionately attached to his family, and has placed his son under the tuition of an English gentleman engaged for the purpose of his education.

U. S. SHIP-OF-WAR JAMESTOWN.

Our readers will remember that this noble representative of our navy was sent freighted to Ireland not long ago with food for the famished poor. This noble instance of national charity has rendered the ship famous, if there were no other associations attached to her of a notable character. But aside from this, the vessel is one of the most perfect specimens of naval architecture extant, and is efficient and serviceable in every respect. More lately she has been sent to England with freight from our citizens to the World's Fair, London, which mission she safely and promptly fulfilled. The Jamestown will compare favorably with any vessel in our navy, and her officers and men have proved themselves an honor to our flag. Not a whit too large to be handled in ship shape, nor yet too small for hard service, in time of war or necessity she would prove herself a most reliable and trusty vessel in the hands of a Yankee crew and officers. She has hearts of oak as well as decks of the same material on board.



THE UNITED STATES SHIP-OF-WAR JAMESTOWN



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"A Night among the Woods," a story, by T. H. LYMAN.
 "The Neat Wife and Careless Husband," a sketch, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.
 "The Two Suitors," a story, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "The Effendi and the Doctor," a story of the Harem, by ALFRED L. STEEN, M. D.
 "Let thy Words be kind and soothing," verses, by G. B. LEONARD.
 "Reminiscences," lines, by CHARLES L. PORTER.
 "Stanzas to Sleep," by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
 "My Spirit Home," lines, by FLORENCE GREENLEAF.
 "Moonlit Scenes," verses, by B. J. HOWE.
 "Invocation," by T. H. INGALLS.
 "What is Life?" verses, by Mrs. M. W. CURTIS.
 "Farewell," lines, by Miss SARAH M. HOWE.
 "The Faded Wreath," by ELLEN C. HOWARTH.
 "Lines in memory of Thomas Moore," by R. WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine view of the Cemetery, at Baltimore, Md., representing this beautiful city of the silent—this home of those who sleep to wake no more.

A picture giving a fac-simile of the fancy Ponies, Beauty and Selim, performing in the ring.

An engraving of that Levithan Steamer, the Great Britain, as she appears since being entirely refitted.

A picture, by one of our New York artists, representing the late Dinner of the American Dramatic Fund Association, at the Astor House.

A vivid and faithful delineation, by our artist, of the Burning of the National Theatre, Boston, a few days since.

A large and superb engraving, covering one entire page of the Pictorial, representing the interior of our Publishing, or Business Hall. This cut is done with scrupulous exactness, and will show our friends abroad in what kind of an office we do our business, and from whence we dispatch our weekly messengers to their centre-tables and fire-sides.

A very beautiful picture allegorical of Beauty and the Flowers, entitled the Rose and the Lily.

A fine engraving of the Sailors' Retreat, Staten Island, New York harbor.

A picture of that interesting spot, and the Monument upon it, known as the Lexington Battle-ground. A fine scene, and of much interest.

A very beautiful picture representing a Planter's House and a Sugar Plantation, on the Mississippi river, with Flat Boat, &c. A characteristic picture of our great western river, the "Father of Waters."

ORLANDO CHESTER:

—OR—

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG HUNTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The novelette thus entitled, which we have just completed in the "Pictorial," is now published in book form, and can be obtained at all the periodical depots throughout the country for 25 cents each. In this form it is most convenient for preservation, or for sending to distant friends, whom those who have read and liked it would desire should also read. This is another of these excellent series of original tales which we are constantly publishing in the Flag and Pictorial.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This unrivalled paragon of all that is rich in literature, and magnificent and beautiful in art, continues to favor us with its welcome weekly visits, and to win golden opinions from the reading community, and an increasing circulation throughout the Union. It is not surpassed, if equalled, by any kindred print in the land or world. The embellishments are of a fine style of engraving, and striking in their character. Those representing animated nature are spirited and lifelike—the views of landscapes, architecture, &c., are bold and accurate. The whole *tout ensemble* of the work demonstrates literary talent, artistic skill, and untiring assiduity to present a splendid and an admirable model sheet—in which the publisher has been eminently successful.—*Orleans Democrat*.

AERIAL.—Mons. Petin, who recently arrived at this port with his mammoth Flying Machine to demonstrate the practicability of navigating the air, has gone to New York, and it is announced that he will test his experiment there as soon as the weather will permit.

ANTIQUÉ.—In 1580, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a proclamation was issued forbidding the erection of houses within three miles of London, on account of the too great increase of the city!

CROWDED OUT.—Our representation of the Dramatic Fund Dinner. It will appear next week.

JUST SO.—In time we hate that which we often fear.

MAY-DAY.

May-day! joyous anniversary to the young, full of kindly and gentle associations to the old, full of promise to all, we hail thy return. Fairest daughter of the year, it is fitting thy advent should be welcomed by music, dance, and general rejoicing. Before thee flies the hoary winter, the grim tyrant whose reluctant footsteps slowly recede from the field of his desolate achievements, and who often turns to scowl defiance on his young successor, seeking to blast her with his icy breath, to terrify her with the baleful glance of his eye. But fair spring, like the Adon-Ai of the Enchanter, the child of the spirit and the starbeam comes at length, armed with a magic that no resistance can withstand. Her smiles are sunbeams that pierce the coldest heart, and irradiate and vivify the darkest nook.

She comes tripping like a fairy garlanded with flowers, surmounted by an atmosphere of odor, and crowned with a halo of empyreal brightness; beneath her light footsteps, as if they were torches of the enchanter's ward, the flowers spring up spontaneously in her path. Emerald verdure clothes the broad meadows and the sloping terraces; along the sheltered borders the hyacinths and crocuses lift their charming heads, and along the skirts of the yet threadbare woodlands, the sweet blue violets begem the tender grass. Leaps into song the rivulet and fountain; bursts into melody the late deserted groves. The black bird twitters gaily, as he sits upon the dancing spray of the feathery elm; the robin emerges from his leafy retreats, and whistles loudly and cheerily in the ploughed field, and all nature teems with insect life.

No wonder, then, that man feels new life infused into his veins by these genial influences. No wonder that all nations have celebrated this joyous season by various holiday games and observances. Even in the frozen north, the Swedes erect their May-pole, perhaps, even in the ice, and decking it with artificial flowers, dance around it as merrily as the more favored inhabitants of a sunnier clime. Of late years, the people of New England have awakened to a proper sense of this anniversary. In the old colonial times, the stern puritan spirit frowned darkly on anything like merry-making, and especially prohibited all those observances which savored of pagan or papal influence, and because May-day was an occasion dear to men of the old faith and the old world, they would have none of it.

But the present generation is wiser. The children of the puritans have discovered that there is true philosophy in innocent mirth, and that there is no impiety in the joyous outbursts of a glad and grateful heart. The children indulge in a dance around the May-pole with a clear conscience, while their old grandfathers and grandmamas look on smilingly, convinced that there is no hidden sin in the enjoyment. Our young men and maidens go from the cities on foot or on horseback, in railroad car or omnibus, upon May morning, and return to their daily pursuits, better and lighter hearted for the holiday excursion.

Our artist, on the first page, has happily caught the spirit of the occasion, and given it its real and ideal aspect, its outer and inner phase. The gay groups he has combined, give us the physical character of the scene; the airy figures he has introduced, typify its soul and influence. The spirit of the day is universal and immortal, and lives through smiles and tears, through sunshine and storm, standing at the threshold of a season of glory and delight.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE PICTORIAL.

To the numerous inquiries constantly made by letter, we would say, that we can furnish all the back numbers of the Pictorial from the commencement, or any given number that may be desired to complete sets. Persons desiring to furnish themselves with any past numbers can do so by calling at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. This is important information to those who desire to bind the Pictorial; and thus far, nearly two thirds of our subscribers have availed themselves of our extraordinary cheap offer of binding the work complete in cloth, with gilt border and edges, and illuminated sides, for one dollar.

PERSECUTION.—All the refugee Poles have been ordered to quit Athens, the government having pretended to discover a conspiracy among them.

THEATRICALS.

Theatricals of to-day and theatricals twenty years ago are two very different things; formerly a theatre with any pretensions to respectability could not expect even partial success, unless its *corps dramatique* was a sound and efficient one, composed of such material as would enable the manager to produce any piece of the standard drama with at least respectability as it regarded every character. Now-a-days, a company is generally composed of some three leading female and three pretty good male actors, and the rest are supernumeraries, put to any and all purposes, as the case may be. The great charm of a play is to see the minor characters (so called, but frequently exerting the most important influence on the character of the piece) enacted well. What pleasure is there in seeing "Hamlet" performed, for instance, with a poor "Horatio," or "Laertes," or even "Rosencrantz" and "Guildenstern?" and yet what theatre in this city has a company that could produce these five characters from its members, and do them decently well? We are aware that it is what is called the starring system that has brought this state of things about; but when we see a good play burlesqued, simply because inefficient actors fill some comparatively trivial part, we cannot but think that a *good stock* company, perfect in its parts, would richly pay in Boston. The first cost would be more, but the weekly receipts of the treasury would show a healthier and more satisfactory return for the investment of the manager. It is now an indisputable fact, that, unless some prominent star is under engagement, not a theatre from one end of the country to the other pays its expenses, for the simple reason that it requires so much gilding to make a bad pill go down. A sterling stock company, however, must always draw respectably.

CAPITOL OF VIRGINIA.

On page 288 we present an engraving of the Capitol at Richmond, Va. Capitol Square is a beautiful public ground, containing about nine acres, surrounded by a handsome iron railing, and ornamented with gravelled walks, and shaded with a variety of forest and other trees. In the centre of this square stands the Capitol or State House, in a conspicuous and commanding situation, having a portico in front, with an entablature, supported by lofty Ionic columns, of fine proportions, and an imposing appearance. It is constructed after a model brought by Mr. Jefferson from Nismes in France. In an open hall in the centre of the building within, is a marble statue of Washington by Houdon, a French artist. The statue was erected in 1788, during the lifetime of Washington; and on its pedestal is the following inscription, from the pen of Mr. Madison. "The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of the hero the virtues of the patriot, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an example of true glory." In a niche in the wall of the room, is a bust of La Fayette.

A BOUND VOLUME OF THE PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

We have found it almost impossible to answer the demand upon our establishment for the binding of the first volume of the Pictorial. Those who have not seen it completed in the elegant style in which it is sent from our bindery, can hardly form an idea of how beautiful an ornament for the centre-table it makes. We bind it with gilt back and edges, and illuminated sides, with title-page and index of contents, for only one dollar per volume, and the price which we charge is so low that multitudes of our subscribers have resolved thus far to preserve the Pictorial in the complete and beautiful form in which we issue it, for future reference, and as a parlor ornament.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.—A plan is proposed to build a railroad direct from New Orleans to St. Louis. The new route is through Arkansas, and reduces the distance to 650 or 700 miles.

VERY TRUE.—Adhesiveness is a large element of success. Genius has glue on its feet, and will take root on a marble slab.

TRUE.—Poor are they that have no patience.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Rev. Isaac G. Hubbard to Miss Elizabeth D. Stimpson.
 By Rev. S. L. Pomroy, D. D., Rev. O. H. White, of Westminster, to Mary B., daughter of the officiating clergyman.
 By Rev. Mr. Cummings, Mr. Isaac B. Mills to Miss Harriet A. Ellery, of Chelsea.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Benj. Sherburne, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Elizabeth F. Avery, of Wolfborough, N. H.
 At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Capen, Mr. Frederick W. Wilson to Miss Georgiana Whitaker.
 At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Francis W. Brown to Miss Sarah E. Meader.
 At Medford, Mr. John L. Ayer to Miss Julia Winslow, of Bath, Me.
 At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. William McKean to Mrs. Elvira D. Brown.
 At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. Ja's Sands to Miss Isabella Gaddes.
 At West Amesbury, by Rev. Mr. Paine, Mr. J. S. Evans to Miss Sophia S. Hoyt.
 At Taunton, Mr. George K. Currier, of Boston, to Miss Harriet W. Williams.
 At Providence, R. I., by Rt. Rev. J. P. K. Henshaw, Mr. George H. Whitney to Miss Priscilla Gallup.
 At Falmouth, Me., by Rev. Mr. Dame, Mr. Hawley Folsom, of Roxbury, Ms., to Mrs. M. C. Shute.
 At Salisbury, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. E. A. Hamilton, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss Martha Bump.
 At San Francisco, Cal., Mr. Russell Anthony, of Adams & Co.'s Express, to Miss Adeline A. Boomer, of Boston.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Laura A. Rankin, 34; Mr. Charles W. Wright, 23; Mrs. Dorothy P. Shearer, 39; Mr. George A. Barton, 44; Mrs. Abby A. Yale, 25; Mrs. Susan Goldard, 44; Mr. Seth T. Thayer, of Brookline, 53; Mrs. Katherine C. Merrill, 44; Miss Mary A. P. Rogers, late of Salem.
 At Roxbury, Mrs. Nancy Smith, 53.
 At Cambridgeport, Mr. Phineas B. Hovey, 82.
 At Cambridge, Mr. John Lovell, 40.
 At Lynn, Mrs. Relief G. Long, 35.
 At Milton, Mr. Nathaniel Jones, 91.
 At Braintree, Judson Stoddard, 47.
 At Salem, Mrs. Margaret Wood, 56.
 At Gloucester, Mr. Jonathan P. Parsons, 84.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Michael Pearson, 21; Mrs. Msry, widow of the late Mr. Robert Davis, 94.
 At Scituate, Capt. Leonard Clapp, 26.
 At Leicester, Lieut. Nathan Craze, 98.
 At Canton, Mrs. Naomi, mother of Com. Downes, 90.
 At Nantucket, Mr. Job Macy, 82.
 At Sharon, Mr. Ekanah Hewins, 73.
 At Worcester, Mrs. Nancy Denny, 83.
 At Providence, R. I., Capt. Daniel S. Dexter, 65.
 At Pawtucket, R. I., Mrs. Mary Rhodes, 98.
 At Hingham, Vt., Hon. Heman Allen, formerly American minister to the Chilean Republic, S. America.
 At Harland, Vt., Mrs. Lucy Webster, 85.
 At Kennebunk, Me., Dr. Burleigh Smart, 60.
 At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Catharine Jervis, 85.
 At Oswego, N. Y., Mrs. Hulaah Sparling, 110.
 At Mayfield, Ohio, Mr. William W. Ellsworth, 93.

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—AND—
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The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SHE IS RESTING AND DREAMING.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

She has gone to her sleeping,
Neither grieving nor weeping;
And the stars are keeping
Watch in the sky.
She lies 'neath their gleaming,
Resting and dreaming,
Without a sigh.

The hopes once sustaining,
No longer remaining—
We heard no complaining,
But some loved name.
Now resting and dreaming,
Where the stars are gleaming
Ever the same.

Laid under the willow,
Safe over death's billow,
The turf for her pillow,
Earth for her bed.
Gone, gone to her sleeping,
Neither grieving nor weeping,
Gone to the dead.

While we were all grieving
Her soul was receiving
Peace in believing:
God was her friend.
Where the stars are gleaming,
She'll be resting and dreaming,
World without end.

Sweet, gentle and loving,
And kindly forgiving,
She was peerless when living,
Placid when dead.
Bright be her dreaming,
Where the stars are gleaming
Over her head.

While we are sojourning,
Full of earthly mourning,
Still restlessly turning
Thoughts to the past.
She is yet sleeping,
Neither grieving nor weeping,
Calm to the last.

Boston, Mass., April, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE AGENT'S STRATAGEM.**AN ADVENTURE.**

BY SYLVANUS COHN, JR.

M. AUGUSTINE LAFONT was the confidential agent of a heavy banking house in Paris. Early in the spring of 1832 he set out from Paris with bills, notes, drafts, &c., to the amount of over a million of francs, for a house in Chaumont, and much secrecy had been observed in the preparations for his journey, as the kingdom was, at that time, infested by a secret organization of thieves. Lafont had the notes concealed in various parts of his dress, and taking the heavy diligence as his best mode of conveyance, he set out on his mission.

Nothing worthy of note occurred to arrest Lafont's attention, until he had passed nearly through the department of the Seine and Marne, when, just at nightfall, two well-dressed gentlemen hailed the diligence, and claimed passage to Chaumont. It was already too dark for the agent to clearly distinguish the features of the new comers, but yet from what little he could see he at once made up his mind that their countenances were not unfamiliar to him, and having come to this conclusion, he determined to watch their movements, for a vague suspicion that they had by some means become possessed of the secret of his business, took possession of his mind.

The diligence crossed the Seine at Nogent, and there remained for the night. As soon as Lafont had opportunity to examine the countenances of the strangers at the supper-table, he became satisfied that his first impressions were correct, for one of the travellers, at least, he had seen in Paris on the day before his departure, and he could not but notice that they both eyed him with marked interest. After supper, the agent lighted his cigar, and walked out on to the bridge, where he remained nearly half an hour, and at the end of that time, he started back towards the inn, and just as he arrived at the door, he noticed his two travelling companions entering the stable. A feeling of curiosity prompted him to follow them, and as he came round by the stable door, he could just see the two men crouching away in an empty stall. With a stealthy, cat-like tread, the agent crept as near as possible to the stall, and he was fortunate enough to make out the gist of their conversation.

When Lafont left the stable, he knew that the two men had left Paris for the purpose of robbing him, and that they intended to put their plan in execution as soon as the diligence should have entered the department of Upper Marne. At first, the agent thought of calling upon the *gens d'armes* and have the two men arrested, but then the evidence might not be sufficient to warrant such proceeding, and besides, he would thereby give the secret of his mission to the cupidity of others who might be equally as ready to rob him. He returned to the inn, and after considerable reflection, he determined to procure a horse, and secretly pursue his journey. Having come to this conclusion, he went to the driver of the diligence, and under the plea of having to remain in Nogent on especial business for a day or two, he settled his fare thus far; then he went to the stable, and ordered a horse to be in readiness for him by three o'clock in the morning, at the same time enjoining upon the *garçon* the strictest secrecy with regard to his movements.

As soon as these arrangements were made, Lafont retired to his room. He, of course, knew that his secret had got wings, and even in his proposed course he was not entirely free from danger. A million francs was a large sum; and if the two Parisian robbers had set their hearts upon its possession, he had yet some work to perform ere he would be entirely free from them. After revolving the thing over in his mind for some time, a new idea struck him, and obtaining a number of useless papers, he neatly folded them in an envelope, which he strongly sealed and bound with a blue ribbon.

At three o'clock in the morning, while it was yet very dark, and before any one else was stirring, Lafont quietly descended from his room and went to the stable. The *garçon* was easily aroused, and in a few moments the agent was on his way to Chaumont. For two hours he rode on his way; but instead of pursuing the high road to Troves, he again crossed the Seine, and kept along by the banks of the Aube. Daylight was just beginning to streak the eastern heavens, when Lafont thought he heard the sound of horses behind him, and it was not long ere he knew that he was being pursued, and, in ten minutes, he was assured that the two robbers were after him. In a moment the agent leaped from his saddle, and seizing a heavy stone, he inflicted a severe bruise upon one of his horse's fore legs. The animal reared and plunged, but Lafont managed to hold him, and again mounting, he drove on, but the horse limped and staggered beneath the effects of the blow he had received, and in a short time the two other travellers came up.

"Ah! good morning, gentlemen," said the agent, as he reined in his lame steed, at the same time raising his hat with affable politeness. "So it seems you, too, are tired of the lumbering diligence."

"Yes," replied the foremost of the two men, "the diligence did not exactly suit our convenience, so we took horses."

"And are you bound to Chaumont?" asked Lafont.

"Yes—that is—probably."

"On business?"

"Yes, important business."

"That is fortunate," said Lafont, with the utmost earnestness, "for you may, if you see fit, do me a great favor. I, too, have important business at Chaumont, but I fear that without assistance I shall not be able to accomplish it. I have, gentlemen, in my possession a vast amount of valuable papers, and intended to have continued on my way in the diligence, but at Nogent I received the intelligence that there was a plan on foot to rob me—Do not start, gentlemen, for what I tell you is true. And for that reason I set off thus alone, but my horse has met with a sad mishap, and I fear that the robbers, who, I think, are yet at Nogent, may overtake me. Now, if you are going directly to Chaumont, perhaps you would be willing to take my package in your charge and deliver it to M. Augient at his office. Any one there will tell you where it is. Then if I am overhauled, the robbers will find nothing, and, of course, you will not be suspected. If you will thus accommodate me, you shall be suitably rewarded. What say you, gentlemen?"

The two men exchanged significant glances during these remarks; and after a moment's consultation, one of them said:

"You seem to be ready in trusting strangers, sir."

"O, not at all sir," returned Lafont, with a frank smile. "I would much rather trust honest travellers than run the risk of meeting with robbers. You see just how I am situated, gentlemen; and if you will do me the favor I ask, you shall not regret it. I shall stop at Areis, and change my horse, and then follow you."

"Well," said one of the men, "we will do your wish, and meet you at M. Augient's office."

"Then I thank you most heartily," said Lafont, and as he spoke, he took a closely-sealed packet from his bosom and handed it over. "In this," he said, "there are valuable papers, and, I trust, you will use all discretion in their care. Now, the robbers may overhaul me as soon as they like."

After some further directions, given in an honest, confiding manner, Lafont bade his new messengers godspeed, and ere long they were out of sight. The agent turned his horse's head back towards Nogent, where he arrived in safety, and on the next morning, he procured a guard, and once more took the diligence. The robbers stopped at the first convenient place to examine their prize, but their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found that they held only a securely bound parcel of waste paper! They knew that they were suspected, and, of course, they dared not push the matter further.

M. Augustine Lafont spent a month in Chaumont; and when he returned to Paris, almost the first object that met his eye was a chain-gang of criminals, just being sent to the galleys in Toulon, and among them he noticed his two friends of the highway. They had attempted a heavy robbery in the city, and they had been detected.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WHEN SHALL SUMMER RETURN?

BY WILLIAM R. MERRIAM.

O when shall the cold, chilling winter be gone,
And the sweet smiling summer appear?
And the birds that enlivened the woods with their song,
In their absence so lonely and drear?

The forest trees sigh as the wind whistles through them,
They mourn the green leaves of the summer that's gone;
While the cold northern blast sighs a requiem o'er them,
And the mantle of winter o'er nature is thrown.

But the summer shall come with its fruits and its flowers,
And dispel the cold gloom that now rests on the field;
The birds shall return to their green leafy bowers,
To the sweet smiling summer cold winter shall yield.

Thus is life! For a while all is joyous and gay,
While fortune is smiling, and loved ones are near;
But death's chilling hand may soon take them away,
And leave us like winter, sad, lonely and drear.

But a morning shall come, when the dead shall arise,
And a summer of glory eternal shall reign;
Then we'll hail our Redeemer, returned from the skies,
And through summer unending, rejoice in his name.
Meriden, Ct., April, 1852.

READING.

Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or a book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which the mind has had enough—perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Herschel.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES.

BY H. D. REYNOLDS.

How changed is the bosom which once warmly beat,
When the soft tide of passion did over it roll;
Whose joy was the dance—the light echoes of feet,
And the wild mirth of hearts that ne'er dreamt of control.
But cold is the feeling which settles there now,
Ah! fled are those moments that once were so dear;
Dark, dark is the shadow which rests on my brow,
And faint is the smile that by right was a tear.

The tree that alone in the desert is springing,
When all its companions are withered and dead;
Its own darkling shadow in silence there flinging,
Resembles the cold heart when false friends have fled.
'Tis in vain that the soft dews of heaven would nourish
The buds which have once known the hand of decay;
Ah! no; like the lone heart, they'll ne'er again flourish,
Nor feel the bright warmth of joy's sunny ray.
New York, April, 1852.

ANIMAL ADAPTATION.

Throughout the animal creation, the adaptation of the color of the creature to its haunts is worthy of admiration, as tending to its preservation. The colors of insects, and of a multitude of the lower animals, contribute to their concealments. Caterpillars which feed on leaves are generally either green, or have a large proportion of that hue in the color of their coats. As long as they remain still, how difficult it is to distinguish a grasshopper or young locust from the herbage or leaf on which it rests. The butterflies that flit about among flowers are colored like them. The small birds which frequent hedges have backs of a greenish or brownish green hue, and their bellies are generally whitish, or light-colored, so as to harmonize with the sky. Thus they become less visible to the hawk or cat that passes above or below them. The wayfarer across the fields almost treads upon the skylark before he sees it rise warbling to heaven's gate. The goldfinch or thistlefinch passes much of its time among flowers, and is vividly colored accordingly. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the fallow or stubble among which it encrouches, and it is an accomplishment among sportsmen to have a good eye for finding a hare sitting. In northern countries the winter dress of the hares and ptarmigans is white, to prevent detection among the snows of those inclement regions.

If we turn to the waters, the same design is evident. Frogs even vary their color according to that of the mud or sand that forms the bottom of the ponds or streams which they frequent,—nay, the tree-frog (*Alyta viridis*) takes its specific name from the color, which renders it so difficult to see it among the leaves, where it adheres by the cupping-glass-like processes at the end of its toes. It is the same with fish, especially those which inhabit the fresh waters. Their backs, with the exception of gold and silver fish, are comparatively dark; and some practice is required before they are satisfactorily made out, as they come like shadows, and so depart, under the eye of the spectator. A little boy once called out to a friend to "come and see, for the bottom of the brook was moving along." The friend came, and saw that a thick shoal of gudgeons, and roach, and dace, was passing. It is quite difficult to detect "the ravenous lucc," as old Izaak calls the pike, with its dark green and mottled back and sides, from the similarly-tinted weeds among which that fresh-water shark lies on the watch, as motionless as they. Even when a tearing old trout, a six or seven pounder, sails, in his wantonness, leisurely up-stream, with his back fin partly above the surface, on the look-out for a fly, few, except a well-entered fisherman, can tell what shadowy form it is that ripples the wimpling water. But the bellies of fish are white, or nearly so; thus imitating in a degree the color of the sky, to deceive the otter, which generally takes its prey from below, swimming under the intended victim. Nor is this design less manifest in the color and appearance of some of the largest terrestrial animals; for the same principle seems to be kept in view, whether regard be had to the smallest insects, or the quadruped giants of the land.—*Note Book of a Naturalist.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HEART.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

There is a germ of gentle birth,
Implanted in the human breast,
As tender as the morning flower
Just waking from its dewy nest.
There is a sad and plaintive voice,
Soft as the dove's low moaning lay,
Which sighs for one responsive note,
To guide her lone and cheerless way.

Its song is of a brighter sphere,
In which the angels bear a part;
Those piteous sighs and moanings are
The tones of a deserted heart.
A succor for its wasting life,
One antidote alone is given;
It sheds its fragrance o'er the earth,
It had its origin in heaven.

'Tis wafted on a zephyr's breath,
Is whispered in a passing sigh;
Or witnessed in a single glance
That beameth from the soul-lit eye.
Yet dark, mysterious, in its flight,
On noiseless wings it passes by;
Bright homes in distant lands to bless,
And leaves the drooping plant to die.

Of all the rich and lovely gifts
That fortune, in her bounty gave;
Of all the sweet and pleasing joys
That mortal minds of nature crave,—
The heart claims but the tiniest share,
And basks in everlasting noon,
'Neath that one ray—that balm for care,
A thing to love—the simple boon.

Melrose, Mass., April, 1852.

If a man's conduct shows that he thinks more of treasure on earth than of treasure in heaven; and if, when he has got the world, or some part of it, he hugs it close, and appears exceedingly reluctant to let even a little of it go for pious and charitable uses, though God promises him a thousand fold more in heaven of it, he gives no evidence of his being weaned from the world, or that he prefers heavenly to worldly things.

STRENGTH OF HABIT.

M. Dupin, the great jurist, was the president of the old French assembly. To aid him in presiding, he had by him a bell which he rang to call the members to order. In consequence of the excitability of the members of the chamber and the frequent scenes, the exercises on this presidential bell were incessant and most annoying. The muscular exertion required to use it, at length, got to be so great that M. Dupin invented a frame work in which to suspend it, so that it could be rung by pulling a cord, which rendered the task of sounding it much easier. At last it got to be quite habitual for him to ring it. One sultry summer day, when the heat was very oppressive and the eloquence of the mountain was severely soporific, the president fell fast asleep in his official chair; and as his head drooped on the desk, a clap of thunder seemed to shake the walls of the building. M. Dupin started, and by an instinctive movement, seizing the bell rope, pulled away at it might and main, and shouted at the top of his voice. "Order, order!" until the affrighted secretaries could make him understand that the interruption did not proceed from the members before him, but from the heavens above him, where his presidential authority did not reach. M. Dupin was observed, ever after this, to fight shy of the bell.

HIGHLANDERS AT QUEBEC.

At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," said he, with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow, then," replied the general, "if it will bring back the men." The pipers were then ordered to play a favorite martial air; and the Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned and formed with alacrity in the van.

SWINE IN THE TROPICS.

Hogs were introduced into St. Domingo by Columbus, in 1493. One of Pizarro's followers, while wandering a year in search of El Dorado, no longer fabulous, took along with them male and female pigs to stock their future colony, and this is the way they were introduced on to the high table lands of Bogota. In half a century, so rapidly did they multiply that they spread from the twenty-fifth degree of north latitude to the fortieth degree south; and in less than thirty years, herds of swine so infested Cuba, Porto Rico, and Jamaica, that they had to be hunted down to save the sugar-cane.

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.—There is now pending in one of the courts of New York, says the Tribune, a suit brought by the city against a ship-owner for the sum of *sixty-eight cents*, and upon this very suit, in the equity of which not the first move has been made, there has been about *three hundred dollars* charged as *costs*!—This is but one of a whole brood of similar cases.

TEMPERANCE.—He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and, to gratify the *brute* in him, displaces the *man*, and sets his two natures at variance.

TRUE.—The envy of men, which is called forth by the sight of great and shining merit, finds no rest until it has divided and cut into the size of common men the Colossus that overshadowed them.

ROMANTIC.—The young men of Clarksville, Missouri, have adopted a female foundling, and intend having her reared and educated as the "daughter of the village;" they have given her the name of *Lola Montez*.

PREPARING.—Some of our old and young soaks are preparing for the Maine Law—pickling themselves so as to last forever.

MR. CLAY.—We regret to see that Mr. Clay is again dangerously ill.

PHILADELPHIA.—Business in the city of Brotherly Love is excellent.

NEW BRUNSWICK has passed a stringent Maine liquor law, we see.

Wayside Gatherings.

An empty belly has no ears.
Edward Peets, ship carpenter, hung himself in his woodshed at New Bedford.
Michael Higgins, a shoemaker, dropped dead near Chelsea bridge a few days since.
Baer, the "Buckeye Blacksmith," is delivering temperance lectures in New Jersey.
Twenty-five sophomores of Yale College have been expelled for caricaturing the faculty.
Capt. Sissman was shot dead by a Mr. Patten, at Marietta, Ohio, on Saturday.
In a speech at Baltimore, Kossuth said, "the only luxury I know, is tobacco."
At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Ann Hoag has been found guilty of the murder of her husband.
The youngest convict in the Ohio penitentiary is twelve years old—the oldest seventy-five.
The substantial prosperity of a country is always in the ratio of its agricultural industry and wealth.

An unknown German was found frightfully murdered between Trenton and Bordentown, on Monday of last week.

Major B. B. French has been elected captain of the Metropolitan Cavalry, a new military company in Washington.

The Pennsylvania senate have passed a bill, forbidding the use of their jails for the detention of fugitive slaves.

Several persons were seriously poisoned in Augusta Me., on Monday week, by eating western cheese.

Seventeen ladies took the "scarlet degree" in Odd Fellowship, on Wednesday night, in Cincinnati.

The grand jury of New York city have found a true bill for perjury against Wm. M. Doty in the matter of the Forrest trial.

There are now 30,000 tons of railroad iron lying at Dunkirk, waiting shipment in the west—mostly destined for Ohio.

Several merchants at San Francisco have recently subscribed \$1000 to the Washington National Monument.

Ripley Hudson, of Maine, a passenger by the Prometheus, fell overboard on the night of the 27th ult., and was drowned.

The Indiana senate has passed a bill to purchase land in Africa, to which the negroes are to be sent.

We see it stated that the present fare (3 cents per mile) on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is to be reduced to 2 1-2 cents per mile.

The statute against using profane language, has been revived at Memphis, Tenn. It applies equally to parties of every sect and color.

Col. Benton received a few days ago for Col. Fremont, \$250,000, a portion of the purchase money of his land in California.

Six thousand fugitive slaves have arrived in Canada during the last two years. There are about 30,000 negroes in the province.

Churches have been proved, in California, to be a consequence of female population. There were none until women began to arrive.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives, after a stormy debate, have consented to pay the expenses of Kossuth, and suite, amounting to about \$1500.

It is stated that in the town of West Newbury there were raised and put up, last year, of marketable apples, 14,000 barrels, worth about \$28,000.

It is a son of Dr. Duncan, who was drowned in the Little Miama, in attempting to secure a duck he had shot—not the doctor himself, as heretofore stated.

Capt. Moses Small, of West Dennis, a highly respectable and worthy man, committed suicide on Monday morning week, by hanging himself in his barn.

Some two hundred Catholics, in the State of Indiana, have published their determination not to vote for any one who has favored Kossuth or his cause.

The bill abolishing the death penalty, which passed the upper branch of the Wisconsin Legislature, was killed in the House on the 22d, by a vote of 35 to 27.

A merchant of high standing, and recently a member of the city council, has just been detected in a forgery to the extent of \$1400, and has decamped from Baltimore.

Just so soon as any editor in the land can get into a tub and lift himself up, says a contemporary, then he can write and select matter to please every patron.

In New York, on Tuesday evening, Alexander McBride died at the hospital, making the third death among those who were injured by the explosion in Duane street.

It is stated that two-thirds of all the combs manufactured in the United States are made in Leominster, in Worcester county, some of the manufacturers employing upwards of fifty hands.

Joseph A. Quinn committed suicide in the New York prison, where he had been placed while drunk. He had been for nine years a member of a Washingtonian temperance society.

It is estimated that the repairs to the congressional library at Washington, will cost \$72,500. The alcoves, cases, galleries, doors, window shutters, ceilings, and brackets, that support them, are all designed to be of cast iron.

Foreign Miscellany.

The report of the reduction of the French army turns out to be untrue.

The number of arrests made in France within a few weeks, is estimated at 100,000.

The Bengal Herkuru states that Tien Teh, the new emperor of China, is a Christian, having been baptized by the late Dr. Gutzlaff.

A London paper estimates the loss of the burning of the library in the Capitol at Washington, at \$40,000,000!

British ships have increased fifty per centum since 1844. Last year the British registered tonnage was the largest on record, exceeding that of any previous year.

An elderly bookseller in Paris, one of the old fashioned routine school, on being asked for the "New French Constitution," replied that he "did not sell periodicals."

By letters from Persia, we learn that the Grand Vizier, Mirza Taghi Khan, has been executed by order of the Selah. He was bled to death in a bath. His immense fortune was immediately confiscated.

Chevalier Wyekoff, who is now in prison in Genoa for attempting to secure a wife by abduction, is quietly at work making stockings, suspenders, and other useful articles. The king of Sardinia refuses to pardon him.

The imports of breadstuffs from the United States into Great Britain and Ireland, from Sept. 1, 1851 to April 1, 1852, were 670,887 bbls. flour, 1,459,673 bushels wheat, and 739,688 bushels corn.

A medical writer in England is endeavoring to prove that salt was the "forbidden fruit," and that if it were no longer used by the human race, "their beauty, bodily perfection and power of mind" would exceed any era before known in the world.

The barque William Watson arrived at San Francisco from Hong Kong, brought the intelligence of a most disastrous conflagration there, which nearly destroyed the whole city. Hundreds of lives, it is said, were lost, and every newspaper office was destroyed.

A railroad is in progress of construction from Calcutta to Bombay. In various ways the rapidity of communication with Europe is increasing, so that, it is predicted, India will be only twenty days' distance from England, and thirty from the United States.

The Cunard Steamship Company have sold another of the new steamers built for their line. The Arabia, just completed and ready for sea, has been sold to the West India Mail Steamship Company for \$575,000, and her name is changed to the La Plata.

Sands of Gold.

—He that hath no money needeth no purse.
—Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

—Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

—Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample on your liberties.

—A hard bargain is ever a bad bargain for the apparent gainer.

—The body, which is physical, is obliged to obey the dictates of the spirit.

—Never judge from appearances. Many a man boasts of "a full chest," who has nothing in his trunk.

—To guard effectually your own interests, you must, in the first place, attend to the interests of others.

—The single effort by which we stop short in the downward path to perdition, is, itself, a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

—Weigh thyself by thine own balances, and trust not the voice of wild opinion; observe thyself as thy greatest enemy—so shalt thou become thy greatest friend.

—Young ladies who have the good fortune to become farmer's wives, will find it more profitable to make johnny-cake and cheese, than to play on a piano.

—Take away the feeling that each man must depend upon himself, and he relaxes his diligence. Every man comes into the world to do something.

—There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue; nothing more steadfast than faith.

—The intercourse of friendship is a cordial for the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief; gently weans the thoughts from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.

—Let it not be said that every manner which does not exactly represent the disposition of the mind for the time being, is hypocrisy and deceit. God forbid we should always speak and act precisely as we feel.

—The purest and holiest relation in life is that of marriage, which ought never to be regarded as a mere civil contract, entered into from mere worldly ends, but as an essential union of two minds, by which each gains a new power, and acquires new capacities for usefulness.

Joker's Olio.

When is a sailor not a sailor?
When he's a shore.
Never say coat tail, but "the conclusion of a gentleman's outer vestment."

The most simple "thrashing machine" that has yet been invented, is a piece of rattan.

Why can kings never be made April fools? Because they are August personages.—*Lantern*.

Dobbs says he knew a fellow once, who, in writing a letter, commenced thus:—Friend Mother.

A man having published another as "a liar, a scoundrel, and a poltroun," the latter complains that he does not spell poltroun correctly.

"Hops come from Germany." This is true of the waltz certainly; but other kinds were imported from Spain and Switzerland.

A drunken man fell from a building down east, and was instantly killed. The verdict of coroner's jury was—Died for want of the Maine law.

The Cincinnati Inquirer asks: "If an American backwoodsman can hit a five-franc piece at a hundred yards with a rifle, why cannot a Frenchman hit a Napoleon at half that distance?"

Reynolds, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of his house at one of his plays, added, he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied Martin, "I should judge it is owing to the piece."

A correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury states that he has seen an invoice of sixty tons of alabaster consigned to a miller, and in the simplicity of his heart asks—"What can millers want of alabaster?"

St. Francis de Sales being consulted by a lady on the lawfulness of wearing rouge, replied:—"Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it; but I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge on one cheek."

The Danville Herald has a devil who thinks this is a great world. He says that at the office they charge him with all the *pi* they do find, while at the house they charge him with all the *don't* find. He seems to doubt the propriety of the proceedings.

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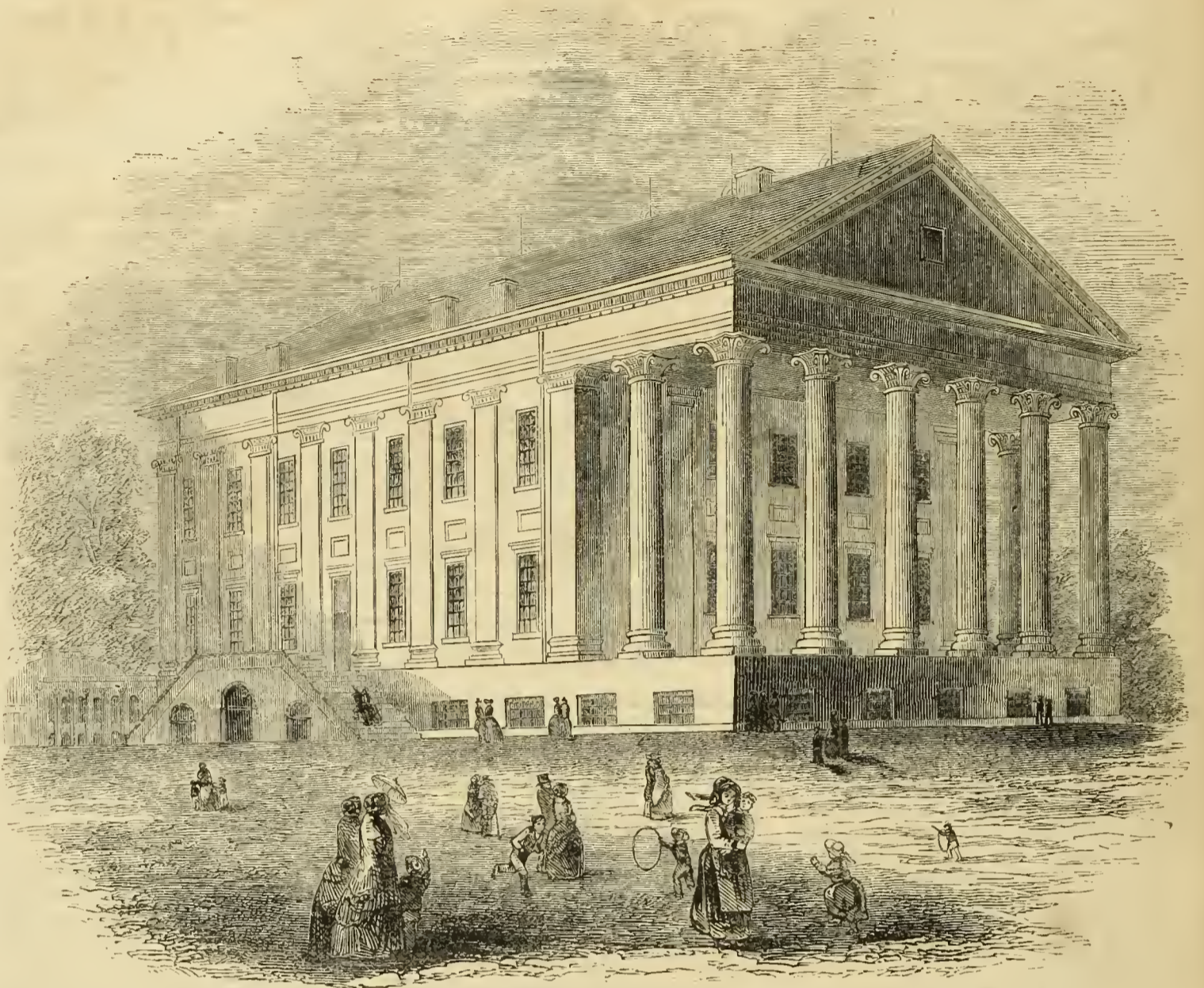
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VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro, or, properly, St. Sebastiao, commonly called only Rio, lies on the shore of a great bay, which extends from the city northerly into the continent. A stranger, arriving here from the old world, anticipating from the recent discovery of the American continent a state of semi-barbarism upon its shores, is agreeably disappointed at the striking aspect of its cities, and particularly of Rio de Janeiro. It has much of an European aspect. He is soon, however, reminded, by the peculiarities of the costumes and motley character of the population, that he is in a strange land.

The city occupies the northeast part of a tongue of land, of an irregular quadrangular shape, situated on the west bank which stretches towards the north, and towards the south is connected with the continent. The most easterly point of this tongue of land is called the Ponta do Calabouco; the most northerly, opposite to which is the little Ilha das Cobras, that of the Almazem do Sal. The oldest and most important part of the city is between these two points, along the shore, in the direction of northwest and southeast, and in the form of an oblong quadrangle; the ground is generally level, only at the most northerly end are fine hills, rather long, and so near the sea as to leave room for only one street by the seaside; towards the south and northeast the city is commanded by several hills, the promontories of the Corcovado, a wooded mountain. The more ancient, northeast part of the city, represented in the engraving, is traversed by eight straight, pretty narrow and parallel streets, and divided into squares by many others crossing them at right angles. The Campo de Santa Anna, a large square at the west of the old city, separates it from the new town. The new and old towns are connected by a bridge over the arm of the sea. The city, in its greatest extent, measures half a mile. The houses are low, and mostly built of wood, roofed with tiles, on a granite foundation. On the northeasterly stood formerly the splendid palace of the Portuguese viceroys, before Rio became the seat of the Empire itself. The city contains many costly and showy churches, and some fine fountains, the water of which is brought into the city by an aqueduct fed by the springs of the Corcovado mountain. The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is one of the finest in the world, and, as a key to the southern part of Brazil, has been firmly fortified by its Portuguese possessors. In 1710, the capture of the city by the French opened the eyes of the Portuguese government to the necessity of defence.

An extensive trade is carried on here, and the traveller everywhere meets the bustle of active industry. The harbor, the exchange, the market-places, and the streets nearest the sea, where the principal magazines of European merchandise are situated, are constantly filled with a throng of merchants, sailors and negroes. The various languages of the mingled crowds of all colors and costumes, crossing each other in every direction, among whom the negroes carry their burdens on poles; the creaking of a clumsy two-wheeled cart, drawn by oxen, in which goods are conveyed through the city; the frequent salutes of the guns of the forts, and of vessels arriving from all parts of the world; lastly, the crackling of the rockets with which the inhabitants celebrate religious festivals almost daily, from an early hour in the morning, all combine to



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

[For description, see page 285.]

compose an unheard-of discord, which is perfectly stunning to strangers. By far the greatest part of Rio consists of Portuguese and their descendants, both whites and people of color. American aboriginal inhabitants are scarcely ever seen here. They avoid the city as much as possible. Before the city was erected into the imperial capital, the whole population consisted of about 50,000 souls. In 1817, it contained above 100,000 inhabitants, and has gone on increasing in nearly the same ratio. From the irregularity and extent of the site of the city it is impossible to present a general view of it; an intervening hill narrows the space visible at a glance. Our artist has, therefore, chosen the boldest and most picturesque and striking portion.

CAREER OF A SHELLFISH.

The life of a shellfish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryonic life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes

flanking a mouth and shoulders, unencumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs, which, in their turn, pass through the same process of perpetuating the species, and multiplying themselves almost ad infinitum in every ocean in the world.—*Westminster Review*.



VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO, CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852.

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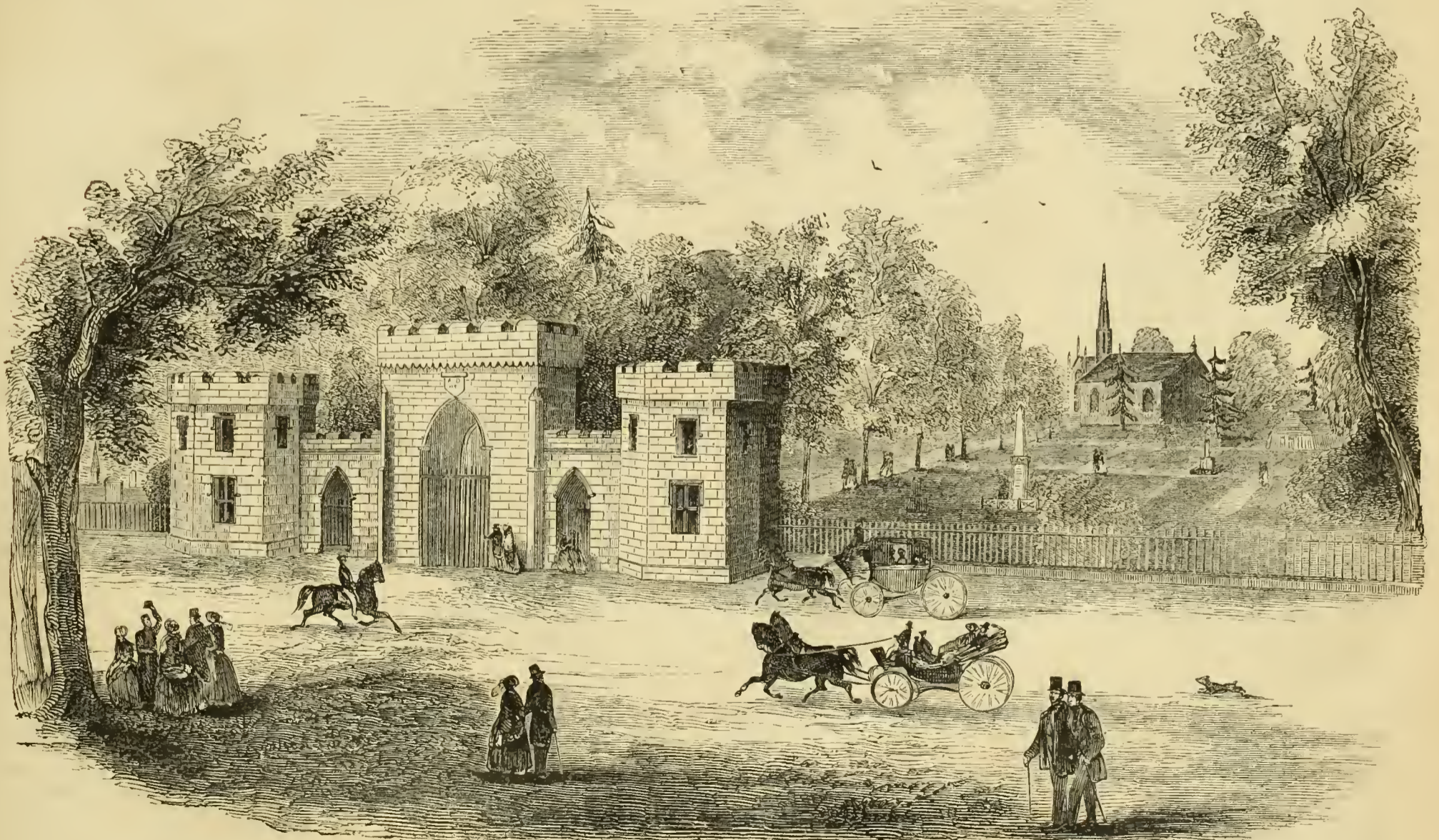
THE BALTIMORE CEMETERY.

The city of Baltimore is becoming as favorably known for its cemeteries and other public improvements, as it is for its patriotic monuments. The Greenmount Cemetery on the northern border of the city is already widely known for its beautiful location and tasteful arrangements, and we herewith present a view of another of its silent abodes of the dead, known as the Baltimore Cemetery. This valuable improvement was proposed and commenced some two years since, and is now in a most perfect and creditable condition an ornament to the suburbs of the city, and a monument of the good taste and forethought of the citizens. This "city of the silent" is situated near the north-eastern outskirts of the town, on a broad avenue that surrounds the city of Baltimore, its front ornamented, as seen in the engraving, with a

castellated gateway, which, by its construction, affords porter lodge, and store-rooms for tools and other purposes. The tract of land improved for the project of the cemetery comprises an hundred acres, about sixty of which are now laid out in avenues and burial lots, beautifully and tastefully arranged, so as to rob the spot of that sombre aspect that the graveyard has too long worn in this country. We rejoice that, with a spirit which has long filled the hearts of the Moslem, our people begin to clothe the dwellings of those loved ones who go before us to the spirit land with garlands of flowers, and to place their dust in sunny spots, rather than clothe the monumental sepulchres with black, and locate them in dreary places. The surface of the Baltimore Cemetery is like that of Mount Auburn, near Boston, undulating, and, in a few years, when the thousands of trees, so finely

planted and so well selected in kind, shall have attained their growth, this cemetery will be one of the most beautiful rural spots in the country. Our artist has represented herewith the noble gateway, the Gothic chapel, and the Egyptian mausoleum, all fine specimens of architecture, designed by the Baltimore architects, Chiffelle and Reasin, and erected under their immediate supervision. The principal officers of this institution are B. A. Lavender, President; R. C. Smith, Treasurer, and R. H. Evans, Secretary. Our readers will appreciate the fine picture, which we give them below, of this lovely burial-place; and to those who are united to the locality by heart-ties, who have seen those they loved and respected laid here in the peaceful slumber of death, the picture will possess earnest and enduring interest. Since writing the foregoing, we learn from the Baltimore papers that a tract

of land containing about seventy acres, has been purchased near Baltimore, for a new cemetery. It is to be named "Mount Vernon," and the plan already arranged for its construction and completion evinces an improvement upon all former undertakings of this description in the monumental city. The custom which now prevails relative to this matter, strongly recalls that of the ancient Germans, who always buried their dead in groves consecrated by their priests. It is much more congenial with our civilized notions thus to dispose of the body after death, than was the ancient Roman practice of burning the bodies, and depositing only the ashes in urns. The depositing of bodies in damp vaults under churches, is fast being done away with and very properly, too, we think; for who would not rather desire to sleep his long sleep beneath the green turf and among shady groves?



VIEW OF THE "BALTIMORE CEMETERY," AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
—OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.
A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"You couldn't learn what I am going to tell you from the London Gazette, cousin Isadore."

"Well, let us hear it, before it becomes stale."

"Your excellent father, the powerful lord of Dunalstein, informs me that you are about to be married."

"Indeed! And to whom?"

"To your worthy cousin, Henry Hardwick, of Hardwick castle."

Isadore paused, looked at Hardwick a moment, and then laughed merrily.

"How is this, Isadore?" exclaimed Hardwick. "It seems to me that you receive this announcement after a very singular fashion. Do you consider the idea so very facetious, then?"

"I regard it as wholly unworthy a serious thought. When you next propose matrimony, take my advice, and first ascertain whether the maiden honored with your preference is willing to accede to your wishes. Such a course will save you some trouble and much mortification."

The lord of Hardwick was confounded. It had never entered his sagacious head that Isadore would reject him. It was a contingency which he had set down on the list of impossibilities. Refuse a man of such vast consequence in point of worldly wealth, and of such attractions of person! Who could have dreamed of such a thing!

"Really, Miss Dunalstein, you are in an extraordinary humor, to-day," returned Hardwick, petulantly.

"Understand me, Henry of Hardwick. Let this subject be settled now and forever. I never will marry you. I do not seek to wound your feelings; I only wish to undeceive you. You have not those attributes which the man of my choice must possess."

"Is this the answer I am to bear to Dunalstein?" asked Hardwick, trembling with passion.

"It is."

"Consider again; reflect one moment."

"Not a second."

"Will you condescend to inform me what attributes the man of your choice must possess?" asked Hardwick, sarcastically.

"First of all, a noble soul," said Isadore, with dignity.

"Go on—a noble soul!"

"A manly figure, a commanding air, a fearless heart, and a strong arm."

"And is Henry of Hardwick wanting in all these qualifications?"

"Go, sir; I do not wish to offend. Forget the past, and let us meet on friendly terms as hitherto."

"Forget the past? Never!" exclaimed Hardwick, seizing Isadore by the arm, roughly. "You shall feel and know what it is to insult me. I will—"

"Here's a real 'stonisher for you—a regular stunner!" cried a voice, and the lord of Hardwick fell prostrate to the ground, and the figure of Jack Lynd was seen standing over him with clenched fists.

"Plenty more, sir, of that kind; punishers, pain-killers, ear-openers, eye-blinders, rib-tickers, 'stonishers, claret starters, wet knocks, dry knocks, and stunners," said Jack Lynd.

"Who the devil are you!" exclaimed Hardwick, raising himself upon one elbow, with an expression of rage and defeat highly ludicrous. Isadore burst into a loud laugh.

"Female virtue is sacred, sir."

"Well, what has that to do with this unprovoked attack?"

"A pretty question to ask. What for did you go for to take this young lady by the arm?"

"She's my cousin, scoundrel!"

"She's *wirtue*, sir; and when you took her by the arm, you insulted *wirtue*; that's the long and the short of it. So get up, and use your bruisers, and we'll see who's the best man. I've got 'em, sir—raps, wipes, back-handers, fore-and-afters, sweeteners, head-softeners, not forgittin' wet knocks, dry knocks and stunners."

"Then you are my champion?" said Isadore.

"I am, pretty lady. I'm the avenger of *wirtue*. Get up, you hardened willain."

Hardwick recovered his feet, burning with rage and mortification.

"I suppose I may thank you for this, Miss Dunalstein. I have a good memory—an excellent memory—I'll not forget it; be assured I will not. And as for this insolent hind, if I had my side arms, I would make an example of him. The incidents of this hour have given my heart to vengeance. Isadore, I give you fair warning; henceforth, I am your enemy."

"Stand on your defence—up with your mawlers—square off—look out for your top-lights!"

"Hold!" cried Isadore. "I am satisfied; you have done enough."

"But *wirtue* must be avenged, ma'am."

"There is blood on his lordship's face," said Isadore, still smiling, "and when blood has been shed, it is generally accounted satisfactory among men of honor."

Isadore turned to Hardwick and held out her hand.

"Come, Henry, you know that I did not and could not foresee this. Let it pass. Here is my hand. Forget this ludicrous scene."

"Never!"

"Take it, your lordship, or I'll give you a stunner," said Jack, doubling his fist.

"Not so fast, my friend," continued Isadore. "I will not force his lordship to a reconciliation. As he refuses to be reconciled, you shall be my gallant to the castle." She turned from Hardwick, adding as she did so:

"Remember, sir, that I did not seek a quarrel. I cherish no unkindness towards you." Hardwick bit his lips, and made no reply. Isadore motioned to Jack Lynd, and he followed her with a highly gratified air.

"Who is Joseph Abershaw?" she asked, when they had reached the castle.

"He's a rum chap, ma'am—a regular stunner."

"And you're a stunner, too," he added to himself, as she disappeared in the court.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLIGHT—DUNALSTEIN.

"CORAL," said Hepsy Herne, "you must go up to the castle and tell the good fortune to the lord of Dunalstein. I have got you a new red cloak, a jaunty skirt, and a nice gypsy hat. Go and tell him that the stars have spoken to the child of the wise woman. He's the same who gave you the silver when you was a wee bit of a girl."

"I'm not used to such great people," replied Coral, "and I shall not know what to say." Hepsy shook her stick, and frowned fiercely upon her daughter.

"Don't rebel; don't make excuses; don't work me into a fury; but put on these fine things and begone."

"You know, mother, that I am not handy at the *buena ventura*," said Coral, timidly.

"Shall I beat you?" screamed Hepsy. "Shall

I make some more ugly marks upon those dainty shoulders?"

Trembling with fear Cora put on the new garments, while to facilitate the process, the hag gave her an occasional push, or shake, or uttered some bitter reproach.

"You was born to be a great lady, and not to work and get your living like other honest people. You're not made of common clay, by no means; but of porcelain, or some such thing. You're too good to do as we do. You must sit moping and pining all day. But I'll learn you a trick worth two of that. You shall learn to *hikawar* and *chore* the Tororo. Now away with you, and don't come back till you have seen the lord of Dunalstein."

With a heavy heart poor Cora went forth upon the mission so hateful to her. To escape the harsh, grating tones of the hag, she walked hastily from the encampment. When she had passed out of sight of the spot, she sat down and wept.

"Why have I lived?" she exclaimed. "Why has my lot been cast among such a people? When fate willed me to be one of such a race, why had it not in mercy given me the same instincts; but they were withheld. I experience no pleasure in wandering from place to place. This wild freedom gives me no joy. My soul shrinks with unutterable disgust from the rude, wild dance, and the sight and sound of frantic revelry. The terrible law which teaches me to live by wronging others, fills me with terror. The past makes me shudder—the future appals me."

Cora arose and went on until she came to some clear water.

"That fearful woman reproaches me because I am unlike her in complexion. I will look at myself in this water." The young gypsy examined herself as she was reflected in the water. "The contrast is indeed striking," she said; "but the contrast is as great physically as morally. If I am unlike in form, feature and complexion, I am as much unlike my people in my instincts. Whatever nature intended me for, it was not to be a gypsy. Why then should I stay among them? Can my condition be made more miserable? Can another drop of misery be added to the overflowing cup of my wretchedness. Can I find another heart more hard and unrelenting than Hepsy Herne's? I will be free. I will fly such degradation. I will die by the wayside rather than return. Death is less cruel than that woman. It is possible that there are kind and gentle hearts somewhere in the world. It is possible that there are those who will love and care for me. I have had such thoughts in dreaming and in waking. I have seen smiles on friendly faces, and heard tones in whose softness there was magic. This cannot be all fancy. There must be some power in nature that whispers the truth to the despairing soul. Great Being, who protectest the oppressed and hopeless, give energy to my heart, wisdom to my mind, and strength to my feet. Guide me to some place of safety and peace. Direct me to those, if such exist, who shall speak kindly to me, and soften down the asperities of an unloved existence."

Cora arose and proceeded on her way. Away to the right, upon a high eminence, the towers of Dunalstein were visible. Farther on and more to the left, lay the estates of Glenburn. She decided to keep on towards Dunalstein, so that, should she be seen by any of her people, her purpose might not be mistrusted. She had crossed the moor and was near the castle, when she saw a female figure approaching. Cora would have turned aside, but the figure made gestures for her to advance. It was Isadore. The two stood face to face.

"So you are one of the trampers?" said Isadore, gazing at her, earnestly.

"I belong to those people in the valley," replied Coral, meekly.

"And you are as much unlike them in complexion as you can well be. You have not the swarthy features of the Romany girl; but I dare say you have learned their tricks," continued Isadore.

"I am a gypsy, fair lady, dark-skinned lady, and the daughter of the wise woman," said Coral, adopting the habits and manner of speech which she had been taught.

"Why do you call me dark-skinned lady?" asked Isadore.

"I don't know why I call you so; I speak the language of the wise people."

"Am I then so dark?" asked Isadore, eagerly.

Cora looked up into the face of Miss Dunal-

stein, and continued to gaze as if she were spell-bound.

"Am I then so dark?" repeated Isadore.

"Yes, lady, dark as the descendants of the Egyptians; dark, but beautiful."

"And you are—"

"Of a fair complexion. Nature gave me a whiter skin, but less beauty, lady."

"Nay, you wrong yourself. You have a very handsome face, and a charming person."

"The daughter of the Tororo flatters the poor chabori. Hark, and the child of the wise woman will repeat what the fates have written in a *gabi-cote* (book):

When that which seems to be, is not,
And that which shall be forgot,
When two are lost, and one is saved—
And the enslaver is enslaved,
When shame is bought, and virtue sold,
Then, lady, shall thy fate be told.
This riddle read, it shall be plain
That gain is loss and loss is gain."

"The very lines which old Hepsy repeated," said Isadore. "Do you know their meaning?" she added.

"The lines are a mystery to me. My mother says they contain the secret of a life," rejoined Coral.

"I know not why it is, but I never see one of your people without emotion," added Isadore.

"Do not seek them; they will do you no good," said Coral, in a voice sunk almost to a whisper.

"I've heard you are a dangerous people," returned Isadore.

"It is true—too true," replied Coral, with much energy.

"Who is Joseph Abershaw?" asked Isadore.

"The son of the count, or captain of the clan. I know but little of him. I have heard him called the handsomest youth among us. Farewell, dark-skinned lady; the business of Egypt calls me away. I must be walking over field, fen, and moor."

"What do you mean by the business of Egypt?"

"Any secret business which concerns us is so called."

"Here is a purse of silver for you."

"Thank you. Much good will it do me."

Cora took the money and passed on her way. The castle of Dunalstein was soon far behind her, and she was on the road leading to Rochester. Urged forward by terror and the hope of escaping a thralldom so degrading, she exerted herself to the utmost. She was aware that by this act she should provoke the anger of old Hepsy past forgiveness. Should she be pursued and overtaken, her lot would become more wretched, if possible, than before. She passed huts and cottages, but shunned their inmates. They might say they had seen her on the road, and thus assist Hepsy Herne in her efforts to find her.

The towers of Dunalstein faded in the distance. Forest Hill was dimly seen, faintly defined upon the horizon, and finally that faded from her vision too. Coral redoubled her efforts, casting many glances of terror backward upon the way she had trodden in her flight. Every sound disturbed her, and every human figure that she saw caused her heart to beat with fresh alarm. Each additional step gave rise to some additional fear. To increase her trepidation she heard the clatter of horses' feet. The thought occurred to her that it might be some one sent to take her back to Hepsy Herne; but the idea was soon dissipated; the horseman made his appearance in another direction, and came on at a rapid pace.

Cora recognized him at a glance. It was the lord of Dunalstein, whom she had frequently seen at Forest Hill, in conversation with her mother. Upon her first visit to that place, when she was some two years younger, she had often met him in her rambles, and been greeted with a kind word and a smile. Though she had never spoken with him, and had received his passing notice with characteristic timidity, she had never shrank from him with that fear which she always felt at the approach of strangers. In fact she was attracted towards him rather than repelled, until his last visit at the encampment.

On that occasion he had talked much with Hepsy, and followed all her movements with his eyes. She had seen nothing sinister in his fixed and earnest looks, but it was the changed manner of Hepsy that had alarmed her. She perceived plainly that the lord of Dunalstein was being deceived in some way or another, and that the former was acting in accordance with some fixed plan. When, therefore, she had been ordered to go up to the castle and tell the "good

fortune" to Dunalstein, she felt an unconquerable repugnance to doing so.

He reined up his horse beside our heroine. He was a man considerably advanced in life, perhaps fifty years of age; but time had not been hard with him, and had left imprinted upon his brow less than the usual number of furrows. He was of a commanding person, and his lips wore continually a placid and benevolent smile.

Cora smiled, courtesied, and would have passed on.

"Stay one moment," said Dunalstein. "I have noticed you often," he continued. "Your manners and complexion are strangely at variance with those with whom you are associated. I know your mother as a frantic woman, who dabbles in sorcery. Now tell me, and truly, if you understand all the wicked tricks of your people? Do you *hokawir* and *chore*, do you tread the wild dance, more frantic than graceful; do you sing the rude Rommany song, more boisterous than musical?"

"I assure your lordship that I do not; such things are hateful to me," replied Cora.

"Your earnest and artless manner bears witness to your sincerity," continued Dunalstein.

Cora gave him a bashful but grateful look. "Weary yourself no longer by walking these rough roads. Your feet are too small and tender. Give me your hand, and spring to the saddle with me. I will carry you safely to Forest Hill."

"I thank your lordship; but I am travelling in an opposite direction," said Cora, naively.

"And why should one like you be walking, friendless and lonely, up and down the country?" replied Dunalstein, kindly. "Is there none to care for you, no friend to make you happy with kind words and gentle usage?"

"Not one," said the maiden, "not one. I am both poor and friendless. I belong to a people with whom I have no sympathy; whose habits I can never learn."

"Is that tawny woman unkind to you?" asked Dunalstein, gently. "Is not your way through life cheered by motherly affection?"

"Let these marks bear silent witness," said Cora, suffering the short gipsy cloak to fall partially from her neck and shoulders.

"Forgive me, fair maiden, if my manner has seemed unkind!" exclaimed Dunalstein, in an altered voice. "How can I serve you?"

"You can do nothing for me, my lord, but suffer me to go on my way, and escape the persecution of that cruel woman who calls herself my mother. You are very good, and your friendly words make my heart bound with hope," said Cora.

"I do feel, and have felt," added Dunalstein, "a strange interest in your people. There are passages in the history of my own life that are intimately connected with them, and which I never recall without a sigh and a tear. Take these golden pieces. Nay, start not; they are freely given. If ever you should be in want, do not fear to come to me. I will not repulse you."

Cora expressed her thanks in the best manner possible, and could not repress her emotions. Dunalstein regarded her grateful embarrassment with evident interest, and while she stood, still undecided about taking so much money, he gave his horse the rein and resumed his way towards the castle. The eyes of the gipsy girl were streaming with tears when she went on her unknown way again.

She now left the frequented road, and travelled by obscure ways and by-paths; crossed moors and meadows, and climbed hills. Weary and hungry, when night came, she lay down in an outhouse upon some dry straw. She had sunk into a sound sleep, when a woman discovered her, called her a thievish trumper, and drove her away with threats. With fluttering steps Cora went forward again. Seeing no habitation near, she sat down beside a green hedgerow, and was soon fast asleep, so exhausted were the powers of nature by fasting and walking. She had slept an hour, perhaps, and was dreaming of a new home in some distant country, when a noise like the fall of some heavy body to the earth awakened her.

She sprang up in alarm, and gazed wildly about, and then the remembrance of her situation returned with vividness. The cause of her affright was directly before her, just over the hedge. A horse had fallen with his rider, and both lay upon the ground. The latter had been thrown violently over the head of the animal, and was stretched upon the heather, stunned and quite senseless.

The horse instantly recovered his feet, and began to eat the tender grass by the wayside; but his master gave no indication of consciousness. Cora ran to him. He lay with his face upward, very still and pale. She stooped to raise his head; but uttered a cry of surprise when she recognized the young lord of Glenburn, the gallant youth who had once interfered to save her from the cruelty of Hepsy Herne. What should she do? She heard at a little distance the running of water. Taking Glenburn's hat she ran to the rivulet, brought it full of the precious fluid, and dashed it upon his face. This she repeated, and he soon gave indications of returning animation. Cora exerted her strength and raised him to a sitting posture. He sighed, opened his eyes, put his hand to his head, and endeavored to see who was aiding him. Perceiving that he was able to sit without assistance, and believing that he was not seriously injured, Cora stole softly from his side and hid herself in a copse near the hedge. In a little time Glenburn arose to his feet, looked about him for the person who had aided him, and manifested surprise.

"I thought some one was near me," he said, thoughtfully. "I imagined that a hand, like the hand of woman, was laid gently upon my face; but I perceive that I am alone."

With these words Glenburn walked towards his horse, mounted without difficulty, and rode away. Cora looked after him as long as she could see him, and then went back to the place where she had slept beside the hedge, with her heart somewhat lightened by having done good to a fellow-being. In thinking that she had rendered a service to Glenburn, she forgot half her own wretchedness. She would soon have been wrapt in the sweet sleep of innocence, had not new objects of alarm excited her fears.

She heard persons approaching, talking earnestly together. They sat down on the other side of the hedge and kept on conversing. They used the slang of the roads, which Cora had heard before. Their language was such that it made her tremble for her safety. They were planning a robbery. She felt her blood grow chilly with horror as they went on. She dared not make the slightest movement, and feared her respiration might betray her.

"He goes to collect his rents to-morrow," said one of the ruffians. "He will cross the Black Moor on his return, and go through the oak dingle, where we *did* for the pedler. We will lay in wait for him there, rap him over the scone, and take the swag."

"But a crack game like that must be done mighty nice; for it's seldom we *do* for a great lord, like him," replied one of his comrades.

"What's a Glenburn?" exclaims the third rascal. "A Glenburn is no better than a poor body who gets his living by his hands. Down with him, I say, and lift the dust!"

At hearing the name of Glenburn, Cora gave an involuntary start.

"What's that!" exclaimed one of the robbers.

"The conscience of a rogue," replied he who had spoken. "It's queer how many sounds a roadster will hear when he's got a good deal on his conscience."

"A covey must live in some way, conscience or no conscience," returned the other. "But about this Glenburn; is it agreed to *do* for him in the oak dingle, or on the Black Moor?"

"All agreed," replied his companions. They then went into the details of the proposed robbery, while Cora listened with breathless attention. When all was arranged to their satisfaction they arose and went their way, much to the listener's relief. She was now greatly at a loss to know what course to pursue. Should she continue her flight, or return to warn Glenburn of his danger, and incur the risk of falling into the hands of Hepsy Herne—the most terrible fate she could conceive of. She felt grateful to Glenburn; more than grateful; he had made an impression upon her young heart which years could not efface, with all their changes, even should they prove as miserable as the past. He had stepped boldly forward to save her from punishment and redress her wrongs. And should she not hazard something for him? But it was the bitterest trial of her unhappy life to turn and retrace her footsteps towards the spot made fearful by the presence of the hag who had made her wretched since her earliest recollections.

Selfishness said, "go forward, and escape from bondage and misery;" but duty boldly bade her "return and warn the young lord" of the evil that menaced him. She resolved to obey the

voice of duty. When this resolution was formed, she sank into a sound sleep, and did not wake until the sun was up in the morning.

Bathing her face and hands in the rivulet, with a sigh she turned her face towards Glenburn, which she had left far behind in the flight of the previous day. She had proceeded but a short distance, when she saw two men before her, who were presently joined by a third. She was too near to attempt to avoid them, and thinking it possible that they were honest laborers, Cora continued on her way. She was passing them, when one spoke to the other, saying:

"She's a tidy built 'un, aint she?"

"She's dressed gipsy," he replied; "but too good looking for a trumper."

Cora recognized the voices of both; they were the robbers who had planned the robbery the night before. They now whispered a moment among themselves; then one of them left his companions and walked beside her, treating her to much coarse language.

Cora was now thoroughly frightened, and would have fled; but the ruffian detained her.

"You are one of the gypsies, I perceive," he said, insolently, "and your people always contrive to get money in some way, if it isn't over honest. Perhaps you have got a few shillings about you that you could part with as well as not."

"Yes, a shilling for each!" cried the others, joining their companion.

Cora instantly produced the piece of money which Isadore had given her, hoping to save the purse which Dunalstein had forced upon her.

"There must be more where this shining piece came from," added he who had first spoken. "Come, my pretty maiden, bring it forth. We are honest fellows, and need it."

Cora hesitated, but the robbers growing clamorous and imperious in their demands, she was about to comply with their wishes, and part with the little gold which Dunalstein had kindly bestowed upon her, when Jack Lynd leaped in among the robbers with the agility of a cat, and the ferocity of an infuriated lion.

"Here's some reg'lar stunners for ye!" he exclaimed, knocking one in one direction, and another in another. "I'm the avenger o' virtue! What for did you go for to insult this purty critter, who never done ye no harm in her life. Here's a punisher, here's a dry knock, here's a bruiser, here's a claret starter, here's a side-winder, and here's a stunner."

Jack Lynd bestirred himself so effectually that the robbers were soon all down, and as fast as one attempted to rise, he dealt him a blow which prostrated him again. In this manner he was kept busy for some time, meting out justice as impartially as possible. When he had wearied himself with his exertions, he permitted them to go, one at a time.

Cora had fainted, and lay insensible upon the earth. Jack took her in his arms and ran to the nearest book. In his trepidation he deluged her face with water enough to suffocate her, under ordinary circumstances. His good intentions were now rewarded by the desired result—Cora sighed, opened her eyes, and came quite to herself. Her first care was to thank her benefactor in words of eloquence which we will not attempt to repeat.

"You're an onhappy young critter," said Lynd, wiping a tear from his eye. "What's the matter of ye! What for do you go for to look so miserable allers, when I see you with that old witch-wife, Hepsy Herne. Speak out, pretty little lady, and don't be afeard on me."

Pleased with the frank and honest manner of Jack, Cora told him the simple story of her wretchedness.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed, when she had finished her narrative; "look at me, and see one as will stick by you through thick and thin; one as will follow you like a dog, as long as he can do you any good; one as will feed you when you are hungry, and warm you when you're cold; one as will fight for you till he drops down; one as will play the mischief with old Hepsy Herne."

"Then you will really be my friend!" cried Cora, joyfully.

"Stun me, if I don't!" said Jack.

"How nice that will be!" she exclaimed, taking Jack's great hand in both of her small ones. "How nice it will be to have a friend."

"Didn't you never have one?" asked Jack Lynd.

"Never," replied Cora.

"But you'd better not say you haven't got one

now," he returned, energetically. "Nobody had better say that, unless—"

"They want a stunner," added Cora, with a smile.

"Just so."

"And you will—"

"Be like your brother, perwidin' you had one. And now," continued Jack, "I must leave you in some safe place, while I go to tell Glenburn about them are willains as are goin' to lift his dust. By the way, the young lord has taken a shine to you, like; he give me some money, and told me to keep my eye on you, and see if old Hepsy abused and beat you."

"Did he?" asked Cora, with a blush.

"That's what he did," was the rejoinder.

Cora's new, and it would seem, her only friend, now conducted her to the ruins of an old abbey. A portion of the ruins were still habitable, and to that part Jack Lynd conducted his fair protegee, and then went to procure food.

He returned, after a short absence, completely successful.

"I've passed many a night hereabouts," he said, "and I will show you how to fasten the door of this dusty room, if you should have unwelcome visitors; and where to hide if worst should come to worst." After giving her such instructions as he thought necessary, he set out for Glenburn castle, to warn the young lord of his danger, singing as he went:

I'm a wandering covey, my name is Jack Lynd,
The science I love is the science of *mind*,
Or I'll give you a *bruiser* before or behind;
For I've wet knocks, and dry knocks, say which will
you try—
A rap on the head, or a poke in the eye!

I live on the roads, and I live by my wits,
I've all kinds of punishers, all kinds of hits,
And a touch of the science that gives a man fits:
I've polts for the head, and I've pokes for the eye,
And some reg'lar stunners, which will you try!

I sleep by the hedge rows, I drink from the brooks,
I follow a calling not laid down in books,
And if you don't mind I will spoil your good looks;
For I've wet knocks, and dry knocks, say which will
you try—
A rap on the head, or a poke in the eye!

CHAPTER IV.

MYSTERIOUS PROCEEDINGS—THE MANUSCRIPT.

ISADORE of Dunalstein grew thoughtful and abstracted, and took long walks unattended. She was often seen near Forest Hill, and the day following Cora's flight, even as far as the oak dingle. What had clouded her happiness she scarcely knew, and dared not ask, lest the response from her heart might startle her and humble her pride. She entered the valley, and sought its deepest solitude. She descended the hill-side, nor paused until she had reached the bottom of the dingle. Attracted by the musical murmur of a rivulet, she sat down upon a moss-grown stone beside it. She looked steadfastly at the flowing waters, and thought of the strange, wild people that were encamped at Forest Hill.

Joseph Abershaw was not forgotten; his handsome face and manly figure had an important place in the world of unsubstantial things which she was forming in her brain.

Isadore heard footsteps. She looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded and saw two men approaching. Their looks were frightful, and she fled from them. They quickened their pace, she heard their steps, and knew she was pursued. The men gained upon her; she put forth all her strength, and lacerated her hands and feet in her efforts to climb the steep hill. Her pursuers were near—she saw no hope of escape, and sank powerless to the earth. When the men came up she was nearly insensible.

"Let us wait till she comes back to herself a little," said one of them.

"A fair piece of human natur'," remarked the other. "She's summat flurried though. But she needn't be so afeared like; she's seen worse lookin' men than we are a score of times."

"Daughters of great folks are allers rayther delicate. It don't take 'em long to go into 'steries, faintin' fits and such like," replied the first speaker.

"Now she rewives a bit," added the other, assisting Isadore to rise from the ground. She pushed him from her.

"I am the daughter of Dunalstein!" she exclaimed.

"And a werry nice young lady," said one of the men.

"Leave me, or you will suffer deeply for this insult."

"We want you; don't go for to givin' your-

self fine airs. You must go with us. Conly take her by the other arm."

"What is your purpose?" asked Isadore, struggling to free herself. "If you seek to extort money, name your sum, and cease to treat me with rudeness."

No attention was paid to her words. The man whom the ruffian had called Conly, obeyed the instructions of his comrade, and took the trembling Isadore by the arm, saying as he did so:

"If you will go along peaceably and make no noise, you shall have that privilege; but if you go to screaming and shrieking, and all such sort of nonsense, we'll be obliged to put a handkerchief in your mouth. We wont trouble you to ask no questions, nor ourselves to answer any. So be quiet. Hold her tight, Dick."

"In the virgin's name, tell me what you design to do!" cried Isadore.

"Don't answer her," said Dick. "Pull her along. Don't cry out, miss, if you don't want to be handled roughly." She did not heed the words of the ruffians, but shrieked for assistance as loud as she could. In a moment her cries were stopped in the manner threatened; her own handkerchief being forced into her mouth, producing a sensation of strangulation almost intolerable. She was then dragged forward in a very rough way for a considerable distance; but they did not leave the dingle. They stopped in a dark, wild spot, where the hill was the steepest and most inaccessible, and where the rocks were piled up above each other, overhanging their heads.

Beneath the jutting rocks, formed by the hand of nature, was a cavern, with a narrow entrance; Isadore was pushed into it. She leaned against the damp walls, dumb with terror. With trembling expectation she waited to learn her fate.

The men took no further notice of her; they lighted their pipes, sat down near the entrance of the grotto, and began to smoke. In a little time her fears had subsided sufficiently to allow her to speak. She entreated them to pity her, and permit her to return unharmed to Dunalstein. But her words elicited no signs of relenting. The ruffians remained silent. Finding that she failed to move the hearts of her ailers, she ceased to supplicate their compassion. Seating herself upon a stone, she strove to conquer her fears, and nerve herself up to whatever trials might be before her.

After the lapse of an hour she heard the sound of horses' feet in the dingle. It was now apparent that they were intending to convey her to some distant part of the country, and were only waiting for the darkness of night to favor their purpose. She was placed upon one of the horses, a handkerchief was tied about her face, and the parties were soon in motion.

They were soon out of the dingle and moving across the country at a rapid rate. Isadore endeavored to note the way they went, but soon became bewildered in regard to localities, and abandoned the attempt. It was several hours before the parties stopped. Conly ordered her to dismount. She did so, and upon looking before her, discovered the ruins of an old monastery. As they approached, its lonely and desolate aspect caused her to shudder, and despite her habitual courage, a superstitious awe crept over her as she entered the court. The greater portion of the wings had fallen, and but a part of the main edifice had withstood the ravages of time.

Conly lighted a torch prepared for the purpose, and ordered Isadore to follow him. He pushed open the massive door, which had not yet fallen from its rusty hinges, and passed on into a large hall, and from thence, by a side door, he mounted some creaking stairs, which shook beneath his weight.

Isadore moved on mechanically, while Dick came after. They reached a part of the structure less decayed and ruinous. Conly opened a door, and holding aloft his blazing torch, motioned Isadore to go in first. She did so, and found herself in a capacious room, which, though damp and dreary, was more habitable than any portion of the building which she had seen. Conly followed and lighted a small iron lamp, which had obviously been placed there by design.

"Here's where you'll stay for the present," he said, "and you must try and make yourself at home."

"In what part of the country am I, and by whose orders do you act?" she asked.

"It's no use for to asking questions, as I told you at the commencement; so make your-

self content in regard to such like matters. This is a good enough place, if you can only think so. The pretty little nuns used to live here, you know. An old monk was tellin' me not long ago, that one of 'em sickened and died in this here very room. And some folks thought she didn't have the best of treatment, either; that the abbess was harsh with her, for some reason or other, and didn't care how soon she was out o' the way. It'll be werry amusin' for you to sit down and think all about it, and imagine that she was poisoned, or strangled, or some such thing; and that her spirit isn't at rest, but wanders up and down this old ruin, lookin' pale and miserable."

"You may leave me," said Isadore, with a shudder.

"We shall leave you, but the door will be fastened securely, and it wont be of no use for you to try to escape; you will only worry and fatigue yourself for nothin'. As for the purty nun what died here, I never heered as whether she tried to escape or not. It didn't do no good if she did, for these here winders are grated, and werry high. Why, lor' bless you! a fall from one of 'em wouldn't leave the breath of life in your delicate little body."

Conly and his accomplice left the room; Isadore heard them lock the door upon the outside and descend the stairs. Her first act was to take the lamp and examine the room. It was quite large, and the wainscoting was of oak, after the style of that period. The windows, three in number, were covered with a heavy lattice-work of wooden bars. Upon scrutinizing them more closely, she perceived that some additions to their strength had been recently made, which convinced her that the insult which had been offered her by forcibly conveying her there, had been planned by another mind, and that the men who had just left her were mere tools to accomplish the designs of that mind.

Fuel was laid near the fireplace, and a mattress, with its appropriate coverings, occupied a corner of the apartment.

Isadore began to reflect.

"Whose work can this be?" she asked. "I have offended Hardwick of Hardwick castle; but he has not energy enough to plan and execute such a bold measure as this. It cannot be Henry; no, no! he is too weak and irresolute. And Joseph Abershaw! he has both the ability and daring to take such a step."

Whoever might be the author of the outrage, Isadore naturally concluded that he intended to visit her in that room. She wished to thwart an intention of this kind, and upon examining the door, perceived that it could be fastened upon the inside by passing a stick through the handle employed to lift the latch. Among the fuel, upon the hearth, she saw a suitable stick for that purpose, and hastened to use it in the manner indicated. The door could be unlocked upon the outside, but it could not now be opened; and Isadore felt a greater sense of security.

She now examined the room more particularly, and discovered a door (which she had previously mistaken for a panel) communicating with a small oratory. In the oratory was a dusty image of the virgin, a large crucifix, and a few old pictures of some of the saints. While examining these paintings, she accidentally disturbed the image, and it fell to the floor.

She stooped to replace it, when a manuscript dropped from the hollow space within it. Isadore took possession of it, curious to know what it contained, and who had written it.

The chirography was fine, and evidently traced by the hand of a woman. The thought instantly occurred to her that it might have been written by the unfortunate nun of whom Conly had spoken. Upon more careful inspection it proved to be a diary kept by some one who had formerly occupied that room.

Not doubting that the dusty pages told the history of some unhappy person of her own sex, Isadore carefully returned it to its hiding place, resolving to read it on the morrow. After offering up a short prayer for protection, she left the oratory. Lying down upon the mattress, she reflected upon her lonely situation. She essayed to sleep; but every sound disturbed her. If she drowsed, fearful forms started up before her and made her awake trembling with affright. To add to her terrors, the lamp grew dim as the night advanced, and before morning went quite out, leaving her in total darkness. She covered up her eyes with the clothes, and her imagination gave rise to a thousand odd fancies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

BY MISS ELLEN SMITH.

Bring me some flowers, mother, dear,
And place them by my bed;
That I may smell their sweet perfume
Once more before I'm dead.
Come nearer, nearer, mother, dear,
And let me take thy hand;
Then bid me farewell, forever, mother,
For I'm going to a better land.

I shall wither with the violets, mother,
To-night, when the sun goes down;
But shall bloom again in heaven, mother,
When my task on earth is done.
You'll meet me soon again, mother,
In the land where angels dwell;
Then promise not to weep, mother,
When you hear my funeral knell.

Remember all my friends, mother,
They were so dear to me;
And give each a lock of hair, mother,
That they may remember me.
But to Ida, who is dearer than all the rest,
Give her this ring and book;
And tell her, if she loved me once,
She'll remember my parting look.

Malden, Mass., May, 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PARENTAGE.

The personal character of Louis Napoleon is somewhat enigmatical. His mother, Hortense Beauharnois, was a woman of exceedingly bad life, however history may have glossed her annals. Before marriage, she had two children—one the present De Morny, late Minister of the Interior. Louis Napoleon, born after her marriage with Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, is very generally regarded as the natural son of a Dutch admiral, notorious as the queen's lover. His physiognomy, his complexion, his air and his habits, are all Dutch. He is slow and taciturn. Still, he is himself convinced of his true Napoleonic blood and origin, and really has, or affects to have, an astrological faith in his destiny. He believes himself born to walk in the footsteps of the great Napoleon, and hence we see him reviving the institutions of the empire with a sort of Chinese fidelity of imitation. He has reached the point and power of the First Consul, and it is generally believed that he will soon put on the crown of the empire. If he does, will he not try to play the emperor at the head of an army? Borne on by military power, will he not be forced by the very momentum of his career to make war on the adjacent nations?—*London Correspondent of the N. Y. Com. Adv.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MAIE.

BY CHARLES M. FENLEY.

If sadness ever should be thine,
And sorrow blanch thy cheek, Maie,
Thy little cares shall all be mine,
And words of love I speak, Maie.

If friends deceitfully should prove,
And fill thy heart with gloom, Maie;
There's one who'll never from thee rove,
With words of love I'll come, Maie.

If thou shouldst mourn the loved but lost,
And o'er their grave shouldst bend, Maie,
I'll come—for then I'll love thee most,
I'll come a faithful friend, Maie.

Should gloomy shadows o'er thy soul,
Make life a gloomy plain, Maie;
And waves of disappointment come,
I'll share with thee thy pain, Maie.

And in a word, whatever fate
Futurity may give, Maie,
My heart for thee alone shall beat,
And only for thee live, Maie.

Portsmouth, Va., May, 1852.

ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.

An officer in the Bengal army had a favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal daily became thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been committed, and made the man confess his crime.—*Traits of Animals.*

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak, to narrate his little experience, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction; and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures. This is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

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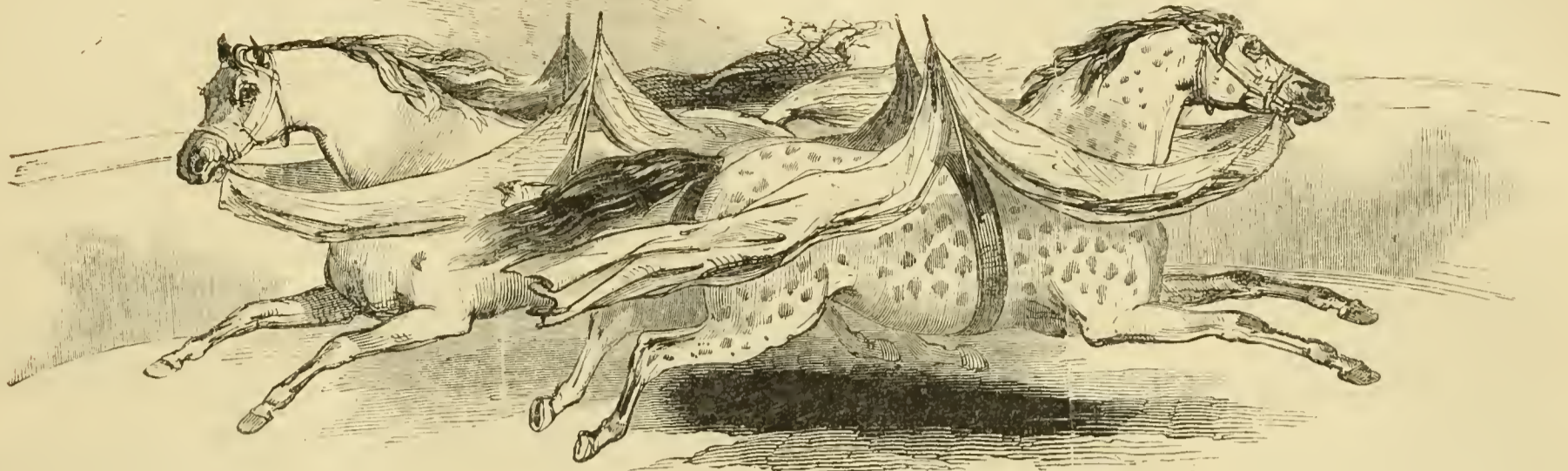
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THE FAIRY PONIES, "BEAUTY" AND "SELIM"

THE PONIES, BEAUTY AND SELIM.

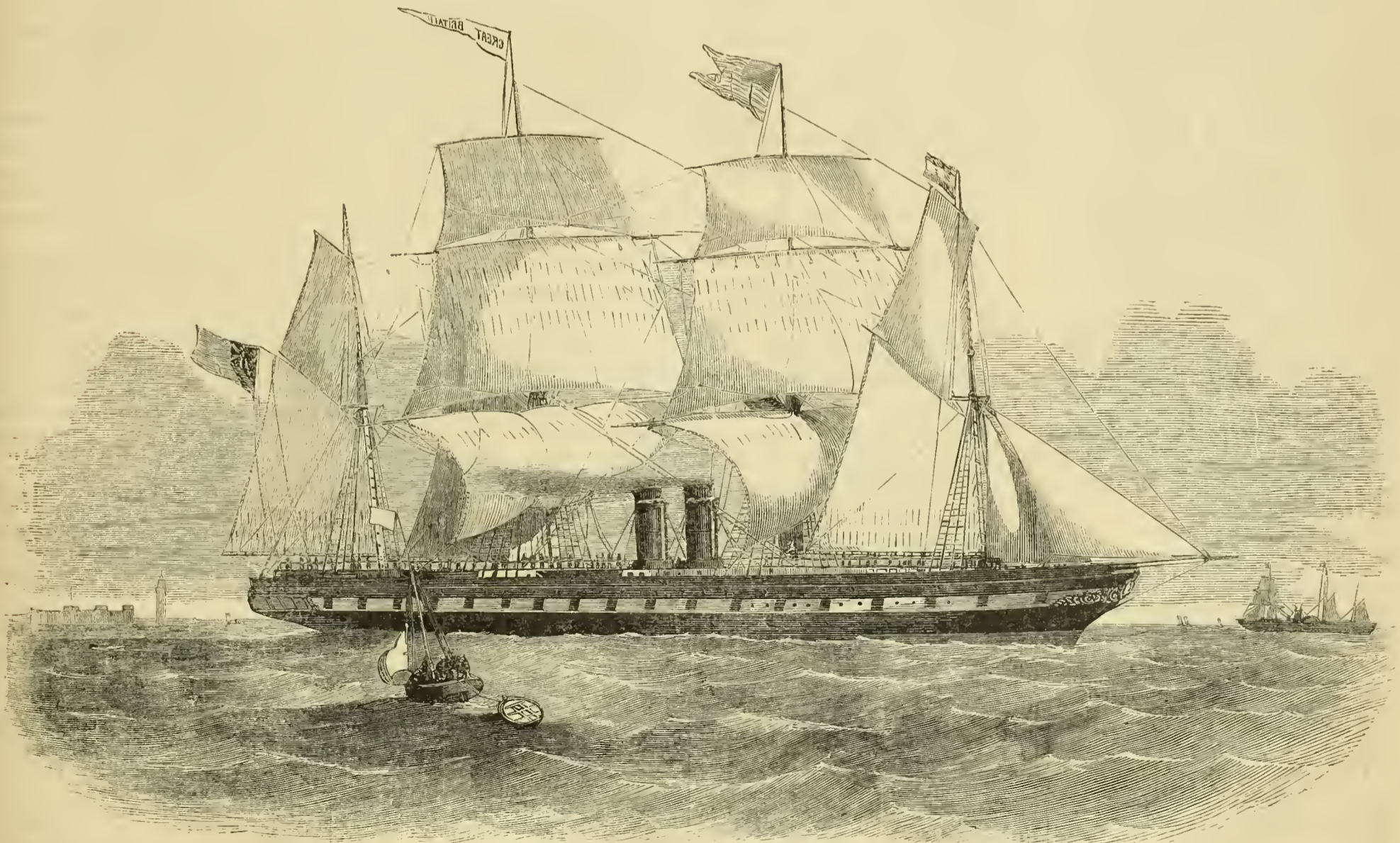
Above we give a representation of the two celebrated ponies, Beauty and Selim, as they appeared on the occasion of queen Victoria's visit to Astley's royal amphitheatre, with the royal children. These tiny animals have been taught to perform many surprising and graceful evolutions, evincing an intelligence and aptitude almost unparalleled. Their diminutive size makes them objects of much interest, and their fleetness and beauty command great admiration. These little-limbed animals are only one variety of the noble quadruped which has exerted so much influence in promoting the comfort and enjoyment of man. Found in nearly every land, the horse runs coeval with progression in the civilization of man. Without the horse, it may be asserted that he could not have reached his present stand of civilization, nor have overcome the many obstacles in the way of his happiness. His aid is invaluable, and for every purpose of life nearly, the horse is an indispensable requisite for its perfection, closely associating with all the varied labors, and pleasures of social existence.

STEAMSHIP GREAT BRITAIN.

The leviathan steamer represented below is so well known to our readers that we need not give a minute description of her. They are familiar with her history from the commencement of her building at Bristol, and her leaving that port in 1845, to her release from Dundrum Bay, and her arrival at Liverpool, in 1847. The ill success which had attended the vessel dispirited her owners from further proceedings, and the Great Britain lay in the north docks literally "a sheer hulk." To the eye of a sailor, however, and the lover of a fine ship there was much to admire under her unsightly exterior. Her beautiful lines and evident capabilities were so apparent to the practised eye, that it was felt to be a pity that she should lie a wreck in port. Accordingly, having fallen into new hands, contracts were made, and every requisite that money and talent could command were employed to renew the ship and once more cause her to float in grace and grandeur on the ocean. After the most laborious and energetic effort that object was accomplished, and she now stands forth a monument of the power of art and skill to rein-

state in life what seemed to be hopelessly engulfed in the waves. Some slight alterations have been made in her, but nothing that materially affects her general appearance. She will carry a larger cargo than before—probably 1000 tons additional. New bulwarks have been erected around the ship at an elevation of 4 feet 6 inches above those she previously had; and these will be of further use to protect the deck-house in severe weather, whilst the roof of the house will form a promenade 300 feet long, and perfectly protected from any seas the vessel may ship. Her dimensions are now as follows:—Length over all, 330 feet; beam, 41 feet 6 inches; depth from promenade deck, 40 feet 10 1-2 inches; capacity for cargo, about 3000 tons; ditto for coals, 1200 tons. The number of masts of the ship has been reduced to four, instead of five, yet she will be able to spread 10,000 square yards of canvass. The two centre masts are rigged as in a ship, carrying sails as high as "royals," and the first and last masts are rigged with fore-and-aft sails, as in a schooner. She has been fitted with a pair of oscillating engines, of the collective power of 500 horses. The cylinders are

82 1-2 inches in diameter, and six feet length of stroke; and by the intervention of cog-wheels the screw will make three revolutions to one of the engine. The screw or fan has three arms or blades, and is 15 feet 6 inches diameter, and 19 feet pitch. There are six boilers, either of which can be used independently of the other, if necessary. The engines are of the most beautiful workmanship. To lessen the vibration formerly experienced from the motion of the screw and machinery, eighteen wrought-iron beams have been placed transversely through the vessel, which lock her sides firmly together. The bases on which the machinery rests are much stronger than formerly, and she has further been strengthened by the addition of massive iron entablature beams to the engines, which again are buttressed by a framing of teak-wood, each piece being 20 inches deep and 3 feet wide, running on each side of the engine, transversely and diagonally, to the sides of the ship (the distance in which this solid timber extends being 17 feet 6 inches on each side of the engine), and the whole bolted together, and through the sides of the ship, by wrought-iron bolts.



APPEARANCE OF THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT BRITAIN," AFTER A THOROUGH REFITTING

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MADELINE.

BY W. A. FOGG.

She was too pure for sinful earth,
To wander here below;
Where "every rose conceals a thorn,"
And every joy brings woe.
She was not as other maidens are,
She seemed as half divine;
And I worshipped, not her beautiful form,
But the soul of my Madeline.

How oft in the still, cool, summer eve,
When nature had sunk to rest;
Within some lovely moonlit bower,
Have I clasped her to my breast.
How oft have I felt her gentle heart
Responsive beat to mine,
While I prayed the God of love to bless
My darling Madeline.

How oft would she speak, in thrilling tones,
Of her distant native land;
And often have I heard her sigh,
Again on its shores to stand.
But a happier home and a fairer land
Forevermore are thine;
Where sorrow shall be known no more,
To my lovely Madeline.

As passes from earth, when day is o'er,
The sun's last lingering ray;
As doth the rose's fragile form
Fade gently day by day;
As the stars, at bright Aurora's dawn,
Fainter and fainter shine;
Thus gently passed from earth away,
My beautiful Madeline.

Eliot, Me., May, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TWO SUITORS.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

Bella Wilson, or Bell Wilson, as she was more commonly called, was the favorite niece of old Mr. Thomas Upton.

Uncle Thomas Upton, or rather, Uncle Tom, as Bella invariably addressed him, was a healthy, hearty, ruddy-checked old bachelor of about fifty-five snowy winters, whose property had long ago been made and safely laid away at interest, and whose highest notions of the objects and ends of existence were centered in, and circumscribed by the word enjoyment.

If the truth were all told, Uncle Tom Upton was at heart an optimist. Yet he had so much of trifling perplexities to encounter on his way, and had seen so much of false, and heartless, and ungrateful life, as he went along, and, more than all, had lived a hardened bachelor such an unbroken number of years, that, to save himself, he could not altogether make things wear just the colored sunshine he would. There was not so much sunshine, after all, as the sight of his juicy-red cheeks might at first lead one to imagine.

Uncle Tom owned a fine country mansion, set off in the manner usual with such edifices, and surrounded with such evidences of cultivated taste as might most naturally be looked for in a man of so much property. Would that those of more limited means than Uncle Tom Upton betrayed more of this taste.

Bella Wilson was, in effect, the mistress of the mansion. She was petted by her uncle, till petting should reasonably have spoiled her. Yet she managed to preserve herself intact from all evil influences that grow out of such treatment at the hands of indulgent relatives.

"Bell," said Uncle Tom, one day, while they were roving about upon the cool piazza, "Bell, I intend to put a stop to this!"

She paused in her walk, and looked up at him in the deepest surprise.

"Yes; I will put a stop to it, Bell," persisted he.

"To what, uncle? I don't understand you."
"Don't understand me, hey? Well, then, Bell, I will try to have you understand me."

"Do, Uncle Tom, I beg you; for I am in the greatest mystery in the world. What is it, Uncle Tom, that you are going to put a stop to?"

"Bell," he continued, "how old are you?"
She turned red, and only replied:
"Uncle Tom!"

"Yes, Bell: how old are you?"
As if you didn't know," protested she.

"Are you old enough to be married, then, Bella?" he roughly inquired.

Her face flushed with deeper crimson than before.

"Are you, Bella?" he persisted.

"Uncle Tom," said she, gathering an impulsive courage, "I declare, I don't know what you mean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old bachelor, from far down his healthy pipes. "Ha, ha, ha! As if a girl like you didn't know whether she wanted to get married! Bella, are you really as innocent as you pretend to be on this subject?"

"Why should I wish to get married, Uncle Tom?" asked she, evading the searching look he gave her.

"Why should you? Why shouldn't you? Tell me that."

"Because I don't need a husband. I am happy enough as I am," replied she.

"Yes, living thus with your kind old uncle; but that isn't what I want."

"Then you wish to get rid of me?" inquired Bella, with admirable *naïveté*.

"Rid of you? No; no such thing; you know better!"

"But if I happen to marry a gentleman who takes it into his head that I must live with him—"

"He will take no such notion into his head!" interrupted Uncle Tom, with much energy.

"He will live with me!"

Bella stared in silence and wonder.

"He will live with me!" repeated he, pausing again in his walk on the piazza.

"But perhaps he might not choose—"

"He will have no choice about it. He will marry you, and come here with you to live. I want to get a new kind of people into my house. I want to hear more voices, more laughter, and more noise. I declare, Bella, I sometimes wonder what I am living for!" and he rounded his sentence with an emphatic stamping of his foot upon the piazza floor.

Bella continued silent and thoughtful for several moments. If Uncle Tom had got this notion into his head, she knew well enough that it would take much effort to get it out again. He lived in a satisfaction with his own opinions, and it was very much like folly to try to change them after they had been once made up. So she gave herself up to her musings.

"What are you thinking of now?" presently demanded her uncle, laying hold, playfully, upon her shoulder, and turning her demure face quite round to his own.

"You want me to marry, Uncle Tom?" she answered. "Now I am just as certain as I would like to be, that no one about here will have me."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated the old bachelor. "Nobody have you? Why, what are you thinking about? There's enough that are ready to snap at so good a chance."

"You flatter me, I fear," suggested she.

"No, I don't flatter you, either. I tell you only the truth. I say there are a plenty of young beaux that would be glad enough of the chance to get such a wife; and besides that, such a fortune; for you know, Bell, that you will have all I've got myself."

"No; but who are these young beaux, uncle, that you speak to me about? I should like, at least, the privilege of having a voice in the matter."

"And so you shall have, simpleton," said he, playfully. "In the first place, there's James Meacham. What do you think now of him?"

"Well, uncle," she began to say.

"And then there's young John Spalding," interrupted he.

"And he is—"

"Then there's Squire Carrington's son; he's a fine young man, and a person of real promise."

"Enough, Uncle Tom! Enough, in all conscience!" exclaimed the thunderstruck girl, hardly able to bear up in the face of his new and varied schemes.

"Well, then," said he, "what do you say to it?"

"Uncle," replied she, "I can say nothing as yet."

"But you must! You must, girl!"

"But not now, Uncle Tom. Pray, not now. Another time will do as well."

"Yes; but you must keep the matter on your mind," said he. "I mean that you shall have a good husband, Bell; and I mean, too, that you shall be married just as soon as possible."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the rattling of wheels was heard down the road, and both of them turned their heads in the direction of the sound.

In a moment a carriage entered the avenue, and rolled up before the piazza. The coachman

touched his hat to Uncle Tom, as he descended from his box, and immediately opened the door.

A young and handsome girl sprang to the ground, and ran up to greet Bella. It was Kate Billings, an old and endeared schoolmate. Their greetings were mutually affectionate and ardent; and as soon as Bella could do so, she introduced her friend to her uncle as an old schoolmate and a well-tried friend. Uncle Tom received her with downright cordiality, though a brief shadow flitted across his heart, as he wondered what was the need of Bella's making any one a *tried* friend but himself. But though the old gentleman was acknowledged shrewd in matters generally, he certainly knew but little of the hearts of young school girls.

Uncle Tom took Bella and Miss Kate Billings each by a hand, and gallantly led them in doors. The girls glanced roguishly at each other, and suffered themselves to be led along.

"There," said he, after he had seated them finally, "there! Now I give you both free range over the house and the grounds. Everything is at your disposal. Only be merry. Be noisy. Be just as boisterous as you can. Drive out these dull echoes from my big rooms. Do anything you will, but tear up the carpets and break up the furniture, though I don't see what that's good for, if it must stand idle here, year in and year out!"

Miss Kate looked surprisedly at the old gentleman, and inquiringly at Bella.

"What makes you so funny to-day, Uncle Tom?" inquired Bella.

"Funny, Bell? Aint I *always* funny? Isn't this just the way I want to live? Would I have anything different?" and he just stooped to press a hurried kiss to her cheek, which she hardly tried to resist, and then half danced, half ran out of the room.

"You'll hear from me again," were the words that echoed in their ears, as he disappeared from their sight through the door.

The girls had a hearty laugh over the happy old gentleman's eccentricities, and Kate already felt herself quite at home.

"I've come thus suddenly to see you," said she, to Bella, "because I wanted to get out of the way."

"Out of the way?" exclaimed Bella. "Of what?"

"Of a very fascinating young gentleman."
Bella could not help laughing outright.

"Father likes him, and I do not. So I took a sudden start here, feigning a sudden invitation from you. You'll not betray me?"

"I? Far enough from that. But who is this young gentleman? What is his name? He must be very much assured of his own fascinating qualities."

"He delights, dear Bella, in the very delightful name of Mr. Frederick James."

"You're sure it's not James Frederick, then?"
Kate laughed heartily.

"Now, hear *my* story, Kate," continued she. "Your case and mine are about alike. Your father wants you to get married, and my kind uncle entertains the same very laudable desire respecting myself. I don't see why we are not both of us in the same pickle."

"We are," responded the astonished Kate.

"Now, if he hears about your case, I'm sure he will be doubly interested for me. He will insist only the more on my getting a husband, or on getting one for me himself. So I beg you to keep silent about the matter before him. This notion must be driven out of his head, in one way or another."

The girls enjoyed the remainder of the day in each other's company. Uncle Tom himself did not a little to add to their enlivenment, determined, as he confessed, to get the dullness out of his house, or else to quit the house itself altogether.

He raced with them across the piazza; pelted them with huge bunches of flowers; sprang suddenly out at them from behind pillars and posts; and ran after them down the walks and among the flower beds. In short, a much younger man than Uncle Tom could hardly have been fuller of life and sprightliness; and a much funnier man could hardly have made the hours much fuller of mirth and enjoyment. His equal could not have been easily produced, the whole country round.

They were sitting on the piazza on the following evening, and Uncle Tom was occupied about some of his own matters in the house. The hour was calm and full of pleasure to them. They had been talking over the old time together,

and living over again the old and hallowed reminiscences. It was after sunset some time, and the air held a solemn and almost sacred stillness. Presently the conversation turned upon the subject of Uncle Tom's suggestion again.

"Why should he wish to get me married, I wonder?" asked Bella, in a low tone.

"Or my father, me?" added Kate.

"These parents and these uncles," said Bella, "after all, do not know as much what's for our good as they might. They imagine that if we comply with their whims, or gratify their pleasures, we have done what is for our best interests. Now, I don't fall in with that idea exactly."

"Nor I, Bella," answered Kate. "Just to think of my father's liking that Fred James, and of trying to make me like him because *he* does! Why, it's nonsense!"

"Wont you give me a description of him, Kate?" asked Bella.

"Well," replied Kate; "he is about twenty-two; has dark eyes—"

"Kate, Kate!" exclaimed Bella, interrupting her, "who's that coming up the avenue?"

Her companion turned quickly to see, and at once answered:

"It's Fred James himself!"

The rich color flew to the face of Bella, and both were, for a moment, overwhelmed with surprise, Kate more particularly with chagrin.

The young man advanced toward them at a somewhat rapid pace, and at once made his most obsequious acknowledgements to Miss Kate. He assured her that she had been quite shrewd in thus giving him the slip, and added that his pertinacity certainly deserved the character of a well-defined compliment.

Kate could but poorly conceal the chagrin and impatience that moved her; yet she went through the ceremony of receiving the unexpected visitor as best she might, and then proceeded to introduce him to her friend Bella.

Mr. Frederick James sat with the young ladies that evening, during the greater part of which, they were entertained abundantly by Uncle Tom, who, for some reason or another, had grown unaccountably facetious. He twitted them with not having beaux; chucked them repeatedly under their chins, and called them old maids; and otherwise invented pleasant diversions for their and his own amusement. And at length he hurried off to his own apartment, shouting and laughing in the greatest glee. Bella could not help laughing heartily herself at this new expression of his delight, and wondered what could have got into her uncle's head to make him so consummately "funny."

Next day Mr. James called again. He found another young gentleman there before him. It was Mr. Spalding, one of Uncle Tom's favorite suitors for the hand of his niece.

Mr. John Spalding was a person of passably good looks, though presenting nothing in particular to strike the common observer. Uncle Tom knew his father to be moderately rich, and knew the young man himself to be of a sterling character. And Uncle Tom's sagacity had not, in this respect, failed him either.

He dressed well, and always in good taste. That was a good deal of a point. His eyes were blue, not very large, and alive with considerable expression. His features were good, not at all incongruous with each other, and on the whole, rather prepossessing.

Mr. James and Mr. Spalding immediately became acquainted. Mr. Spalding said he was very glad to see Mr. James. And Mr. James reciprocated the compliment in almost the same words. It seemed an uncommonly fortunate meeting.

Bella made a proposition for a ramble in the woods, not less than a half mile away. Kate looked anxiously at her, as if she thought she must have some design in getting away from Uncle Tom's pleasant mansion and grounds. And the gentlemen, of course, both felt bound to fall in with the proposition, although Mr. Spalding, at least, would have been much better satisfied to stay at home in the company of Miss Bella.

Bella did not fancy Mr. Spalding; and Kate thought quite as much of Mr. James. It certainly was a coincidence worthy of note, that the two young ladies should so pertinaciously be waited upon by two gentlemen, to whom they were so perfectly indifferent.

However, the walk into the woods was agreed to on all sides, and the parties set out. There was considerable constraint between them, if not downright stiffness. Bella would have preferred

not to walk by the side of Mr. Spalding, but she could not seek the company of Mr. James. And with Kate, the situation of matters was very similar.

They walked a long distance in the woods, and came to the lake. It was a beautiful surface of water, set in the rugged emerald of frowning and wooded hills.

Mr. Spalding proposed to the ladies—speaking particularly to Bella—to take the boat for a row. Bella declined, speaking as much for herself as for any one.

Mr. James asked Miss Kate—no one heard him, as it turned out,—to say whether she should like a sail. She replied that she certainly should not. She was afraid of the water; and she turned her head away to give the story a decent character—that of seriousness.

It could not have been more than three minutes afterwards, when Mr. James invited Bella to go on the boat with him.

Bella accepted, and laughed! So they took their seats in the little skiff, and shot out in a jiffy upon the bosom of the little lake.

Mr. Spalding's face burned hotly. He had but little to say to Kate, while the other two were out on their excursion. There was a strange gleam in his eye, and a troubled torturing of his lips, and an excited movement of his person. He addressed Kate only the most general remarks, to which her replies seemed to him quite as general and meaningless.

The excursion occupied, perhaps, a half hour. All this time, Mr. Spalding was in a state of boiling over. Yet he dared say nothing of it; and this only made him boil up the more. He needed some safety-valve for his surplus gatherings of passion and chagrin.

The boat struck the shore, and Mr. James leaped nimbly out and handed Miss Bella to the land. Fastening the craft, he walked by her side up the bank, and they both reached their companions again.

"O, we have had such a delightful sail!" instantly exclaimed Bella.

The eyes of the two young gentlemen met, and wandered, and met again. They were flashing with fire. Mr. Spalding frowned a thunder-cloud sort of a frown; and Mr. James tried to throw about the phenomenon a gush of sunlight from one of his smiles. But it was of no use.

They wandered awhile in the groves, and at length thought of return. This time, however, Mr. James had changed places with Mr. Spalding. Reaching the gate, at the end of the avenue, the latter took his leave, and left Mr. James to do the entire acts of gallantry.

It was early evening again. Mr. James sat in his room at the village hotel, quietly luxuriating over his cigar, when he heard rapid footsteps on the stairs. Before he had time to give himself so much as a thought of the matter, there came a loud knock upon his door, and he called out, "Come in."

The door opened. Mr. Spalding entered, and stood before him.

"Have a chair, sir?" said Fred.

"No; I will stand," curtly replied the other, looking drawn daggers and loaded pistols at him.

Mr. James only waited for him to propose the business on which he had come.

"I have called on you for an explanation, sir!" said Mr. Spalding, in a half-piratical tone.

"An explanation? Of what, I pray?" asked Fred James, trying to wrinkle out a good-natured smile, which, in spite of himself, he could not do.

"You understand me very well, sir," persisted Spalding.

"Indeed I do not," rejoined James.

"Then I will tell you, sir. You insulted me—yes, insulted me to-day, by asking Miss Wilson to sail with you!"

"How is that? I do not see—"

"You heard her refuse me; and for you to ask her after that, was certainly an insult. I can call it nothing less. Here is my card, sir. You shall hear from me again!" and with these words, in an ungovernable frenzy, he hurried out of the room, slamming the door violently after him.

Mr. James—poor fellow!—hardly knew what to do. He sat a long while alone thinking about it. And while he still sat in his chair, the door was again opened, and a note thrown in by the landlord, who said that a stranger stood on the stairs.

Mr. James rose from his seat, and went to the door. A gentleman presented himself, who announced that he was the bearer of the note in question. He was accordingly invited in; and an act of politeness, however, which he declined.

"You will understand the note on reading it," said he, as he turned away.

Mr. Frederick James forthwith proceeded to read the production, his face blushing with hot blood, and his whole frame growing excited. It was a very polite invitation to fight a duel! and he was admonished to name his weapons and the time and place at once.

A few moments afterwards, he went down into the bar-room, and stood in the door. A young man chanced to walk along that way, whom he at once accosted. He made all necessary explanations to him for having so boldly addressed him, pleading that he was a perfect stranger in the vicinity, and was constrained to make a confidant of the first person he might meet. And he took the young man at once into his own room, and explained to him the whole affair, asking him further if he would consent to act as his second in the emergency. He replied that he was perfectly willing to do so; and after a lengthened consultation, agreed to call again on Mr. James on the morrow.

Mr. James, of course, did not know the name of his second, and he did not feel inclined to ask it. If he had asked, however, he would, without doubt, have been informed that it was Mr. Carrington, the son of worthy Squire Carrington, whose name stood third, as it chanced, on Uncle Tom's list of Bella's beaux.

Forthwith Mr. Carrington hastened to the residence of Mr. Thomas Upton, and found the girls seated, as usual, together on the piazza, talking over their usual matters, in which none certainly could be more deeply interested than they. Carrington was a young fellow, much more after Bella's heart than Spalding, for he was magnanimous, noble, and above petty jealousy. He resembled a true man in her esteem.

"Now, Bell," said he, "I've got news for you."

She looked up to him, and inquired what it could be.

"Mr. James and Mr. Spalding are going to fight a duel!"

"A duel! A duel!" exclaimed both girls at once, in the utmost affright.

"Yes; you must keep the story close. Mr. James stopped me as I passed the hotel, told me the whole story, and requested me to act as his friend in the matter, for he averred that he was a stranger in the place, and knew not how to apply otherwise for assistance and counsel;" and forthwith he narrated to them the story of the unforeseen and unfortunate trouble between the two young men.

The matter excited them so much that, in the confusion of their senses for the moment, they at once made a startling confession to Mr. Carrington. It came just in time to operate to a good end.

Bella assured him that the duel must be stopped at once; that she would not be the cause of a quarrel between them, and that she cared not a fig for Mr. Spalding, while she was very much interested in Mr. James!

And Kate retorted, looking all the time at Bella, half excitedly and half sorrowfully, that she didn't care a straw for Mr. James, but confessed that she was deeply interested in Mr. Spalding!

The two girls stared at each other in surprise. They had determined to rid themselves of their suitors, but they had only effected a change.

Mr. Carrington brought the two young men together again, at the hotel, and frankly laid before them the state of matters at the mansion of old Uncle Tom. At first they were mutually surprised, then mutual explanations and apologies were proffered, and finally, they laughed heartily over the misunderstanding that had led to such a happy understanding, after all, and thanked their lucky stars, that the denouement was so early brought about.

Summer had hardly withered into fall, when Uncle Tom's mansion became a scene of merriment, such as he had always longed to behold. It was the celebration of the nuptials of Mr. James and Bella Wilson. Not very long after, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Spalding and Kate. And to this day, Bella, as she rallies Kate, will tell her that, for the life of her, she does not see what it was that she disliked in her husband; and Kate will always retort, that she can't see, either, what it was that Bella couldn't like in her husband. Probably the difference will never be healed. It is something on which they must always agree to disagree. Uncle Tom says that, for his part, he is satisfied with Bella's husband; and, of course, he can but poorly understand why everybody else should not be as well satisfied as himself.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN INVOCATION TO ART.

Respectfully inscribed to the artist, LIEUT. CYRUS W. KING,
of Maine.

BY E. CURTISS GINE, U. S. N.

Hail! glorious art! whose magic fingers
Rear fabrics that can ne'er decay;
How o'er thy hues the fond eye lingers,
And turns with sad regret away!
For genius weaves a robe of beauty,
And hangs it over every scene;
And ever faithful to its duty,
Scans nature with a vision keen.

Triumphant art! dark clouds may gather
In legions round thy laurelled head,
And tempests drear, and wintry weather,
Seek to impede thy onward tread;
But the bright sunbeams shining o'er thee,
Will drive those gloomy clouds away;
And blooming lies the path before thee,
Like England's fields in flowery May.

Bright are the works of artists shining,
Starlike upon the walls of fame;
And glory, too, is busy twining,
New wreaths to deck each honored name!
Raphael and West, Salvator Rosa,
And gifted Reubens—Claude Lorraine,
Murillo, too, of Saragossa,
Who rests upon the breast of Spain:

And Allston, Elliot, Cole and Powers,
And Greenough, of Columbia's land;
And thou, too, King! bright be the flowers
Wreathed round thy brow by beauty's hand!
The fields of art lie green before thee,
And friendship bids thee onward tread;
The sun of hope is smiling o'er thee,
Thy name shall shine in memory's sky!

U. S. Ship Preble, May, 1852.

MARRIED MEN.

So good was he, that I now take an opportunity of making a confession which I often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk; so now for it: sometime or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never have found a man more captivating than when he is married. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married; as when he is a husband, and the father of a family; supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his first entrance into the marriage state, closes around him, and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation, and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it. And Moses and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless, I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me, is in my further confession that no love affects me so pleasantly: the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because, it seems to me that I, living unmarried, or matchless, have with that happiness little to do; but it always was so.—Miss Bremer.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION.

BY T. H. INGALLS.

O, genial spring, we all are waiting
For thee! why tarriest thou so long?
We watch for thee along the hill-top,
We wait to list thy early song.
Come forth, and with thy hand of lightness
Take from the earth the snowy shroud
That rests upon its lovely bosom,
As on the mountain rests the cloud.

Array it in those glowing garments,
Which it was whilom wont to wear;
And crown it with the wreaths of roses,
And deck it with the leaflets fair.
"The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth!"
Come thou, and wake her from that sleep;
We sadly mourn thy lengthened absence,
Thou comest not—we watch and weep.

But yet we will not be impatient.
For well we know that thou art near;
We know that wilt come o'er the mountains,
And that at length thou wilt be here.
Soon shall we hear thy voice of gladness,
Soon will thy warm breath fan our cheek;
The earth shall waken from its slumber,
Re-animated nature speak.

Ludlow, Vt., May, 1852.

The housekeeper of a wealthy and benevolent citizen, recommending a system of more economy in household matters, gave him a list of superfluous attendants. The gentleman, after reading it, said: "It is true I can dispense with these people, but have you asked them if they can do without me?"

TURKISH LABORERS.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes from Constantinople:

"The tearing down of a portion of the bridge from Galata to the opposite side of the Golden Horn, and certain repairs thereto, which have been in progress for some days past, have given me some idea of the manner in which work is done in this country. I expected to see laziness in its perfection, and am not disappointed. Several hundred workmen are engaged upon this extraordinary job. The bridge is constructed of wood, and a very creditable piece of work it is—quite as good as most bridges of the kind, built, I believe, under the auspices of the present Sultan, Abdul Meschid, by native workmen; but I have forgotten my information on that point. It is a remarkable sight, this tearing down and putting up of the bridge by men in turbans and loose breeches—worth sitting down on the pile of lumber near the toll-house to enjoy for an hour or so. There is a gang not far off engaged in pulling some large beams from the water. A small windlass would pull the whole raft up in ten minutes, but they work by hand in preference, or because their ancestors did it. Twenty able-bodied men are doing the labor which could be done in half the time by two, with proper machinery. See them tug at that beam! Not one putting a fourth of his weight on the rope. It moves two inches, after a tremendous amount of yelling and tugging, and an incessant confusion of tongues. There seems to be no master, unless the sleepy fellow sitting on the bridge, with a chibouk in his mouth, be the master, of which there is no evidence. Another lot of tugging and yelling ensues; all hands now give up work, and betake themselves to their respective pipes—the chattering of voices never flagging for a single moment, except when momentarily arrested by the chibouk. The smoking lasts a good deal longer than the other part of the work; but it is over at length, and they go at the beam again with renewed energy. Each man tugs on his own responsibility, without reference to the exertions of the others, and only at such long intervals as suit his peculiar views of the subject. By accident a general pull takes place, in the course of time; and the beam comes up two inches further. All hands are again exhausted, and find, by reference to the sun, that it is the hour of prayer; so to prayer they go—first, however, carefully making their ablutions. It is a picturesque and impressive sight, after all, to see these rude barbarians, in the midst of the busy turmoil of life, cast off all thought of worldly affairs, and how down their heads towards Mecca, the sacred city of their Prophet. Absorbed in devotion, they seem unconscious of all the petty cares of humanity, and, for the time at least, are elevated above the mere animal man. Even Christians might profit by their earnest sincerity. Unmoved by the prejudices of other races; regardless of the busy world around them; forgetting that there is aught upon earth to claim a moment's time, save the salvation of the soul, they give their whole being to the worship of God and the Prophet. At last the prayers are ended, and now the toils of the world commence again. But first a general smoke is necessary to refresh the system for another tug. The chibouks being emptied in due time, a few skirmishing attempts are made at the log again—mere individual trials of strength. The whole gang finally prepare to begin work in earnest; but just as you imagine they are going to run the log out of the water with a general rush, a casual remark, dropped in conversation, arouses the attention of the whole party. This has to be discussed in all its bearings, controverted, illustrated by anecdotes, sustained and repeated, till the subject is sufficiently exhausted for the present; and then the ropes are stretched, the shouting commences, and the beam, after many backslides, is fairly landed on terra firma. You feel a sense of relief, an inward thankfulness, when this victory of human force over inert matter has been achieved; and, leaving the turbaned gang to smoke the pipe of triumph, and talk over the struggle past and prepare for the struggle to come, walk on in search of further novelties. All the workmen, those who wield the adze, the hatchet, and saw, the master mechanics as well as the common laborers, are so much like our friends of the beam, in their various branches of industry, that it is unnecessary to call your attention to them; and we leave them now, chatting, smoking and praying, in the hope that, by the threats and promises of His Highness Abdul Meschid, and the spiritual aid of the Prophet, the bridge will be completed some time during the present month—or century."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FADED WREATH.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

Ah, yes, the wreath is faded now,
The rich green leaves, and roses bright;
The garland fair, that decked my brow
Upon that festive night.
I saw them bloom, that summer morn,
And plucked them ere the even-tide;
My hopes were like those roses born,
And like the roses died.

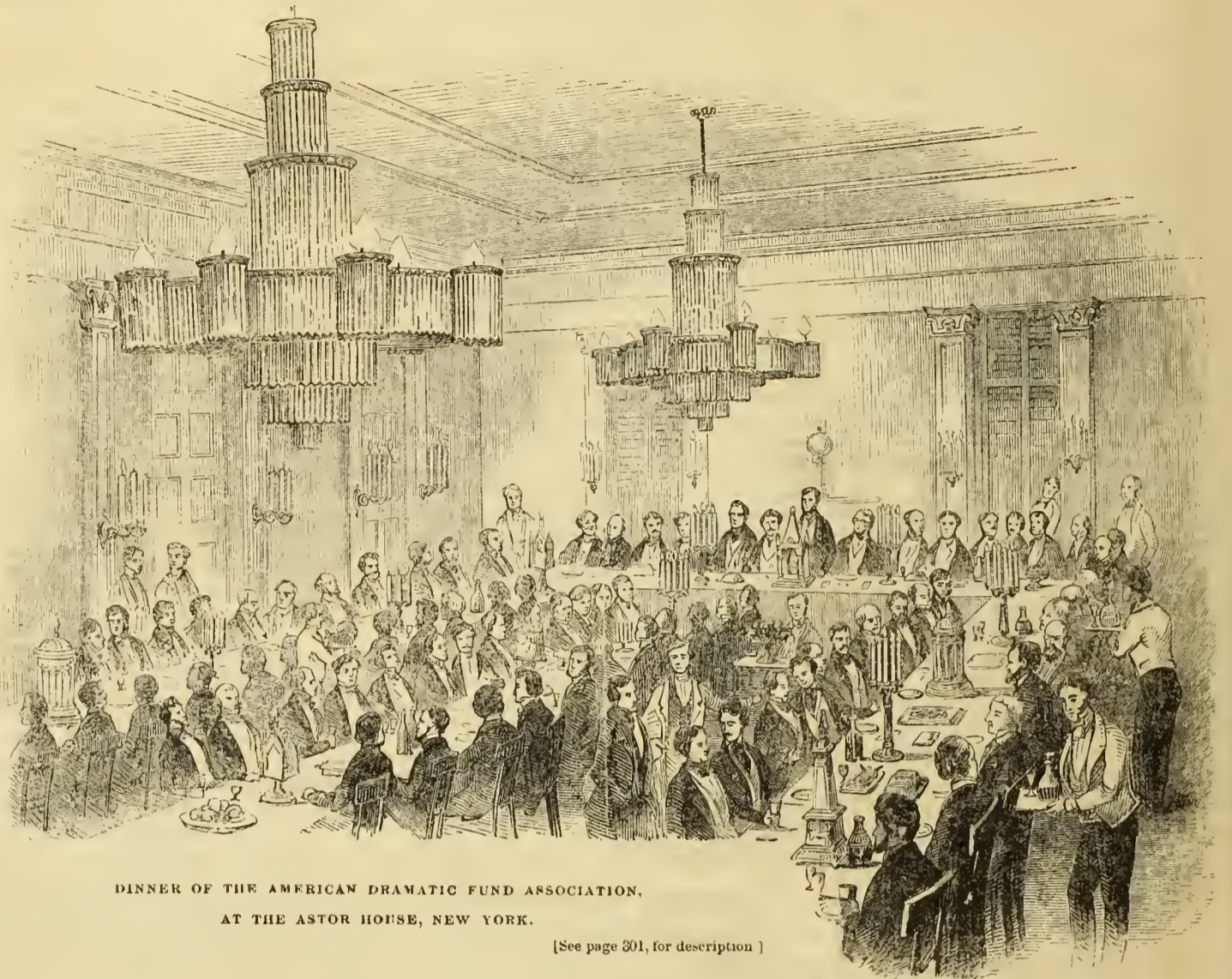
But still I keep my faded wreath,
Although the flowers no more may bloom;
Yet even in the arms of death
They yield a sweet perfume.
And thus my faded vision throw
A gentle fragrance round my heart;
That while I linger here below,
Will never more depart.

Camden, N. J., May, 1852.

BURNING OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

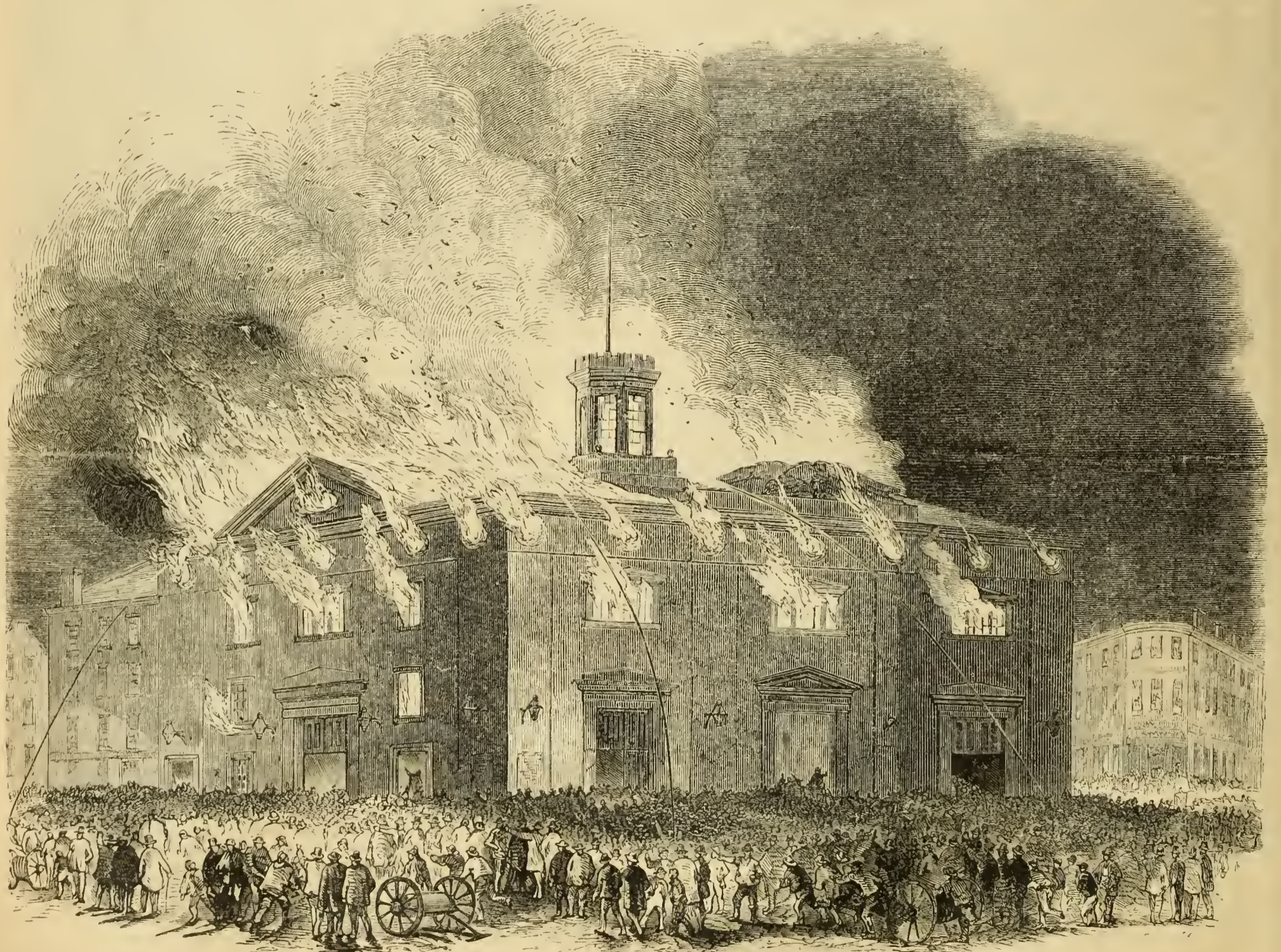
On Thursday morning, the 22d ult., the large and spacious building, known as the National Theatre, Boston, was totally destroyed by fire. So destructive was the devouring element, that, nothing, save the iron safe of the establishment, was saved from entire destruction. The fire broke out between two and three o'clock in the morning, and spread with frightful rapidity, until the whole of the immense structure was consumed. The wardrobe belonging to the theatre, which was very extensive, and the sceneries and properties, which were enough for three theatres, very valuable and of a superior quality, were an entire loss, with some trifling exceptions. There was no insurance. The National Theatre was 120 by 75 feet, exclusive of the saloons, which were in an adjoining building, 20 by 60 feet, on Traverse street, and communicating with the lobbies. The leading architectural features were Doric. The roof was covered with slate and zinc, and surmounted by an octagonal lantern 12 feet in diameter and 18 feet high. The exterior walls were covered with cement, in imitation of granite. The interior was elegantly ornamented, and comprised a pit with 500 seats, three tiers of boxes with an aggregate of 1005 seats, and a gallery with 200 seats. The loss is a great one, and is estimated at \$100,000. It was a peculiarly disastrous conflagration, for by it art and literature have sustained an irreparable loss. The scenery of the establishment alone was worth \$40,000. The library, of which there were over two thousand printed and some five hundred volumes in manuscript, was rare and costly; while the stock of music was the richest and largest in our city.

The building was owned by William D. Sohier, Esq., into whose hands it had recently passed; who paid for it the sum of \$40,000.— Strange, and equally unfortunate, there was but an insurance of \$6000 on the whole theatre and contents. Of this, \$3000 is at the State Mutual, and \$3000 at the Norwich office, Ct. Messrs. Wright, Fenno & Bird, the lessees, did not own all the properties. Their loss is \$15,000, on which there is not a cent's insurance. They lose everything. The actors, worthy gentlemen, are all losers to a greater or less extent; some as high, we are told, as \$300. The reflection of the flames gave to the whole city the light of day. It was most intense and beautiful, and lit the entire sky from horizon to horizon. The National was a popular theatre, and its destruction is a public calamity.

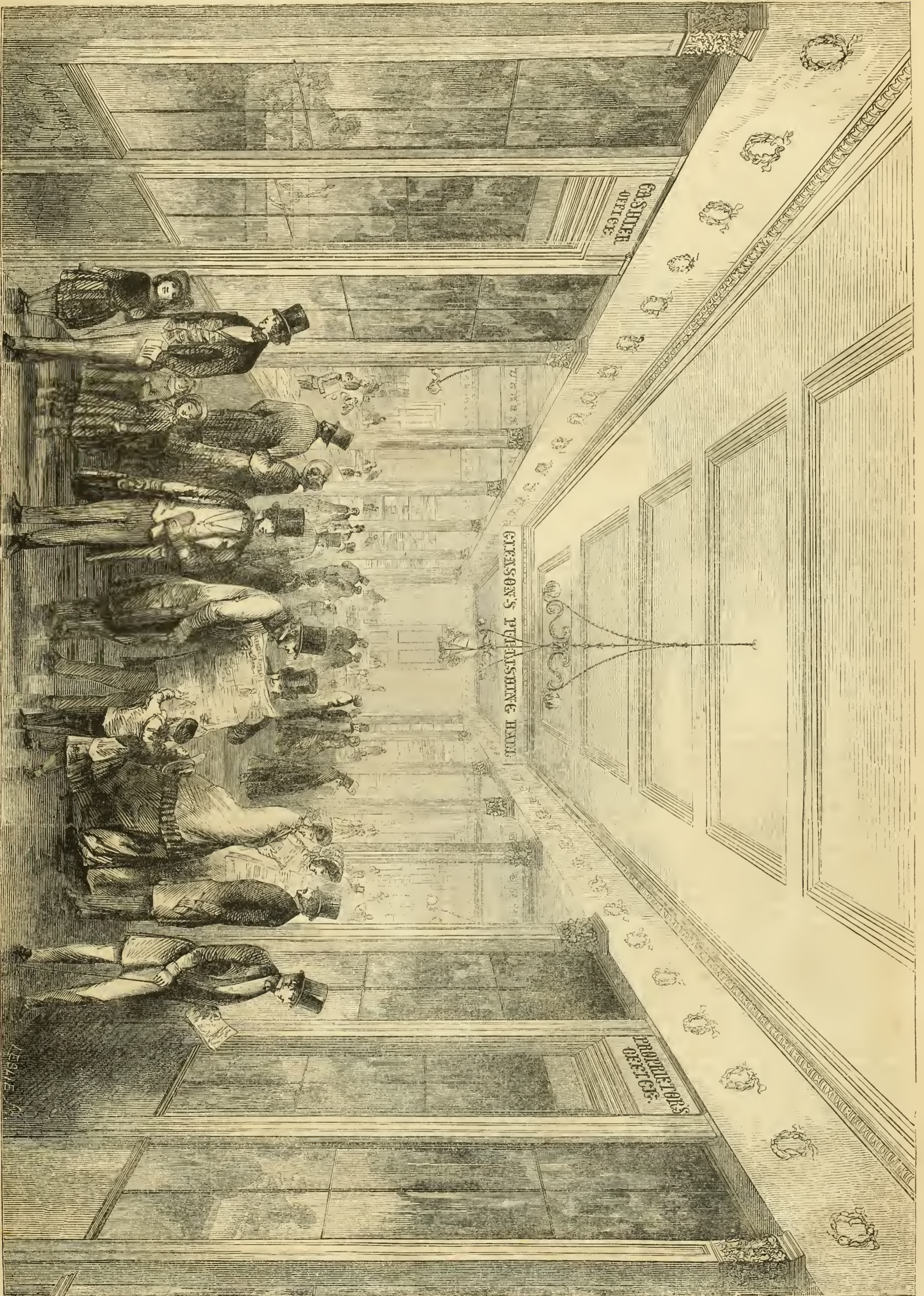


DINNER OF THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION,
AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

[See page 301, for description]



CONFLAGRATION OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CORNER OF PORTLAND AND TRAVERSE STREETS, BOSTON



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF OUR PUBLISHING, OR BUSINESS HALL, CORNER OF TERNMONT AND BROMFIELD STREETS, BOSTON.

[See page 301, for description.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A FEW MORE LEFT.

BY JOHN RUSSEL.

"A few more left!" says Razor Strops,
The man whose toogie but seldom stops;
A lesson here is plainly taught,
That is with much instruction fraught.

"A few more left," is Heaven's decree,
For sterling worth and industry;
And such, of many comforts left,
Will always find "a few more left."

Should man most sore oppression see,
With loss of friends, and penury;
Yet not of hopes and efforts left,
He always finds "a few more left."

Should foes against the just combine,
And friends forsake, and health decline;
Yet such, of Jesus ne'er bereft,
Find many joys and comforts left.

But what is left for him, whose time
Hath all been spent in sloth and crime?
O, nought can want of worth atone,
"The few left" are forever gone!

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE EFFENDI AND DOCTOR.

BY ALFRED L. STEEN, M. D.

BESIDES the fatigue, the constant exposure to the most malignant and fatal disorders, the wear and tear both of body and mind, in the arduous practice of a medical man, liable and accustomed to be hurried at all hours of day and night to scenes of harrowing excitement and anguish, in the Orient, the physician may occasionally reckon on the list, the risk of his own head by the sweep of a Turkish scimitar, or the no less certain death by the fatal bow-string.

During my *sejour* in this land of romance, I had an opportunity to become acquainted with the particulars of an incident to the point, which I propose here to relate.

It was my good fortune to be on intimate terms with a certain doctor, in Constantinople, who, with his amiable and accomplished wife, and their young family, formed a delightful domestic circle. The doctor being successful and proportionately eminent, was greatly sought, in extreme cases, by Turks of distinction, which, in many instances, led to his lady obtaining an *entree* to those delicious harems, the very name of which, to a Christian, is fraught with ideas of beauty, luxury and bliss.

To the affability of this lady, I am indebted for much interesting information respecting these domestic Edens, and the angels who happily sport amongst the birds and flowers within the sacred enclosure, revelling in the joyous gush of youth and innocence, unclouded by visions of an anxious future.

Of this anon. I must return to the doctor.

From his happy fireside, one evening,—on which, as usual, I happened to be there, enjoying the sweets of social conversation—my friend was summoned by a private courier to mount and ride, as if for life or death, to the country seat of a rich Turkish Effendi, situate at a hard day's journey from the metropolis.

In hot haste he travelled, and was received by the Effendi with the greatest politeness. The greeting over, the Turk, with a solemn air, thus laconically addressed the physician:

"One of my wives is sick—very sick. She is my especial favorite—my best beloved. No price which you may desire shall be deemed too high a remuneration for her restoration to health; but you *must* make her well. I am informed that you are esteemed the foremost of the most skilful doctors in the city of Constantinople; nevertheless, if you do not cure her, never again shall your eyes behold those dear to your heart. I have spoken, act accordingly!"

My friend, it may well be imagined, must have felt himself in a most serious dilemma, but happily his courage did not forsake him, and he contrived, as much as possible, to conceal the dreadful emotions called up by the prospect before him, in case of failure.

Making a few general inquiries respecting the patient, he was conducted by the Effendi himself to the door of the harem, and presently a female slave appeared, to describe, as best she might, the condition and ailments of her mistress. Having listened attentively to these details, the doctor expressed his desire and readiness to see the patient.

To this request the Effendi, with fury flashing

from his eyes, mingled with astonishment, replied:

"Frank, are you a madman, to make such a request? Never, never can this be; but in this extremity will I permit an extraordinary avor: you shall feel her pulse. More than this is impossible!"

Accordingly, being blind-folded, the doctor was conducted through several apartments to that in which the invalid was to be found. Here the bandages being removed from his eyes, he beheld the recumbent form of the thickly veiled and so dearly prized one reclining on a magnificent couch.

A fairy hand, still more delicately proportioned from sickness, was languidly extended. It was not gloved, but covered with a gauze; the arm, also, was encased with richly embroidered stuff, and but a small portion of the wrist was exposed to the view of the "Infidel," whose very life seemed to hang on the accuracy of his calculations on the feeble vibrations, which the tip of his fore finger sought, with the tremor of anxiety, to note.

No heed took he of the diamond lustre that lighted up the veiled obscurity, telling, it might have been, a tale of love's extremest passion, the power and enthusiasm of the deepest, purest conjugal affection; no heed, save to assist his divination; but his dubious augury, from the imperfect, scanty data, was of ominous foreboding.

To the Effendi he urged with the boldness of despair, the impossibility for him to prescribe effectually, without being allowed to see the face and tongue of his patient, in order to learn the symptoms of her disease, but it was in vain.

Stubbornly the Turk persisted in his refusal, and with unmistakable sternness he cut him short, saying:

"You shall cure my wife within six days, or lose your head!"

This was explicit, and there was nothing left for the doctor but to dissemble his fears, do his best, and hope that if he could gain time, his ingenuity might devise some plan of extrication from his perilous situation, for there could be no doubt that his imperious host would carry his threat into execution. In his own house he was supreme.

My friend, therefore, at once administered some simple restorative, to recruit the evident exhaustion of the patient, and followed this by stimulants, which, by the morning, had produced a promising effect.

The doctor then confidently pronounced to the hopeful man that were he but in possession of certain drugs, which could be obtained from his friend in Constantinople (meaning myself), there would not be the slightest doubt of his being able to effect a speedy and certain cure, but that, in his absence, I alone could supply the indispensable medicament.

To this end, a courier was despatched to me with a letter, requiring the desired drugs without delay. This letter had to be written in French, and submitted to the private dragoman of the Effendi for inspection, ere it was permitted to be sent off; but amongst the many languages which this man understood sufficiently to speak fluently, the Latin was not included. Taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance, the doctor introduced a few words in Latin, informing me that his life depended upon his return to the city within six days, and that he did not want anything sent back, but an excuse, which might enable him to come *in propria persona*.

The courier returned in the shortest possible space of time, but he brought no medicine.

I wrote to him, in French, that I had not a particle of it remaining, but that if he could not leave the sick chamber to come home, he might send to a small island (which I indicated) in the neighborhood, where the roots might be found from which the medicine was extracted. That I had not time to seek to procure any, having, on the instant, to hurry off to Smyrna; to this I subjoined in Latin, "*I will watch the island.*"

Meanwhile the patient's health fluctuated, and from the scanty means afforded the doctor to judge, it was but groping in the dark, and he felt that *his life* and *hers* hung by a very slight tenure.

Slaves were continually employed in searching the island for the roots, which were deemed so efficacious, but in vain their untiring exertions,—the right kind, of course, could not be found. Still the doctor preserved his courage, and reiterated his faith in the vainly sought *nostrum*, whilst by his confident demeanor and the oft repeated assertion, "Whilst there is life,

there is hope," he greatly gained on the confidence of the Mussulman.

The fifth morning had arrived; and with a picked crew of trusty Franks, armed to the teeth, I was in ambush, watching the island; not doubting that the doctor would obtain permission, under an escort, to visit the place, and determined to carry him off from his guards *vi et armis*.

"Your term draws to a close," said the Effendi. "What think you of the result?" and he bent a searching look on the undaunted physician.

"It rests but with yourself. Speak the word, and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I will myself perform the journey to the city, and bring back the life-giving drug, which is all your wife needs to assure her recovery to health and happiness."

There was life or death depending on the speaker's command of countenance; a quivering muscle, a faltering tone, an embarrassed air, and that instant would have been the doctor's last.

Bravely he stood the trial; the crisis passed happily by. Suspicion vanished from the mind of him who held the power of doom instant and annihilating. Hope sprang from the physician's seeming confidence in the precious nostrum, and the Effendi spoke:

"Depart then, O man of science! Return quickly; save my wife, and learn the gratitude of a Turk."

Whilst the doctor was flying to the embrace of those dear ones whom he had so long dreaded he should never again behold, we were suffering the pangs of suspense and anxiety for his fate, when the hours of the last appointed day were passing away, and still he came not to the little island. We had, from our ambush, seen the slaves diligently searching after roots, and had anticipated that their want of success would serve for an ample excuse for the doctor to come in person, and we had arranged our plans to secure his escape, although under surveillance, which we expected to be the case.

At length, all hope of this was at an end, and with vigorous strokes, we pulled with the energy of anxiety in the homeward direction of the great city. Never did I skim the bright waters that border the most enchanting scenery in the world—the approach to the far-famed Constantinople—with such insensibility to the beauties of the magnificent landscape. But dread forebodings for the issue of my friend's call to the Effendi's, and visions of the wretchedness awaiting his wife and family in case of the worst, dulled my eyes, whilst my bosom swelled with deep emotion.

Joy, joy awaited us. Our friend had reached his home ere, with faltering step, I approached his door. How thankful I was that I had been able to conceal the dreadful situation in which the doctor had been placed, from the fond and unsuspecting woman who now hung gratefully on his neck, and those little innocent prattlers who also, by happy ignorance, had escaped this touch of sorrow.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the courier, who had accompanied the doctor, returned home *alone*; for, when once removed from the jurisdiction of the powerful Effendi, the physician was out of danger, whatever might become of the fair patient. Anxious, however, for humanity's sake, and moved by the promptings of his own benevolent heart, my friend sent back a prescription, which, from the uncertainty of the true nature of the disease, might be said to be given at random, but which, to give it every chance, he pronounced to be an *infallible cure*, which would render his further presence needless.

Thus, for the time, ended this exciting and really alarming affair.

It must not be inferred from this specimen of jealous unwillingness to allow the beautiful sufferer to be gazed on by an infidel physician, even when life was in peril, that the absurd idea entertained by many, namely, that the Turkish ladies are deprived of liberty, is correct; that they are like the caged birds, prisoners in gilded harems, restricted on every occasion, and languid, wretched victims of watchful tyrants. By no means.

Amongst their own sex they have ample freedom allowed them to exchange visits with each other. Nay, even they are freely permitted to attend places of public amusement, although it is with features protected from the view of those from whom, from infancy, they have been taught to conceal them.

How can we suppose, then, that these ladies, endowed, as the ladies of other lands, with naive modesty and sensitive feelings of feminine deli-

cacy, would willingly consent to break through a custom which to them is sacred?

In all probability, no compulsion was necessary on the particular occasion, which has appeared in the foregoing; and the invalid, in truth, would rather have died than have unveiled to the inspection, that, were her life spared, in consequence of it, would have degraded her in her own esteem, as well as in that of her lord.

But admitting that jealousy had its share in the stern decision of the loving husband, does not that powerful and baneful passion show itself in a thousand fantastic shapes of tyranny, restraint, and surveillance, in Christian lands, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean? A description of such, if given, as doubtless is sometimes the case, by the welcome professional story-teller (*Massaldjet*) to the amazed and attentive listeners to this fascinating harem amusement, would, I fancy, cause these *pitied* captives to congratulate themselves on their own privileged exemptions and happy condition.

Who has not read or heard of the sacredness of the Turkish women's apartments, as well as their remarkable cleanliness and luxurious splendor? and that even in time of public commotions, the Emir, the Effendi, the Vizier, or the Sultan himself, might be slaughtered on the threshold of the harem; but beyond it blood-thirsty rage cannot penetrate. Is it not also generally known that these ladies are safe from intrusion in their innocent seclusion? not even being liable to the unexpected entrance of the master of the harem, custom guarding the fair inmates and their visitors from annoying abruptness, by the general practice of the husband to give his wives and favorites notice of his intended visit.

Of these matters, I had ample opportunity to be informed from several European ladies, who described the life and manners of the Oriental beauties in glowing terms of admiration.

One of the most favorite modes of passing the time in the harem, said they, is in reclining in the shade of the deliciously perfumed trees and shrubs, amongst birds and flowers, and listening with infantile credulity to the marvellous tales, of which the well-known "Arabian Nights" will convey some idea, narrated for their amusement. Besides which, they have music to listen to, and the dancing of their slaves to witness; for they smile in disdain at the idea of themselves toiling through the giddy mazes of the dance, or the fatiguing exercise of waltzing. Then nothing can exceed the fondness and delight with which they caress their children, or the love they bear to their husbands. Nor are the beauty and richness of their dresses, the cushions, the jewelry, etc., by any means exaggerated; for the Turks are indeed magnificent in regard to such domestic expenditure.

Some time had elapsed since the incident recorded in this chapter, and it was beginning to be little more thought of, when a courier arrived at my friend's house, bearing a letter from the formidable Effendi, and a couple of camels laden with the richest presents, which the generous Turk bade the doctor accept in token of gratitude for the cure of his precious favorite, who, he said, had become completely restored to health and beauty.

Nor was this all. The Effendi stated that he forgave the doctor for his breach of faith in not returning, in consideration of his skill and success; and concluded by requesting the doctor to accept the office of family physician with a very handsome income.

This honor, however, the doctor declined respectfully, saying, to us, that having once extricated his head from the lion's jaws, he would take care not to repeat the dangerous experiment. "*Amo l'oro si—questo e vero, Ma la mia pelle bramo a salvar.*"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

QUATORZAIN.

BY KENNETH SINCLAIR.

Full oft unbidden comes the saddening thought
Of one beloved, long numbered with the dead;
Until the scene, so joyous late, is fraught
With bitter memories of the years long fled;
Ere time's sure hand so grievous change had wrought,
Ere death's unerring dart was nigh us sped,
And to our cheerful household sorrow brought.
Stern conscience speaketh then with louder tone,
E'en though her voice we may unwilling hear,
And tells us of the evil deeds we've done;
Each hasty speech recalls; or word severe,
Once harshly spoken to that loved one;
Alas! in vain our tears repentant flow,
For she is lost to earth forever now.
Baltimore, Md., May, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR BABY.

BY CONRAD S. KYSER.

Our baby came in the morning,
With the golden blush of dawn,
When the bright sun was adorning
The upland and the lawn.
No precious gems came with him,
But the gems on the crystal snow,
And the angel bands that hovered dim
Around his couch below.

The moon had scarcely gone to its rest,
Or the silver stars to their far-off spheres,
When our baby was born—the sweet and blest,
And he seems too good for this vale of tears.
No gems of summer hung sweetly fair
On the trees, the shrubs, or the gentle rose;
Nor no sound disturbed the quivering air,
But all was a calm and sweet repose.

Our baby was born, and he seems as pure
As the frozen gems of the crystal lake
When the still night doth frost allure,
On mountain, o'er moor, o'er glen and brake.
The snow is not purer, his eyes are as bright
As gems on the brow of a knighted queen,
Or the lordly sun in its noonday flight,
Or the stars at night with their beautiful sheen.

His brow is entwined with a wreath of joy,
Has a stamp of God's grace in the hue of youth;
May he seek the good without the alloy,
And forever bloom fair in the garden of truth.
Yes, baby, though thou camest not with the rose and the vine,
The beautiful daisy, and violet so sweet,
Yet fondly our hearts in affection will twine,
And each golden moment will pass away fleet.
Lockport, N. Y., May, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE NEAT WIFE,
—AND—
THE CARELESS HUSBAND.
A SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MRS. JAMES SMITH was an active, industrious, bustling little woman, with the organ of order largely developed. She was a perfect pattern of neatness, and nothing within the pale of her authority was long allowed to remain out of place. Every chair, lounge and footstool retained the same position they had occupied for a wonderful length of time, while each book and fancy article upon the marble-top tables, instead of being mixed together in elegant confusion, were carefully separated, and placed at measured distances from each other. It was surprising how she ever managed to put the same number and fullness of folds into each curtain. But so it was. The drapery was arranged with the most studied precision, and to displace it in the least, or imprint a finger mark upon the shining panes of glass, was sufficient to disturb the equanimity of Mrs. Smith.

We do not think this was affectation on the part of Mrs. Smith, but owing merely to the nicety of her organization. Were she comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, and her lap filled with work, it was not possible for her to remain quiet and see a solitary thread lying upon her nicely-swept carpet. No: the work was laid aside, and the offending thread immediately consigned to the fire.

The appearance of a visitor who was lacking in this desirable "bump," was sure to make the lady nervous. Why could he not seat himself properly, instead of drawing the chair into the middle of the room, and then tipping back, to the imminent danger of its demolition? Sure enough, say we. And why couldn't he look at books, if he wished, and then replace them, without disturbing everything in their vicinity?—throwing them down at angles, and as likely as any way, exactly on the top of some choice and frail *bijou*. It was certainly a great annoyance, and had she not been gifted with a large share of patience, she would have been afflicted with "nervousness," a great part of the time.

It sometimes happens that opposites in character, disposition and habits are brought together. It was so in this case. Mr. Smith was something of a literary character, and unfortunately possessed but very little of his wife's method and system. We say unfortunate, because it is obvious that it must, at times, have been a cause of difficulty, and called for forbearance on both sides. He could never be convinced that it made any essential difference whether his hat was left upon the tree, a chair, or a table; in his estimation it amounted to the

same thing, provided he could find it when wanted, which last was not always the case, as his "better half" took a malicious pleasure in depositing it in unheard of places, in order to cure him of his "abominable carelessness." Mr. Smith's little study, situated in the third story, was the only room in the house where he felt perfect at home. There he did not hesitate to scatter books, papers and manuscripts about the floor, nor to take in a while to divert himself by smoking a cigar while reading the evening papers.

But even this room did not entirely escape the renovating hand of Mrs. Smith. As a precautionary measure against the disarrangement of his papers, the husband usually locked the door and put the key in his pocket, when he went out for any length of time. But this did not prevent his wife from occasionally taking advantage of his temporary absence to "dust up a little."

But something must be done. The room was getting terrible dirty, and owing to the unceasing vigilance of Mr. Smith, neither broom nor brush had performed its office for a long time. Things were growing desperate, and Mrs. Smith experienced a greater degree of nervousness, every time she thought of the subject. After much deliberation, she concluded that as fair means would not work, she would try stratagem.

Mr. Smith sat before a large table, endeavoring to concentrate his wandering thoughts sufficiently to put them upon paper. The door opened, and his wife entered; she looked around with a troubled air, and then took a seat by his side.

"Husband?"

"Well."

"It's a beautiful day, my dear. Don't you want to walk?" asked Mr. Smith, coaxingly.

"I am very busy just now; but if you wish to go, I will accompany you," was the reply.

"What about, pray? I see nothing but several unwritten sheets of paper. Where are the results of your morning's work?" resumed the latter, somewhat ironically.

"My thoughts are rather laggard this morning, I confess; but the results are safer in my brain than they would be on the table, especially if you remained long in this vicinity," was the laughing rejoinder. "But I am ready to walk with you any time."

"Why, bless me! You don't suppose that I can leave the house at this early hour, do you? I've got the furniture in all the lower rooms to arrange yet. Men don't realize the cares of housekeeping."

"But how can you arrange the furniture, Ellen, when to my knowledge it is never disarranged?" queried the husband. "I don't see what you find to busy yourself about?"

"Don't bring up the old subject, husband. At any rate, I never yet found myself destitute of work."

"It's a great mystery to me why women who have no family but themselves and husbands, find so little time to read and improve their minds," pursued Mr. Smith, with a thoughtful air.

"It don't surprise me in the least. Men are no judges; they know nothing about the matter. I heard a gentleman—and it wouldn't require a vast deal of penetration to discover that the remark originated with one of the masculine gender—observe, a few days since, that all women had to do, was to prepare a little food, lay the table, and wash dishes three times a day. That is a fair sample of their knowledge on the subject. The same gentleman has a wife and family. I only wish that for a fortnight he could take his wife's place, and have one child cross and screaming for cake, another with the whooping-cough pulling him one way, and a third, just teething, endeavoring to force him in a contrary direction. Don't you think it would have a good effect?" asked the lady, energetically.

"You are too hard-hearted, my dear; you cannot surely wish such a dreadful calamity to befall a defenceless man. I can't think what he would do in such a case, I'm sure."

"But I can."

"What?"

"Shake them all severely, and send them to bed to cry it out," added Mrs. Smith, with a smile. "But we are wandering from the subject. Do you think you will go out? I would like to have you do me an errand down town."

"I believe you want to get rid of me awhile, wife," observed her husband, abruptly, with a

significant look. "But you know I can't trust you a moment alone inside this room."

Mrs. Smith saw that her plan had failed.

"Well, to own the truth, I do want to put things to rights a little."

"To *wrongs*, you mean, my dear," added Mr. Smith.

"I'll promise not to do any mischief, and be just as expeditious as possible. What a shocking looking place this is, to be sure."

"I don't see anything out of the way. Besides I have just put my papers in order, and would rather they would remain undisturbed."

"Just put them in order! How provoking you are, Mr. Smith. Did ever any one see a worse-looking place! Here are two old coats, one dirty smoking cap, two pairs of worn out slippers, two boot-jacks, four empty ink bottles, any quantity of pieces of filthy cigars, Webster's Dictionary, five volumes of history and other books on the floor, beside manuscripts, paper, ink, pens, paper-folders, sand-barrels, and wafer-boxes thrown together topsy-turvy on the table. Just see the innumerable bits of paper on the carpet; and as sure as I'm alive, here is a dirty dicky, and the two white silk handkerchiefs that I have missed so long!"

Mrs. Smith stopped, but it was only for want of breath.

At that moment, and before Mr. Smith could reply, the bell rang violently and he was summoned to the door. His presence was desired upon urgent business, and snatching his hat—which his wife took care should be in readiness—he hurriedly left the house, entirely forgetting the key of his study.

"Now," thought Mrs. Smith, "is my time. But I must make haste, or he will return and put a stop to everything."

Calling Hannah from the kitchen, the two made their way to the retreat of Mr. Smith, well provided with the necessary articles that were needed. Windows were raised, books and papers piled together upon a large table, and the coats and hats, slippers and boots hastily removed. In an unaccountable short space of time, you could not see across the room for the dust. Things were lying around in dire confusion, and brooms and brushes were flying in every direction. When the dust had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Smith directed Hannah to wipe it from the books and table. In doing so, she unfortunately overturned a large bottle of ink, which, in its course, completely saturated two large volumes of history. Frightened at what she had done, she endeavored to remove several other articles near them; but the dark fluid had already stained her hands, and, of course, was instantly communicated to the things in question. Several manuscripts were also badly soiled, but were still decipherable. Mrs. Smith, not knowing how valuable the latter might be, was much disconcerted, and experienced an extraordinary abatement of zeal in the cause she had undertaken.

It was no use "crying for spilt milk," however, and the lady and her assistant hurriedly finished operations. A smell of fire attracted their attention to their grate. Upon examination, it was discovered that a coal had snapped upon the carpet and burned quite a large place. With a lengthened countenance, Mrs. Smith extinguished it, and placed a rug over the spot. But this was not the end of their misfortunes. In closing the windows, Hannah pressed against the glass with such force that two large panes were broken to atoms, besides cutting her hand considerably. The girl bound up her wounded fingers, and said she "guessed the ink would dry off." Mrs. Smith smiled faintly, drew the curtain lower, and placed the soiled volumes out of sight.

One thing consoled Mrs. Smith for these accidents. She was a thoroughly neat woman, and in sweeping, every article of furniture was moved. On pushing a large desk from the wall, a folded paper, which slipped from behind, attracted her attention. It proved to be a note due that very day, and which her husband could never have found. She thought that this might counterbalance the mischief that had been done, and thinking she would keep it until the subject was mentioned, transferred it to a safe place.

Though of a very even and pleasant disposition, it must be confessed that on his return, Mr. Smith did look somewhat impatient, to use the softest term we can think of. Upon viewing the soiled books, he rebuked not harshly, but mildly remarked that he was "glad no more serious damage had been done." Mrs. Smith was agree-

ably disappointed; she had expected an outbreak, knowing that he had serious cause for displeasure.

On the afternoon of the same day, her husband entered the room where she was seated, with the smallest vestige of a frown upon his usually placid face.

"I have lost that note which was due to-day, and it is all owing to your moving everything in my room," he observed, somewhat petulantly.

"Where was it left?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Upon the large table."

"I think you are mistaken, husband, for I saw nothing of the kind, upon the table. But I found a note behind the desk—a place in which you would not have thought to look." And she forthwith produced the paper.

"The very one!" he exclaimed. "How lucky! You must know, Ellen, that this note is valuable."

"Then you will allow that some good has resulted out of evil," said Mrs. Smith, smiling.

"Certainly, and I will also concede that if the room had not been 'put to rights,' as you term it, the document might have remained concealed for months," was the laughing reply. Then he added, more seriously, "I know, my dear wife, that I often try your patience very much. I confess I am careless, and somewhat disorderly in my habits. But to repay you for the past, I promise to be more careful in the future, and endeavor to cultivate order and neatness. To prove to you that I am serious, I will try not to carry the tidy off on my back once to-morrow, nor yet an additional ink spot on my wristbands. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly so; and as you have set the example, I suppose I must also allow that perhaps sometimes I am a little too particular; or, as the saying is, 'more nice than wise.' To convince you that I am sincere, I promise not to ask you to close the door, or put your dress coat and pants upon a chair, instead of the floor, more than five times in the course of a week. Are you satisfied?" asked Mrs. Smith, with a serio-comic air.

After an assent, and a hearty laugh on both sides, the happy pair adjourned to the dining-room, and ever after were more lenient towards each other's peculiarities.

We would that all difficulties might be thus amicably adjusted.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SECRET.

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

Painter! would you strive to make
Life upon the canvass speak;
Thought enthroned upon the brow,
Pulses coursing through the cheek?
Would you make the leaflet quiver
By the magic of your art;
Or stir a ripple on the river?
Painter! you must touch the heart!

Poet! with the burning soul,
Would you light a smile of joy?
Would you cause the tear to roll,
Pleasure give, without alloy?
Would you paint the battle-field,
Vigor to the strain impart,
Sound the trumpet clang the shield?
Poet! you must touch the heart!

Man of God! of mission high,
Leading souls from earth to heaven,
There to dwell above the sky,
Or to outer darkness driven;
Weigh the value of a soul,
Homoneward send the conscience dart;
Point them to the blissful goal—
Preacher! you must touch the heart!

Amherst College, Mass., May 1852.

JET, AND JET ORNAMENTS.

It would excite surprise in the minds of many a lady adorned with what are known as "jet ornaments," were she told that she is wearing only a species of coal, and that the sparkling material made by the hand of the artistic workman into a "thing of beauty," once formed the branch of a stately tree, whereon the birds of the air rested and under which the beasts of the fields reposed; yet geologists assure us such is really the fact. They describe it as a variety of coal which occurs sometimes in elongated uniform masses, and sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure. It is, in its natural state, soft and brittle, of a velvet black color, and lustrous. It is found in large quantities in Saxony, and also in Prussian amber mines in detached fragments, and, being exceedingly resinous, the coarser kinds are there used for fuel, burning with a greenish flame, and a strong bituminous smell, leaving an ash, also of a greenish color. Jet is likewise found in England, on the Yorkshire coast.—*Art Journal*.

MONKEYS AND ORGAN GRINDERS.

With the return of warm weather, a horde of monkeys and organ grinders are annually let loose upon our citizens. We have often wondered where they came from, and whither they went. Their place of rendezvous we have at length discovered. A lofty building in Orange street, evidently designed by the builder as the abode of comfort and elegance, has been for some period in the complete occupancy of these creatures. The threshold crossed the organs of sense, sight and hearing—the fumes, the filth, the screeches—leave no doubt of the character of the place. Each apartment forms the abode of both men and monkeys; and it would require no great stretch of imagination in the visitor, to suppose some of the inmates representatives of those interior African tribes who are said to possess tails. In the lower rooms, Jacko was generally restricted in his perambulations by a short chain; but in the attic and upper apartments, where the monkey tribe greatly predominated over the *genus homo*, the animals occupied boxes about a foot square, having apertures for ventilation, and to admit food, and were bereft of companionship. In other cases the monkeys are made to occupy small closets, partitioned off into small compartments.

In one room thus occupied, in part, were three bedsteads, overspread with tattered and filthy quilts, whereupon slept, at night, six or nine individuals of both sexes. Adjoining was an apartment where, among swinging cobwebs and the sooty accumulation of a decade of years, was to be seen the whole apparatus of street music—managers, monkeys and organs—for the weather was unpropitious for the prosecution of the fine arts. Our sudden entrance taking them by surprise, a group of men around a table pushed from sight the cards with which they were playing, and curiously eyed the visitors. One of them then proceeded to show a favorite monkey, which he said was worth "tree hundred tollar." The ordinary price ranges from \$20 to \$50. Close by the card-players, an aged couple, with haggard visages, were gracelessly stretched out, faces upward, over a heap of hand organs and boxes—heavily slumbering.

During the interview which ensued, various information was elicited. The receipts of organ players are now small compared with former years, on account of the great competition in the business—but it is not unusual for the vagrants to make a dollar, or even a dollar and a half a day. The monkeys are imported, but their constitutions are unable to bear up under the rigors of winter in these high latitudes, and they are obliged to spend the most inclement part of the season in the Southern States. There are at present but few monkeys in the city, in consequence of this temporary absence. The cold weather has the effect to induce rheumatic pains, cramp in the stomach, diarrhoea, etc., attended with loss of flesh.

The city does not hold out so great inducements to itinerant organists as the country—the former being far less liberal in its patronage.

Monkeys are not at all fastidious as to the nature of their food. The hand organs are generally owned by the performers, and are manufactured abroad. There are instances in which they are the property of some capitalist included in the fraternity, who hires them out for a certain per centage of the profits. The performers are chiefly from Italy; and though, in the instance here referred to, living together in considerable numbers, associated rather from instinct than interest. As the monkey-musical season will recur with the recommencement of warm weather, and the consequent return of the monkeys from their Southern tour, the pecuniary result is looked forward to with no ordinary interest.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE LOCUSTS.

Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, who, as an entomologist, has proved himself infallible, as it were, in locust-ology, states that the seventeen-year locust will appear this year in Connecticut, east of the river, in portions of Tolland, Middlesex and Hartford counties, about Manchester, Glastenbury and Chatham, and most probably in a portion of Massachusetts, north of these places. They will also appear in Franklin, Bristol and Hampshire counties, Massachusetts, and especially about Fall River. Dr. Smith adds: "I have been unable to ascertain whether they will appear in Rhode Island, but they most probably will in the neighborhood, especially adjacent to Massachusetts, at Fall River. In Barnstable, and in that neighborhood, in Massachusetts, they will not appear until 1855. The grubs or larvae of these insects may now be found in all places in the above districts where forest or other hard wood trees and shrubbery grew seventeen years ago, by digging two or three feet in the ground. They will be found singly in their little horizontal cells, in a half torpid state. About the first of May they may be discovered by merely shaving off the top soil with a spade, when their chambers will be found completed near the surface of the earth. It would serve the cause of science if some one in those districts would take the trouble to make these researches, and also to watch their first appearance above ground, which happens several days before any notice is attracted to them; about the first of June."—*Baltimore Patriot*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

HASSAN THE WISE.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground outside of the walls of Bassora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyard, his olive-yards, were all gone; and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel-driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached, and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears.

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good."

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen!" replied the dervish; "the prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields and my gold!"

"And what would it avail thee," said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate the wine cup, labor for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary! Do these things for one year, and thou shalt be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan. When it was gone, behold, the dervish was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined a caravan which set out for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night he lay down by the side of his camels, and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him with a mild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus, for a year, he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervish. At the end of the time, he was again at the same place before the walls of Bassora. He prostrated himself upon the earth, and cried out, "Now, Allah, fulfil thy promise." Suddenly he heard the same voice as before: "Hassan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is *thysself*!—I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy."

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker—no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and finally resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived for many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father, and all men called him Hassan the Wise.—*Eastern Tales.*

A MONSTER PINE.

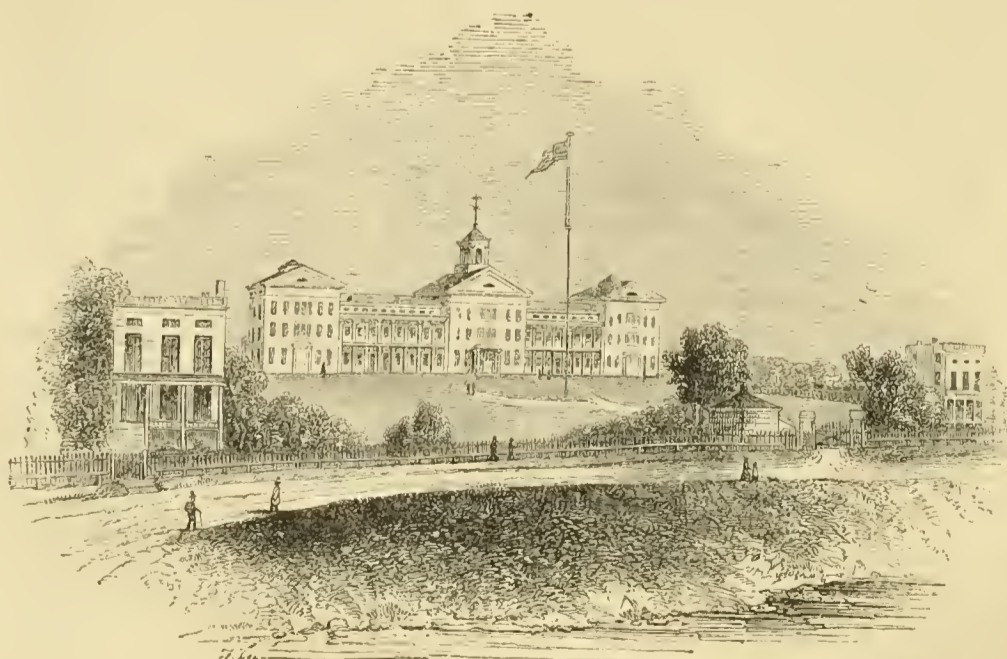
I have worked in the forest among this timber for several years, have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but have never found one larger than the one I felled on a stream which emptied into Jackson Lake, near the head of Buskahegan stream, in the eastern part of Maine. This was a "pumpkin pine," its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter felling it.

The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and, to me, the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour, or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eyes to its pinnacle, to catch the first indication of its fall. It came down at last with a crash which seemed to shake a hundred acres, while the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away among the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently capacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six ox team three times. The butt log was so large that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind much to our regret and loss. At the boom, that log would have been worth fifty dollars.—*Springer's Forest Life.*



AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

As to the comparative speed of animated beings, and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty millions times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that.—*Bucke*



THE "SAILOR'S RETREAT," STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Above we give a very fine picture of the Sailor's Retreat, on Staten Island, New York harbor. No more beautiful or desirable location for such an institution could have been selected than this noble spot of ground. It rises boldly from the shore, and the site overlooks the entire inner and outer harbor, and the whole island of Manhattan itself; it is a mile below the quarantine ground, and is intended solely for sick and disabled seamen. The engraving gives a very perfect view of the spot.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Forward Four, or the Duplicate Wedding," a story, by BEN: PERLEY POORE.
 "Marcelline's Triumph," an interesting story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
 "The Traitor's End," a story, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "A Story," by LIEUTENANT MORRAY.
 "The Spot where I was born," lines, by FLORENCE GREENLEAF.
 "The Dead Child," lines, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "Lines to a Young Lady praying," by H. D. REYNOLDS.
 "Poetry," by J. HUNT, JR.
 "The Bridegroom's Offering," lines, by D. HARDY, JR.
 "Remembrances," verses, by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
 "Memory," lines, by J. W. BEAZELL.
 "Mother, my Brow is aching," by ISABEL ASHTON.
 "Stanzas," by T. H. INGALLS.
 "The Light Boat," lines, by Mrs. M. W. CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We shall present a fine picture of the Japanese Expedition, just fitted out in New York, as it regards the vessels of the fleet, presenting a fine view of each one, in true nautical style, by our artist, Mr. Wade, of New York.

A bird's eye view of New York City, with its myriads of dwellings, its public buildings, churches, and numerous localities.

A very fine view of Galveston, Texas—a picture valuable for its accuracy and the newness of the subject.

A view of Hong Kong, China, the scene of the recent great and disastrous fire that occurred in that country.

The interior of a Broadway (New York) Saloon, showing the style in which these establishments are managed in our sister city.

A splendid and original picture of the State House, Boston, as it appeared dressed in all its regalia, by Mr. Beals, the artist for the occasion of Kossuth's reception; also presenting a view of the Reception Scene between the Governor and Kossuth, by our artist, Mr. Billings.

Also a superb engraving, covering an entire page of the Pictorial, representing the Line of the immense Procession which welcomed and escorted M. Kossuth to the old Bay State—also one of Mr. Billings's best drawings.

A capital picture of the National Hotel, at Washington, D. C. A very accurate and perfect scene of the "City of Magnificent Distances."

A very valuable engraving of Santa Anna, mounted and in military costume. A faithful picture.

A most excellent maritime scene, giving a fac-simile of the Steamer Mississippi, flag ship of the Japanese Squadron. Drawn on the spot, by our artist, Mr. Wade.

A fine likeness of Mr. Harrington, the American Venetian and Necromancer, by our artist, Mr. Rowse.

THE CALIFORNIA POST.

The proprietors of the Boston Post now issue semi-monthly—on the 9th and 24th of each month, in time for the regular California mails, —what is called "The California Post," a paper made up expressly for those residing in California, entirely filled with reading matter, and forming a complete record of home matters for those in El Dorado. The price of this sheet, of the mammoth size, is but six cents. Any one having friends on the Pacific should not fail to secure their interest, and renew the recollections of their Atlantic home, by sending them the California Post, filled with news and miscellany.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

On another page we give a very fine engraving, representing the late burning of the National Theatre, in this city. What, save Yankee enterprise, could have enabled the gentlemanly managers of the National, when they had lost every dress, piece of scenery, and other necessary articles of stage effect, by a fire that laid the noble theatre level with the ground, to go on and play their regular bill the following evening in another house? We are glad to know that Mrs. Sinclair's engagement has proved a profitable one to the managers.

CREDIT.—We inadvertently omitted to mention our indebtedness for the very excellent likeness which we published, week before last, of Mrs. Sinclair, to Meade & Brothers, daguerrian artists, of New York. This house have produced some of the best specimens of the art yet exhibited in this country.

THE STATE HOUSE.—Mr. Beals, the artist, did himself a world of credit by the superb manner in which he decorated the State House, on the occasion of Kossuth's reception.

SUB ROSA.—A lady remarked to us the other day that though we might print a kiss, we must never publish it.

AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.

We give our readers, on page 296, a representation of the late Dramatic Fund Dinner, which took place at the Astor House, New York, a few days since, and below we subjoin an account of the affair:

"The fourth annual dinner of the American Dramatic Fund Association took place at the Astor House, New York, on the 18th of April, when upwards of one hundred gentlemen sat down to the well-supplied tables. Our artist has endeavored to give a correct view of the brilliant appearance of the room on this interesting occasion. At half past six o'clock, Dodworth's excellent band gave notice that all was in readiness, and the committee of reception ushered in to the room, the president, Henry G. Stebbins, Esq., and the invited guests, among whom were Mr. James Wallack, sen., Prof. Mapes, Dr. Francis, Dr. Quackenboss, James Phalen, Esq., Mr. Young, of the Albion, Mr. Hiram Fuller, of the Evening Mirror, Mr. W. E. Burton, Mr. A. Braham, and ex-recorder Morris. As soon as the guests were arranged, the doors were thrown open and the general company was received by the president and the guests of the association, standing. Mr. James H. Brady, one of the trustees, acted as vice-president, and Mr. W. C. Chapman and Mr. T. S. Hamblin, two of the other trustees, supported the president. As soon as the cloth was withdrawn, "Non nobis Domine" was sung in a very beautiful style by eight professional gentlemen, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Condon. After the regular toasts, the president, in a very happy speech, presented the claims of the Fund and stated its present prosperous condition, calling upon all to lend their willing aid and secure comfort to the old age of the veteran actor. It required \$20,000 to carry out the views and intentions of the founders of this association, two thirds of which had been obtained on this anniversary, showing a more prosperous state than any similar institution in the world, possessing a clear income of \$1600 per year. The secretary, Mr. J. C. Wemyss, then stated that the increase of the capital of the fund, during the year just ended, was \$3737 31; that the income of the fund from members' subscriptions and interest of investments was \$,620 per year, and that they had added forty five names to the list of their associates. Remarking that he hoped there was no gentleman present so ungallant as to pause where the ladies so nobly led the way, he announced a donation of \$100 from Miss Julia Dean, \$100 from Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, \$50 from Madame Thillon, \$25 from Madame Celeste, \$25 from Mr. Fitzwilliam, of London, \$25 yearly from Mr. J. Wallack, sen., \$25 yearly from a friend of his in London, A. Anedeckne, Esq., J. Vandenhoff, sen., of London, \$25, G. V. Brooke, \$25, Mr. Genin, \$50, as the price of his chair, as he is known always to pay well for the choice of seats. He then read a letter from James G. Caldwell, Esq., of New Orleans, enclosing \$50 to the fund; and also one from Sol Smith, covering another \$50. An amusing incident accompanied the reading of Mr. Smith's letter. In compliance with the secretary's request to furnish a toast for the occasion, he had waggishly forwarded a piece of toast well browned, and neatly directed "Sol Smith's Toast," enclosing a \$10 note, bearing the following endorsement—"Remitted by Sol Smith from New Orleans to New York, to pay for a dinner at the Astor House, on the 18th of April." Lieut. J. Findley Schenck, U. S. N., and captain of the steamship Ohio, requested to be allowed to pay the amount necessary to constitute him an honorary member of the association for life, and presented his \$50. Mr. Niblo's name was then announced, with a donation of \$100, J. Phalen, Esq., \$150, Col. Charles, \$50, W. E. Burton, \$100, and many smaller donations. Mr. James T. Brady offered the next regular toast, preceded by one of the most brilliant and witty speeches we ever heard. He was followed by Mr. Wallack, Dr. Francis, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Blake. As our limits compel us entirely to omit the speeches made at the dinner, we can only say in general that they were enlivened with wit, humor and sentiment, and were interspersed with songs and glees, giving zest and spirit to the occasion. The harmony and festivity of the evening continued until half past eleven o'clock, when the brilliant festival concluded."

SORRY.—The Albany Knickerbocker tells of a young man who died in that city of disappointed ambition, as he "wanted to wear high shirt collars, and his mother would n't let him."

OF COURSE.—"The rich," said a Turkish physician, "should eat when they are hungry, and the poor when they can get anything to eat."

A GROWN UP WAGON!—An Irishman, being charged with stealing a wagon, swore he had it ever since it was a wheelbarrow.

LITERARY.—It is said that Madame Kossuth has written a book on America, which will soon be published.

Mrs. SINCLAIR.—This lady's engagement in Boston proved highly successful.

A NEW PANORAMA.—Banvard is about to produce a panorama of the Orient.

MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON.

We present our readers, on page 304, a picture of this interesting memorial. It stands on the green, a few yards from the street, in the middle of the town. It is upon a spacious mound, and is built of granite, having a marble tablet on the south front of the pedestal, with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the liberty and rights of mankind! The freedom and independence of America—sealed and defended with the blood of her sons! This monument is erected by the inhabitants of Lexington, under the patronage and at the expense of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory of their fellow-citizens, Ensign Robert Monroe, Messrs. Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington and John Brown, of Lexington, and Ashael Porter, of Woburn, who fell on this field, the first victims of the sword of British tyranny and oppression, on the morning of the ever-memorable nineteenth of April, A. D., 1775. The die was cast! The blood of these martyrs in the cause of God and their country was the cement of the union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the spring to the spirit, firmness and resolution of their fellow-citizens. They rose as one man to revenge their brethren's blood, and at the point of the sword to assert and defend their native rights. They nobly dared to be free! The contest was long, bloody and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal; victory crowned their arms, and the peace, liberty and independence of the United States of America was their glorious reward."

The monument was erected in 1775.

OUR BUSINESS ROOM.

For the gratification of our distant readers and subscribers, we have employed one of our artists in sketching an entire view of our publishing and business hall, which may be found on page 297. It will convey to the observer a correct idea of its dimensions, and the manner in which it is fitted up. We shall be excused, perhaps, a little self-gratulation in the matter, having, as we are satisfied, the largest and best publishing room in the country. Our constantly growing business, however, requires its whole extent, and a smaller compass would greatly curtail the necessary conveniences for issuing our immense editions of the Flag and Pictorial. When our readers come to town, let them drop in to our publishing hall, and take a glance for themselves, they will then corroborate the faithfulness of the fine picture we give them.

KOSSUTH IN BOSTON.

The day was splendid. The people turned out en masse; booming cannons, and hearts and hands welcomed the Hungarian exile to the old Bay State. The military display was one of the finest that we have had in Boston for a long period. The governor received the Magyar in an appropriate and feeling speech, to which Kossuth returned one of those brilliant yet easy responses that has made him such a name for eloquence. Nothing could have been more hearty, or more whole-souled, than the reception that the Bostonians gave to the illustrious visitor. The city was thronged with strangers from abroad, and every look out on the line of the procession was most carefully improved. Next week we shall illustrate the whole affair most splendidly in the "Pictorial," and our readers may be on the look out for a fine number.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL, for this week, is beautifully embellished. The portrait of Mrs. Sinclair is perfect—fully equal, in accuracy and artistic excellence, to that published last week of Miss Kimberly. The other engravings are, also, in the best style of art, and highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the publisher. The Pictorial, under the judicious and able editorial direction of Mr. Gleason, is rendered fully equal to any periodical of the kind in the world.—*Eastern Post.*

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Articles are arriving at New York for the World's Fair. France, Switzerland, and other countries, are already represented. The exhibition bids fair to have a good representation from other nations, and to be a grand development of our own ingenuity and skill in the various arts of life.

MR. VANDENHOFF.—This gentleman, who is supporting Mrs. Sinclair in her role of characters, succeeded in tearing the character of 'Claude Melnotte' all to pieces the other night. Fie, fie, man! don't rant so!

OURSELVES.—We shall present, in a short time, a very perfect view of the interior of our press room, a subject that will be of great interest to those not familiar with this style of machinery.

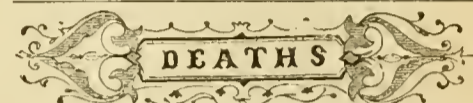
BOSTON MILITARY.—Our fine military companies (and those from out of town, also), made a magnificent appearance on the escort duty to Kossuth.

REMEMBER.—There is no book so cheap as a newspaper in a family.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Two men were hung for piracy, in Richmond, Va., the other day.



In this city, by Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. William C. Fisher to Miss Mary E. Sampson.
 By Rev. Dr. Peabody, Charles P. Curtis, Esq., to Miss Caroline G. Cary.
 By Rev. Dr. Neale, Capt. Jacob Merrill, of Kennebunkport, Me., to Miss Hannah Tripp.
 By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Jotham T. Moulton to Miss Charlotte H. Fenno.
 By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Dennis F. Perkins to Miss Abigail F. Wright.
 At Roxbury, Mr. H. Tracy Sherman, of Norwich, Ct., to Miss Lucy A. Sweat.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Budington, Dr. J. C. Nelson to Miss Abby Tufts.
 At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Whiting, Mr. Newton Symonds to Miss Sarah Rugg.
 At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Charles F. Pray to Miss Maria F. Pope, both of Weymouth.
 At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Medbury, Mr. S. Thompson, of Northbridge, to Miss Sarah L. Hildrup.
 At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Smalley, Mr. Emmons A. Goddard to Miss Mary G. Muzzy.
 At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Roberts, Almon W. Griswold, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Mary Adalside Perry.
 At Woodstock, Vt., Dr. George Nichols, of Northfield, to Miss Ellen M. Blake, of Vergennes.
 At Rochester, N. Y., by Rev. L. Bacon, D. D., of N. Haven, Ct., Everard Peck, Esq., to Mrs. Alice B. Walker.
 At Philadelphia, P. Gaige, Esq., of New York, to Mrs. S. M. Peysar, formerly of Boston.



In this city, Mr. James B. Farrell, 28; Miss Emeline L. Lamson, 15; Mr. George T. Burr, 28; Miss Mary J. Travis, 26; Mrs. Margaret E. Davenport, 29; Mrs. Elizabeth C., widow of Rev. John T. Kirkland, late president of Harvard University, 66; Mr. Nathaniel B. Sargent, 49; Miss Ellen M. Stimpson, 27; Mrs. Lizzie Clabaugh, 18; Miss Mary Jane Hilton, 18.
 At Roxbury, Mr. Allen Brown, formerly of Albany, 74.
 At Charlestown, Mrs. Zephina Paine, 86.
 At Cambridge, Mr. John Lovell, 40.
 At Chelsea, Mrs. Susan Otheman, 82.
 At Gallup's Island, Mrs. Margaret Newcomb, 67.
 At Lynn, Mr. Charles F. Stocker, 20.
 At Andover, Mr. Nathaniel A. Prentiss, U. S. N.
 At Salem, Mrs. Sarah B. Silsbee, 64; Mrs. Mary Marshall, 70; Mrs. Esther Brown, 83.
 At Winchester, Mr. Isaac Shuttuek, 74.
 At Newbury, Mrs. Mary Moulton, 73.
 At Middleboro', Mr. Ichabod Thomas, 62.
 At West Yarmouth, Gorham Lovell, Esq., 84.
 At Portland, Me., Mr. James Sweetser, 40; Mr. John Nason, 23; Miss Margaret Hovey, 59.
 At Sanford, Me., Henry Holmes, Esq., 68.
 At Jersey City, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D. D., 77.
 At Charleston, S. C., Thaddeus Steel, Esq.
 At Savannah, Ga., Hon. Gideon Barstow, 67.
 At Cincinnati, Mrs. Maria, wife of Henry Nye, Esq., 84.
 At Lima, Ind., Mr. Leonard Leland, 67.
 At Sheffield, Eng., John Sanderson, Esq., senior partner in the house of Sanderson, Brothers & Co., 75.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHILDREN'S VOICES.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

O I love the merry voices
That are ringing wild and free;
That are floating on the breezes,
Full of joyous melody;
That are mingling with the music
Of great nature's breathing hymn;
That are sounding in the silence
Of the twilight low and dim.

Little happy-hearted children,
Mid the sunshine and the flowers,
Ye are song-birds' notes of music
To these silent hearts of ours.
Ye are wandering in the forest,
Where the violets' eyes are seen;
Ye are gazing in the brooklets,
On the mossy banks of green.

Little happy-hearted children,
With your deep, unfathomed eyes;
O the world of strange wild dreamings,
That within their brightness lies.
Ye are sinless little children,
Ye are free from woe and care;
And glad springs of happy feeling
In your joyous spirits bear.

Little happy-hearted children,
Where the sparkling fountains play,
And the flowers with dewdrops glisten,
There your tiny footsteps stray.
Each wild gush of your glad voices
Sweeps the lyre-strings of my heart;
And sweet thoughts and dreamy fancies
To strange music breathings start.

O I love the merry voices
That are sounding everywhere,
That are floating with their music
On the soft and spring-like air;
That are ringing, wildly ringing,
To the blue and brilliant skies;
They are in my heart, sweet children,
With a thousand memories.

Centreville, R. I., May, 1852.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOODS.

BY T. H. LYMAN.

It was a pleasant afternoon, such as August only shows, when, in company with a friend, I left the quiet village of C——, a beautiful spot embowered amid the mountains in northern New Hampshire, to spend a few days upon a fishing excursion to a large lake some twenty miles farther north.

The sun had spent its force, and nature, relieved from the intense heat of noon, was fast resuming her wonted color and donning her evening dress. Our road for a long distance wound along the banks of a small stream fringed and almost hidden by willows; and the sound of the water as it danced along, united with the warbling of the birds, formed a melody indescribably beautiful. On the other side the mountains rose almost perpendicularly, but here and there the declining sun would suddenly break through some open place, and light up a spot where it seemed as though a giant's hand had forced the solid rock back upon itself and reared a temple, whose massive proportions and sublime yet awful grandeur seemed to picture in imagination the wild glens of Scotland, where alone the persecuted Covenanters dared to meet and worship after the dictates of their own consciences. No wonder their lives were pure and spotless—no wonder they were encouraged to persevere, and their faith became as rigid and enduring as the rocks themselves. Tell of the sculptured cathedral—what nobler temple than where the mountain circles some quiet vale; what sweeter choir than the feathered songsters; where, nearer to nature's God, than where the eye can gaze on nature's self, in all her bold magnificence? To me such spots always wear a charm—the mountains towering in the air,

—“As to show
How earth may pierce to heaven yet leave vain man below.”

The rushing stream and the waving foliage all have a soft and subduing effect, and tend to raise emotions which can but ennoble the mind. Happy is he who can

“—find tongues in trees;
Books in the running brooks; sermons in stones;
And good in every thing;”

he is never alone.

But I am digressing. Surrounded by such scenery and feasting on its grandeur, we drove slowly, unmindful that the hill shadows were growing long, and unconscious of the threatening cloud that was creeping down the mountain

behind us. Soon, however, the echoes of the distant thunder roused us to quicken our pace and seek shelter, if possible, ere the storm should reach us. Pulling up and securing the boot of our chaise, and putting our horse into a smart trot, we left the main road and entered a wagon path, stretching through a deep forest, which seemed to lead in the direction whither our destination lay. Here we must date the commencement of our troubles. Had we followed the old proverb, “never take a by-road when you can have the highway,” we should have been spared much vexation and trouble.

For several hours, through this interminable wood, we drove at a rapid rate, but with no perceptible change of scenery. At last our jaded animal came to a dead halt; and, by the light of a friction match—that modern blessing—referring to our watches, we came to the pleasant conclusion that it was about bed time, but with no prospect of a soft bed in perspective.

However, something must be done; and leaving my companion in charge of the vehicle, I set out on foot to ascertain if anything like a human habitation was within hailing distance.

The rain was still falling in torrents. Now, albeit I am a great advocate for cold water, yet candor compels me to acknowledge that there are times and places for its use, as well as bounds to the quantity; and the indiscriminate application of immense doses from the shower-bath of a thunder-cloud is anything but conducive to comfort. However, there was no help for it, and no use in grumbling.

After wading through mud and water for nearly a mile, I was brought to a stand by coming in contact with a fence, and directly beyond, I could distinguish the dim outline of a small house and barn. Clambering over the fence—for there was no time to waste in searching for a gate—I found the door and gave a rap by no means gentle or subdued. As this seemed to produce no effect, rap number two followed in quick succession and an octave above its predecessors. A shuffling sound from within, announced that the inmates were stirring. A gleam of light shone through the chinks between the boards, and steps approached the door. Then the rattling sound of a heavy chain falling to the floor sounded anything but agreeable. Strange, thought I—doors fastened with chains. All through that part of the country I had been used to seeing nothing but latch-strings, and you may well imagine that the sound of a heavy chain raised no pleasant emotions. What sort of people are these? Where have I wandered? But these ideas were cut short by the sudden opening of the door.

A tall, athletic looking man stood in the entrance, holding in his hand a sputtering candle, whose rays hardly reached beyond a circle of two feet in diameter, and served only to render everything more gloomy. To my inquiries as to whether he could find accommodations for the night for two travellers, he returned answer that he “didn't know, but would go and see.” And leaving me standing on the outside, he went shuffling off.

After an absence of ten minutes—which seemed to me an hour—he returned, and after very minute inquiries as to who we were, whither we were bound, and whence we had come, said he would try to accommodate us.

Thanking him for his hospitality, I retraced my steps as quickly as possible to the spot where I had left my companion, whom I found was just on the point of starting off himself in search of me, supposing I had lost myself in the darkness.

With much coaxing, our tired beast was induced to move on, and we took up the line of march for our hotel. My friend agreed with me that the circumstance of the chained door was rather suspicious, but we thought anything better than passing the night in the woods, and concluded to venture.

Reaching the house, we found our new acquaintance holding open the gate of the enclosure. The rain, by this time, of course, had ceased; for who ever knew the rain to continue when one was well sheltered. The sputtering candle had changed hands, and was now held by a second individual, similar in frame and appearance to the first.

Together they unharnessed and led the horse into the barn, and then returned to assist in unloading the vehicle.

“Heavy,” said one, apparently the elder, taking up our valises.

“Yes,” remarked my companion, “we intend

to do some sporting, and are well supplied with shot.”

I thought a half smile played around the mouth of our host at these words, but I might have been mistaken.

In a very short time, our moveables, guns, fishing-rods, etc., were duly deposited in what appeared to be the “best room;” and leaving the candle, which appeared to sputter more and more, as if indignant at such late hours, upon the table, our conductor bade us good night and left the apartment.

The room was furnished very much the same as other rustic parlors. Upon the wall hung a plan of Solomon's Temple, and a spirited colored engraving representing Andrew Jackson upon a milk-white horse. A pincushion and a stone lemon adorned the mantel. One window looked out upon—we could not tell what for the darkness. This window was secured by a large nail, which fitted into a hole just above the sash. The door had no fastening, but by inverting a chair and placing it against the door, we made a sort of alarm-clock, which would arouse us in case any one should attempt an entrance.

You may rest assured it was a long time before we got asleep, for all the old stories we had ever heard about robbers and travellers murdered in their beds, were continually conjuring up visions not at all welcome.

We criticised every action we had seen and every word we had heard since our arrival at this out-of-the-way place—the chained door—the remark about the valises, &c., and came to the conclusion that we were in suspicious hands.

However, despite all watching, we at last fell asleep, and how long we slept I know not, but I was aroused by my friend's shaking me violently by the shoulder with one hand, while the other was laid across my mouth, probably to prevent my calling out.

Whispering me to listen, we could distinctly hear a sort of subdued, grating sound, seemingly proceeding from the next apartment. Rising and cautiously making our way to the door, we could see, through the cracks in the board partition, by a light in the adjoining room—for it was not yet day—our two new acquaintances seated by a table, one of them busily engaged in whetting a large knife, while the other was taking out the knots and disentangling a coil of rope. Every now and then, the elder, who held the knife, would pause and draw his thumb across its edge, as if to feel its sharpness; then slowly shaking his head, would resume his occupation.

“Not sharp enough yet?” said the younger, looking up from the gordian knot which he was unloosing.

“Hush,” said the other, “don't speak so loud; you will wake the travellers.”

We drew nearer to the door.

“No; it takes a sharp knife to cut through muscle and bone.” And the whetting went on with renewed vigor.

Again pausing and trying the edge, he addressed his companion in a low grumbling tone:

“I thought we should catch them when I saw them enter the wood last evening; but we must be careful and not spill any blood around, for that would warn others. You must hold the pail while I cut their throats—ha! ha! this will be the best morning's job we have done for many a day.”

You may well believe that our hearts sunk within us on hearing these brutal words.

So then there was no mistake about it; we had indeed fallen among assassins, and every moment might be our last.

As there must be an end to all things, so at last the knife was deemed sufficiently keen; and, laying it down upon the table, the elder ruffian—for I could call him by no other name—took up the rope which the other had just shaken from the last knot, and winding one end around his foot, was seemingly trying its strength.

“I think it will do,” said he, in the same low tone he had used before, “but you know the two bodies will be heavy.”

At these words, all doubts as to our being the two who were meant, vanished immediately, and terror almost completely unnerved us. To die so young—away from home and friends, and such a terrible death, too—the thought was horrible!

There seemed to be means of escape but through the window, and that we dared not attempt to raise, lest the noise should alarm the ruffians and bring them immediately upon us. In this alternative, after a whispered consultation, we resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

In my valise was a small package of bullets, which I had placed there so that we might amuse ourselves at shooting at a mark, in case game should prove scarce; but how to get them was a question. The snap of the lock would alarm our pleasant neighbors, who, meanwhile, were occupied in making a slip-noose upon one end of the rope.

However, to our inexpressible relief, having finished their bloody apparatus, they both arose and left the room, carrying their tools with them.

Soon as their steps died away in the distance, snap went the lock of the valise; and fright lending us speed, I venture to say, never were two guns double-loaded, or two individuals dressed quicker than we were.

Placing two chairs abreast and resting our pieces upon them so as to command the door, with by no means pleasant feelings, we awaited the issue. For a long time we kept a vigilant watch till the morning sun streamed through our window, but saw no trace of our expected assailants. Soon a smell of hot coffee and rolls began to penetrate the crevices of the door, and a light step in the adjoining room led us once more to our lookout.

Instead of the sanguinary ruffians we had seen before, there was a cheerful looking young female moving lightly about, and preparing a savory-looking breakfast.

“Sure,” said my friend, “such a countenance does not look like one used to scenes of blood,” and opening the door, before I could prevent him, was by her side. After the interchange of the usual morning salute, he casually inquired after the men whom he had seen the night before.

“O,” said she, “they are in the barn skinning two foxes that they have just killed; they were caught just before you came last night.”

The merry laugh of my companion rang out at this explanation of the bloody mystery, and for my life I could not help joining with him, to the no small amusement of our hostess.

We immediately proceeded to the barn, and there, sure enough, were two foxes with their throats cut and their hides almost off. You may believe that we felt as though relieved of a heavy burden.

Soon the breakfast bell summoned us to the house, and after partaking of the good things, settling with our host, and inquiring the way to our destination, we bade all hands good day, and started merrily on again.

So ended our adventure, with the exception that after driving about a mile, we alighted and discharged our guns, riddling a fence with much more satisfaction than we should have felt in putting cold lead into a human being.

Suffice it to say that, after a pleasant ride, we reached our destination; but never to this day can either of us restrain a smile, when recounting that night among the woods.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LIFE HATH SUNNY SPOTS FOR THEE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

Life hath its sunny spots for thee,
My loved and early friend;
Though gathering clouds may lower o'er thee,
And future ill portend.
Remember, storm-clouds often rise,
And shroud the sun from view;
Then pass away, and soon the sky
Is robed in azure blue.

Life hath its sunny spots for thee,
It hath its light and shade;
Oft underneath the spreading tree
Is found the greenest blade.
True, 'neath the sun's warm genial glow,
Plants germinate and thrive;
But still the shade is needed, too,
To keep each germ alive.

Life hath its sunny spots for thee,
It hath its shadows, too;
For, if the sun e'er beamed o'er thee,
And never hid from view,
Thy bark would glide too light and free,
By adverse winds ne'er driven;
Dark clouds are needed o'er life's sea,
To guide the soul to heaven.

Boston, Mass., May, 1852.

A DOG'S IMAGINATION.

A dog, which refused dry bread, and was in the habit of receiving from his master little morsels dipped in the gravy of the meat remaining in the plate, snapped eagerly after dry bread if he saw it rubbed round the plate, and as, by way of experiment, this was repeatedly done till its hunger was satisfied, it was evident that the imagination of the animal conquered, for the time, its faculties of smell and taste.—*Thompson's Passion for Animals.*

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

A clock on the cathedral at New Orleans is pronounced to be a mechanical wonder. It is an eight day clock, and has three dials—one of six feet diameter in front of the edifice, over a hundred feet from the ground; another of the same size on the rear; and a third of small size in the interior—all moved by the same machinery. The large dials are of transparent glass, the figures and the hands being painted white, and the back of the glass is a cloth of black velvet, making the surface of the dials to appear black. These dials are lighted at night by gas-burners, which, by an ingenious arrangement of the clock work itself, are extinguished daily at a change of time conforming to the length of night. This clock occupies but a small space; strikes the hours on a deep-toned bell, and the three quarters of an hour on two small bells; and is furnished with a regular compensation pendulum, and besides its regular weight, a small weight acting solely on the escapement, which together render it an almost infallible time-piece.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England covers over five acres of ground, employs 900 clerks; and should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half pay for life. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. This bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital, \$90,000,000.

ADVANTAGES OF PAINTING.

Previous to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Zucarelli, travelling on the continent, was detained on the territories of one of the belligerent powers as a suspicious person, but obtained his release with honor. After declaring his profession and name, both of which he considered sufficiently known, he offered to prove the truth of his assertion by painting a picture, provided the necessary materials were allowed him. His proposal was granted, and his veracity confirmed by the production of his pencil, on which he was immediately released.

CHARITABLE—Dr. Mercier, of New Orleans, has given the Third Municipality Asylum for Orphan Boys, a piece of property yielding an annual revenue of \$1300 or \$1400, and made provisions for giving them good dinners on Easter and Christmas Day.

SOMETHING WRONG.—The Newburyport Herald says that the wages of all shoemakers in that region have been reduced about 30 per cent. There are a great many journeymen shoemakers who work 15 hours a day, and earn less than fifty cents per diem!

LIBERAL.—The New York Times acknowledges the receipt of \$50 from the wife of a member of Congress from New York State, for the relief of the mother and sister of Kossuth, now suffering under Austrian tyranny in Hungary.

SUCH IS LIFE.—A man 60 years of age has been committed to jail at St. Louis, for threatening to kill a girl of 18, because she refused to marry him, after he had made her the snug little present of \$25,000. It was rather provoking.

BE CAREFUL.—A person in England and another in this country—Mrs. Emily Norton, of New Haven, Ct.—have recently died while under the effects of ether for surgical operations.

GOOD.—A bill has passed the New York Assembly providing that all moneys without owners in banks, savings banks or in the chancery funds, shall be used to promote common school education.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—There has not been a couple divorced in the State of South Carolina since the revolutionary war. Who says South Carolina isn't in favor of union and compromise?

MUSICAL.—Mr. David of New York, has obtained a patent for the application of steam power to organ playing. Now we'll have music.

STOPPED.—Some of the Lowell mills—by the freshet.

Wayside Gatherings.

Bacon died on the 9th of April, 1626.
There are ninety post-offices in the county of Lancaster, Pa.
The Maine Liquor Law is agitating in Kentucky.
Nickinson and his daughter are now in Toronto, with a small company.
Com. J. H. Stringham has taken command of the Mediterranean squadron.
The total value of the exports of Baltimore in March, was \$698,550.
Signora Gioeca and Signor Cerese have gone to St. Louis, to join Joe Field's company.
Huldah Sparkles died in Oswego, New York, lately, aged 110 years.
There is a surplus of fourteen or fifteen millions of dollars in the United States Treasury.
The mayor of New York has determined to stop "model artist" exhibitions in that city.
Capt. Sissman was shot dead by a Mr. Patten, at Marietta, S. C., lately.
Panthers remain in portions of Alabama. A negro was recently attacked by one.
Dr. Craig was killed in an affray in De Soto county, Miss., a few days ago, by Dr. Morris.

All the lead now required in the United States is furnished by the State of Pennsylvania.
A law has passed the Texas Legislature, appropriating \$100,000 to erect a State House.
There are stored at the Watervliet arsenal, near Troy, 249,105 pounds of gunpowder.
Bisceccianti has arrived, safe and sound, and in good spirits and health, to commence her concerts in San Francisco.

There are but two companies of artillery in the State of Ohio—one in Cleveland, and the other in Cincinnati.

The United States Senate has passed a coinage bill which provides for the coinage of three dollar gold pieces.

Thomas Collyer, Esq., is now making arrangements to build a steamer of the largest class on Lake Champlain.

A little daughter of Col. Woods Penge, of Pocahontas county, Va., was burnt to death on the 30th ult., by her clothes taking fire.

The Catholic population of the United States is 1,990,000. In England and Scotland there are 694 Catholic churches. In Ireland 2,505.

A youth, aged 17 years, convicted of murder at Columbus, N. C., has been sentenced to be hung on the 21st of May.

The State taxes for 1852, in Indiana, are reduced 50 per cent. below the assessment of last year.

The entire expenses of our army amounted last year to ten millions, or a thousand dollars a man.

There are fourteen editors in the Massachusetts Legislature, and six printers in the Pennsylvania Senate.

Hot house bouquet smell in Cincinnati at from \$1 to \$5 apiece. A pretty fair tax for a whiff at premature fragrance.

On the back of a one dollar bill, we find endorsed:—"The last spot of \$2,000 which I made in California in six months. Riches have wings."

The Massachusetts Senate, lately, passed to a third reading, after an animated debate, the resolves in favor of intervention.

Three hundred persons arrived at St. Louis, lately, from England. Their destination is the Salt Lake.

In the small town of West Newbury, Mass., last year, there were raised and put up fourteen thousand nine barrels of apples.

Bordentown, New Jersey, is increasing so fast in population, that there are not sufficient dwellings to supply applicants.

The New York Herald publishes nearly five columns of advertisements of those who are seeking employment.

The New York Express says that the money market of that city continues abundantly supplied with floating capital seeking employment.

Three boys, named Roune, Cahill and Michaels, have been convicted of manslaughter at Charleston, South Carolina, for killing a colored boy.

A train was recently taken south over the Cleveland and Columbus railroad by one engine, containing ninety cars. It was five-eighths of a mile in length.

The Virginia monument to Washington, which was estimated to cost \$100,000 has already cost \$81,867.95. It is now thought that \$200,000 will just complete it.

The skeleton of an elephant has been discovered in Calaveras Co., California. It is supposed to be the very "elephant" that has peopled California with skeletons.

A party of engineers sailed from New York, in the Empire City on Saturday, to examine the Anaco and San Juan rivers, and report the feasibility of that route for a ship canal.

A new light has been publicly exhibited at Washington, by Geo. Hall, the patentee, supplanting camphens for its unexplosive character, and cheaper than gas by one half. It was tested in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen, who were convinced of its superior merits.

Foreign Miscellany.

The English have, temporarily, got the better of the Kaffirs at the Cape of Good Hope.

Twenty-three thousand of the inhabitants of Austria are employed in secretly watching the rest.

The Austrian government is said to be demanding a tax of \$225 from every full grown person emigrating to America.

Letters from Rome state that on the 15th the Pope appointed four new cardinals, one of them being the archbishop of Bordeaux.

The widow of the Irish poet, Moore, is preparing for press the journal of her late husband. A monument is to be erected to his memory by his friends in Ireland.

The Industrial Exhibition in Silesia will be opened in May, in a large glass palace, built for the purpose. Five hundred exhibitors have entered 3000 articles.

The queen of Spain, in return for the blessed linen presented by the Pope to her daughter, intends to send to his Holiness a picture by Murillo and a span of Aranjuez horses.

The only remaining manufactory of window glass in England, closed a few weeks since. The manufacturers in the village employed 75 to 100 persons in the various departments, and the materials, with slight exceptions, were of home production.

A Paris paper states that two envoys extraordinary from England and France are about to visit Brazil and La Plata, the object of their mission being to open to the commerce of the world, the river La Plata and its tributary streams, the Parana and the Uruguay.

At a recent floral ball in Dresden, the skilful gardeners of that city distributed among the ladies fans made of flowers, and so delicately wrought that they could be opened and used like other fans. The happy fancy charmed the *beau monde*, and flower-fans are now *de rigueur* in the political circles of the Saxon capital.

The present Shah of Persia is twenty-two years of age, and one of the handsomest men in the empire. His great-grandfather, who had three hundred wives, had a crowd of children, who have had descendants in their turn, until at length it is computed that the imperial family comprises at least ten thousand persons.

The anniversary of the opening of the Thames Tunnel was celebrated by a fair and fancy sale. Rows of stalls, covered with a variety of useful and ornamental articles, extended the entire length of the tunnel. In either shaft bands of music were stationed, and thousands of variegated lamps were arranged in a variety of fanciful devices under the vault.

Sands of Gold.

—Of two evils, choose the least.

—Beauty is the flowering of virtue.

—Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night.

—At an open chest or house, a righteous man may sin; avoid temptation.

—The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

—The moment of possession of anything greatly desired is a dangerous crisis.

—Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

—The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

—Fools draw false conclusions from just principles, and mad men draw just conclusions from false principles.

—The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

—Some thoughts always find us young and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty.

—Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious gentility. The garment which one has long worn, never sits uncomfortable.

—Behold the daughter of innocence! how beautiful is the mildness of her countenance! how lovely is the diffidence of her looks!

—Misery has many bitter moments; but, I believe, the first awakening after any great sorrow is the one of its most utter agony.

—There is an affinity between sweet sounds and sweet girls; beautiful music is as attractive to beautiful women as flowers to bees.

—Every person in society should produce, physically or mentally, as much for society as he requires to receive from society for its full enjoyment.

—For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination is breathed with labor.

—Never hesitate to engage in a noble enterprise for fear you have no power to render it important aid. There is no position so humble where a man may not be a benefactor in the cause of truth.

—In commencing business, young men should make up their minds to the following facts, that their profits will always be a little less than they anticipated, while their expenses will invariably be a deuced sight more.

Joker's Olio.

A tall youth is a *lad*, but an implement used by firemen is a *ladder*.

The Genius of Liberty—The genius who invented gunpowder.

A pig's leg, properly cured, is a *ham*, but a carpenter's tool is a *hammer*.

Why is the State of Maine the dullest place in existence? Because it has lost its "spirits."

Tucker wants to know whether, in the Japanese empire, they have a jug or not? (Juggernaut.)

Why is a man who has too many servants like an oyster? Because he's eaten out of house and home.

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

The young man who "once saw the day" when he wouldn't associate with mechanics, is now acting as hook-keeper to a manure wagon. Queer reverse of fortune, that.

The Hartford Times says "a horse ran furiously on the walk." If the horse was on a *walk*, how could he *run*? and if he ran, his gait was undoubtedly faster than a walk.

A man advertises for "a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, "that it will be profitable to the *undertaker*." No doubt of it.

When the Rev. Jesse Lee, the father of Methodism in New England, was asked why there were no doctors of divinity in his denomination, he promptly replied: "Because our divinity is not sick."

"Pa, will you answer me a question?" "Certainly, my boy." "Well, Pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course." "Well, then, Pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?" "There now—that'll do; you can run out and play."

An Irishman, who was recently sentenced to the house of correction at South Boston for a year, was set to work in the blacksmith's shop. He found the labor rather too hard though, and implored Capt. Robbins to change his employment. "Faith, captain," said he, "if I have to work this way for a year, I shall die in less than a fortnight."

VOLUME FIRST.

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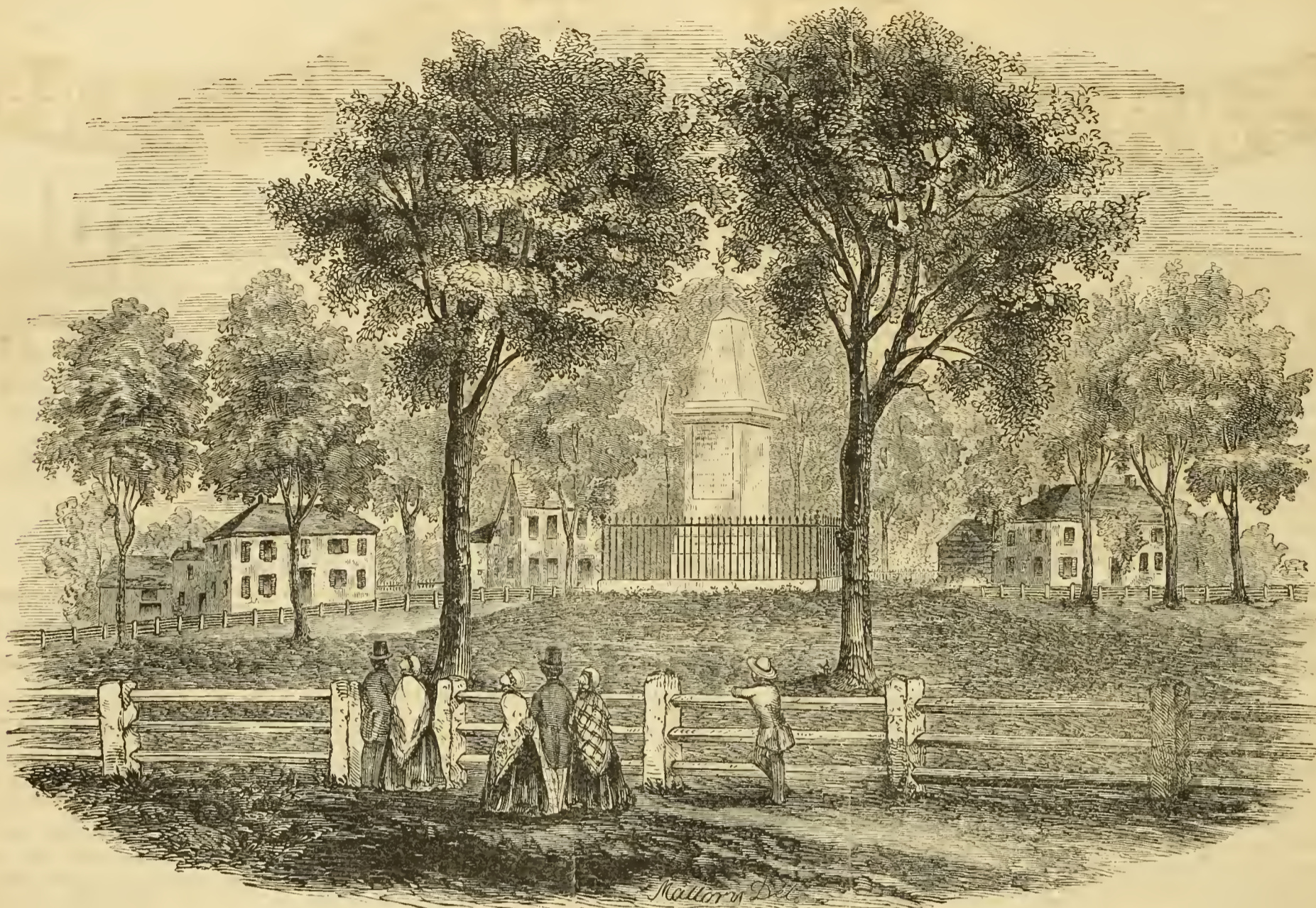
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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE MONUMENT AND BATTLE-GROUND, AT LEXINGTON, MASS.

[See page 301, for description.]

A PLANTATION SCENE.

Below we give our readers a birds-eye view of an interesting locality—a Louisiana Sugar Plantation scene, on the banks of the Mississippi. It is a very artistic and beautiful drawing. In the

foreground is seen one of the peculiar flat boats that navigate the Father of Waters. The planter's house and office represent those of a sugar estate. Louisiana produces nearly 200,000 hogsheads of sugar annually. The planters here en-

joy nearly all the advantages of the tropics, raising cotton, oranges, lemons, grapes, melons, tobacco, rice, maize, sweet potatoes, figs, &c., &c. Many of these establishments along the river's banks present a most classical and beautiful ap-

pearance, and are the delight of the passengers who ascend and descend the river in the leviathan and magnificent steamers of the Mississippi. The scenery on the river is altogether of a highly picturesque character.



A PLANTER'S HOUSE AND SUGAR PLANTATION, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

\$2 00 PER VOLUME. } NO. 20.—VOL. II.
10 CTS. SINGLE COPY.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

The object of the Japan Expedition is already pretty well understood by the public, its main features being to establish between this country and Japan a sort of commercial treaty for the benefit of both nations in the matter of maritime trade, and also to impress that strange and peculiar people with a degree of respect for our people and laws. These objects gained, such an expedition, however costly, would richly repay our government for the outlay; and our merchantmen and whalers, sometimes driven by storms and stress of weather upon these now inhospitable shores, would be rendered safe as it regards life and property. We subjoin herewith the list of the fleet which our artist has

sketched with scrupulous exactness. On the last page of the present number, the flag ship of the expedition may be found, also beautifully and accurately drawn by our artist. The following is the list of the squadron:—Steamer Mississippi, flag ship, Capt. McCluney, having on board Com. Perry, commander of the fleet—steam frigate Susquehanna, Capt. Buchanan—steamer Princeton, Commander Sydney Smith Lee—sloop of war St. Mary's, Commander Geo. A. McGruder—sloop of war Plymouth, Commander John Kelly—sloop of war Saratoga, Commander Wm. L. Walker—brig of war Perry, Lieut. Fairfax—store ship Supply, Lieut. Arthur St. Clair. The Susquehanna, Plymouth and Saratoga are already afloat on the Pacific Ocean,

waiting the arrival of the rest of the squadron. The St. Mary's is now on her way to Japan, having on board the Japanese sailors, and on reaching Japan, will await the arrival of the fleet. It is proposed that the remainder of the squadron get under weigh during the present month. The object of the expedition, as officially announced, is to effect a landing at Jeddo, the capital, at all hazards, and also to make explorations on shore, and leave no efforts untried to open commercial intercourse with that long-sealed people—the fleet to be absent about eighteen months. Ineffectual attempts have been made by the Portuguese, the Russians, the French, the English, and the Americans, to open trade with Japan, but never with success; and

so far do they carry the matter of exclusion, that the vessels of foreign nations are not even allowed to anchor in the Japanese ports. The empire of Japan is said to include 3850 islands (including uninhabitable rocks), which embrace a territory of 122,720 square miles, and the population is estimated at thirty millions. The territories of the empire, including the whole Archipelago of islands, extend from thirty to forty-one degrees of north latitude, and from 129 to 143 east longitude. The temperature is said to be very uniform—the thermometer in summer never rising above ninety degrees, or falling in winter below thirty-five degrees. Japan is called by the natives Nippon.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 320.



SUSQUEHANNAH.

SARATOGA.

ST MARY'S.

SUPPLY.

PLYMOUTH.

PERRY.

MISSISSIPPI.

PRINCETON.

VIEW OF THE VESSELS COMPOSING THE JAPANESE SQUADRON.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
 —OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.
 A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

While lying there, her busy imagination conjured up strange sounds, which probably had no foundation save in her own brain. She imagined she heard light footsteps in the room, walking around and about her, the respiration of a human being near her, and sighing and sobbing like one in distress.

Wearied out at length with her own wild phantasies, she sunk into a sound sleep. She was awakened late in the morning by Conly, who was vainly endeavoring to gain admittance.

Upon informing her that he came to bring her food, she unfastened the door and allowed him to enter. He sat down what he had brought, and at the earnest request of Isadore took away the iron lamp to replenish it with oil, in order that she might not be left again in darkness on the following night.

She partook sparingly of the refreshment which had been brought by Conly, and then sat down to read the manuscript. It was soon evident that it was written at different periods, without much coherency, and under some strong excitement of feeling. There were often blanks where there should have been names. It commenced thus:

"He has taken me from my people; he has educated, clothed, and cared for me. What should I have been without him? I ask myself this question many times in a day, and shudder at the answer which comes up from the depths of my own soul. Alas! I should have been what those swarthy people are—a vagrant, a homeless girl, a shameless creature, a wretched wanderer up and down the hills and valleys. Right and wrong would have been confounded together, and I should not have been able to distinguish the one from the other. * * *

"I saw some of my people to-day; they were tramping over the moor. I knew one of them, and I turned away, trembling in every limb. * * * I can read and write, and religious truths have been taught me. I owe it all to him! And why should I not love him? Why should not my heart beat faster when I hear his footstep on the stairs? Is it a sin to love those who are kind to us? * * *

"The abbess tells me I am handsome. I did not believe it until — told me so. Yesterday he praised me, and I was happy. He little suspects the interest with which I hang upon every word he utters. * * * He comes oftener than usual to see me. And sometimes he talks strangely. What can he mean? I dare not flatter myself that he loves me; that would be too absurd. * * * What have I heard? Be still, my heart; beat less wildly! The lord of — loves me; I heard it from his own lips. This happiness cannot last. * * *

"He tells me that I must keep all this a secret. The abbess must not know it. Of course I shall be very guarded in my actions. * * * The monks look at me until I blush, when I meet them at the chapel. He tells me it is because I am so fair. Some of the nuns are spiteful towards me. Perhaps they have divined my secret. * * * I have met my protector again. I have not denied that I love him. I fear that it is dangerous to see him. The difference in rank is great—insurmountable; why then should we meet? His language frightens me; and yet he is eloquent. How sweetly he discourses of black eyes, glossy ringlets, and a face as fair as the virgin's, and applies it all to me. Weak girl that I am! I listen with inexpressible delight to his words. * * * I shall

sleep no more the sleep of innocence and peace. My soul is darkened with the remembrance of a crime—the crime of loving one above my station. The mirror of my heart is sullied with the breath of an earthly love, when I should love only God and the saints. No more sweet dreams; no more fair hopes in the future. Would that I had never been taken from my people; that — were with me; but no, she would kill me. * * *

"The lord of — is touched with my grief—moved to compassion by my tears. He promises to wed me. We are to be privately married; I see a little gleam of happiness in the future; visions of hope are again springing up in my heart. * * *

"We are wedded. Two witnesses were present. I am indeed blest beyond my deserts. To be the wife of —! Is it not some delightful illusion? He warns me to be careful and not divulge the secret. I wonder why he does not take me to the castle and make me its mistress. What has he to fear? Is he not rich and powerful? But doubtless he knows what is best. * * *

"Occasionally a dark cloud steals over my spirit. I cannot forget my people. They are dear to me still. My heart leaps at the mention of their name; but I fear them; for I have set at defiance their laws, and my life is forfeit to them. * * * The worst has come—all has been discovered. The abbess is dreadfully angry, and I am a prisoner in this room. Heaven alone knows what fate is in reserve for me. O for strength to bear my sorrows. * * *

"Where is —? Why does he not come to me? Why does he not confront the abbess boldly, and tell her I am his wife, lawfully wedded. A word from him would free me from this degradation, and yet he will not speak it. Who will receive and protect this germ of life that I bear in my bosom? I am watched. A dark cloud settles upon my spirit. Suspicions that make me miserable have taken possession of my mind. Where shall I seek rest—where find a place for my woes? I hear a still small voice speaking softly to my soul, and it says, 'In the grave.' And so young—to die so young! The abbess does not relent. No pity, no gentle words, no mercy, no one to love and visit me in my illness. He does not come to me, and I cannot escape from this prison. The abbess has taken away my child, and I know not what has been done with it. How happy to be with my people again and at liberty. I could sleep more peacefully beneath the green hedge-rows. * * * I must try to escape. I must search the room for secret springs and panels. I have heard there are such in the monastery. * * *

When Isadore had reached this portion of the manuscript, she heard footsteps, and hastily returned it to its place. The intruder proved to be Conly, who returned with the lamp. Dreading to learn the fate of the unknown nun, lest it should add to the dreariness of her own situation, she did not read any more of the strange history during the day.

CHAPTER V.

HARDWICK—DUNALSTEIN AND HEPSEY.

HEPSEY HERNE was sitting solitary in her tent. Cora had started for the castle of Dunalstein about two hours before.

"The charm works well," said the hag to herself. "If the angel of the hour has been propi-

tious, the language of the stars, and the prophecy of the spirits of air, of fire, and of water is in a measure fulfilled. All my scheming and planning, all my sleepless nights, all my invocations will be rewarded; for

That which *seems* to be, is not,
 And that which *was* shall be forgot.

Weak, but fair—loving, but unfit for our trade! Well, let it be so. Who speaks of pity? There is no such word with Hepsy Herne; the meaning is strange to her; her old heart knows it not. Let steel melt like ice, and the hard rocks be dissolved like salt, and then will the soul of the wise woman respond to the soft calls of compassion."

Hepsy paused and looked fixedly at the fire, upon which various strange looking unguents were smoking. She stirred them with a small iron rod, and cast into the crucibles some dark powders, which caused the contents to hiss and bubble, and produced a profuse suffumigation. She went on with her soliloquy.

"I shall triumph! I shall see him crushed, bruised, overwhelmed with grief and shame! Then I will scorn him, and laugh in bitter mockery of his doom.

This riddle read, it shall be plain
 That gain is loss, and loss is gain.

But they are not wise—they cannot read it, though it contains the secret of a life. No, no, no!" The sorceress stirred the unguents again, and laughed until she was hoarse. Her unearthly merriment was interrupted by the entry of the lord of Hardwick.

"How now, hag!" he exclaimed. "What do you see to laugh at?"

"What do I see! Ha! ha! I see, lord of Hardwick, what you never can see till you go to your own place—down *there*!" Hepsy pointed at the earth with her finger.

"To my own place?" repeated Hardwick.

"Ay! down to—"

"Perdition," added Hardwick, with a sneer.

"True, *very* true!" said the hag. "I knew it long ago."

"And how did you know it, tawny mother?"

"I see forms and faces in empty air, where you see nothing. I hear voices and whisperings, and learn wisdom, where you would hear no sounds. I mark the signs of the times. I know the omens of good and evil. I regard times and seasons, and seize upon propitious moments. I am the mistress of a terrible art. I am what you can never be."

Hardwick drew back in awe.

"But you cannot understand me. Speak, Hardwick, and tell me what you want."

"Some of your devilry," he replied, breathing more freely.

"If report speaks truth, you've enough of your own," said Hepsy, sarcastically.

"I desire a medicament, in which lies hidden the spirit of some sleepy deity," resumed Hardwick.

"*Demon*, not deity," muttered the sorceress.

"Mind you, tawny mother, that I do not wish a mixture in which there is death, but in which there is the genius of sleep."

"I have it," said Hepsy.

"And will the person who has swallowed this drug remain conscious?" asked Hardwick.

"Ay, perfectly conscious. And more: her consciousness will be rendered doubly acute. She will know all that transpires, and hear and comprehend all that is said."

"And still be powerless?"

"As a child; not be able to move a finger.

"But it fills the mind of the subject—"

"With unutterable horror."

"That is bad. Can you not make some addition to this drug so that it will awaken emotions less terrible?"

"Impossible; or if I could, it would cost a great price: for it could only be produced by arts which I dare not mention."

"I care nothing for the cost."

"Who is it for?"

"For one you never saw—one who hates you and your people."

"Does she live near?"

"No, far away towards London. She is proud, scornful and wayward. I would humble her—make her my wife without consulting her inclinations."

"I understand; you would finish the measure of your iniquities before you go down, *down* to your own place."

"The drug, tawny mother, the drug."

"Here it is; it was concocted at midnight, on a lonely moor, where felons are buried. The

three elements combined to make it powerful, and seven of the twelve signs were favorable. It is worth much gold, and can be had only for gold; for it is thus ordered by the genius of the charm. Mingle but three drops with wine or water, and the effect is sure. The limbs will cease to obey the commands of the will; but the cheek will not lose its color; the heart will beat, and the blood will flow on, and none of the senses will be locked up. The volitions only, will be controlled by the power of the drug."

Hardwick caught the vial containing the mixture with trembling eagerness, and put gold pieces into the palm of Hepsy Herne.

"Let Heaven judge between us, whose place will be deepest in the pit; she who prepares, or he who gives!" cried the witch, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Settle the matter to suit yourself, tawny mother; it is nothing to me; I pay for what I get. You are sure this will work?"

"It cannot fail. When you have tried its virtues, come to me again. Now begone; away out of my sight! I wish to look upon you no longer. You bring too many evil spirits with you. Ha! ha!"

"Frantic hag!" muttered Hardwick, and concealing the precious drug about his person, he left the tent of the sorceress.

For several hours the latter was busy with the unguents that were simmering over the fire. She was repeating a great deal of unintelligible jargon over the crucibles, when Dunalstein unexpectedly made his appearance.

"Are you here?" asked Hepsy, looking up in surprise.

"It is none other," was the reply.

"Have you seen Cora?" she asked, earnestly.

"I met her on the road far beyond the castle."

"Then she has disobeyed my commands. Did you suffer her to pass on?"

"I did," replied Dunalstein, calmly.

"You have done wrong!" exclaimed the hag, in a furious passion. "You should have brought her back and restored her to me. You have mocked with unmeaning words."

"Woman," said Dunalstein, solemnly, "the sight of that friendless girl recalls reminiscences which I wish to banish. I do not see her without emotions of which you can know nothing. I abandon forever my former purpose! See! I am advancing in life. Already there are gray hairs upon my temples. The thought of taking one so young, whose associations, tastes, and habits are so different, and whose rank is so much below my own, and of making her my wife, was foolish and almost wicked. I will pursue the phantom no longer. When I saw her with you, so fair and so innocent, I said to myself, I will snatch her from her lowly condition; I will educate, clothe, and care for her; I will elevate her to a level with myself—I will make her happy for life. People who formerly knew her shall forget her humble origin, and that she was the daughter of one like you."

"And why do you draw back? Why do you shrink from the noble thought which stimulated you to a resolution so worthy of you?"

"Because I have seen her and talked with her. The past rises up in my heart when I see her, and something whispers in my ear, 'Beware—abandon your design—it is not pleasing in the sight of Heaven.'"

"Weak and changeable man! It is thus that your philanthropy is scattered to the four winds!" cried the hag, wildly. "She is fair as the greatest lady in the land, and as for education, she can already read and write."

"If you feel the interest in this maiden which you pretend to feel, why is it that you treat her with such severity? Why does she bear upon her person the marks of your cruelty? Before Heaven, I believe you hate her with an intense hatred. Strange woman! You are playing some deep game which I cannot understand."

"I know that I am wild sometimes, and frantic; but it is anxiety for her that makes me so," said the hag, in a whining voice.

"Why then do you presume to insult and degrade her with a blow?"

"There are times when I am mad," replied Hepsy, calling all her cunning to her aid. "Tis then that I ill use her; but I shed an hundred tears for every blow, when I come to myself and find what I have done."

"Is this true?" asked Dunalstein.

"Yes, I swear it by all the unseen agencies which do my bidding when my witch cauldron is seething upon the fire at midnight. O, I fear I shall kill her some day in my madness! This

is why I wish you to take her and care for her, and make her your wife."

"I would I could read your heart," said Dunalstein, thoughtfully.

"You are a good and noble lord," added Hepsey, with a fawning air. "I will prepare a charm for you, which shall protect you against all evil. Think of my child when you go home. Do not let her suffer, when the power of the evil spirit is upon her poor crazed mother."

"I will think of your words," replied Dunalstein, turning away.

"How shall I recover this poor girl, my lord?" asked Hepsey, concealing as much as possible the hidden malice that rankled in her heart.

"Let one of your young men mount a horse and ride after her. In a few hours she may be found and brought back to you. I will also take some pains to learn the place of her flight."

"Then away with you," said Hepsey. "I will go and send Joseph Abershaw after her."

Dunalstein carried no longer, but walked towards the castle. The hag watched him as he ascended the hill.

"I'll trust none of ye!" she exclaimed. "I'll take my stick and tramp after her myself. She shall smart—she shall suffer for this. I can walk yet as fast as the best of our men; my strength is not abated. I will speak to Abershaw, and then I will take to the roads, and tramp till I find her, be it for a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, or a dozen years."

Joseph Abershaw was soon found, and though he had but little relish for the business proposed to him by Hepsey, he disguised his real feelings, mounted his horse and left the encampment.

Hepsey Herne took her stick, and shortly after his return to the castle, Dunalstein saw her tall figure moving swiftly in the direction which Cora had taken. We cannot divine the thoughts that passed through his mind as he looked on the strange woman. Perhaps some dim shadow of the future fell upon his spirit; perhaps he heard a warning voice breathed by his better angel; perhaps he thought of Cora; be it as it may, he turned from Hepsey Herne with a shudder, and ceased to gaze after her.

It was now near dark. Dunalstein threw himself into a chair and rang the bell. A stout serving man appeared in answer to the summons. His age was probably somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years. Jemmy Jacques was one of those persons but too often found, possessed of one idea, and one only. He was a believer in the *hermetic* art, signs, omens, wonders, and dreams. By some means he had obtained some of the writings of Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, Zoroaster, Hermes, and Artemidoras the dreamer.

How he had procured these rare works was a mystery, but doubtless by extraordinary effort. Jacques was rather too close a student to be a very useful servant; yet some of his peculiarities and eccentricities were so laughable, that Dunalstein kept him in his service partly as a curiosity, and would have been loth to part with him, notwithstanding his patience was often severely tried.

"Jacques," said Dunalstein, "when I ring the bell, it's a sign that I want you, and you must stir yourself as though you had some life in you. And hark you, fellow! if I see any more of those confounded books in your hands, I'll discharge you. What have you got there?"

"It's a werry profound book by Artemidoras the dreamer. You see, master, that I fell asleep about an hour ago, and had a werry remarkable dream."

"I'd like to catch you asleep in the day time, scoundrel. I'd give you something to remember, sir!" exclaimed Dunalstein.

"It appears, according to Artemidoras (sixteenth page, second volume), that to dream of falling up stairs is a sure sign of sunthin' as is a goin' to happen."

"Of being kicked down stairs by your master, perhaps."

"No; but a sign of some great calamity involving several individuals."

"Bah!" said Dunalstein, impatiently.

"To dream of pickin' your teeth with a poker or bayonet," continued Jacques, reading from the book, "signifies unexpected reverses, and strange discoveries, calculated to startle the mind. To dream of—"

"Stop your nonsense," said Dunalstein. "Where's your mistress?"

"To dream of goin' to sea in a tub, is also unpropitious; for it signifies plainly and beyond dispute, that the dreamer is not prepared for what will take place."

"Will you throw that book out of the window and call your mistress?" added Dunalstein, emphatically.

"Accordin' to Trismegistus, Albertus Magnus, Bacon and others, much can be learned by signs and omens, and by observing times and seasons."

"Jacques, go for your mistress, or I'll break your head!" exclaimed Dunalstein, completely provoked.

"Did you speak, master?"

"Speak! I've been speaking this half hour, you blockhead! Request Isadore to come to me."

"She's out—went two hours ago afoot and alone. It seems that Dr. Dee was quite an adept in the hermetic art, and werry skilful in magic. Accordin' to—"

"Put up that book, or by all the saints in the calendar, I'll beat you till I beat some sense into you. Go and see if Isadore has returned, and come back directly and tell me whether she has or has not."

Dunalstein assumed a threatening attitude, and Jacques slowly left the room. He made his appearance after the lapse of ten minutes, saying that Isadore was not in the castle.

"It is now dark," said his master, "and it is not usual for her to be out after this hour, unattended. Bring me some wine, Jacques."

"To dream—"

"Wine, Jem!"

"Fourth page, first volume—"

"Confound you, go!"

"Yes, master."

The wine was placed before Dunalstein, and Jacques was ordered to be on the alert and inform him of the fact, as soon as his daughter returned. Three quarters of an hour passed, and Jacques did not reappear. Dunalstein grew uneasy and rang again. To his alarm Isadore had not returned. He sent immediately for her maid, but she could give him no information on the subject. She only knew that her mistress left the castle three hours ago; since that time she had not seen her.

Dunalstein ordered the servants to be sent in every direction in search of Isadore; and his fears for her safety momentarily increased.

"I knew there would be reverses," said Jacques.

"Go and saddle Hunter," said his master.

"Such books are invaluable treasures; they tell us what to expect," added Jacques.

"Do they tell you to expect anything like that!" exclaimed the exasperated Dunalstein, dealing him a blow upon the ear.

"They tells us to expect reverses," said Jacques, rubbing the side of his head with philosophical patience.

"Saddle Hunter instantly!" The horse was saddled in due time and led into the court. While Dunalstein was in the act of mounting, Hardwick rode up to the castle.

"Have you seen Isadore?" asked the former, anxiously.

"Not to day. That is my business here now. Is she not within?"

"She is not. She left the castle some three hours since, and has not returned. I am seriously alarmed for her safety. I am going to search for her."

"I will go with you. Which direction did she take?"

"I cannot learn. One of the servants says she went towards Forest Hill, and another asserts that he saw her walking in the direction of the oak dingle."

"I'll go in and go to sleep, and see what I can dream," said Jacques.

"You had better bestir yourself to find your mistress," said Hardwick, angrily. Dunalstein and his friend put spurs to their horses and rode away at a smart trot.

"I knew there would be reverses," muttered Jacques, as he walked slowly across the court, meditating on the profound wisdom of Artemidoras.

"We had better separate," said Dunalstein, after they had ridden a short distance.

"It is well thought of," replied Hardwick. "I will ride towards the oak dingle, and you had better go to Forest Hill; it is a favorite resort of hers. It is somewhat odd that Isadore will visit such a place. The country is full of vagrants, vagabonds and trampers. I saw her talking quite familiarly the other day with a *Romany chab* (gipsy fellow). If I had my way, I'd whip the whole of them out of the country."

"I should hardly have the heart to do that," observed Dunalstein.

"Nonsense, my lord! I would worry them with dogs; I would hang them up like pirates; the oak trees should groan and bend beneath their weight."

"You like them not, my lord of Hardwick."

"There is nothing I hold in half the abhorrence. Just think, if you please, of their vagabond habits. Why, they will steal the hat off your head, your coat off your back, your purse from your hand, your watch from your pocket. And their thousand and one tricks! And their assurance! Their bare-faced impudence also!" By the way, I now recollect seeing a suspicious looking fellow lurking about the castle. Let me see; it was not long ago that I saw him follow her nearly to your own gate."

"This must be looked to; but let us not waste time. I will ride to Forest Hill with all speed. If you gain any intelligence of Isadore, await me at the castle."

Hardwick rode away at a rapid rate for a short distance. When he could no longer hear the sound of Dunalstein's horse's feet clattering upon the flinty rocks, he slackened his speed and permitted his steed to go at his own pace.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HORSEMAN—THE MONK.

JACK LYND walked towards Glenburn, stimulated, as the reader is aware, by a very praiseworthy motive. As he pursued his way, he could not help thinking of the lonely and unhappy girl he had befriended.

"She is so fair," said Jack, "so meek and so trusting, that I'll be stunned if I can help liking her. Then she has such a taking way of looking up into one's eyes, that it makes one feel queer like—jest as though he wanted to be her dog, or her servant, so as to be allers near her. And she was so glad and looked so happy when I told her I would be her friend; jest as though she never had a friend in all her life! If my eyes didn't feel as though there was goin' to be a shower, they never felt watery since I set on my mother's knee. Yes, I'll do it; I'll be her fightin' man, and a reg'lar father to her. I know I can find some spot of airth where nobody can find us; and if anybody meddles or makes, let 'em look out for stunners."

As Jack finished his soliloquy, he shook his fist energetically, and appeared happier for it. He was going on at a very fast walk, filled with reflections of a similar nature to those to which he had given utterance, when he was overtaken by a man on horseback. The rider was a person in the prime of life. He rode with a careless grace which bespoke the accomplished horseman. The animal which he bestrode was black as jet, and of extraordinary size. The horseman was dressed in black. His face was by no means an ordinary one, but strongly marked and expressive.

"Is this the road to Glenburn?" he asked.

"If anybody tells you it isn't, you'd better not believe 'em," said Jack.

"How far might it be?" continued the horseman, eyeing the pedestrian closely.

"Jest what it is; no more nor no less," replied Jack.

"A dozen miles, perhaps," said the horseman, with a smile.

"Thereabouts," answered Jack.

"You're a stont built, active looking fellow," remarked the stranger, good naturedly.

"I'm jest as nature formed me," Jack rejoined.

"Certainly; quite right; you couldn't be otherwise. What's your calling, if I may be so bold?" added the stranger, with much *nonchalance*.

"Do you see these here things?" asked Jack Lynd, holding up his two large fists.

"Very distinctly," replied the horseman. "They resemble two hands doubled up, which make two fists."

"Them are the roots and branches of my profession, sir; them constitute my stock in trade; and if you want to negotiate an exchange, you can do it on the spot."

"Rather in the bruising line," remarked the stranger, with the same *sang froid* that had characterized him from the first.

"Where are you going now?"

"Did you ever have a reg'lar stunner?" asked Jack, squinting at the horseman in a very curious manner.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," was the careless reply.

"You're in a fair way to get one."

"What is your name?"

Jack Lynd doubled his fist, but a peculiar twinkle in the stranger's eye prevented him from striking.

"Here's yer chance to make brass kettles," he muttered. A sudden thought occurred to him. "Where are you from? where are you goin'? what's your name? what's your business? how old are you?" he asked.

The stranger laughed. "I'll be more courteous than you, my friend. I am from no where in particular, and have no particular business. Sometimes I am called by one name, and sometimes by another. You can call me Raymond, if you choose. As to my age, I have forgotten it. There, I have answered all your questions."

"You seem to be nobody in particular," said Jack. "But it's quite a different thing with me. I am jest the reverse; it's a word and a blow, and the blow comes first. It's my natur, and I advise you to govern yourself accordingly."

"I like such a disposition as that," replied the stranger. "What is a man good for who is not handy with his mawlers? Come, be good natured; take a drink from my bottle."

Jack Lynd could not find it in his heart to resist such an invitation. After drinking he grew more companionable, and walked on by the side of Raymond, talking quite familiarly. His pleasing and easy manners soon dispelled all Jack's uneasiness, and he grew confidential. Before they had gone many miles, Raymond knew the object of his journey, and had a very good knowledge of his character.

"You listened by a hedge and heard the robbers planning this robbery, I think you said," remarked Raymond.

"A rayther different kind of person from what I am heered it," rejoined Jack.

"A man you could rely upon, probably?"

"I never said it was a man, sir. It was one as you don't know nothin' about; a pretty, innocent girl, as aint got no friends, and nobody to care for her."

"Nobody to care for her," repeated Raymond, musingly.

"Not a soul, except me," said Jack.

"And you care for her?"

"I'll fight for her as long as I can swing my mawlers."

"And who cares for you?"

"Not a soul on airth."

Raymond made no reply, but rode on lost in thought.

"You have no trade, no calling, no profession?" he added, at length.

"Knockin' and stunnin' is my trade, calling, and perfession," responded Jack.

"And yet you contrive to live?"

"I live when I can find a little sunthin' to do in my line; but I only *stay* when I can't. You'd put me under a werry great obligation, sir, if you'd only jest get off and exchange a few knocks with me."

Raymond smilingly declined the honor.

"I shall reach Glenburn castle long before you do," he observed, "and I will save you the trouble of going there. I will call and inform the lord of Glenburn of the intended robbery."

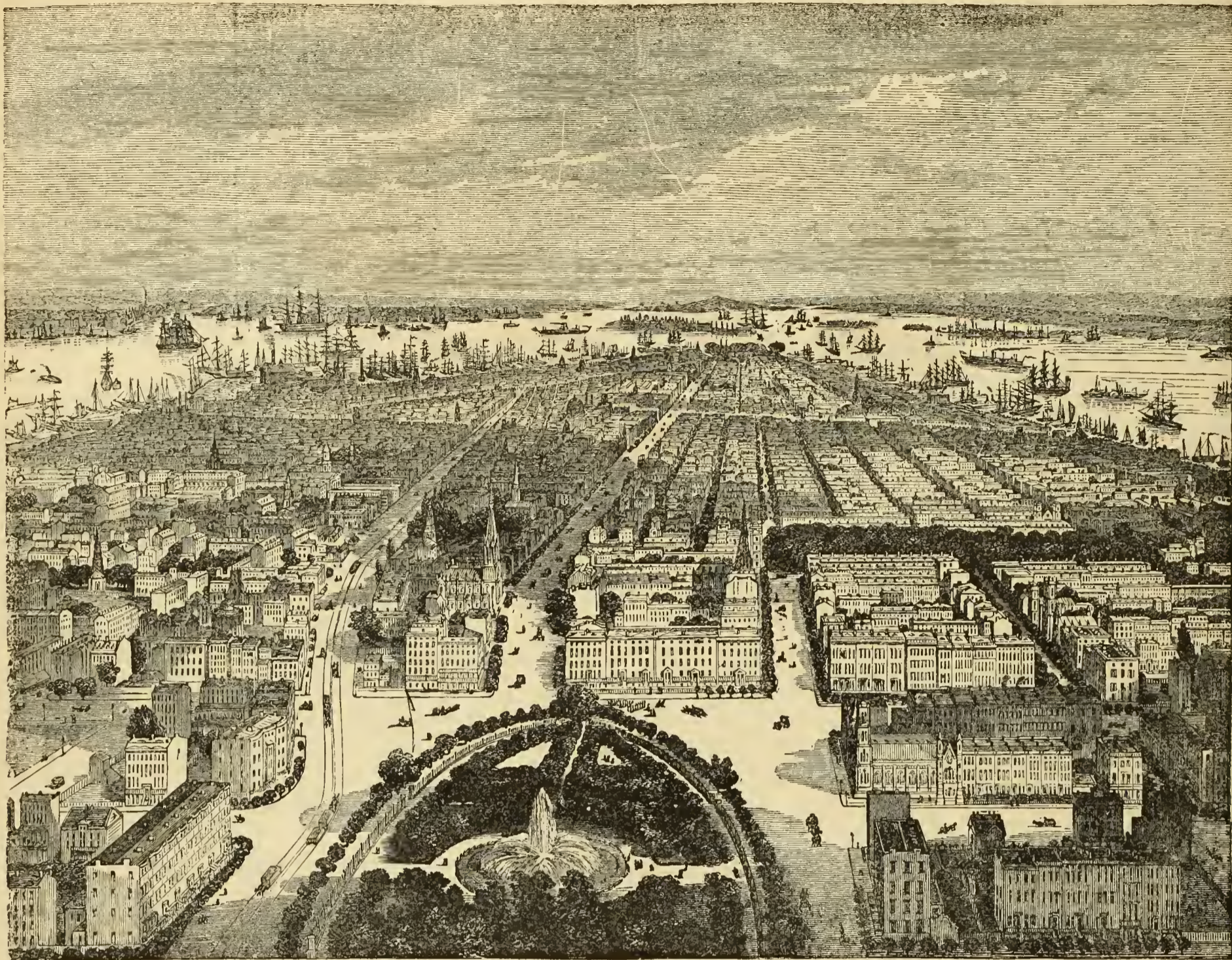
Without waiting to hear Jack's reply, Raymond touched his black steed lightly with the spur, and swept away like the wind, leaping hedges and ditches in a manner that was wonderful. Jack Lynd stood still and gazed after him as he dashed on like a tornado.

"Yes," he said to himself, "sure enough, he will reach Glenburn before I do, if he keeps on at that pace. He rides like a madman, or a gipsy. Why should I go further? He will warn Glenburn, and, as he said, save me the trouble. There is nothing to hinder me from going back to the monastery."

Jack turned to retrace his steps; as he did so, Raymond arose in his stirrups and looked back. The former walked some distance in the opposite direction; but he did not feel at ease. There was an inward monitor within him that told him he was doing wrong. Beside, he began to experience strange sensations. His head whirled with dizziness; a dimness crept over his eyes; his limbs grew weak and trembled, and he felt a deadly faintness at the stomach. He saw a green meadow with a brook running through it, and staggering towards it, he sat down upon the grass.

"I'm gone for!" he exclaimed. "I shan't never use these here things no more," he added, looking at his fists. "I'm full of pison. Yes, I'm goin'; but if I could only have a bit of skirmage afore I close up my airthly course, it would kind o' smooth down the roughness of the road."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

The accompanying sketch represents the city of Galveston, Texas, one of the most important of the cities of this great State. Texas is spoken of as greatly varying in its scenery; the climate is delightful and salubrious; the prairies extremely vast, but plentifully supplied with immense flocks of wild animals and wandering Indians, who, notwithstanding the attempts to civilize them, still retain many of their primitive qualities in life and manners. Texas is amply supplied with fruits and garden products. The climate of the lowlands is too warm for the apple, but almost every other fruit of temperate climates comes to perfection. Peaches, melons, figs, oranges, lemons, pineapples, dates, olives, &c., may be grown in different localities with little cost. Grapes are abundant; and being free from the "foxy" flavor common to the grapes of most parts of America, very tolerable wine has been made from them. Vanilla, indigo, sarsaparilla, and a large variety of dyeing and medicinal shrubs and plants are indigenous; and on all the river-bottoms is an undergrowth of cane, so thick as to be almost impervious. Along the water-courses also, and near the sea, the larger trees are sometimes wreathed with Spanish moss, which serves both for fodder and for the manufacture of cheap bedding, &c. The flora of Texas is peculiarly rich and copious. Cotton is the great agricultural staple of the State, and it is affirmed, and perhaps truly, that it is very decidedly superior, as a cotton-growing country, to the other districts in the United States; producing a greater quantity of cotton per acre, and of a longer and finer staple. The best of the long-stapled cotton is produced in the low alluvial soils, and the short-stapled on the rolling or undulating lands. According to Mr. Iken, whose statements, however, we do not presume to guarantee, the advantage of the cotton planter in Texas over the

planter in the other States consists in the following particulars: "He has cheaper land, a larger crop, a better staple, an earlier season to plant, and therefore to pick; likewise a longer season for the latter precarious operation prior to the rains and frosts doing injury; by the superior facilities for raising stock, he can feed his laborers about 50 per cent cheaper than in the other States." Cotton planting begins in February, and picking in June. The latter employment is an easy and profitable occupation for women and children. Texas cotton has been for several years past shipped direct to Liverpool in British bottoms. The grains chiefly cul-

tivated are maize and wheat. The average crop of the former, on good ground, is from 50 to 60 bushels per acre; but 75 bushels are said to be frequently obtained, and two crops may be gathered in the year, the first being usually planted in February, and the second late in June. Rye, barley, oats, &c., are suited to the upper country, and rice near the river estuaries; but small quantities only of these grains have hitherto been raised. The sugar-cane is also said to attain to greater perfection than on the Mississippi; and Mr. Kennedy states that the produce on a small plantation, despite the waste arising from very imperfect machinery, has averaged about

3500 lbs. to the acre. The mulberry grows vigorously, and the experiment of raising silkworms has already, we are assured, been successful; and common and sweet potatoes are said, like everything else in this fortunate land, to attain to perfection! The rearing of live stock has, however, been long the principal and favorite occupation of the Texas settlers, and many of the prairies are covered with a valuable breed of oxen, which scarcely require, and certainly do not receive, much more care or attention than the prairie deer. Vast herds of buffaloes and wild horses wander over the prairies, and deer are everywhere abundant. Bears, congars, panthers, peccaries, wolves, foxes, raccoons, &c., are common; and most of the planters are obliged to keep packs of large and powerful dogs to prevent the destruction of their stock. Most of the birds known in the other States are common in Texas, and the bays, &c., abound with fish of excellent quality, beds of good oysters, and other testacea. Alligators of 16 feet in length are sometimes met with in the rivers, particularly Red river and its tributaries; turtles, tortoises, &c., in the estuaries. There are several venomous serpents, and, as in all other warm countries, mosquitoes and other insect plagues are common. In many parts of the rolling prairie region, coal of a superior quality and iron ore have been found; and it has been supposed, that beds of these valuable minerals extend over a great part of the country. Silver mines were wrought towards Santa Fe, in the northwest, till the works were destroyed by the Comanche Indians. Nitre abounds in the east; salt is obtained from numerous lakes and springs; and bitumen in several places. Granite, limestone, gypsum, &c., are abundant, except in the low alluvial region. The geographical position of Texas is eminently favorable to the growth and extension of commerce, and its rivers render access from the interior to the coast easy.



VIEW OF GALVESTON, TEXAS.

HONG KONG, CHINA.

Week before last we gave a series of Chinese pictures, which were much liked, and herewith we present a picture of the city of Hong Kong, China. There is no more peculiar nation on earth than the rat-eating, tea-drinking, pig-tailed inhabitants of this far off country. It is well known that Hong Kong is one of the Chinese ports where Europeans are permitted to reside, and our most reliable information is derived from the foreigners who have thus settled down among them, and studied their character, habits and institutions. Whatever may be the actual antiquity of the Chinese people, no doubt seems now to exist of their having been the authors of what are justly considered in Europe as three of the most important inventions or discoveries of modern times: the art of block-printing, the composition of gunpowder, and the magnetic compass. To these may be added two very remarkable manufactures, of which they were unquestionably the first inventors, those of silk and porcelain. It is curious to contrast inventions of such high utility and importance with the very small progress which the Chinese have made in the sciences, as astronomy, geography, and mathematics, for which they were not ashamed to be indebted to the European missionaries. With regard to the fine arts, the Chinese have not made much progress. In painting, their colors are beautiful, but their perspective is very erroneous. In music, their instruments are numerous, consisting of different species of lutes and guitars, flutes and other wind instruments, an harmonicon of wires, touched with two slender slips of bamboo, bells and pieces of sonorous metal, drums, and a sort of clarinet, which emits as nearly as possible the tones of the Scottish bagpipe. In respect to the mechanical ingenuity of the Chinese people, no nation is without some mementos of their wonderful skill. When, some few years since, what was called the Chinese Collection was on exhibition in England, brought thither in a real Chinese junk, it justly excited the wondering astonishment of the civilized Britons. The Londoners and the visitors to London flocked in thousands to witness the display, and we believe the general tendency of the spectacle was to raise the character of the Chinese in the estimation of those who had before known so little of them. How wonderfully exact were the models of all the manufacturing processes! How life-



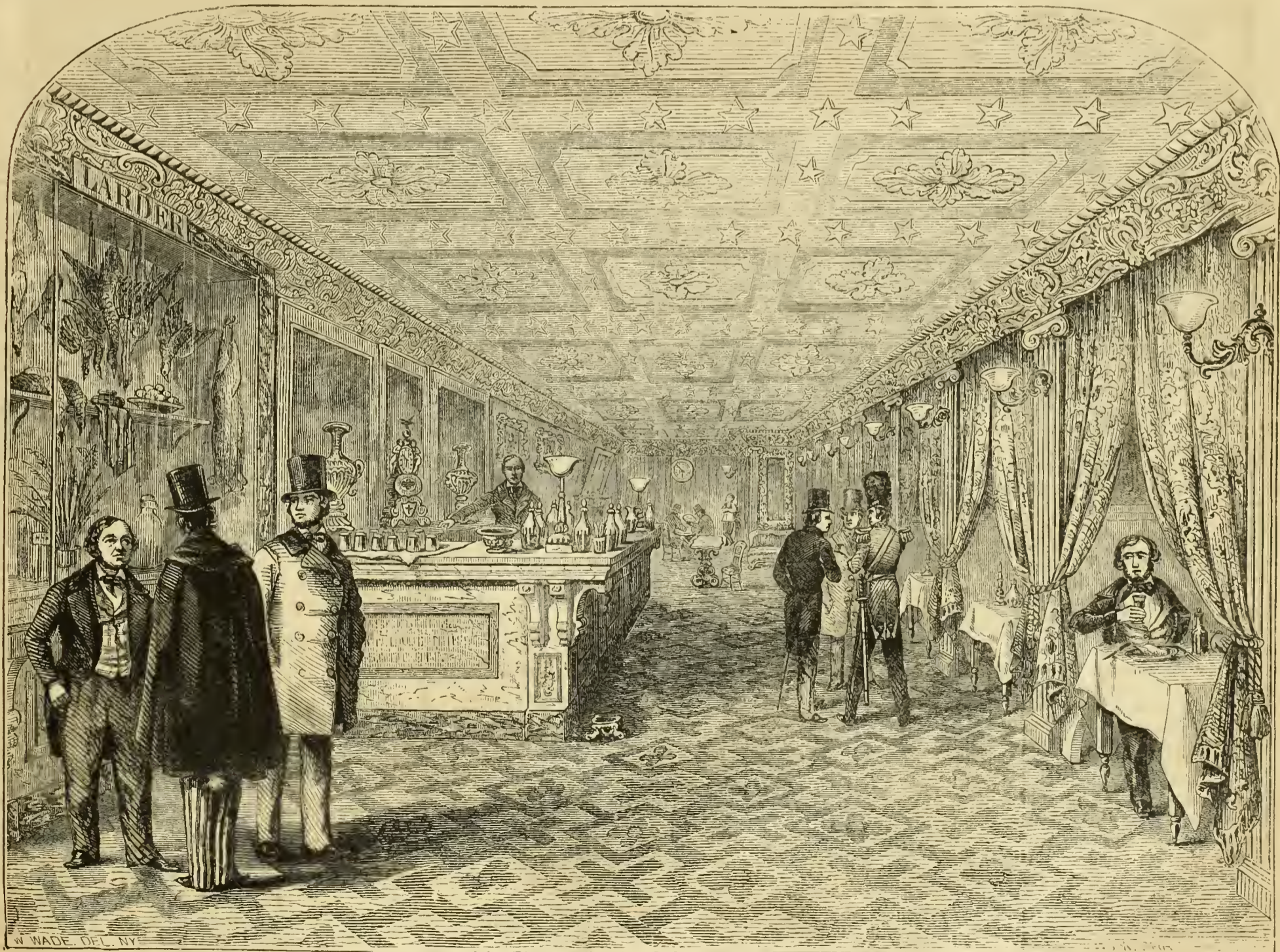
VIEW OF HONG KONG, CHINA.

like were many of the scenes, representing mechanics in their accustomed dresses, pursuing their accustomed avocations, with their accustomed tools, on the accustomed material! The ivory carvings, the inlayings, the turned work, the japan-work, the basket-work, the jewelry, the cutlery, the silks, the cottons, the nankeens, the shoes, the hats, the tools, the implements and instruments, the weapons—all were there, and all gave a most interesting insight into the industrial genius of that remarkable people. As a manufacturing people, the Chinese are highly distinguished; the fabric of porcelain originated entirely with them; and though the forms of their articles will not bear a comparison with those of the classic ages of antiquity again brought into use in modern Europe, the fabric is excellent, and the colors inimitable. The art of spinning silk was also given to the western world by the Chinese; and that light cotton stuff we

call nankeen derives its name from the ancient capital of China. The lacquered ware, though eclipsed by that of Japan, is very beautiful; but it is in the minute arts of carving and inlaying that the Chinese excel. The articles brought here in mother-of-pearl and ivory are too well known to need description. Gunpowder, though a Chinese invention, is manufactured only on a small scale, and is exceedingly bad; which, indeed, could hardly be otherwise, as it is a part of the soldier's employment to make his own gunpowder. Paper is also a Chinese invention, and seems to have been first manufactured A. D. 95. The materials used in making it are very various. It is thin, silky, and very absorbent of ink. Chinese books are printed only on one side the leaf. The government is jealous of everything new; but the people discover no lack of genius to conceive, or of dexterity to execute. Their talent for imitation is well known. Dur-

ing the course of the present century, a Chinese sailor, who went to England in an Indiaman, frequented a manufactory in Southwark where Prussian blue was prepared; and having made himself master of the process, without exciting the suspicion, or attracting the notice of any one, he established, on his return home, a similar work; and so well has it succeeded, that the whole empire is now supplied with native Prussian blue, whereas it was formerly wholly imported.

The Chinese are famous for their industry. Of the immense territory they inhabit, there is scarcely a rood of arable ground that is not assiduously cultivated; and such importance do they attach to agriculture, that once a year the sovereign of the Celestial Empire—so seldom seen in public—exhibits himself holding a plough. But it is the misfortune of the Chinese that their patient, enduring industry is allowed to usurp the place of ingenuity and science. Their farming instruments are of the most primitive kind, their ploughs being inferior to the very worst of ours. Owing to the smallness of the farms, there is no room for the subdivision of employments; and agriculture, as a science, is but little advanced in China. But they accomplish all that can be effected by the most persevering industry. They spare no pains in the collection and preparation of manure, and they are superior to every other people in the irrigating of land. By the aid of chain-pumps, they draw water from the numerous canals and rivers, while the highest mountains are cut into terraces so constructed as to retain the requisite quantity of water, and to allow what is superfluous to pass off; by these means, and a good system of manuring, they are able, in many parts, to produce two crops a year, without intermission. But notwithstanding their remarkable industry and economy, the bulk of the population have usually so little to spare that the failure of a crop never fails to involve them in the extremity of want, and it frequently occasions the death of vast numbers, and the committal of all sorts of outrages. There can, in fact, be no real security for a country at all approaching to the condition of China, unless the food of the people in ordinary circumstances be such as to permit of their retrenching in adverse seasons, and countervailing the deficiency of the crops by increased economy, which, as they are completely without the ability to retrench, they cannot do.



INTERIOR VIEW OF A BROADWAY, NEW YORK, REFRESHMENT SALOON

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A DREAM.

BY PERSA S. LEWIS.

I dream of all things lovely,
Of all things pure and bright;
A thousand forms are flashing
In fancy's magic light.
I dream of a green wildwood,
Where softest breezes blow,
Where gushing waters ripple,
And murmur sweet and low.

I dream of light, free wildbirds,
A light-winged, fairy throng;
Flashing in their wondrous beauty,
Gushing ever forth in song.
A green dell in the forest,
A cottage wreathed with vines;
With green boughs bending o'er it,
And again my spirit pines:

To hear the lulling music,
Of a stream that murmurs there;
Mingling with the gentle wind-tones,
Music through the sunny air.
I dream of some vast mountain,
That lifts its brow of snow,
To mingle with the storm-clouds,
While summer smiles below.

A calm lake, girt with wild rocks,
Or green fields sloping down;
And crystal wavelets washing
Its sands of silvery brown.
A dark and rolling river,
That sweepeth on its way,
Glorious in its solemn grandeur,
Its wild waves wreathed with spray.

I dream of all things lovely,
Of all things pure and bright;
Glorious forms are ever flashing,
In fancy's magic light.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FORWARD FOUR:

—OR—

THE DUPLICATE WEDDING.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

CHAPTER I.

MEXICO was captured! The flag of our Union, with its bright stars and broad folds, floated in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas. The gallant troops, who fought at Buena Vista and at Chapultepec, occupied the proud palaces left by those whose ancestors had served under Fernando Cortez!

Captain Stuart, who is thus first introduced to our readers, was one of the bravest officers in the brigade of volunteers, commanded by the impetuous Quitman, and was among the foremost who scaled the castled crags of Chapultepec. But at the time when our story commences—about a fortnight after the Americans marched into Mexico—the gallant volunteer found himself rather unpleasantly situated. Indeed, his pecuniary position was so directly opposite to the flourishing fortune of his country's arms, that, in opposition to a thousand inconveniences, it only presented one certainty—it could not be any worse. Not only had he spent his last dollar, but his dress-sword, revolvers, camp-chest, and every other possession were gone. The fact was (although we dislike to record it), that Capt. Stuart had a passion for playing cards, and just then, poor fellow, he had been particularly unlucky.

By way of consolation, and perchance with a business-like eye to her fortune, Captain Stuart now fell in love—desperately in love—with Madame Lurine, the widow of a worthy and wealthy French merchant. She was a charming Parisian brunette, and was a great favorite with the American officers, one of whom, of French descent, soon claimed her as a cousin. Nay, he had his baggage carried to her house, and installed himself almost by force. Scores envied him, and although he had not previously been very popular, every one who had ever been introduced to Major Sauzet now called on him—at Madame Lurine's.

Captain Stuart, less fortunate, had to content himself with a scantily furnished room in the barrack, where his regiment was quartered. It was amply large, for, as we have already stated, the wardrobe and equipage of the captain was scanty enough, but, so strict were the orders, there was no place for his faithful servant—he could not even spread his blanket upon the floor. This was vexatious to the captain, for old Fred (Fredericus he called himself), less ungrateful than fortune, had faithfully adhered to his mas-

ter, serving him with that devotion, mingled with respectful mentorship, peculiar to the "old Virginny nigger." At last, with some difficulty, Captain Stuart found quarters for his retainer, in a neighboring house, occupied by a portion of the commissary department. One of the officers had brought his daughter with him, and he was glad to have the trusty African sleep in a small closet, opposite the door of her room. Between the chamber of Miss Archer and old Fred's closet ran an entry, which led out upon a balcony overhanging the street, and not more than ten feet from the pavement.

Captain Stuart and Madame Lurine, Major Sauzet and Miss Archer. We have "placed the couples," and will now commence.

CHAPTER II.

It was the evening previous to Madame Lurine's birthday, and Captain Jack Stuart was in bad humor, as he paced to and fro in his chamber, muttering between his teeth, "Confusion to the cards! Every one who knows dear Emelie, will carry her a birthday present, for it is the custom of her country. And then that old scamp Sauzet reminded me of it in her presence! How that fan I saw at Harwood's would have made her bright eyes gleam with joy! But what does old Fred care. Who ever had such a servant? If he was only a rascal, a thief, a liar, a scoundrel, then I could kick him out of doors! Kick him! [and here the gallant captain, in his anger, let fly his booted foot against a chair, sending that useful article of furniture across the room in subdivision.] But that would never do. My father would disinherit me, and my comrades abuse me. I had rather desert and enlist under Santa Anna, or forge quarter-master's drafts. Was ever a man so annoyed?"

A quiet knock at the door interrupted this original monologue; and the dissatisfied master—the first we ever heard of who found fault with a servant for being honest—halted, and called out: "Who's there?"

"Me," was the reply from without.

This vague pronoun, which is usually heard in such cases, takes the place of a name which cannot always be guessed, and of which we are ignorant thus far; but the voice was familiar to Captain Jack, for he at once opened the door, saying:

"Come in, Mr. Harwood—that is, if you have not bought some more of my due bills, in which case, as I gave them for 'poker,' I must pay in 'tongs'."

"Ha, ha! captain. Always facetious," replied the new comer, in a soft yet hissing voice, as he cringingly bowed low. Harwood was a broker, note shaver, purchaser of everything, hanger on of the army, and ever ready, with vampire-like cupidity, to fasten upon any officer's resources, or to furnish a sutler with well watered whiskey. He was a middle-sized man, with dark red hair, straggling whiskers and a repelling countenance, the cunning imperfectly concealed by a bland deferential smile, and a sycophantic air. Carefully extinguishing the candle in his lantern, he continued: "But I have no demands against you, unless you will buy the fan you saw this morning, and as every one else who visits Madame Lurine has purchased some jewelry or other present for her, I thought you must be on duty, and so have brought the fan."

"You have not sold it, then?" remarked the captain, in a tone calculated to show that he thought it would have been disposed of, had it been liked.

The crafty dealer evidently understood the remark as was intended, for he replied:

"No; I have not sold it, because I kept it for you, captain, otherwise it would have been gone long ago. One of General Worth's staff almost quarrelled with me for it."

"Let him have it, then; I can't buy it."

"Well—if you refuse to purchase it—but it's the handsomest fan in all Mexico. It was imported from Spain for Santa Anna's young wife, and Madame Lurine could display its beautiful paintings and gem-encrusted handle to perfection. Besides, it's cheap—dog cheap."

"I don't say it's not; but—"

"Can my New Orleans correspondent have deceived me?" muttered Harwood, in a low tone. Then raising his voice, he addressed the captain: "But you have, doubtless, purchased something else more valuable?"

"Not a thing."

"I can't understand this," said the broker to himself. And shaking his head in doubt, he lit

the candle in his lantern, bowed, and moved towards the door.

"Before you go," said the captain, "admit that, with your large nose, you can scent out money as a hound can venison. For you never would have come here to-night, had you not learned that I received a draft of two hundred dollars from New Orleans this morning."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Harwood, with hypocritical astonishment. Then extinguishing his candle again, he said to himself: "He has it, after all. Two hundred dollars!" repeated the broker. "And yet you refuse to purchase, at half its value, for half of that sum, such a unique present. Just look at it" (and pulling a long box from his capacious coat-pocket, he took out the fan); "did you ever see its equal? But, after all, you don't seem to fancy it."

"But I do."

"Do you consider it dear?"

"I don't say that it is."

"It's a bargain, then."

"You say so."

"Well, then, captain, give me the hundred dollars, and the fan is yours."

"A hundred dollars! If I but had the money!" stammered the captain.

"But," said Harwood, "you just now admitted that you had received two hundred this morning. I don't understand you."

"Yes; I received a draft for two hundred dollars from my Uncle James, who, as you know, is as wealthy and as rigid a disciple of Fox as ever wore a broad brim."

"To be sure; every one who goes on 'change at New Orleans, knows Quaker Stuart; but the money—perhaps it was not for you?"

"Yes; it was for me."

"You have been to some faro bank, or poker-table?"

"Not I; I wish I had."

"You have been robbed?"

"Not of a copper."

"Can it be possible," and Harwood incredulously weighed each word, "that you have paid any debts?"

"That question, Harwood, is too absurd. No gentleman ever pays a man who duns him, and creditors are sadly prone to dunning."

"Then I give it up!" And the broker, crossing his arms, looked with eager curiosity at the captain for a moment, then continued: "And I will again say good-night."

"Stop," said the captain. "You do not now comprehend the enigma; but the answer is plain. Read this letter;" and he handed a precise looking epistle to the inquisitive Shylock, who, after glancing at the signature, read:

"New Orleans, ninth month, first day.

"BELOVED NEPHEW:—Although I am opposed to the war, I am rejoiced to see by the papers that thou hast obeyed orders, and fought gallantly. But evil reports reach me as to thy morals, and I fear that thou hast engaged in games of chance, to the injury of thy fortunes. Money, my nephew, is the root of all evil, and thou shouldst not force it from thee, lest the evil remain. I cannot, opposed as I am to warfare, send thee pecuniary supplies; and were I to send them, thou mightest abuse them; but I enclose a draft for two hundred dollars, which thou must collect, and pay over to thy trusty and peaceful servant, Fredericus, with strict orders to apply it to thy needs, and to retain it for such emergencies alone. Hoping that thou wilt come out from the fighting men, but that, if thou dost remain, thou wilt combat valiantly,

"I am, beloved nephew, thy uncle, verily,
"JAMES STUART."

"What a letter; and so business-like," said Harwood, as he finished reading it. "But, of course, old Fred will relinquish the cash?"

"Not a dime!"

"And does your servant rule you? Kick the snow-ball into his senses!"

"Gently, friend Harwood. Fred is an old family servant, set free by my father for having, at the risk of his own life, saved me from being drowned when a boy. To abuse him would be an unpardonable crime; he won't give up the money; and so, you see, unless you will credit—"

Harwood, all at once, was deaf. At any rate, he pretended not to hear Captain Jack, and exclaimed:

"Well, I little thought that any officer in the Georgia volunteers was under the guardianship of a free negro."

Stuart bit his lip with rage, and nothing but a desire to possess the fan kept him from propel-

ling the broker down stairs, without ceremony. All at once an idea flashed across his mind—a daring idea, surely, for his eye flashed, and he convulsively clenched his hand.

"Harwood," said he, "I know you will not sell me that fan on credit, but I have one favor to ask you."

"Well," tartly replied the broker, again lighting his lantern.

"Keep the fan until to-morrow morning. I somewhat expect some funds that I can call my own, and if they arrive, I can purchase the fan."

"As it is you, I will not sell it until ten o'clock."

"Thanks. Before that hour I hope to claim it."

"And plank down the C?"

"Every dollar."

"Good-night, then, captain, I hope to see you in the morning."

"Good-night. I shall be there."

CHAPTER III.

No sooner had Harwood left, than Captain Stuart opened an army chest, belonging to his regiment, which he had appropriated as a table, and took from it a coil of halyard rope. Jack Stuart's father owned a yacht, and the captain had passed enough of his boyhood on the water to acquire all the mysteries of splicing, reeving, knotting; so, after a busy hour, he had constructed a serviceable rope ladder. Putting it, with some other matters, into a handkerchief, he buckled on his sword, and sallied down stairs. Obtaining the watchword and the countersign from the regimental officer of the night, under pretence that he wished to see a wounded comrade who was quartered in another part of the city, he wrapped his cloak about him, and went out into the street. It was a dark, rainy night, and all was as still as the grave; but ere he had walked many steps, he saw a light approaching. Turning into an alley, he remained silent. It was the "grand rounds," preceded by a lantern bearer, but none of the party espied the captain; and when their footsteps had died away in the distance, he resumed his walk.

In a few moments he reached the house temporarily inhabited by Col. Archer, and after listening attentively, satisfied himself that all was quiet within, and that no one was stirring without. Who, that could avoid it, would expose themselves to such a pelting storm?

Opening his bundle, the captain took out a ball of twine, to one end of which a bullet was attached, and threw it over the balcony in front of the house. The first attempt was unsuccessful, but on the second trial, the bullet crossed the bars of the balcony, and fell to the ground. With this string, the captain hauled over a cord, and next his rope ladder. It was rather unsafe, but Jack Stuart was never afraid, and soon scaled the balcony. Then, opening the sash-door, he entered the passage, and paced it, with cat like tread, until he reached the door of old Fred's sleeping place. Within was heard a rumbling, miniature thunder, which was familiar to the listener's ear.

The door was purposely ajar, as old Fred was ostensibly guarding Miss Archer, who (as we have before stated) occupied a room on the other side of the passage. But at the present time, he was so securely locked in the arms of Morphus, that his master entered without hesitation. Then, moving quietly, he soon found the knapsack wherein was the treasure.

At that moment, the sleeper muttered: "Two hundred dollars—just in time—no, no, Massa Jack!—must hold on to de cash!" And then he snored again.

"He dreams!" thought the captain, with a long breath, as if a heavy weight was removed from his chest. "False alarm!" Then, with stealthy quiet, he opened the knapsack, took out the bag of silver dollars, placed a similar bag, filled with pebbles, in its stead, and retraced his steps. For the first time in his life, the captain trembled, and when he reached the balcony, large drops of perspiration studded his broad forehead. Relentless conscience unnerved the iron-hearted soldier, and his guilty mind heard detection in every moan of the storm without.

"Pshaw!" he soliloquized. "Is not the money mine? Had I not a right to take it in this my hour of need? And dear Emelie, how the fan will delight her. But (he had arrived on the balcony), where the mischief is the ladder?"

For a moment, which seemed an age, the captain sought his means of descent, and a thousand fears flashed across his mind—detection,

disgrace, perhaps ignominy would be his fate. But, at last, he found the object of his search, and was soon swaying back and forth on the fragile cords. How pleasantly did the muddy pavement feel, as he again stood upon *terra firma!* but ere he could detach his ladder, some one stood directly before him, and asked:

"Who are you?"

The captain endeavored to disguise his voice, and replied:

"That don't concern you."

"What are you doing?"

"Look and see."

"That I will," exclaimed the stranger; and he pushed back the slide of a dark lantern, which poured a flood of light full upon the captain before he could even wrap his cloak around him.

"Rascal!" shouted Stuart; and seizing his steel-scabbard dragoon sword, which hung loosely at his side, he dashed the lantern into fragments. It was again dark.

"You were too late," replied the inquisitor; "and to-morrow, Captain Jack Stuart, it will be light enough for us to settle this. Good-night."

The captain, thus discovered, passed anything but a "good night," and was in the worst of humor when old Fred came to prepare his morning toilette, which the faithful servant attributed to his refusal of the previous day. "Maybe," he thought, "I oughter let Massa Jack hab dat money." The master, on his side, conceived the idea that old Fred had discovered his loss, and was only waiting an occasion to denounce the robber. Thus each one—each in error—regarded the other as an enemy who sought an opportunity to attack. At last the captain said, in a sharp tone:

"When will you stop brushing that uniform?"

"Jist when massa says so," was the humble reply.

"Stop now, then, you old fool!"

There was a tear in the old servant's eye, for his young master had never used such a harsh term before, and he attributed all to the money. Moving towards the door, he inquired:

"Shall I come back after the morning parade?"

"Come when you like; but stay away if you care to please me!"

Poor Fred could not stand this, and attributing all to his guardianship of the money, which he thought was yet in his possession, he determined to surrender his trust.

"Massa Jack," said he, "I know I is wrong, and I axes pardon; de dollars is in my knapsack, and if you'll just wait, I'll go fetch 'em. You can jist take 'em; but don't bear down so hard on dis old child no more."

This submission produced an effect exactly opposite to what was anticipated. The captain was prepared for a struggle; he had a triumph offered him. He was ready to accuse and abuse the unoffending servant, but not to thank him. Besides, what could he return thanks for? And how he regretted his haste! At any rate, his anger appeared to have increased, as he roared out:

"Keep your money—my money—the money! But clear out! No more words! No speeches! Quick time, forward, march!" And poor Fred, disconsolate and disappointed, vanished.

When the captain was alone, he arrayed himself in his best uniform, and then called on Harwood. The broker had installed himself in the house of a native Shylock, and his room was a perfect bazaar. Swords and prayer-books, saddles and dressing-cases, everything, in short, that could be purchased from officer, soldier, or camp follower, was there. Some had been pledged, others stolen, and others were the booty of those despicable plunderers, who hovered about a battle like crows around a dying horse; the agony over, the robbery commenced.

"Well, Harwood, I have come for the fan."

"What fan, Captain Stuart?"

"The one I have all along looked at—the one you gave the refusal of at a cool hundred, which is here present on parade."

"O, O! But the hour is up. I have sold it to another; but if you will give a good bonus, I think I can get it for you."

"Look ye, extortioner," replied the captain, "I am out of temper already, and I warn you not to ride your high horse over me. Here is what you agreed to take, and by all that's good, if you don't give me the fan, you'll repent it."

"Ha, ha!" faintly laughed the broker, "I was only jesting; here is the fan—but you might give me a little extra, for you are behind time nearly half an hour."

But the captain, tossing a roll of silver upon the table, snatched up the box and left, paying no heed to the entreaties of Harwood, that he would wait until the money was counted and a receipt given.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Madame Lurine's birthday, although her precise age was unknown; and at an early hour, her elegant drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of company. The blooming widow never appeared to greater advantage, and she was evidently annoyed when her guest, Major Sauzet, came in without paying her a single compliment. Indeed, he even neglected to kiss her hand, as the custom of the country authorized him to, and with a pout of her luscious lips, she said:

"You appear to forget, major, that this is my birthday."

"Pardon me, fair cousin," was the reply; "and you should punish me by withdrawing your pretty hand [which the major here kissed]. But beauty is ever allied with generosity, and you must pity rather than blame me."

"Pity you? And for what, pray? Has Miss Archer been sulky?"

"If it were no worse."

"Good! She has been coquetting."

"Worse than that. She has disgraced herself."

"Can it be possible?" eagerly inquired the widow, her curiosity excited by the convinced tone in which her pseudo relative spoke. "Jealousy, perhaps, has exaggerated her conduct?"

"Too true! I cannot doubt what I have seen."

"This looks serious," said Madame Lurine.

"Can you tell me the facts? You well know that I knew of your engagement, else [and here the widow veiled her liquid eyes with their silken fringe] it would not have been proper for you to reside here."

"Listen" said the major, twirling his moustache. "Last night I was ordered to take a dark lantern, and go the rounds alone, as it was thought at head-quarters that some of the sentinels were not faithful. I had travelled about in the rain, and was on my way back, to make my report, when I walked into a rope-ladder, which dangled from a balcony. Stopping to disentangle myself, I found, to my surprise, that the ladder gave access to a corridor which only communicates with Miss Archer's room. It must be some burglarious operation, I thought, and I was about to give the alarm, when I saw some one climbing over the side of the balcony and descending. Stepping to the foot of the ladder, I found that the intruder was an officer, and then, remembering that no alarm had been given from within, jealousy roused fierce passion, and I felt like killing my rival on the spot—"

"Unlucky, major," interrupted the widow; "but who would have thought it of Miss Archer? Depend upon it, she has been secretly married. But who was the officer? Did you see him?"

"Ay. I opened my lantern, and although he soon smashed it, I had a full view of him."

"But who was it? Do I know him?"

"Yes, fair cousin, too well, I fear."

"Can it have been? O, no! No! It was not; tell me, major!"

"It was Captain Jack Stuart!"

"Perfidious wretch!" murmured the lady; and without another word, she fell. The major caught her in his arms, but was terribly at a loss what to do—how to act. Some one might enter the room, too, and he forgot, for a moment, that he was the most unfortunate of men, to decide that he was the most embarrassed of mortals. But the pride of the widow soon restored her, and she sat down upon a sofa. At that moment the hall bell rung.

"There are visitors," said she. "Pray, major, keep my secret. I assure you that I will not betray myself."

In half an hour the drawing-rooms were filled with the chivalrous officers of Scott's army, the diplomatic agents of foreign courts, and the gifted and gay of Mexican society. Almost every gentleman brought a birthday gift, and they were fully repaid for their pains by the gracious manner in which the widow received their gifts, admiring each one, and saying something pleasant to the donor. For some time, Capt. Stuart kept in the background his enraptured fancy picturing the delight with which his heart's idol would receive the fan—superior, in point of beauty and of value, to any other gift. But, to his utter disappointment, when he did advance,

Madame Lurine received his congratulations with a silent sneer, and placed the box containing the fan, unopened, upon the table at her side.

Thunderstruck, he sought Major Sauzet, and inquired:

"What is the matter with your fair cousin to-day?"

"Don't know," was the cool reply; and the major, turning around upon his heel, walked away.

Worse than all, it appeared to Captain Jack, that every one regarded him with averted eyes, and that he was "cut" by his acquaintances. And it was for this that he had perilled his life, his honor, his peace of mind! Assuredly the gallant captain was in worse humor than ever, as he hastily left the gay assemblage, and returned to his quarters.

Throwing himself upon his bed, he indulged in a variety of suppositions, and soon decided that he was the victim of a plot, gotten up by Major Sauzet. Just then he heard a loud knock at his door, it was opened at his invitation, and he saw enter—who? Major Sauzet. The captain sprang to his feet, and the two officers exchanged formal bows.

Drawing a long, narrow box from beneath his cloak, the major tendered it to the captain, saying:

"I was requested, sir, by Madame Lurine, my cousin, to return you this box, which, by some mistake, you left at her house this morning."

This was adding insult to injury; and the captain, dashing the box upon the floor, replied:

"My thanks can only be expressed by that satisfaction which every gentleman can give for an insult."

"Good!" exclaimed the major. "You or what I came to propose."

"Indeed!"

"Your surprise, captain, is either curious or well feigned."

"It is no less tempered with joy, although I did not anticipate that I, whose feelings have been so cruelly wounded, would receive, or could receive, a challenge from you."

"Listen, Captain Stuart. Are you aware that I am engaged to Miss Archer?"

"Not I, major, nor does the matter interest me."

"No more deception, sir! The man who saw you descend a rope-ladder, and who turned the light of his lantern—"

"Which I broke, major."

"Precisely. And I, sir, held that lantern!"

"O!" ejaculated Captain Jack, who began to comprehend.

"Yes, sir; I surprised you in your nocturnal exit from Miss Archer's bed-chamber, and one of us must—"

"Kill the other!" interrupted the captain. "What a capital idea, and why not dispense with the formalities? Shall we meet at sundown, armed with swords, and attended by seconds?"

"If agreeable to you!" replied the major, who was, in his turn, rather surprised at Stuart's desperate manner. "Good-morning, until we meet again."

"Until then, your servant!" And the captain formally bowed his visitor to the door. Then, after a few moments passed in deep thought, he sat down, and commenced writing a letter.

Now it happened that old Fred had returned, to endeavor to pacify his master; and hearing voices, he had stopped at the door to listen. The conversation was too plain to be misunderstood; and the poor fellow, who was devotedly attached to the captain, wept like a child. When he heard the major approaching the door, he retreated, and remained a few moments in an adjacent room; then, wiping his eyes, he went in before his master.

"Massa Jack," said he, "for de love of ole missus, let me do something for you!"

The captain's heart was touched, but he felt guilty, and could not tolerate the presence of the man whom he had robbed. But an idea occurred to him. Opening his valise, he took out a dagger-reotype, and gave it to the negro, saying:

"Here, old fellow; take this to Madame Lurine's about tea time, and be sure you give it to herself. Then come here at tattoo. Now go away, for I've a letter to write." And old Fred, with a heavy heart, left the room.

* * * * *

Urged by the demon of jealousy, the major fancied that it was now his duty to call upon Miss Archer, heap reproaches and abuse upon her guilty conscience, and tell her what a devo-

ted, loving heart she had sacrificed. So he walked towards her residence, repeating to himself many hard words, though at times he relented, and his heart almost refused to entertain any malice towards one loved so well. In short, when he had ascended the staircase, and reached Miss Archer's door, he was in a mystified and confused state of mind. He knocked. No one replied. He knocked again. Silence reigned.

Slowly descending the staircase, with a feeling of deep regret, that he should not again see the object of his former affection—that is, if the duel should prove fatal,—he was leaving the house, when some one, who was entering, jostled against him. Roused from his reverie, he saw a corporal belonging to his regiment, who immediately straightened up, and saluted in true military style.

"Excuse me, Major Sauzet. I have a letter to leave somewhere here, and was looking about to see some one. Perhaps, sir, you can tell me if Miss Archer resides in this house, the daughter, sir, of Captain Archer, of the commissary department?"

"Yes. But who is the letter from?"

"Captain Stuart, sir, of the Georgia volunteers."

The major's last ray of hope deserted him. Turning towards the corporal, he said:

"Miss Archer does live in this house, but she is out, and as I shall see her soon, give me the letter. Should you see Captain Stuart, you can tell him that I took charge of his epistle." And he took the letter from the soldier's hand.

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, with another salute, although he evidently did not like the arrangement. But it would never answer for a "non. com." to oppose the wishes of his major, so he "bout face," and marched off.

Possessed of the letter—a proof of guilt—the major was in a perfect rage, and strode off to his quarters, muttering to himself, as he went along: "We must be equal; I cannot see her, and he shall not write to her: and what can he have to say? probably he asks her prayers; bids her adieu should he fall. Well, well, how little was I prepared for this! here I have erected an altar in my heart, and my goddess—the object of my worship—proves to be another man's wife, for married they must have been—yes, I cannot judge her harshly. O, woman, woman! nor is the man a whit better; think you he has made me a sort of shield, to divert her father's notice; and how he has courted Madame Lurine, to blind me! Truly enough, nothing is true to a man but his sword, and when he has that in his hand, he can revenge himself. One thing, I mean to read this letter, and thus add a little to my rival's anger; he treated me meanly, I will return the compliment." The major was evidently worked up into a frenzy, and forgot the sanctity of a seal.

Madame Lurine, meanwhile, was also in a most perturbed state of mind. When her friends were around her, pride, anger, and self-respect sustained her; but when all had gone, and Major Sauzet had also left, she suffered herself to be overpowered by the sorrow which, until then, she had imprisoned at the bottom of her heart.

With what black trea-on, thought she, has he repaid me for my affection. And as she recalled the captain's many protestations of devotion, his studious attention, and his professions of constancy, the bitter pangs of jealousy were softened by the regrets of love. And it was during these intervals that the heart of the Frenchwoman melted under the balmy influence of tears, and that she felt inclined to pardon the culprit. But why, she would then ask herself, why did he come, this very morning, as if to exult over me, and mock my affections by a gift of pretended love? Then she would remember how sad and dispirited he looked when he saw her displeased air, and forgiveness again reigned. Vengeance is an ignoble passion, which has to be nourished by all the worst feelings of one's heart, and curiously enough in the heart of a lovely or a loveable woman it but engenders forgiveness nine cases out of ten. So it was with Madame Lurine; and by dinner-time, she regretted having treated the captain so coldly, and above all, she regretted having sent back the fan: Perhaps, though, Major Sauzet might have been deceived. He might return with some explanation. At length, she heard his footsteps on the stairs, but (instead of stopping in the parlor, as was his wont) he hurried up to his own room, two steps at a time. The major was evidently in a passion, Poor Madame Lurine!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 314.]

KOSSUTH IN BOSTON.

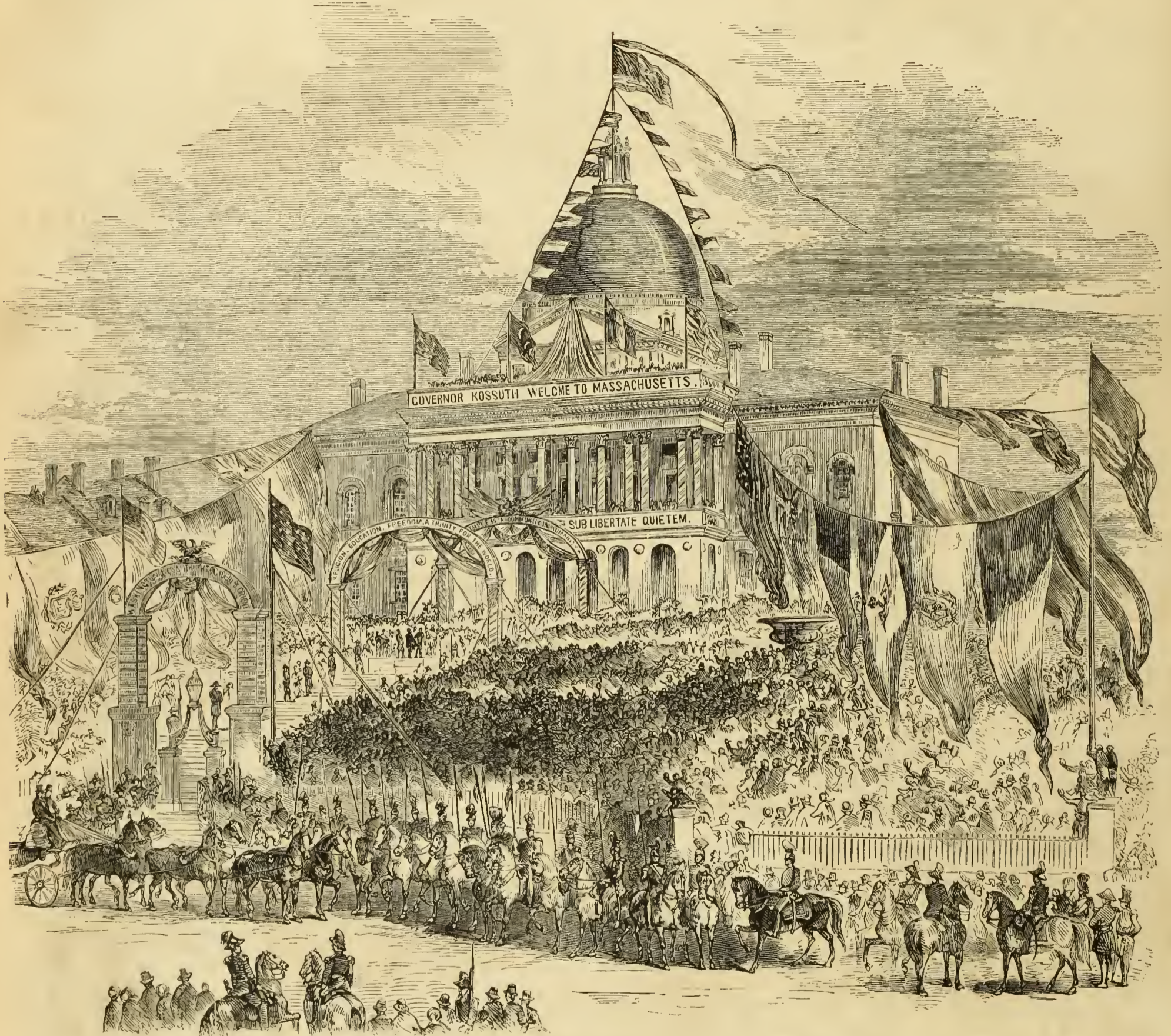
Kossuth's arrival and reception in Boston has been one of the grandest features of his whole visit to America. Prejudiced as the Bostonians were against him by the numerous criticisms and disparaging paragraphs which have appeared, from time to time, in the press of this city, yet he could truthfully say, "*veni, vidi, vici!*" No sooner was his calm, noble countenance looked upon, no sooner was the liquid poetry of his accents heard, no sooner had the piercing flashes of his eye, and the captivating sweetness of his smile been experienced, than all hearts joined in prolonged *vivas* to the noble Magyar and his cause. It is strange what a fascination Kossuth has in his personal address, what power and control he embodies in his eloquence, what a magnetic sympathy he produces with the flashes of his large, expressive blue eyes. Beneath the

wise, in its embellishments, the handiwork of the same artist.

Over the gateway of the State House was the first arch, bearing the inscription: "Washington and Kossuth—the Occident and the Orient." On the left was represented the rising sun, and on the right the setting sun. On the reverse of the arch: "Washington, the friend of Liberty, Kossuth, the foe of Despotism." The second arch, about half way up the ascent to the State House, had for its inscription: "Religion, Education, Freedom—a Tri-color for the World." On the other side: "Massachusetts—the spirit of 1776—Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill." The third, or reception arch, was of a most beautiful description—designed in imitation of an arch erected at Trenton, N. J., under which Washington was so handsomely received by the ladies, on his way to New York, to be inaugurated

placed the State arms, with the motto: "Ense Petit Placidam—Sub Libertate Quietem." On the balcony was an equestrian statue of Washington, overarched, back of which, against the middle window, was an American flag. Over the statue was the inscription: "Columbia, the land of liberty." Underneath—"Washington, the father of our country." From the upper balcony floated the American, Hungarian, Turkish and the Union jack flags. The upper balustrade in front had the inscription: "Gov. Kossuth—Welcome to the Capitol of Massachusetts." From the upper balcony to the dome was arranged a pyramid of twelve national pendants and running up the dome on either side to the flag staff, were lines of ships' signals. The American flag with a pendant, waved from the flag staff on the top of the cupola. On either side, from the upper balustrade, were lines run-

snperb appearance of the turn-out that drew the barouche in which sat Kossuth, and, above all, the noble and manly appearance of the Magyar and his suite, tended to create a thrill of sympathy in the observant heart that was almost electrical. There seemed to be but one voice, and one feeling, and but one word, and that was *welcome*. And what a panorama of actual life, that has gradually been forming itself under the wing of liberty linked with law, did Kossuth look upon in this city and its beautiful environs, says the Boston Post. It can scarcely be realized that it is but seventy-five years since the nucleus of all this existed; since this place, in a state of siege, was under deprivation and suffering, not unlike that which now exists over all Hungary; when this patriot population were under martial law, which paralyzed everything that belongs to a free condition of society; when the old local lib-



APPEARANCE OF THE STATE HOUSE AND VICINITY AT KOSSUTH'S RECEPTION AND WELCOME TO THE CAPITOL.

physical stature of most men, he is yet an intellectual giant; a foreigner by birth, he manages and controls the English language with a facility and knowledge that would do honor to an Everett or a Webster. What man, who has once looked upon him, what ear that has once listened to his words, what heart that has realized the holiness of his cause, will, for one moment, believe that the noble Hungarian is not sincere—nay, more than that—that Heaven has not marked him for its own good purpose as an apostle of European freedom?

As Kossuth and his suite approached the State House, as is represented above, his eyes flashed with fire, and his countenance lit up, as he saw the magnificent dress that had been placed upon the State Capitol in his honor and that of his cause. This dress, so unique and beautiful, was arranged by Mr. William Beals, who did himself great credit by this display of his taste and skill; as also by his decorations of the Albion and the American House. The car that brought Kossuth from Worcester was like-

president. While the design was similar, the arch probably excelled the original in its inscriptions. The inscription was: "Remember that there is a Community in the Destiny of Humanity." Over the arch was an American eagle, and on either side were arranged five flags, combined of American, Massachusetts and Hungarian on the right, and the American, Massachusetts and Turkish on the left, including the standards borne to Mexico by the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers. Over the inscription was wreathed the American and French tri-colors, and, underneath, the Hungarian tri-colors. This arch was heavily festooned with evergreens, interwoven with flowers, and tastily ornamented with streamers. The other arches were ornamented in a similar manner, but with less elegance. The State House, from this position, or from the street below, presented a most picturesque appearance. The pillars above and below the balcony and balustrades were wreathed with tri colors of hunting. On the lower balustrade, directly in front of the hall of the house, was

ning to Mount Vernon Street, and to Hancock Avenue, with two lines to the outer corners of the State House yard, on Beacon Street, thence to the gateway. On these lines were arranged the principal flags of all nations in the world."

Our artist (Mr. Billings) has taken this splendid scene from the front, and has done the subject full justice, as also the scene on the opposite page, representing the line of the magnificent cortege and procession on its route from the city lines to the State House, and afterwards from thence through the principal streets to Kossuth's quarters at the Revere House. We do not remember, since the visit of Gen. Jackson to Boston, so fine a military display as was observable on this occasion; more than two thousand troops performed escort duty, and some of the best military bands in the country were stationed at intervals throughout the route and line of the procession. The enthusiasm of the people, the music of the bands, the martial appearance of the soldiers, the waving of handkerchiefs from balconies, windows, and every available spot, the

erty which had been enjoyed for a century and a half was struck down by the British bayonet; and when, to recover this freedom, not only for this place, but for this country, Washington and his citizen soldiery occupied the hills and villages of this beautiful neighborhood. Yet it was even so.

In Boston, Kossuth will ultimately realize a very handsome sum pecuniarily towards material aid for his country and her cause. As we have before said, his presence here has vastly changed public opinion, and at his reception, many who came to "scoff, remained to pray!" From Boston he goes to Albany, and follows up the northern route as far as Niagara Falls and Saratoga Springs, where he will pause for a few days of rest, for the repose which he so much needs. May Heaven grant him strength, and wisdom, and courage to do his whole duty in the holy cause that engages him; and finally may he live to see the flag of Hungary proudly float above the dome of her own national capitol, a significant token of freedom from Austrian thraldom



VIEW OF THE LINE OF PROCESSION AS IT APPEARED ESCORTING GOVERNOR ROSSUTH TO THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 311.]

Just then, the waiting-maid, although she thereby disobeyed her orders, admitted old Fred into the room. The widow, hastily wiping her eyes, asked in a sharp tone:

"What do you want?"

"Please ma'am, I wou'd come in, because massa Jack is gwien to be killed!"

"Killed!"

"Yes ma'am—he's gwien to fight a duel. I've heard all about it, but I daresn't stop it."

"And with whom?"

"Major Sauzet, ma'am."

"Horrible! with my cousin! It must be stopped! And you came to tell me?"

"No, ma'am. But I came to give you dis dagger-tip, and go to help massa Jack, if he is not dead killed, without lettin' him know I've near him!"

"But, my good man, are you sure they're going to fight? And what was it about? Did they quarrel about—about—about—your master's going into Miss Archer's room last night?"

"My massa's gwien in Miss Archer's room last night! Why, she went to pass the night with a Mexican lady. Who say so?"

"What? Why did not your master get into her house last night with a rope ladder?"

"Git inter her house with a rope ladder? Why, ma'am, I sleeps in that house."

"You do! Can it be that the captain had been to see you?"

"Some one's bin a foolin' you, ma'am. 'Twas the captain. Why, ma'am, so far from gwien to see Miss Archer, he was terribly put out last night, because I wouldn't gib him a hundred dollars of his I had, to buy a fan for you wid."

"And wh' h I ungratefully refused!"

"'Fused! You don't say, ma'am, he gave it to you?"

"Yes—th' very morning."

"Mighty king!" exclaimed the old negro. "Spose massa Jack did come in de night an git de money to buy the fan wid! O, gerolamon! Jist let me run and see, ma'am!" and he left in a desperate hurry.

The sound of his footsteps was yet audible, when the major rushed down stairs, and into the drawing-room. His face was flushed, and his dark eyes danced with excitement.

"Ah!" said Madame Lurine, "you must not engage in this duel!"

"Duel!" exclaimed the major. "Fight! not a bit of it! Huzza for Jack Stuart! Huzza for Kate Archer! Huzza for you, for me, for everybody!"

The widow evidently thought that her cousin had lost his senses, but ere she could question him, he gave her an open letter. It was in the handwriting of the captain, and she read:

"Miss Arthur will pardon my thus addressing her, and also pardon me for permitting the one who should defend her reputation from injuring it. Major Sauzet had the weakness or the foolishness to credit his eyes, as if they were stronger than your good name, and because he saw me descending, last night, from the balcony adjacent to your room, he dares to accuse you. You know my innocence. But, unluckily, I had to profit by the major's error, for it promised a duel at a moment when I sought any death save suicide. The major will probably terminate my existence, and I leave you this legacy, for his sake and for your own.

"In entering your house as I did, Miss Archer, I was engaged in robbing my servant, old Fred, of some money which was destined for my use. A portion of it was indispensable, in order to enable me to present a birthday gift to a lady whom I loved—love—and shall ever love. She refused the gift and scorned the giver. Life has since been a burthen. But I trust that the major will free me from my mental agony.

"We are to fight with swords, and the major may return slightly wounded. Forgive me, Miss Archer, if I have to scratch him, in order to rouse his temper. And now, having discharged a duty, I take farewell of you, even as I have taken farewell of happiness.

"Very respectfully, your servant,

JACK STUART."

This letter, so thoroughly romantic, completed the conquest of the Frenchwoman's heart, and she evinced her emotion by a flood of tears. After a brief silence, she asked:

"Where is Captain Stuart?"

"Probably at our rendezvous," replied the major, consulting his watch.

"And this letter? How came you by it?"

"I stole it—it was wrong, I admit. But look,

what sorrow it has prevented. Besides—Capt. Jack was not scrupulously honest, himself."

"But you should not be so jealous and so mistrustful," said Madame Lurine.

"Nay, fair cousin, but it was you who were jealous and mistrustful."

"You the first, major, to doubt Miss Archer."

"And you the second, to doubt the captain."

A thundering knock was heard at the street door, and soon a servant requested the major to descend at once. He found Captain Stuart waiting on the threshold.

"Are you a coward, Major Sauzet, that you fail to keep your appointment?"

A light step was heard descending the stairs, and the major, standing one side, said, with a bow and a smile: "I am no longer your adversary—but here is your enemy!"

And the widow, with an angelic smile, held out her hand. "Come in, captain," said she, in her sweetest tone, "and we will endeavor to reconcile our difficulty. All is known!"

Captain Jack turned as pale as a ghost, and walked up stairs. What passed then and there no one can tell, but certain is it that, about ten days afterwards, there was a grand wedding at Madame Lurine's. Gen. Scott and all the principal officers were there, but could not decide which was the handsomest couple, Major Sauzet and bride, late Miss Archer, or Captain Stuart and bride, late Madame Lurine.

* * * * *

Both couples now reside at New Orleans during the winter, and old Fred is the guardian of a bright-eyed young urchin, named Sauzet Stuart. "P'raps," said the old man, to his charge, a short time ago, "p'raps some of these days you'll marry little Miss Lurine Sauzet, but you can't have sich a wedding as your pa's and ma's did. 'Twas a complete dance, all a hallanshay it on it like mad, but it straightened out cute, and then 'twas FORWARD FOUR."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Stars above are beaming brightly,
Moonbeams in the waters play;
And my honnie boat skips lightly,
To the island of the fay.
A sea-shell is my light canoe,
My oar, an amber thread
I found upon the waters blue,
Just before the daylight fled.

A tiny isle far in the ocean,
Bounded by the billow's foam;
Where is heard the wave's commotion,
Is my own, my chosen home.
Mirthful elfins stop and listen,
As in boats they bound along,
And their sparkling eyes oft glisten,
When they hear my vesper song.

I have sipped the sweets of roses
With the wild bee, through the day;
And of flowers, where it reposes,
When the daylight fades away.
With gay birds I roan to-morrow,
On my pinions light and free;
And I know no more of sorrow,
Than the gay bird or the bee.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow stair-case of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into life eternal?—*Longfellow.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MY DREAM-LAND LOVER.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

O come to me in dream-land, love,
And smile in the fair starlight;
And look in the depths of my lonely heart,
With thine eyes so dark and bright.
We'll whisper things by night-tide, love,
That would never do by day,
For hearts are glad, my own dear love,
Beneath the bright moon's ray.

And twine thine arms about me, love,
And kiss my throbbing brow,
The heart that thrills at look of thine,
Is beating for thee now.
And be thou ever near me, love,
By night-tide or by day,
For my heart-strings draw too tight, love,
When thou art gone away.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE TRAITOR'S END.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MORE than half a century ago, a terrible storm swept over the city of London. It was the hour of midnight when the blast was beating most piteously, that an aged clergyman was aroused by a piercing cry for help. He rose, threw aside his curtain, and beheld the form of a rude man, who appeared as a common street-sweeper. The rain poured in torrents, but the imploring accents of the call induced the preacher to take the arm of his guide; and threading his way through narrow streets and rude thoroughfares, he arrived at a rude dwelling wherein lay a dying man.

A strange tale was this. That very day a stranger, advanced in life, had fallen speechless at the scavenger's door. The kind-hearted scavenger had lifted him from the pavement, opened for him his bed, warmed his feet, administered a cordial to his lips—and now he was dying!

The apartment was indeed a dreary one. Up a long flight of rickety stairs, inside a door half hingeless, on a narrow pallet of straw, lay this same stranger. The lamp burnt dimly on a broken chair; a few fading embers were on yonder hearth; a teapot without a handle stood upon it. The rain was beating in the window, and in sundry panes were stuffed coarse pieces of clothing. A valise stood by the bedside—it was the only property which the stranger brought with him. The man was only half-dressed; his coat was thrown aside, his neck was loosely encased within a low shirt-collar, but upon his legs there were a pair of huge *military boots!*

That face! There was an expression which once looked upon, would haunt your memory forever! That forehead, bold and manly; hair slightly changed by age; lips compressed, but yet moving as if life were loth to quit its hold, and large, rolling eyes that beamed with an unearthly glare.

What a spectacle! Those arms are brandished in the air; that fist seems clenching a sword, or holding a rifle; a damp cold sweat starts from that hand, and wildly does he toss himself from side to side on his uneasy couch. Throb and beat, throb and beat, alternately, went that poor man's heart—for he was dying. The clergyman took hold of that clenched hand, and gently bending his head, inquired, "My friend, hast thou a Christian faith?"

"Christian!" he echoed, in a loud voice for the first time, and in a deep tone, which made the preacher tremble, "Will Christianity give me back my honor? Go with me over the blue waters. Listen! We have arrived. There is my native village, there is the green door yard in which my boyhood played, there is the roof of my paternal mansion, there is the graveyard—but where is the flag that used to wave? Another ensign is floating, infamy is heard in the mouths of children, parents are taught to loathe my memory. O, my God, the sting of remorse is throbbing in these very temples; judgments are imprecated, dark demons; a tarnished name; a flag of dishonor, and the curse of unborn infants, even now ring through my soul."

The minister had watched beside many impenitent sinners, many rebels, whose hands were stained with blood, but never had he been called to such a death-bed.

Suddenly the man arose. With a mighty energy he paced that creaking floor. If the storm was without, so was it within in a most terrific form. Those white bony fingers laid hold of the valise, which stood by the bedside, and drew from thence a faded military coat lined with silver, and an old parchment, in a piece of damp cloth, that looked like the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look," said the stranger, "this coat is spotted with blood,—bygone days seemed to rise before him—"this coat covered me when I heard of the battle of Lexington, when I planted the banner of stars on Ticonderoga; that bullet-hole was driven through at the siege of Quebec—and now look at me! I am—let me whisper softly in your ear—ha! they will hear—"One burning word was said—only one. "Now help me," continued he, "to put on this coat, for I have no wife, no child to wipe the cold sweat from my brow. I must die alone; let me die as on the battle-field, without a fear."

And while he sat arrayed in that tarnished coat, the preacher spake to him, comforting

words of faith in Christ, of hope for dying penitents, of mercy pleading with justice, of that faith which lifts off the frown, and shows us a compassionate Redeemer.

"Faith," again echoed the dying man, "faith!"—the death chill was on his frame—death light, too, was in his eye—"List! Is there not George Washington over the blue waters relating pleasant stories of his sieges? Is there not George of England wailing over our colonies? And here am I—I—the first that struck the note of freedom, the first that gave the blow to that king—here am I, dying like a dog, howling over treachery, lost in pangs of remorse."

The preacher stepped back awe-struck. Who was before him? Again the heart throbbed, the death-watch was heard in the wall, the death-rattle seemed hardly suppressed in the throat.

"Silence along the lines there!" murmured the dying stranger; "not a whisper; not one, for the peril of your lives are at stake. Montgomery, we will meet in the centre of the town. We will have victory or death! There are steep rocks—silence, every man, as we move up the heights. Boys, come on, on! Hoist the flag of freedom! What care we for darkness and storm! Hurra! Now, now, one blow more and Quebec is gone—it is ours."

A ghastly look is there. The pale cheek, the glassy eye, the heaving bosom, the wild stare, the death-rattle, the tottering step—and lo, he has fallen on the floor!

Who is this strange man dying in a garret?—this mark of nobility crushed like a moth?—this wretched maniac still clinging to his faded flag and his rusty uniform!

Whence come these fires of remorse?—this faint hope of heaven?—this more than fear of hell? Where the parchment—where the flag?

Let us unroll the flag. It is a blue banner, with only thirteen stars upon it. But what of the parchment? It is a colonel's commission in the continental army, addressed to *Benedict Arnold!*

Unhonored and unwept, there lay the traitor! His corpse was in a rude house; he was unknown and unpitied, save by strangers. Yet that right arm had struck many a blow for freedom; but for one act of base perfidy, he has fallen forever. Quenched is the light of his former glory; remorse hangs like a thunder-bolt over his soul, and his last agonies are those of a disgraced man, who might have been a victorious and successful hero!

Now, in dimly-lighted rooms, when children beg of aged grandsires to tell them tales of the Revolution, Arnold, the traitor, is foremost in their thoughts; and then the dreadful effects of treason are narrated. We are told that he left the great metropolis, that he engaged in commerce, that his warehouses were in Nova Scotia, that his ships were in many ports; but one night his stately warehouses were laid in ashes—the owner was suspected as the incendiary. The entire population of the British provinces assembled in a mass, and in sight of his wife they hung an effigy, whereon was inscribed, "Arnold, the traitor!" When he stood beside kings, when in the House of Lords, all faces were turned and all fingers raised. One venerable lord arose, and declared that he could not speak to his sovereign in presence of a traitor.

"One day," says an historian, from whom we have gathered the leading fact of this history, "in a shadowy room sat a mother and her two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in erape. A visitor row advanced; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and her daughters heard his name. 'Go,' said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand, 'go and tell that man that my threshold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son, Arnold, the traitor!'"

This was the individual, who is said to have uttered, "I am the only man born in the new world that can raise his hand to God and say, I have not one friend—not one in all America!"

Seldom does guilt meet such a retribution. The stings of conscience ever goaded him; and has not the despicable wretch who can thus turn traitor made his own pandemonium while on earth? Can a severer doom await him?

Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Rochester

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MORN IN THE VALLEY.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

Brightly shines upon the upland meadow
The first fair beams of blushing morn;
While the hill-top casts its lengthened shadow
Far on the furrows of the tasseled corn.

One by one the starry pearls have broken
From off the necklace of the night;
As they severed, left they then the token,
That at the sunset they would re-unite.

And the dew, that through the night had slumbered
Upon the lily's golden breast,
Has departed, ere its pearls were numbered,
And left the lily in new beauty dressed.

All is fair that comes before the vision,
The field, and wood, and skies of blue;
And it seems more like the fields elysian,
Or lands enehanted, spread before our view.

From the vale there comes the sound of labor,
The anvil's ring and forge's glow;
As they beat the sword and blood-stained sabre
In ploughshares for the fields and plains below.

In a vale like this God's smiles are given
To bless the circle of each hearth;
While their trials are but rounds to heaven,
Up which they tread while yet upon the earth.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SCENE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A ROMANTIC FACT.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

READER, have you ever stemmed the current of the great western river of rivers, the father of waters, in one of those magnificent floating palaces, which ply between New Orleans and the mouth of the Ohio, or perhaps still farther up, to St. Louis, Missouri? If you have, you will let this sketch recall to your mind the many peculiarities that greet the traveller on this route, and will corroborate the truthfulness of these scenes.

It was early in the summer of 1845, that I found myself on board the Sultana, just backing out from the levee at New Orleans, and turning her sharp low prow up the Mississippi River. As usual at this season of the year, the boat was crowded, both with deck and cabin passengers, the former consisting of some hundred German emigrants bound up to a settlement in Missouri.

The boat plowed on steadily northward, now passing some lofty bluff, and now for hours skirting the low woodlands of Louisiana and Arkansas, and now stopping and rounding-to at some temporary landing, to "wood up," or at some sugar plantation, to discharge a small party, consisting of a planter and his family from the city.

But when night came and the steamer rounded-to for wood at one of those wild spots on the river's banks—the only inhabitants being some two or three wood-cutters and their families, with perhaps a slave or two, and the only recommendation that the spot offered for settlement being its proximity to an available forest of wood—the scene was grand beyond description. Torches were flying hither and thither, deck hands—always in large numbers—running from the boat to the shore on one line of planks and coming back on another loaded with wood, which was hastily deposited on deck, and then hurrying off again. No wilder scene can be imagined; the bright lights of the steamer's state-rooms throwing their gleamings deep into the forest thickness.

The first day on board the steamer a young and very handsome German woman, who was evidently too ill to endure the hardships of a deck passage, had been taken into the cabin and her passage paid by a purse made up by the passengers. She had arrived in a ship at New Orleans, two days before coming on board the steamer, and was, in common with the rest of the German passengers, bound for the settlement in Missouri. Her illness was solely caused by weakness, brought on by continued sea-sickness and the want of those little comforts and necessities impossible at sea. She had no intimate friends among her country people on board, but had joined them at Hamburg, on shipboard, and had thus arrived in America. Her object was to meet her husband, who had agreed to be at this settlement, and who had sent her the means, —though not quite enough in amount—to come and join him. There might have been a hundred such cases on board, and little curiosity or

interest excited by them; but in her case, a strange fascination involved one. She was so young, so patient, so pale with sickness and deprivation that one could not but feel deeply interested in her.

Having some knowledge of medicine, I had been called upon, by the captain of the Sultana, to administer from his medicine chest to the assistant engineer, who had come out of New Orleans so ill as to create some fears for his life, but being an excellent man the captain would not leave him, preferring to bring him away from the city and to take care of him on board. He had exposed himself at night, and had taken the country fever, as it is called, and though it was but slightly upon him, still he was far too ill to leave his berth.

We had touched at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Natchez, etc., and were steaming gallantly on towards St. Louis. Finding my patient on the engineer's deck in want of many of the absolute necessities of life, in his sick condition, I took some portions of my own wardrobe, and after representing the case to the cabin passengers at lunch one day, obtained from them some important additions to his comforts in the way of clothing, linen, etc. When this arrangement was made, our young German woman, understanding that there was another on board like herself, sick, and needing the charity of the good people of the cabin, begged to be permitted, now that she was so much better, to make up any article he might require, wherein a woman's needle might do so.

She was, indeed, vastly better; good and nourishing food, kindness and comfortable accommodations were fast restoring the color of her cheek, and the lightness of her eye. She was permitted to do as she desired, and made several necessary under garments for the sick man, with surprising neatness and despatch, showing herself a perfect mistress of the needle. They were received with due thanks by the sick man, who was most grateful, and who showed good promise of recovery ere long.

It was the custom to pay off the officers of the boat on coming in sight of the termination of the voyage or trip up; and when one fine morning the river's bend had been passed, and St. Louis was in sight, the clerk's office, situated in the extreme forward part of the cabin, was thrown open, and a bell summoned the officers to receive their pay. My patient had recovered so far as to have done duty on the last day of the trip, and was, with the rest, called up to settle, by the captain.

We were at breakfast in the after part of the cabin, when suddenly a scream, so shrill as to startle every soul at table and to bring me with some others to our feet at once, rang through the saloon. All eyes were turned towards the clerk's office, from whence the sound had proceeded, when we found the young German woman, who had been our companion, through charity, in the arms of the assistant engineer!

"What means this?" I asked of my late patient, hastening forward.

"Sir, this is my wife!"

For a moment there was the stillness of death about us, while each one seemed to be realizing the scene, the remarkable coincidence before us; and then one loud prolonged cheer rang through the cabin, so hearty and whole-souled as to cause even the timbers of the Sultana to tremble.

It was even so. The engineer was then on his last upward passage, but had no idea that his wife would be so soon in America, and much less that she was in the same boat with him.

It is so true that "one good turn deserves another," that the passengers would not part with the now thrice happy couple, without once more making up a purse of gold and pressing it upon them, as a remembrancer of the passengers who made the up trip with them in the Sultana.

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

When the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation, in 1751, the following story was told by a gentleman of character:—An old woman of the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury water, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and, not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her and fetched water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform your readers that the force of imagination had spent itself, and she relapsed into her former infirmity.—*Blackwood.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE GRAVE OF ALBERT I.—

BY MRS. M. B. HENEAGE.

But once around young Albert's grave
Had spring her violets spread,
And once in beauty summer gavo
Her roses o'er the dead;
When I with cautious footstep strayed
Amid the cypress gloom,
Where many a fair, young brow was laid,
To rest in death's pale bloom.

'T was when sad autumn, in her turn,
With frost and chilly air,
In dying garlands round his urn,
Had hung her offering there;
And scattered round the sleeper's head,
To won the songster, lay
Clusters of round, bright berries red,
Fresh berries brought each day.

And well I knew whose tender care
Watched well that lonely place;
A pale, sweet girl, with flowing hair,
And mien of sorrowing grace,
Ne'er failed to come at eve's soft hour,
To greet her "spirit-love;"
As though she deemed affection's power
Could lure him from above.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Of English preachers, Whitefield was by far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same, whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep and tremble at his bursts of passions, and even the cold Hume said he was worth wulking twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep around in awed silence, the whole rabble of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effect of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's worthy panegyric of him, as has been the case with Bunyan also, men of taste and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.—*Literary Gazette*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES ARCHER.

Hour of weeping, hour of sighing,
Hour when worldly friends are flying;
Hour of pleasure or of pain,
Hour of eternal loss or gain;
Hour of triumph or of trembling,
Hour divested of dissembling;
Hour of rapture or of woe,
Hour of pallid lip and brow;
Hour of life-pulse faintly throbbing,
Hour of loved-ones round thee sobbing;
Hour when eyes have lost their beaming,
Hour when tears are o'er thee streaming;
Hour of the last farewell spoken,
Hour of fond ties snap and broken;
Hour when life-blood cease to flow,
Hour of the spirit's joy or woe;
Hour that seals the soul's condition,
Hour when faith is glad fruition.

A NUT FOR GEOLOGISTS.

Hiram de Witt, of this town, who has recently returned from California, brought with him a piece of auriferous quartz rock of about the size of a man's fist. On Thanksgiving day, it was brought out for exhibition to a friend, when it accidentally dropped on the floor and split open. Near the centre of the mass was discovered, firmly imbedded in the quartz and slightly corroded, a cut-iron nail, of the size of a six-penny nail. It was entirely straight, and had a perfect head. By whom was that nail made? At what period was it planted in the yet uncrystallized quartz? How came it in California? If the head of that nail could talk, we should know something more of American history than we are ever likely to know.—*SpRINGFIELD Republican.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY H. W. FAXON.

A vision in my dreams, one night,
Came round with noiseless step;
And whispered in mine ear these words,
As I so sweetly slept;
"There's nought that's in the sea or air,
On earth, or up above,
Or in the mind's desires and hopes—
There's nought so light as love!"

* * * * *

And thou hast sworn that I, alone,
Was idolized by thee;
No other worship hadst thou given,
Save that thou gavest me;
And I unto thy heart had flown,
As timid as a dove;
Alas! alas! thyself hath proved,
There's nought so light as love

THE HIDDEN VIRTUES.

"There's something good in every heart." Yes, no matter how vicious or criminal the life—how depraved or base the actions—how foul the stream of impurity that flows from the lips—there is yet a secret spring in every breast, that, like the rock in the wilderness, needs but to be touched by the prophet's wand—love—to gush forth in streams of living purity. Though coarse and mean the dress of the outer man, there is fine gold beneath, that benevolence and kindness may bring to light. God has placed a star within every breast; clouds and mists may envelope it, and shroud it now in gloom; but it is still there, bright as ever, and may yet be brought to view to shed a halo of beauty around. Let it be thy work, O Christian and philanthropist, to develop the hidden virtues of the depraved being, and with words of gentleness and love to soothe the troubled soul, and bring the wandering spirit home to truth.—*Ex. Paper.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WE LIVE AND DIE.

BY B. BURNHAM.

We live and die;
A few short years, at most, is all
We have to live, and then death's pall
Doth on us lie.

One life there is,
In which we may prepare to meet
Our God and Judge, and at his feet
Fond cling in bliss.

Or, we may so
Abuse the mercies God has given,
That we can never live in heaven,
But dwell in woe.

We live and die;
This, then, should urge our fainting hearts
To gain those blessings God imparts,
Which never die.

So may we live,
That when we die our souls may soar
To heaven, and angels ope the door,
And entrance give.

So may we die,
That we may live in worlds above,
In heaven of bliss—in heaven of love,
For us on high.

CULTIVATION OF PLANTS.

The International Magazine for February states, that Mr. Francis Bonyuge, recently from the East Indies, has come to this country, at the instance of our Minister in London, for the purpose of bringing before us the subject of introducing some twenty of the most valuable agricultural staples of the East, among which are the tea, coffee, and indigo plants, into the United States. He gives his reasons for believing that tea and indigo would become articles of export from this country to an amount greater than the whole of our present exports. He says that tea, for which we now pay from sixty-five to one hundred cents per pound, may be produced for from two to five cents, free from the noxious adulterations of the tea we import. He has published a small volume, under the title of "The Future Wealth of America," in which his opinions are fully explained.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

O SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABE.

WRITTEN FOR CHARLOTTE MAYFIELD W—.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

AIR—"O come, come away."

O sleep, sleep, my babe, thy mother's darling treasure,
Thine eyelids close
In sweet repose,
O sleep, sleep, my babe.
O sleep beneath the watching eye
Of one who stays forever nigh,
And sings thy lullaby,
O sleep, sleep, my babe.

What dear home delight, what heartfelt glowing pleasure,
To sing to thee,
In infancy,
O sleep, sleep, my babe;
And bending over thee to dream
Of future life's all peaceful beam,
And thine the world's esteem,
O sleep, sleep, my babe.

GOD WILLS PAUPERISM.

These factions all assert that God is the author of pauperism—an assertion the Socialists consider blasphemy. M. Thiers, in his famous report on this subject, says:—"In the general plan of things, misery is the inevitable condition of the human race." The Bishop of Chartres, in his pastoral letter of March 12, 1851, says:—"But I am asked to explain that mysterious inequality which is nowadays such a cause of scandal, and which has always existed between the rich and the poor. Why, at least, not let fall on the poor a few rays of that sun which gives to all ease and comfort? Why not? Because it is impossible. Yet that state of things is the work of Eternal Wisdom; we must justify it."—*Westminster Review.*

SANTA ANNA.

The varied fortunes of this singular man approach more to romance than the field of history and fact. At one moment discarded by his people, and even exiled from Mexico, and the next fighting her battles and heading her troops with consummate skill. Now rich, now poor, now a voluntary exile, and once again leading the armies of the republic on the field of Buena Vista, and suffering one of the most complete defeats in the annals of warfare. We have met this man personally, and have "eaten salt with him." Near Havana, say a league from the city walls, lies the little village of Cerreto, and here some six years ago lived Santa Anna upon a plantation of his own. The character of the man may in some measure be inferred from the manner in which he passed his time at this West Indian home. From morning until night he was ever in the cock-pit fighting his game cocks, and betting upon the issues of the various contests. His wife, at that time, was young and beautiful, but like her lord, entirely given up to frivolity—her only pride seeming to be the display of a profusion of diamonds and other ornaments. Of late it has been rumored that Santa Anna is again about to return to Mexico, and that another overturn is about to distract this country of revolutions. Be this as it may, we herewith give a very exact likeness of the man in military costume, and a good likeness it is, presenting also the style of horse accoutrements universal among the officers and gentlemen of Mexico. Santa Anna is a fine horseman; although he has but one leg, the other is supplied by a wooden one, which he uses so easily and with so little embarrassment, that you would scarcely observe the defect.

There is one peculiarity about this Mexican hero that no one who has ever seen him has ever failed to note, and that is his eye; it is soft and plaintive in its expression as a woman or a child, but dark as the night. We have often thought how that man's eye belied his soul. His character is treacherous and cat-like; not without bravery, yet he has ever managed to retreat always in time to preserve his own liberty, but his enemies in battle have been forced to acknowledge his skill as a warrior and a general, as it regards the bringing of large bodies of troops into battle, or in taking advantage of any weak point in his enemy's movements. Santa Anna is said to have declared at Buena Vista: "I have whipped these Yankee devils twice to-day, and yet they will win the field in spite of me." This accorded with what Gen. Taylor said, which was, that if his men but knew it, they had twice lost the battle; but not knowing when to stop, they fought on and won the field at last.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL HOTEL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

A STRANGE COSMETIC.

The Thibetan women adopt a custom, or rather submit to a regulation, certainly unique in the world. Before going out of their houses, they rub their faces with a sort of black, sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes. As the object is to render themselves hideous, they daub their faces with this disgusting cosmetic till they scarcely resemble human creatures. The following was, we are told, the origin of this monstrous practice:

About two hundred years ago, the Nomekhan or Lama King of Anterior Thibet was a man of austere character. At that period, the Thibetan women were not more in the habit of trying to make themselves look ugly than the women of other countries; on the contrary, they were extravagantly addicted to dress and luxury. By degrees, the contagion spread even to the holy family of the Lamas; and the Buddhist convents relaxed their discipline in a manner that threatened a complete dissolution. In order to arrest the progress of this alarming libertinism, the Nomekhan published an edict, forbidding women to appear in public unless disfigured in the fashion above-mentioned; the severest punishments and the heaviest displeasure of Buddha were threatened to the refractory. It must have required no ordinary courage to publish such an edict; but that the women obeyed it was still more extraordinary. Tradition makes no mention of the slightest revolt on their part. The fair Thibetans vie with each other in

making themselves frightful, and she who is most offensively besmeared passes for the most pious; the custom appears to be considered as a dogma to be accepted. In the country the law is most rigorously observed; but at Lhass, women are to be met with who venture to appear with their faces as nature made them; but those who permit themselves this license are considered as women of bad reputation, and they never fail to hide themselves when they catch sight of an agent of the police.—*Huc's Travels in Tartary.*

CHINESE ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

Lumqua is called, by the Europeans, the Sir Thomas Lawrence of China; and he well deserves this proud distinction, as the coloring of this artist's oil painting is exceedingly fine, although his ideas of female beauty differ materially from our own. In the course of conversation we asked him his opinion of an English belle then at Canton, and the reply was completely characteristic of a Chinaman's ideas of female beauty:—"Her face is too round, she has color in her cheeks, her eyes are too blue, too large; she's too tall, too plump, yi yaw; her face talks (meaning her countenance was expressive), and she has feet so large that she can walk upon them." In Lumqua's atelier, we saw many portraits, both of Europeans and Chinese, many of which were excellent likenesses, and although deficient in light and shade, were executed in a most masterly manner.—*China and the Chinese.*

CAIRO.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from Grand Cairo, says: "This truly oriental city is said to have been founded A. D. 969 by Gaber, a celebrated general of that time. The streets and even the interior of the public buildings strongly remind one of impressions received in reading the 'Arabian Nights.' The large projecting windows, covered with their elaborate network, curiously wrought wood, did not fail to attract our notice, and to call to mind the confined harem and dark-eyed beauties that figured so largely in the fairy tales of Eastern life. But in contrast to the romantic, are strewn the ruins of mosques, and the humble habitations of the lower classes. Whole streets are deserted, and the buildings absolutely in ruins. Of the four hundred mosques in Cairo, not more than half are in present use for the worship of the false prophet. Our donkeys stumbled into many a deserted area surrounded by walls rapidly crumbling away. Utter desolation reigned, and there were none to notice our intrusion save the cawing rook, or filthy condor, who make this their home, as a place free from all annoyance. The present Pacha is at this time completing the mosque in the citadel commenced by his grandfather, Mehemet Ali. The interior is pure oriental alabaster; but it was the beauty of the material, rather than of the architecture that attracted our admiration. In two or three of the mosques that we were allowed to enter, groups of dirty Arabs were sitting cross-legged, learning passages from the Koran. They seemed to consider our visit as an intrusion, and we were glad to hurry out, although our curiosity would have prompted us to examine somewhat further into their singular proceedings.

"I was most happy in passing, to notice that the slave market was not overstocked, and the few that were for sale seemed as well treated as the poor Arabs in the streets. They were not strictly of the negro race, not having thick lips and flat noses, although coal-black. I was offered a fat, strong, healthy wench for forty-five dollars. Young females from ten to twenty years of age, varied in price from ten to thirty dollars. Slaves are not so common here as I had supposed. They are owned only by the more wealthy, nor will this be thought surprising, when we consider that native servants can be hired at ten cents a day, while they find themselves. The white slaves for the harems, are kept in the houses of their masters, and are not publicly exhibited for sale. Still, black slaves are met with in nearly every family in Cairo, and the traffic in them still continues from countries in the interior."



PORTRAIT OF SANTA ANNA IN MILITARY COSTUME.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Plot Betrayed," a fine story, by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.
 "The Widow's Acceptance," a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "The Lost Child, or the Story of Barbette," by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "A Sketch of Humor," by our UNCLE TOBY.
 "T was Long Ago," verses, by IDA JANE SINCLAIR.
 "Youth," verses, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
 "Beauty," poetry, by Mrs. R. T. ELBAEDOE.
 "Erin," lines, by OWEN G. WARREN.
 "To my sister Ellie," verses, by Miss SARAH M. HOWE.
 "Sunset," lines, by W. E. KNOWLES.
 "A Thousand Years Ago," by Mrs. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A superb representation of the Review of the Military, on Boston Common, by Governors Kossuth and Boutwell, which occurred a few days since. A very fine picture, by our artist, Mr. Billings.

A very interesting illustrated chapter upon Dogs, covering two entire pages of the Pictorial, and illustrating twelve different and beautiful species of Dogs, embracing the Bloodhound, the Greyhound, the Pointer, the Setter, the Terrier, and various other fine species of this domestic animal.

Two entire pages will also be devoted to the subject of the new Army Uniform, just adopted in the United States' service, representing Major Generals, Brigadier Generals, Colonels, Aid-de-Camps, Privates Light Artillery, Engineers, Heavy Artillery, Dragoons, Cavalry, Field and Staff Officers, and other departments of the War office.

An admirable picture of the City of Houston, Texas, from the sea.

A large and correct picture of Yale's Mammoth Tent—the largest of the kind in the world.

A fine picture of the Capitol of the State of New Hampshire, at Concord.

A fine illustration of the St. George's Society Dinner, which took place at Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York, a few days since, on the occasion of the sixty-sixth Anniversary of the Society.

A BOUND VOLUME

OF THE PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

We have found it almost impossible to answer the demand upon our establishment for the binding of the first volume of the Pictorial. Those who have not seen it completed in the elegant style in which it is sent from our bindery, can hardly form an idea of how beautiful an ornament for the centre-table it makes. We bind it with gilt back and edges, and illumined sides, with title-page and index of contents, for only one dollar per volume, and the price which we charge is so low that multitudes of our subscribers have resolved thus far to preserve the Pictorial in the complete and beautiful form in which we issue it, for future reference, and as a parlor ornament.

RICH VAGRANT.—A woman named Anne Small, was recently convicted at St. Louis of being a vagrant, and required to give \$500 bail for her future good behaviour. She immediately handed to the court \$500 in gold, as collateral security for her behaviour, and \$50 for a fine which had been imposed upon her.

PRESERVE YOUR FILES FOR BINDING.—Any one who has seen what a fine volume the Pictorial makes, as evinced by volume 1st, will not fail carefully to preserve the future numbers for binding.

FIELD SPORT!—Whenever the King of Siam feels like having a little field sport, he shoulders his rifle and "goes a gunning" after missionaries. Nice place that to expound the gospel!

NOT BY CHANCE ALONE.—Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy.

SIGNIFICANT.—Louis Napoleon would not allow a funeral oration to be pronounced over the grave of Armand Marrast. The tyrant trembles.

MUSICAL.—Two blind ladies, who are said to possess great vocal power, are giving concerts in New Orleans.

THEATRICAL.—Tom Placide has concluded arrangements to build a theatre in Louisville, and one in Cincinnati.

KOSSUTH.

The reception which the illustrious Magyar has met with in Boston, and the unbounded enthusiasm that has greeted the cause he advocates, must be most flattering to him, and cannot but repay in part the pains and fatigue which he so constantly subjects himself to in behalf of his distant and oppressed land. On another page we have presented two fine engravings, drawn by our artist during the reception of Governor Kossuth at the State House by the chief magistrate of Massachusetts, and also one illustrating the cortege and line of procession.

Though these pictures are to the life, and represent the scenes as they occurred, yet they cannot convey to the reader the spirit of wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm that possessed that dense multitude. The citizens, one and all, seemed to have devoted the day to the object of the visit and welcome of their illustrious visitor, and no more hearty welcome could have been devised for him than seemed to burst forth spontaneously from the assembled masses. Kossuth saw and felt this, as his subsequent speeches show.

His oratorical effort in Faneuil Hall was probably one of the finest he has made since his arrival in America. Not one inch of the interior of that large structure was unimproved; thousands upon thousands of ladies and gentlemen thronged the galleries and the body of the house, and there were a vast number who were obliged to go away without gaining admission at all. No one should fail to read the speech delivered on this occasion; it is clear, logical, and most profound and important, giving token of the intellectual power of the man, and affording the strongest evidence of the justice of his cause.

One very interesting feature of Kossuth's visit to the city, was his reviewing the troops on Boston Common. It was a most brilliant spectacle; over two thousand of the military were under arms, and the review took place in the presence of some sixty thousand people. This splendid scene we shall illustrate by one of our best artists in next week's Pictorial.

HEIGHT OF NONSENSE.

The Mormon bible is a curiosity of literature. The following description of the vessels in which the chosen people crossed the Atlantic, is a fair sample of its contents: "These barges were built after a manner that they were exceeding tight, even that they would hold water like a dish, and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the sides thereof were tight like unto a dish, and the ends thereof were peaked, and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the length thereof was the length of a tree, and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish. And the Lord said unto the brother of Jared, behold thou shalt make a hole in the top thereof, and also in the bottom thereof, and when thou shalt suffer for air, thou shalt unstop the hole thereof and receive air; and if it be so that the water come in upon thee, behold ye shall stop the hole thereof, that ye may not perish in the flood."

THE COUNTRY.

The country in the vicinity of the city really begins to look green; the young leaves are bursting forth upon shrub and tree, and early fruit is venturing forth its blossoms, though warily, for our seasons are slow and backward in New England. The farmer has thoroughly commenced his planting and out-door work; and fields and roadsides present a lively appearance. Let our town-bred denizens take a stroll abroad now and then, and breathe in of the fresh atmosphere flavored with young leaves and blossoms, and rich with bursting clover and spicy flowers. The woods are already vocal with tiny warblers, and the bloom of summer is almost here.

HORSES.—We see large numbers of very fine horses about our streets, evidently for sale. This is the season when they are brought in from the country for disposal to our citizens. There is probably no city in the Union where the horses are so universally excellent and well kept as in Boston.

KOSSUTH BONDS.—A very large amount of Kossuth bonds were sold in Boston. Two thousand dollars' worth were sold on the first day of his arrival in the city.

GOLD.—A gold mine in Abbeville district, S. C., owned by Mr. Dorn, in ten weeks yielded the sum of \$10,000, the product of the labor of eight hands.

ISLAND OF CUBA.

The Captain-General of Cuba, General Concha, left Havana, on the 17th ult., for Spain. Demonstrations of the warmest affection were made by the people on his taking leave of them, and the wharves and shipping were filled with his friends, shouting *vivas*. Before leaving, exchange for \$60,000 was tendered him by the merchants for his three children, which he declined, but they forced it upon him. A correspondent of the London Daily News affirms that the reason why General Concha was dismissed from his post as Captain-General of Cuba, was, that Queen Christina wants money for her numerous children by her second husband, Munoz. It is certain that he made many reforms in the government of the island, reducing the cost to the people, and relieving them of other burthens. Cargoes of ebony, in whose safe arrival a strong interest was felt in high quarters, have been interrupted and confiscated. He has made nothing pecuniarily from office. His successor is General Valentin Canedo.

YANKEE CHARACTER.

The N. Y. Mirror says the tactics of the American are not laid down in books. He forms his plans, in a "tight place," on the instant, from the nature of the circumstances, and if he is defeated, it must be by sheer force. To him the pillar of Hercules would have been but a milestone; he would have solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and, between death and fingers, untied the Gordian knot in the "twinkling of an eye." A writer in Blackwood once well said, that if a sufficient prize were offered for the best treatise on any subject, in any language, the American—vide Yankee—would get it, even if he had to learn the language, study the subject, and write the work within three months. This universal energy, endurance, invention, and power to adapt himself to any and every end, gives to the American his world-wide prestige of superiority as a man. We venture to place him a peg above the Celt.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE PICTORIAL.

To the numerous inquiries constantly made by letter, we would say, that we can furnish all the back numbers of the Pictorial from the commencement, or any given number that may be desired to complete sets. Persons desiring to furnish themselves with any past numbers can do so by calling at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. This is important information to those who desire to bind the Pictorial; and thus far, nearly two thirds of our subscribers have availed themselves of our extraordinary cheap offer of binding the work complete in cloth, with gilt border and edges, and illumined sides, for one dollar.

CHANGE OF LIFE.—Near Sandusky, Ohio, there is an old clergyman of the Lutheran Church, named Lehmanowsky. He served under Napoleon until he was overthrown at Waterloo, when he became a soldier of the cross. He says that eighteen of Napoleon's colonels subsequently became clergymen, as did a number of his inferior officers.

REMARKABLE ENGAGEMENT.—Mr. E. Forrest, the American tragedian, has just closed an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York, after performing uninterruptedly for sixty-nine nights! This is unparalleled.

IRON PAVEMENTS.—Experiments have been made lately at Glasgow, in Scotland, with a view to test the durability and economy of iron pavements, and the result is encouraging, it is said.

A HINT.—Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid; genius without it is splendid and uncirculating.

INCREASING.—Three per cent. per annum is the increase of population in the United States, according to the census returns.

MANUFACTURES.—There are in the United States 1004 cotton factories, and 1559 woollen factories now in operation.

MILITARY.—Three hundred U. S. Dragoons passed through Memphis, recently, en route for the Texan frontier.

ARTISTIC.—The Dusseldorf paintings are attracting crowds of admirers in Boston.



MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George F. Harrington to Miss Mary Gilbert.
 By Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Charles C. Briggs, of Roxbury, to Miss Lucretia Jackson.
 By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William O. Spinney, of Lynn, to Miss Mary M. Choate, of Charlestown.
 By Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Charles A. Sweet to Miss Mary P. Goss.
 By Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. Benjamin F. Cutter to Miss Mary Elizabeth Capen.
 By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Dr. George W. Eastman, of Wisconsin, to Miss Anna S. Munroe.
 At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Stephen A. Robinson to Miss Roxanna Curtis, of Hanover.
 At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Donbar, Mr. Nathan H. Nichols to Miss Harriet N. Littlefield, of Wells, Me.
 At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Thomas L. Pope to Miss Christiana Arrington.
 At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Ford, Mr. George W. Gould to Miss Nancy W. Lyford, of Livermore, Me.
 At New York, by Rev. Mr. Lafont, Signor Geremia Bettini to Mlle M. Sophia Maretzek.
 At Philadelphia, Mr. William O. Billin to Miss Annie Lyman, of Springfield, Mass.
 At San Francisco, by Rev. Mr. Hunt, Mr. Randall Smith, Jr., of New York, to Miss Catharine Bolger, of Boston.
 At Sacramento, Mr. Fredrick Coggeshall, of Nantucket, Me., to Miss Lavina Rogers, of Boston.
 At Koamalu, Kauai, by Rev. Mr. Bond, Capt. Joseph S. B. Knox, of Honolulu, to Miss Elizabeth B., daughter of Thomas Marshall, Esq., of Charlestown, Mass.



DEATHS

In this city, Thomas Tarbell, Esq., 69; Mrs. Lucinda Frederick, 64; Benjamin Rand, Esq., 67; Mrs. Dorothy B. Colby, 46; Mr. Francis A. Dougherty, 20; Mr. Abraham H. Bird, 43; Mrs. Mary Blair, 67; Mrs. Sarah J. Allison, 32; Belinda Dwyer, 25; Mr. John J. Bryden, 81; Capt. J. Suter, 71; Mrs. Sarah D. Griggs, 60.
 At Charlestown, Miss Mary Hozier, 78.
 At West Roxbury, Eliakim Richards, 77.
 At Lexington, Mrs. Rebecca H. Leland, 41.
 At Woburn, Mrs. Rosannah Day, 39.
 At Dedham, Dea. Joshua Fales, 68.
 At Weymouth, Capt. Thomas Seward, of Boston, 81.
 At Concord, George W. Hildreth, Esq., 51.
 At Haverhill, N. H., Mrs. Jane J. K. Greeley, 28.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Rufus E. Pierce, 28; Capt. Joseph P. Russell, 83; Mrs. Elizabeth Raymond, 79.
 At Kingston, Dr. Paul Louis Nichols, 29.
 At Plainfield, John Hamlen, Esq., 90.
 At Stowe, Mrs. Sarah M. Davis, 44.
 At Chicopee Falls, Major Anderson, 30.
 At Weston, Mr. Henry Augustus Jones, 29.
 At Southampton, Mr. Solyman Willcutt, 84.
 At New Bedford, Mr. William Holmes, 85.
 At Portsmouth, N. H., Major Evans Ross, 43.
 At Portland, Me., Widow Isabella Maxfield, 94.
 At Hallowell, Me., Miss Martha W. Gay, 33.
 At Bangor, Me., Mr. John Brown, 97.
 At Smithfield, R. I., Hon. Thomas Madn, 82.
 At Pau, France, Mrs. Isabella C. Mason, of Boston.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LIGHT-BOAT NEAR MINOT'S LEDGE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

'Tis just twelve months since the light-house fell,
And another April storm is here;
O, does it come as a boding knell
Of death, or to cheer the heart with fear!

The hours roll on, still no sunbeam's ray,
To illumine the dreary scene around;
The billows are flinging afar their spray,
And lashing the beach with a deafening sound.

God pity the mariner nearing the shore,
For man may not aid thee now;
The night comes on, and the rain clouds pour,
And louder the storm winds blow.

O for a glimpse of the "Minot Light,"
To warn us if breakers are near;
'Twill give us hope, on this fearful night,
Though our hearts are cold with fear.

'Tis there! 'tis there! the blessed light!
Now with iron nerve we'll try;
Hope cheering the heart with the welcome sight,
We will on till the port is nigh.

The morning came, and the light-boat still
Is riding mid sheets of foam;
And those brave men, of daring will,
Are still in their fearful home.

They have dared the dangers of the deep,
O'er the grave of the "Minot Light;"
And now, when the storm winds calmly sleep,
They are there through the starry night.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MARCELLINE'S TRIUMPH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SOME ten or fifteen miles beyond the mountains in the immediate vicinity of Trieste, over among the rugged passes of the Carnic Alps, there is a small hamlet of huntsmen's dwellings, and among them, though somewhat isolated, is a sort of a rough inn, which used to serve as a wassail-house for the hunters, and also as a shelter for travellers on their way to and from Laybach. It was a cold, blustering evening in March, and though there was no storm, yet the blasts, as they came sweeping and whistling, whirling and howling down the mountain sides, failed not to drive the people to the eber of the fireside.

Within the bar-room of this humble inn were collected some half dozen of the Alpine hunters, who passed the mug and tankard with good zest, now breaking into a happy chorus, and anon bending a willing ear to the tale and joke, while nearer to the blazing fire sat two men, strangers in the place, who had arrived just at nightfall and engaged entertainment and rest for the night. These two travellers looked not much unlike common men, but yet there was a something about their countenances that attracted more than passing attention from the hunters. They did not behave exactly as honest men would be supposed to have behaved, for in all their movements there was an evident aim to escape a too critical observation. They had horses in the stable, and were also provided with large travelling sacks, which sacks were either entirely or nearly empty. Ever and anon one or more of the hunters would cast a furtive glance towards the strangers, and once or twice they endeavored to draw the twain into conversation; but the two men persisted in remaining by themselves, and ere long they retired to the room which had been allotted for them.

"Marcelline," said one of the hunters, a stout, middle-aged man, addressing a blooming maiden, who stood behind the bar, "does Altorf return to-night?"

"No sir," returned the girl, "he comes not till the morrow."

"And has your master left you alone?" asked the hunter.

"O, no. Altorf has left Lubin with me."

"But Lubin is only a boy—a mere lad."

"Well, what of that?" replied Marcelline, looking with a somewhat inquisitive glance at the hunter.

"O, nothing," said the man, evidently endeavoring to hide, as much as possible, the fears or suspicions he entertained; "only I do not exactly like the looks of those two men whom you have just shown to their room."

Several of the hunters immediately coincided with this opinion, but Marcelline laughed at their suspicions.

"What an idea," she said. "Why, what do you take them for?"

"It is not impossible that they are robbers," returned the first speaker.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Marcelline. "Robbers in such a place as this! Let's see—there are about twenty groshen in the drawer, and I have exactly seventeen cruizers in my little box up stairs! What a place for robbers! My master took all the money with him to Trieste, save what I have named."

"Marcelline," said the first hunter who had spoken, as he stepped forward and bent his head over the bar, "do you know if your master received in trust a large wooden box from an old monk—who went lately to the convent of St. Cecilia?"

"Yes, he received such an one," replied the maiden, "and it is even now locked up in his strong room."

"That box contains the massive silver plate and ornaments of his convent. The monk left it till his return."

"Well, 'tis not likely that these men can have heard of that," Marcelline replied, betraying a slight surprise at the knowledge she had just received; "and if they had, they would not surely dare to rob the house."

"I don't know about that," returned the hunter. "Even in large cities these robberies take place. You had better let either Justin or Roland remain in the house to-night."

"O, no, I had rather not—folks would talk," uttered the maiden, as she looked with a deep blush upon two fair youths among the hunters, who had been thus designated to her.

Marcelline remained firm in her determination to accept of no assistance, or rather guard, from the hunters, and ere long they departed to their several homes. The maiden was left alone in the bar-room, for Lubin was yet in the stable; and as she found herself thus solitary, she could not repress the feeling of fear that came over her. While the stalwart hunters had been there, she had felt bold and safe; but now that they were gone, she could not banish the spectre that intruded upon her loneliness. The two men—the stranger travellers—had indeed exhibited anything but pleasing countenances, and poor Marcelline now began to repent herself that she had not accepted the kind hunter's offer.

Half an hour passed away, and Lubin came in from the stable. Marcelline, however, said nothing to him of what had transpired, but only requested him to be in readiness to respond to her summons in case she should have occasion to call him during the night. The boy then went to his bed, and once more the maiden was left alone. Nothing broke the stillness of the night save the blasts that howled among the Alps, and for half an hour longer she sat by the fast-decaying embers in the fireplace. The maiden thought surely that if the strangers meditated harm, they would have been, ere this, on the move; and with the throbbing of her fear-laden bosom somewhat quieted, she raked up the embers upon the hearth, extinguished the lamp that hung above the bar, and then taking her candle she started for her room.

Marcelline had passed through the narrow entry, ascended the stairs, and had her hand upon the latch of her own door, when a strange sound from the room of Lubin arrested her attention. At first she thought the boy might be talking in his sleep, but the sound of hustling feet drove that idea from her mind, and as the idea flashed upon her that the robbers were astir, she turned to flee for help; but she was too late, for hardly had she turned back towards the stairs, when she was confronted by one of her stranger guests.

"Do you want anything, sir?" asked Marcelline, hardly conscious of what she uttered, but using the phrase merely from the force of habit.

"Yes, pretty one, I do," the man returned. "I want Altorf's strong box."

"Mercy, sir! You would not rob us?"

"O, no—not *you*. It's only those baubles which belong to the convent that we want; so hestir yourself and show us where they are."

"I shall shriek, sir! I shall cry out for help!" exclaimed Marcelline, as she essayed to start for the stairs.

"No, no, sweet one," the villain returned, at the same time laying a rough grasp upon the maiden's arm and drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Your stable-boy is already secured, and we shall treat you in the same way. But mark me; if you are quiet, and tell us where the box is hidden, no harm shall come to you; but if you do not—"

The villain silently finished his sentence by

significantly raising his pistol at the girl's head, and at that moment he was joined by his companion, who had just come from Lubin's room. Marcelline at first thought of resistance, but she soon found that she could gain nothing by that, and besides, the robbers not only threatened her life, but they vowed that they would break in under every door and partition in the house till they found the box. Under these circumstances, the girl thought it best to reveal the hiding-place of the box, trusting, however, that something might yet turn up to assist her, and accordingly she led the way to the bar-room, back of which was a small apartment. Taking a key from the money drawer, she unlocked the door of the back room, and pointing to a small closet in the further corner, she said:

"There sirs, in that closet is the monk's box, but my master has the key in his own possession, and so, if you would open it, you must needs force the lock."

"You are ready with your wit, pretty one," said one of the robbers, as he cast a scrutinizing glance into Marcelline's face. "I fear to trust you too far, so you must excuse us if we just secure you till after our job is completed."

As the man spoke he led the girl back to the bar room, and taking from his pocket a piece of stout cord, he proceeded to lash her to a chair. She stoutly resisted, and even attempted to utter a cry, but a napkin soon stopped her power of utterance, after which her hands were lashed behind her, and then she herself lashed to the chair. After this, the robbers took a few tools from one of their sacks and proceeded at once to force the stout closet door.

For a moment after Marcelline had been left alone, she almost gave up in despair; but her woman's wit soon came to her aid, and a gleam of hope lighted up her countenance. From where the villains were at work they could not look into the bar-room, and after listening for a moment or two to assure herself that they were fairly busy, she moved her chair noiselessly towards a table, upon which a candle had been left burning. By considerable exertion she managed to get hold of the candlestick with her teeth, and then carefully set it upon a chair. A moment more she listened, and then she turned her back to the candle in such a manner as to bring the outer cord into the blaze. It required not half a minute to burn off the cord that had secured her to her seat and then bending over, she took the back of the chair in her teeth and carefully moved it out of the way. Then she turned again and placed the cord that bound her wrists in the blaze. The lashings burned, and so did her flesh, but with a perfect self-devotion, she heroically withstood the pain, and in a few moments she was free!

Marcelline now breathed more freely. She bent her ear, and she found that the villains had broken open the door and entered the closet. She heard them prying at the box which contained the silver plate, and she knew that no time was to be lost. The key was still in the lock of the door that opened into the back room, and quick as thought the heroic girl sprang forward and closed it upon those beyond. The key was turned, and Marcelline then ran to the front door, unlocked it, threw it open, and sprang into the highway. It was but the work of a few moments to rouse some of the hunters, and ere long the two robber travellers were in safe custody. They not only lost their booty, but also their liberty, and on the next day were safely conveyed to Trieste and delivered up to justice. Lubin was found in his room, with his mouth bound up and his arms pinioned to his chair; but the satisfaction of being released from his unpleasant situation made him forget the indignities he had received.

That little inn is still open to travellers, but Old Altorf keeps it no longer. Justin, the hunter, is its host, and the fair Marcelline is its hostess.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Whoever goes to law, goes into a glass house, where he understands little or nothing of what he is doing; where he sees a whole matter blown up into fifty times the size of its intrinsic contents, and through which, if he can perceive any other objects, he perceives them all discolored and distorted; where everything is too brittle to bear handling; where, as in an element of fire, he frets, fumes, and is drained at every pore; and where, whatever he buys, he buys out of the fire, and pays for according to its fictitious bulk. It had, perhaps, been better for him to have been contented with an earthen vessel.—*Skilton.*

Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven.
O. W. Holmes.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

REMINISCENCES.

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

When the gentle zephyrs chant with the rippling brook,
And the lone heart is throbbing silently;
Thought wanders from the page on which I look,
And flies to thee.

Sweet was the hour, when pillowed on thy breast,
I revelled in the heaven of thy gaze;
Dear was the pledge, and joyous was the rest,
Thrice happy days.

I stood upon the door-stone, and I took
That little ivory hand within mine own;
And O, how eloquent that one fond look!
Ah! thou art gone!

Still do I see the waving of thy tresses,
Still do I gaze upon that radiant brow;
And my fond thought thy fairy form caresses,
Where art thou now?

Here, here, enthroned upon my beating heart,
That never throbs except it throb for thee;
Queen of the realm! all beautiful thou art!
Reign joyously!

Then let me clasp thee in my arms once more,
And win the favors of thy willing lip;
And from the opening flower-bud as of yore,
Sweet nectar sip.

Thou knowest that the river of my love
Is flowing onward, deep, though silently;
The world's a weary waste, through which I rove,
Except for thee.

I go, as goest thou, my fondest fair,
I see thy smile, although thine eyes are wet;
And read the rainbow promise written there,
"I'll ne'er forget!"

INDIA RUBBER OVERSHOES.

The value of India rubber overshoes has been tested by the present winter. The ground has been almost continually covered with snow, and but for these protectors wet feet would have been common, and colds would have been much more universal. A contemporary, speaking of overshoes, says, "they resist moisture, they are impervious to wet, they keep the feet dry and warm when walking in the wet and cold penetrating snow, and they are therefore one of the greatest comforts. There are thousands of these India rubber overshoes worn now, for the one pair worn fifteen years ago. They tend to prolong life, by keeping the feet warm and dry, thus preventing cold and disease, and at the same time they pour drops of comfort into the cup of life. The great necessities of life—the main essentials to general physical happiness—are plenty of food, warm clothing and dwellings. What would it signify, if every man possessed a mountain of gold, if he could not keep his feet warm? A very poor consolation indeed. We are liable to overlook many things which have been done of late years to benefit the human family, and the claims of India rubber shoes have not been so fully acknowledged as they should be.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

POOR JACK.

BY G. BRIGGS LEONARD.

Sweet lady fair, with beauty blest,
When thou dost press thy pillow,
O think of those who may not rest,
Upon the stormy billow.

When Cynthia's silver rays illumine,
And tinge thy garden roses,
And every floweret sheds perfume,
While nature calm reposes:

O let thy thoughts go roaming far,
Be stilled thy heart's emotion,
And think upon the daring tar
Who battles with the ocean.

His heart is warm, sweet lady fair,
Though rough his outward bearing;
To pleading want he gives his share,
While others are preparing.

No nobler soul dwells on this star,
My heart speaks its emotion,
Than he, the honest-hearted tar,
Whose home is on the ocean.

THE EEL.

The eel is evidently a link between the fish and serpent, but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of the water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they wander from one place to another is evident. I have been informed upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the sea, for which it is always observed to make the most direct line possible. If this information be correct—and there seems to be no reason to doubt it,—it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of a strong migratory instinct. May we not suppose that the swallow, like the eel, performs its migrations in the same undeviating course?—*Jesse.*

KOSUTH'S SPEECH

Below we give an extract from Governor Kossuth's speech before the Massachusetts House of Representatives. It is a specimen of the almost superhuman powers of eloquence with which Providence, for its own wise purpose, has endowed the exiled Magyar.

"In the echo of every step I make on this hallowed ground, in every object which meets my eye, in my being thus received as I am, and in my standing here thus as I stand, there is such an awful and majestic revelation of the most wonderful operation of that Providence which rules the destinies of humanity, that my very voice shrinks back from falling from my lips, and I feel as if the spirit of coming events was whispering in my ears: 'Bow in adoration before the finger of God, and follow silently his winking—man has to be silent when history speaks!' and it is history which speaks.

"Who would have thought that the modest vessel which, two hundred and thirty years ago, landed the handful of pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, was fraught with the palladium of the world's history. Oppression drove them from their ancient European home to the wilderness of an unknown world. The Mayflower developed into a tree of freedom. Where the wilderness once stood, there now a mighty Christian nation stands, unequalled in liberty, unequalled in general intelligence and general prosperity—a glorious evidence of mankind's sovereign capacity for self-government.

"Oppression drove me from my native land. The battle-field where the destinies of Christendom have been decided in former times, and the destinies of Christian civilization are to be decided again. Oppression drove me from that hallowed, martyred land; and I come an exile to the asylum of the oppressed, developed into a home of liberty.

"But I come not to ask an asylum—not to seek a new home. I come to claim from the happy sons of the Pilgrim fathers a brother's hand for the oppressed of the old world; that the old house, where hundreds of millions dwell, may not be doomed to become a jail to all those millions. And humble as I am, the cause I plead is great. It is the cause of the community in mankind's destinies; and because I plead that cause—because in my very misfortune there is a principle dear to your hearts, you honor the poor exile as no triumphant was honored yet."

THE SECRET.

"I noticed," said Dr. Franklin, "a mechanic among others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile, for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him, one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his happy flow of spirits. 'My secret, doctor,' he replied, 'is that I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

ACTRESSES.

It is astonishing how much illusion is on the modern stage. The female actress is no longer visible. The milliner and dressmaker exhausts her talents upon her and conceals a portion of the body, for the dress now, as Tallyrand said, generally, "begins too late and ends too soon." Jones's Lily White is the all-covering article to what the dress leaves exposed. Rouge comes next, and colors cheeks, lips and nostrils. India ink touches up eyelashes and brows, and extra curls and tails finish up the head. Sometimes a knit sleeve fits tight over a skinny and bony arm, giving a plumpness and whiteness to its appearance.

MASSACHUSETTS IDIOTIC SCHOOL.

The State of Massachusetts has under its patronage a school intended for the benefit of the idiotic. This school is under the care of Dr. S. G. Howe, the introducer, into this country, of the system of teaching "idiotic and feeble minded youths." The third annual report speaks of the success which has attended the school established in Boston; and gives an interesting account of the efforts making, to call out the dormant energies of the unfortunate class of human beings which the school is designed to benefit.

Mr. DICKENS—It is estimated that the income of Dickens, from his writings, is \$100,000 a year—which is more than Scott made at the height of his renown. He is said to live in a generous, hospitable style. The rumor, promulgated some weeks since, that he was about to enter the legal profession, was an error.

Noble LIBERALITY.—Mr. Abner Curtis, of East Abington, Mass., called on Gov. Kossuth, at the Revere House, the other day, and presented him with five hundred dollars on his own behalf, to aid in liberating Hungary.

Wayside Gatherings.

Vain glory flowers, but yields no fruit.
Virtuous actions will, sooner or later, reap their just reward.

Read not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read thyself.

Henry C. Pettes hung himself at New York, after a gambling spree.

The Bostonians are about to build a new theatre.

The Virginia Legislature has passed the bill abolishing public executions.

That which derives its only value from fancy, is not very valuable.

Gold dust in Australia has actually fallen in price to £2 17s. per ounce!

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

Gen. Sterling Price, the democratic candidate for governor of Missouri, is one of the Mexican war heroes.

In the United States, one man in fourteen is a land owner; in Great Britain, one man in nine hundred.

Seven soldiers in the Mexican war, are now, or have been since the close of that war, senators of the United States.

A whole family, named Shroll, of ten or twelve persons, were killed by the explosion of the steamer Glencoe, at St. Louis.

Spurious gold one dollar pieces are in circulation. They are poorly executed, particularly the milling.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Man cannot be regenerated until he arrives at adult age. For, not until then does he come into rational freedom.

The house in which Napoleon the Great was born, at Ajaccio, is left in a state of complete neglect, "just like any other unoccupied house."

The Reindeer, the pride of the river, went up to Albany, one day week before last, with eight passengers, and came down the day after with twelve!

The constitution of the city of Bremen had been suspended, and a decree issued, prohibiting the circulation of printed papers and the posting of placards.

Capt. Thomas Seward, for many years Assistant Superintendent of the House of Industry at South Boston, died at Weymouth, Mass., on the 25th ult., at the age of 81 years.

Professor Rauch, of Berlin, has just completed the model for the memorial statue of Immanuel Kant, which is to be erected on the Philo-sophengange at Konigsberg, the favorite promenade of the great metaphysician.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into arise from themselves; and that temper which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils.

Reichenbach says, that thousands of ghost stories will now receive a natural explanation from his discovery, that the decomposition of animal matter is accompanied by light, or luminous vapor, which is visible to certain sensitive persons.

Rev. Henry L. Low died at the McLean Asylum in Somerville, lately, aged 34 years. He was a son of Gen. Joseph Low, of Concord, N. H. and had been a professor of languages at Geneva College, N. Y. He was recently pastor of the Episcopal church at Hopkinton, N. H.

The Woodstock (Va.) Tenth Legion says, that Mr. Lorenzo Sibert, of that place, has invented a machine that will turn out from 50,000 to 300,000 bricks per day. It is said to be very simple, and can be worked by any amount of horse power.

A beautiful white swan was shot at Jamestown, the outlet of Chatanque Lake, a short time since. It measured six feet six inches from tip to tip of its wings, and twenty-seven inches from the end of its bill to the base of its neck. Its color was the purest of white.

Judge Thompson, of the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania, has decided that the tenant of a farm in that State cannot remove or sell the manure from the farm, no matter how produced. This has been long a vexed question, and the judge's opinion is of interest to farmers generally.

"Surrender!" was the summons of General Rosen to Hamad Bey, the Circassian chief; "surrender! resistance is in vain; the hosts I bring against you are numberless as the sand on the seashore!" "But my hosts," was the answer, "are like the waves of the sea, which wash away the sand."

A new plan for preventing railroad accidents has been proposed. All trains are to have an inclined plane in front and rear, with rails laid upon them and over the tops of the cars. When a fast train overtakes a slow one, it passes over the top of the slow one, thus preventing the fatal collisions now so frequent.

To measure boards, multiply the width in inches of any number of pieces of equal length, by the inches of the length. Divide by 144, and the quotient is the number of feet for any thickness under an inch. Every fourth inch increase of thickness adds a fourth to the number of feet in the face measure.

Foreign Miscellany.

The snowy mountains in Australia are found to be one vast gold bed.

The public concerts in Paris are wretchedly attended. Even Lablache and Cruvelli do not draw.

It is rumored that the two Russian Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas are about to visit Louis Napoleon.

The private expenditure of the Earl of Eglington, in Dublin, is said to average fully £1000 per week.

The hotel of the Russian embassy at Berlin was being repaired for the reception of the empress of Russia.

The Prussian government is negotiating with France to obtain a reduction in the import duty of German wools and other raw materials.

The agents of the treasury have formally taken possession of the confiscated Orleans estate.

Forty-nine provincial papers have ceased to exist since the second of December, in consequence of the excessive restrictions placed upon the press.

The first part of the Irish census returns has been published. It shows that the population of Carlow county has diminished one sixth since 1841.

Mrs. Ann Kelly, an actress who played with Mrs. Siddons, Edmund Kean, Sheridan Knowles and other celebrities, died at Lewisham, Kent, lately, aged 105.

Wrought iron beams for steam-engines are being made in England, at the Derwent iron works. They are much lighter, less cumbersome than the ordinary cast iron beams, and are considered safer.

The last number of the Westminster Review, one of the "great quarterlies of England," speaks of the "State of Baltimore," and says, "each member of Congress represents 30,000 adult males!"

Coral ornaments have again come into fashion, and are worn as loops to short sleeves, in the form of agraffes; necklaces of large beads, with ends hanging down to the waist; and of bracelets.

At the last meeting of the London Geological Society, Dr. Rae, Dr. Sutherland, and Sir Roderick Murchison, expressed the opinion that Sir John Franklin was still alive. Captain Ommaney, a well-known traveller, thought the contrary. The opinions were based entirely on the question whether food was abundant or not.

Sands of Gold.

—No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch—hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

—This may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated.

—Men often are not aware of what severe and untiring labor they are capable, until they have made trial of their strength.

—Inviolable fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

—Love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it.

—That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue.

—Affectation is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models, the young begin with being ridiculous, and often end in being vicious.

—Shakespeare paints so very closely to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear when he is on his scene.—*Cumberland.*

—There are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation.

—No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is dressed.

—The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.—*Shenstone.*

—I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building, where, amidst great heaps of rubbish you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion.

—The abilities of a man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are abed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.—*Temple.*

—Speaking of the goods of life, Sir William Temple says: "The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend."

Joker's Olio.

There are times when none of us would be found at home by any friend, if it were not for the fear of being found out.

"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I see a female boy, duz ye?"

"An experienced surgeon will accompany every train," very properly composes a part of a western railroad advertisement.

William Henry attended an auction sale the other day, and expressed some surprise at seeing so large a congregation of persons all with forbidding aspects!

There is a man on the coast, who has so profound a reverence for titles, that he always takes off his hat to a kingfisher, and addresses a carpenter's square as "your honor."

"Father, is there any boys in Congress?" "No, my son, why do you ask that question?" "Because the papers said the other day that one of the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the House."

Shakelfelt once made the passage round Point Judith, on a rough and stormy night, and has ever since believed that to be the point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue.—*Carpet Bag.*

Jones says the first converted Indian he met at the Sandwich Islands, had very primitive notions of propriety. He was peddling religious works, selling tracts for tobacco, and exchanging the New Testament for semi-occasional drafts of gin.

The danger of abolishing the property qualifications for the members of parliament is this—that if some of our legislators were to be without their property qualification, they would have no other qualification whatever.—*Punch.*

At Carlton House, it being mentioned once that Miss Clarke had confessed all her faults to the Duke of York, some one exclaimed, "What candor!" "And," added George IV., "what a memory!"—*Literary Gazette.*

A believer in the "rappings" at Mount Holly, in New Jersey, announces his intention to call upon the spirit of Samson, to assist him in moving a two-story house, which he wishes placed about fifty yards from where it now stands.

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STEAMER MISSISSIPPI, FLAG SHIP OF THE JAPANESE EXPEDITION.

The empire of Japan was founded about 665 years before Christ, by Simmu. From this time a double chronology commences, including the reigns of the Dearios and Cubos. The Dearios were military officers, and at one period completely usurped the power of the emperors; but a general by the name of Jeretimo being crowned, succeeded in depriving the Dearios of all military power. At the present time the empire of Japan is governed by an emperor with full military powers, a deario with full civil powers, and a cubo, or prime minister, who has authority over certain cities, their parliament, etc. Jeddo, or Yeddo, the capital of the whole empire, is situated in the midst of a fine plain, in the province of Museace. It is built in the form of a crescent, and intersected in almost every street by canals, their banks being planted with rows of beautiful trees. The city is not surrounded, as most eastern cities are, by a wall, but has a strong castle to defend it. The river Tongag waters it, and supplies the castle ditch; and, being divided into five streams, has a bridge over each. The next largest city is Meaco. It is also a royal city, and is situated on a lake near the middle of the island of Nippon, and surrounded by mountains, which give a remarkable and delightful prospect to the whole; the circumjacent country between the city and the mountains is covered with temples, sepulchres, etc., and is embellished with a variety of orchards, groves, cascades, and purling streams. Three considerable rivers water this fertile plain, and unite their streams in the centre of the city, where a magnificent stone bridge facilitates the communication between the different parts of the city. A strong castle defends the town; it is six hundred yards in length, has a tower in the centre, and it is surrounded by two ditches, the one dry, the other full of water. This splendid city is twenty miles long and nine wide within the suburbs, which are as well populated as the city. The number of the inhabitants of the city proper is supposed to be 529,000. The universities, colleges, temples, etc., are almost incredible in number and magnificence. It contains twelve capital or principal streets, in the centre of which are the royal palaces, superbly built of marble, and adorned with gardens, orchards, pavilions, terraces, groves, etc. The next principal town is Ozeaco. It is deemed the chief seaport, is very populous, and has an army of 80,000 men always ready at the disposal and command of the emperor. It is near fifteen miles in circumference. The city of Nangaseke is the Japanese naval depot; but as they have not yet found any use for a navy, their vessels are only in the rough material, and stored away for emergencies. The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their silks and cottons are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese, Japan ware, gold, silver, copper, gums, medicinal herbs, roots, diamonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, etc. Whatever goods the Japanese want they pay for in gold and silver. Their great sources of opulence are their mines of gold and silver, but they have no antimony, calamine, sal ammoniac, borax or cinnebar (quicksilver). These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds and every kind of duck and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world. Few countries open so fair a field as the island of Japan for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about two hundred millions of dollars annually, if not

more. The principal rivers are the Ujingava and Askagava; the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it. A large valley exists in the interior, which is filled with carbonic gas, and called the valley of the Upas. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The emperor, it is said, often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of inestimable value, and the bones of men also whiten its deadly sides. Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common throughout several of the islands. The above account gives a fair outline of the whole empire.



PORTRAIT OF JONATHAN HARRINGTON, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

JONATHAN HARRINGTON.

The portrait given below will be recognized at once throughout the United States. It gives a characteristic view of features, not more than one at a time of whose ever changing expressions, even the electric daguerrian beam is quick enough to catch and fasten. These rapid transitions of expression give that striking, interesting character to his countenance which seldom fails to arrest the attention of the most casual observer. Mr. Harrington's acknowledged position as the greatest ventriloquist in America, together with his skill as a public performer, render his history and character matters of general interest. He was born in Charles street, Boston, on March 30th, 1811, and is the son of Wyman Harrington, Esq., a well-known master-builder in that city, and a man whose green old age, and remaining elasticity of mental and physical constitution, furnishes us a clue to the fountain whence the son drew the remarkable vigor, vivacity, and vitality that have thus far characterized his career, and contributed so much to his advancement. Mr. H. gave indications of his peculiar faculties when only nine years old; but it was at the age of fourteen, when in the mercantile house of Samuel May & Co., that he favored the older clerks with a series of entertainments that threw that grave establishment into a state of complete uproar, upsetting the dignity even of the stern proprietors themselves, who soon tendered young Harrington his passports, as they much doubted whether he had a vocation for the tame pursuits of commercial life. From this time his parents were constantly besieged by the managers of all kinds of public performances, who were anxious to secure the advantages of his rare gifts for their exhibitions. They were wise enough to decline most of these offers, however tempting in a pecuniary point of view. At an early period of his maturity, but not until he had devoted sufficient time to study and the cultivation of his peculiar powers, Mr. H. commenced and continued throughout the country a series of unique entertainments, chiefly the inventions of his own genius, which proved so successful, that in 1839 we find him the sole proprietor of the New England Museum, which, under the new cognomen of "Harrington's Museum," he soon made one of the most popular and successful places of amusement in Boston. Here for the first time in that city, he introduced the "saloon entertainments," which have since received so much public favor. So long as he continued connected with the Museum, the life, spirit, energy, and activity of the proprietor was infused and manifested through every department of the establishment. A few years since Mr. Harrington's predilections led him to return to his former successful system of exhibitions. At present the sterling character of his performances is so generally and thoroughly understood that the simple announcement of his name in any part of the country, is sufficient to insure a thronged house. As might be inferred from the portrait, Mr. Harrington appears physically to be a perfect man. He not only ranks high in his present profession, but the force and balance of his intellectual and physical powers are such, that he would undoubtedly have held a conspicuous place in any profession he might have chosen. It is generally understood that Mr. H. has amassed a handsome property by his professional skill and industry, besides which he is the proprietor of a beautiful and valuable rural residence in the village of North Chelsea, three miles from Boston. There he resides during the intervals of his professional engagements, and there in private life, in the bosom of his estimable family, he is much valued by friends and neighbors, for his eminent social qualifications, and all other characteristics that make the real man, as he is by the country at large for his rare gifts and skill as a public and professional performer.

NAPOLEON'S READING.

Before he had regulated the distribution of his time, he was very anxious not to be left between dinner and the hour of retiring to rest. To prevent the ladies from retiring, he would sit long at table, exert himself to keep up conversation, and sometimes send for books to read aloud to the company. He read well, but he read the same poems and the same plays too frequently. Among the latter, Zaire was his favorite lecture. He slept himself when read to, but he was very observant and jealous if others slept while he read. He watched the audience vigilantly, and "Madame Montholon, vous dormez," was a frequent ejaculation in the course of reading. He was animated with all that he read, especially poetry; enthusiastic at beautiful passages, impatient and observant of faults, and full of ingenious and lively remarks on style, composition and story. He read through the Odyssey, I presume in Dacier's translation, and the Bible. He could hardly get through the first for the comments it excited, and, as he had not been very conversant with the Old Testament, he was alternately surprised and delighted, provoked and diverted, at the sublimity and beauty of some passages, and what appeared to him the extravagance and absurdity of others. He expressed all these emotions with great freedom and eagerness; and the manner as well as matter of his remarks awakened and fixed the attention of his audience. In the long evenings, passed thus in conversation, reading, criticism, and narrative, he not only took a prominent part, but was so luminous and earnest, and yet so philosophical, calm, and above resentment in describing the events of his life, and drawing the portraits of those with whom he had passed it, that Madame Montholon, with great felicity, compared the sensations of the company to those of a future state, in which they were taking a dispassionate view of the transactions of the world in which they had been engaged. Napoleon was curious about all new books which arrived at St. Helena. Without understanding English well or speaking it at all, he could make out histories, and read newspapers and reviews in our language. He grew so conversant in the latter, that, on the arrival of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, he made very plausible conjectures about the authors of their articles. The anecdotes of his early life, from Cardinal Feach and Lewis Bonaparte, quite astonished him. "Where on earth have they been to hunt out that? but I recollect it. Where on earth could those English fellows get it?" — *Holland's Reminiscences*



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

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KOSSUTH'S REVIEWAL OF THE TROOPS.

Among all the public performances of parades, speeches, visits, audiences, etc., that have been the result of the visit among us of the great Magyar, we know of no finer or more striking scene than that which was presented on the occasion of Kossuth's reviewal of the troops on Boston Common, as illustrated by our artist below. Sixty thousand citizens witnessed the scene, and over two thousand troops were under arms. The Hungarian and his suite sat their horses like men used to the saddle from boyhood, and made a most profound impression upon all. Kossuth, accompanied by Gov. Boutwell and suite, and Gen. Edmands and suite, reviewed the military by passing in front and rear, and minutely inspecting their appearance; of the Boston Light Dragoons, lately known as the Lancers, he particularly spoke in praise, declaring them the best looking body of mounted men he had ever seen; with the infantry and artillery he was also much pleased. His fine figure will

easily be discerned in the group presented in our engraving, by its grace and other peculiarities. Such scenes cannot but be of service to Kossuth, who is himself but little versed in the details of war, but who is nevertheless now making it his earnest and constant study. His name would be a host in any battle-field, and where his plume waved, there would victory smile. Some people sneeringly say that Kossuth will never return to Hungary; that if he does, he can effect no good. Such persons are prejudiced beyond reason; and let us tell them that there will yet rise "a star in the East," like that which led the wise men of old towards a Saviour's birthplace; a star that shall outshine in brilliancy the noonday sun, and shall cast a gleam of liberty over all benighted Europe! Would that this glorious cause of European freedom might more fully possess the people of this country. True, large sums are being contributed towards supplying the Hungarians with arms and munitions, but let these contributions be still more liberal, and let them pro-

duce an effect in advance upon the hearts of the tyrants of Austria and Russia. "Nowadays"—said Kossuth in his speech at Charlestown—"it is not success which makes the merit of a cause, but its principle. The results of the day of Bunker Hill have changed the basis of future history, because it gave birth to a mighty nation, whose very existence is the embodiment of a principle, true, like truth itself, and lasting like eternity. It would be strange indeed, should that principle forsake itself. No, it will not, it cannot do it. Great is the destination of your nation. You approach it not in vain, with so successful, gigantic steps. Opportunity will do the rest. Upon this, humanity may with confidence rely, and opportunity will come. Its forecast shadow is already seen. I could wish for my poor country's sake, that you should be pleased to make that opportunity, having the power to do so. But I know great bodies move slow, and feel consoled with the assurance that it will move, when opportunity will come. In the

meantime, your private generosity tendered to our unmerited misfortunes, is planning the way, and, should we not feel strong enough to create opportunity, supported by your benevolence, we will not be unprepared to catch it when it comes. It will be gratifying to your noble hearts to hear the fact that the reception America has honored me with, the sympathy which you manifest, came like a healing balm over my country's bleeding wounds, and, warming my people's heart like as the May sun warms the soil, added the cheerfulness of confidence to the resolution of patriotism. I know my people well; I know what it did, what it was ready to do, when it was but duty it felt. I know what it can do now that it hopes. I thank you for it, not only in my people's name, but I am expressly charged to tell the people of America that it has not spent its sympathy to a corpse. Hungary will answer the expectations of America." Again and again, we repeat, God bless the cause of freedom in Hungary, and let its apostle be His peculiar care!



REVIEW OF THE TROOPS BY KOSSUTH, ON BOSTON COMMON

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE

RUINED ABBEY:

—OR—

THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

Jack's sufferings momentarily increased. His head swam, his sight failed, and his senses were fast leaving him.

"Poor little Cora," he faintly articulated, "she wont have a friend no more. There wont be nobody, soon, to take pleasure in fightin' for her, and to keep her from being beaten."

Assistance was nearer at hand than Jack imagined. A man with a shaven crown and a domino made his appearance. The monk ran to Jack and raised him up.

"I'm drugged," said the latter, in a voice scarcely audible.

"*Dominus vobiscum!*" exclaimed the monk.

"Hold up your mawlers!" said Jack, wildly.

"*Et cum spiritu tuo,*" added the monk.

"Fair play," said Jack.

"Aid us, St. Peter and St. Paul!" continued the monk, crossing himself.

"One at a time," murmured Jack, shaking his fists feebly.

"Let thy right hand sustain me," resumed the man of God.

"Come up to the scratch; don't flinch," returned Jack.

"*Pater noster, qui—*"

"Nothing but pison," whispered Jack, with an effort.

A new idea illuminated the mind of the monk. Instead of preparing the sick man for death, he would make an attempt to save his life. He had some knowledge of the healing art, and had been called upon more than once to administer relief to the body as well as to the soul.

Without wasting any more time, he produced a small case, containing various medicines, and proceeded to pour the contents of a vial into his patient's mouth. Jack struggled against the efforts of the monk as much as possible, and tried to talk of "knocks" and "stunners;" but the monk triumphed. Enough medicine was forced down his throat to act as a powerful emetic. The effect was highly beneficial. In a short time Jack was able to stand upon his feet, and by the aid of his benefactor was strong enough to walk slowly towards the residence of the monk.

"*Deo Gratias!*" exclaimed the latter, joyfully.

"Any way you please," said Jack, whose intellect was still disordered. "Come up to the scratch, and hit fair; don't strike after I'm down."

The monk succeeded in getting him to his place of abode—a small hut in a sequestered spot. He kindly surrendered to him his own couch; and after swallowing a composing draught, Jack sunk into sound sleep. He slept nearly two hours, and awoke greatly refreshed, and feeling quite well. His intellect was clear as usual, and he remembered distinctly what had transpired. Without hesitation he related to the monk the events of the morning; neither did he scruple to tell him all he knew of Cora, and the course he intended to adopt in relation to her.

"When you can find no better home for the girl, you may bring her here," said the monk.

Jack expressed his gratitude in characteristic style.

"Stun me, if that aint kind!" he exclaimed.

"About your new acquaintance of this morning," added the monk, "I know not what to think of him. His conduct towards you, it seems to me, was rather unfriendly, and wanting in good faith. Whether he will carry your message to the young lord of Glenburn is a subject of some doubt."

"Them's my sentiments," said Jack.

"Whether he administered the drug with an intention to produce death, I cannot say. God only knows the intention: but it was certainly wrong for him to give it to you at all, even if it was only meant to produce unconsciousness."

"In course," added Jack, "and I'm much obliged to you for your help. If you ever want anything in my way, I'll show you that I aint ungrateful. But in regard to this Glenburn affair, I think I ought to go myself. I feel well now, and can walk to the castle afore dark. Jest give me another swig out o' that bottle, and I'm all right again."

Perceiving that Jack was resolved, the monk did not oppose his design very strenuously, although he kindly offered to accompany him.

"What may I call your name?" asked the former, as he was going.

"Manuel," replied the monk.

"I'll remember you, Father Manuel," added Jack.

"*Dominus vobiscum,*" said Father Manuel.

"Is that the slang of the roads?" asked Jack.

"Heaven forbid, my son! it's a blessing."

In a short time our hero was upon the road again, walking towards Glenburn castle as fast as he was able. He found that his limbs were still weak, his head rather heavy, and his stomach sore from the effects of the drug. He had not proceeded far upon his way before he met Dunalstein and Hardwick. The former appeared excited and anxious, and the latter sullen. The usually placid and kindly mood of Dunalstein had been disturbed and agitated by the adroit suggestions of the lord of Hardwick. He had been gradually led to suspect both Jack Lynd and Joseph Abershaw of being engaged in the affair of Isadore's disappearance. Laboring under such an erroneous idea, and goaded on by the artful insinuations of his daughter's rejected lover, he was prepared to treat Jack with a harshness altogether foreign to his nature.

"There's the fellow that I saw following your fair daughter," said Hardwick, pointing at Jack.

"I'll question him," said Dunalstein.

"Do you know what brings us here?" he asked, riding up to Jack.

"I think I do," replied the latter, coolly.

Dunalstein and Hardwick exchanged significant glances.

"Well, sir, what is it?" continued Dunalstein.

"Your horses," said Jack.

"You hear his insolence?" observed Hardwick.

"My daughter Isadore has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared," continued Dunalstein, "and I have reason to suppose that you know something about it."

"I'm sorry for you, but can't help it. Don't this here gentleman with you know nothin' about it?"

"Don't presume too much upon my good nature, fellow. What leads you to suppose that the lord of Hardwick has any knowledge of this transaction?"

"You'll get nothing out of him but abuse," said Hardwick, quickly.

"I was a goin' to tell what I saw, and it might have been useful to you; but I'll say no more; it wont do no good," replied our hero.

"Speak out," exclaimed Dunalstein.

"Come away, my lord," said Hardwick, impatiently.

"No: the fellow shall speak, or I'll chastise him with my whip!" cried Dunalstein.

"None o' that, my lord. I don't wish you no hurt, and don't know nothin' about your pretty daughter," said Jack.

"Take that, vagabond!" exclaimed Dunalstein, striking him with the whip.

"There's a reg'lar stunner for you!" cried Jack, giving Dunalstein a blow that knocked him from the saddle in an instant.

Hardwick immediately drew his sword and spurred his horse furiously towards our hero.

"There's an old account to settle between us!" he exclaimed. "Expect no quarter."

With cat-like agility Jack evaded the thrust which Hardwick aimed at him, and which would have proved mortal had it taken effect. Before Hardwick could recover himself and make a more effectual demonstration, Jack planted an "astonisher" in his left side that deprived him of the ability to do any serious mischief at that time. His weapon dropped from his powerless hand, he reeled in his saddle, and his fall was facilitated by a "stunner" under the ear.

"That's werry refreshin'," said Jack, and casting a triumphant glance at his fallen foes, he walked away as though nothing unusual had happened.

"If there was more on it done, the world wouldn't be such a sad place as it is," he added.

To avoid pursuit, by Dunalstein and Hardwick, he no longer went on in the frequented road, but crossed fields and forests. The next incident which befell him was meeting Hepsy Herne. There was more of the sorceress in her looks and actions than he had ever seen before. She was walking very swiftly, muttering to herself as she went, occasionally shaking her stick spitefully at some imaginary object.

She strode up to our hero. Catching him roughly by the wrist, she bent her tall figure and peered up into his face. There was malice, cunning, curiosity, and all kinds of mischief in her expression.

"And so you are playing *your* part!" she screamed. "But I warn you to be cautious; I bid you mind well what you are doing! Don't meddle with that which does not concern you; if you do, it will be to your hurt. I am watching you—you can't deceive me. Tremble, fool, tremble!"

"Don't bother; don't go for to fret yourself," said Jack.

"Have you seen Cora?" asked Hepsy, with a malignant sneer.

"I know nothin' about your runaways. Jump on to a broomstick and whisk away after 'em," said Jack.

"Do you know my power! Do you know the art with which I afflict those I hate? I can draw the mysterious circle; and I can write between them the names of those unseen agencies which rule the hour. I know how to avail myself of the influences of those four great elements which hold the secrets of human life, and which can be made to act for good or for ill. I bring out the hidden principles of earth, air, fire, and water. I prepare the charms which work woe and misery."

"Don't go for to pilin' your agony on to me," said Jack.

"Go, stubborn idiot! Begone, fighting fool! But if you meddle or make with my affairs, you will rue the day, once, twice, thrice!"

"One at a time," added Jack.

"Last night my witch-cauldron simmered over the fire. I threw in the horrible ingredients of my art. The flames leaped up blue and sulphurous, and hissed like serpents. I signed the sign; I named the name; and one came who told me you were burning your fingers with what did not concern you."

Hepsy Herne's eyes glowed like coals of fire. She shook her long, bony fingers in Jack's face; she leered most maliciously; while her black hair fell like snakes about her cheeks.

"How many pleasin' ways you have with you," said our hero, instinctively drawing back, while he confessed a superstitious fear at heart.

"I can read *bi-ji* (future or destiny). What is to be will be, and fate will have it so," said the hag. She then walked on a few steps, and turning, looked full at Jack and coughed in a manner that made him shudder. He felt a sense of inexpressible relief when the sorceress had passed from his sight.

He hastened on towards Glenburn; but he was aware that so much time had been lost upon the road at different periods, that he should not reach the castle until long after the departure of the young lord. All he could do would be to wait his return at the oak dingle, near the Black Moor. The sun was an hour high when he reached the spot. He sat down in a copse near the road, and awaited the coming of Glenburn with commendable patience.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEST—THE ROBBERY.

THE young lord of the Glenburn estates mounted his horse and set out, unattended, to collect rents, at that time due from his numerous tenants. His father had usually performed that duty; but being somewhat indisposed, he had volunteered to take his place. He did not leave the castle until about noon. He had passed the oak dingle, and was crossing the Black Moor, when a respectably dressed man, considerably advanced in years, accosted him with much earnestness.

"Ho, my lord! I would a word with you."

"As many as you please, only let them be to the point," was the rejoinder.

"I like brevity," added the man, "and you shall be obeyed. There is danger before you."

"Be more explicit, my friend. There is more or less of danger before us all," said Glenburn.

"You are going to collect your rents, and intend to return by the same road you are now travelling?"

"It is true."

"Some hours will elapse before you return; it will then be dark. Three persons have laid a plan to rob you. They will conceal themselves in the dingle, rush upon you, knock you from your horse, and perhaps kill you."

"By what means did you learn this?" asked Glenburn.

"A poor young girl, sleeping at night by a hedge, heard the villains planning the whole affair."

"The girl's name—"

"Was Cora," interrupted the stranger.

"Cora!" exclaimed Glenburn, coloring. "I have seen her—a fair young creature whose lot in life is cast among wretches too vile to live."

"The same. You have now heard my story, and can act according to your best judgment. But I would respectfully suggest that you return by another road, if there be another."

"There is; but it is much further."

"You had better go further, than to run the risk of being knocked on the head and having your money stolen."

"Certainly; by all means. I am very much obliged to you for the service you have rendered me. Here is my purse; you will find a little money in it; and may it do you good."

The man took the purse with a low bow, saying as he did so:

"Your lordship will take the other road, doubtless?"

"I shall; many thanks; adieu."

The man who had warned Glenburn looked after him a few moments as he rode leisurely forward, then with a low, derisive laugh walked towards the dingle, with a quick, firm step.

"He is young, handsome, and noble; but he is a Glenburn, and that is crime enough," he muttered. "The past rises up before me. The son shall bear the sins of the father. He has a surplus of wealth; while there are others who have not enough to keep soul and body together. What harm, then, to take from him who has too much, to give to those who are pale with hunger, and grim with want."

The subject of this soliloquy kept on his way, unconscious that he was an object of any particular interest to the man who had spoken to him. The mention of Cora's name, in connection with the discovery of the intended robbery, re-awakened all his former solicitude in relation to her. He thought of her surpassing beauty, and the sweetness of temper which she had exhibited under the cruel treatment of Hepsy Herne. Glenburn raised his eyes, and perceived the hag standing in the road before him, as though such reflections were a charm to call up something evil.

"Your triumph will be of short duration," said Hepsy. "She is too young and delicate to get far away. I shall find her, and I shall bruise her smooth skin until it looks as rough and dark as mine."

"Cora has left you then?" exclaimed Glenburn, with a start of surprise.

"Yes, and the news pleases you. Well, enjoy it while you can; love her, if you will, but know that her fairness is not for you."

"Wretch!" cried Glenburn, indignantly, "and you dare call that gentle girl your child. The arch fiend cannot outdo you in wickedness. I most earnestly hope, and most earnestly pray Heaven, to protect and shield her from your horrible barbarity."

"It makes you miserable, lord of Glenburn. Your heart is ready to melt with compassion,

and your eyes to dissolve into tears; and all for the daughter of old Hepsy Herne. The charm works—the spell is on you. In a short time, could the despised beggar by the roadside read your heart, he would pity you. Ha! ha! that which is to be will be, and fate will have it so."

"Accursed hag!" exclaimed Glenburn.

"Ay! hag, forsooth! because I can rise above the common sympathies of mankind, and feel none of the silly weaknesses and relenings of the uninitiated. Lord of Glenburn, I know what lies before you; I see it in the book of destiny: love, disappointment, anguish, despair, all that the human soul may feel."

"I believe it not."

"As a proof of my knowledge, I will tell you of one thing which will shortly happen; you will be robbed of much money."

"And if you fail in this—"

"I fail in all," added the hag.

"Very well; I accept the test," said Glenburn.

"What is to be, will be," added Hepsy.

"Woman, sorceress, whatever you may be, let your heart lose a portion of its bitterness. I will give you gold; be kind to Cora."

"I like that!" laughed the hag. "Such words tell me that you suffer. For all the gold that the coffers of Glenburn contain, I would not relax a tittle of my harshness, or forego my purpose. But one day the riddle will be read; and if you carry in your bosom a man's heart, you will wish yourself dead when you read it."

"This strange being fills me with horror," said Glenburn, pressing his hand to his forehead.

"I am deep—too deep for you," added Hepsy. "You cannot fathom me. Go on—go on! fulfil your destiny, as it is written in the book."

"Gold will not soften you, then?" said Glenburn, in a low, soft voice.

"Nothing can rob me of my revenge; not even the fires that burn eternally down there! down there!" and she pointed to the earth.

"Mark me," added the young lord, emphatically. "Do not presume too much on your power over that interesting being that fate has thrown into your clutches, and whom custom obliges to call you mother. I shall watch you; I will track you from place to place; I will follow you in the winding ways of your iniquities; and perhaps I will punish you. Remember that I am a Glenburn, and have wealth at my command. I am young, active, adventurous, and fearless, and may prove a match even for you—the devil's own."

Glenburn shook his hand warningly at Hepsy, touched his horse's flanks with his spurs, and galloped away, leaving the sorceress laughing more horribly than he had ever before heard her. When he had visited such of his father's tenants as were indebted, and received the several amounts in due form, it was near night. It was not without a feeling of inward satisfaction and triumph that he took a different road on his return. He doubted not that Hepsy knew of the plan to rob him, and was a party to it; and possibly the contriver of the whole. Thanks to Cora, he had been warned, and consequently would baffle and vex her, by taking another road and avoiding the dingle. She had predicted a robbery as the test of her knowledge, and if that test failed, *all* would fail; and Glenburn prided himself not a little on his good luck.

While thus congratulating himself, it grew dark, and he reached a lonely spot. The sound of horses' feet in full gallop was borne to his ears. A few seconds elapsed, and a man mounted upon a large black steed, thundered up to his side, grasped his bridle rein, presented a pistol, and in a stern, imperative voice demanded his money. Glenburn hesitated, and cast his eyes wistfully at the arms in his holsters.

"It is useless!" cried the highwayman. "Yield instantly, and save me from the shedding of blood. By heaven! I never ask three times for a man's purse. Two seconds is time enough for one to make choice between his money and his life!"

"You speak like one above your calling," said Glenburn, pointing to the bag containing the silver and gold he had collected that afternoon.

The highwayman put forth his other hand and took the money, saying as he did so:

"I will be responsible for this, and I may possibly make it more useful than the lord of Glenburn would."

"Very consoling thought," said Glenburn. "I hope it may be my fortune to meet you under different circumstances."

"What is to be will be," replied the highwayman. "I wish your lordship a pleasant ride to

the castle, and agreeable dreams." With a graceful bow, and wave of the hand, the robber put spurs to his horse and soon disappeared in the increasing gloom of night.

* * * * *

The kind reader will remember that Cora was left alone at the abbey. When her rough but generous benefactor left her, she felt a hope and happiness having growth in her heart, which she had never experienced before. The idea of having a friend who would speak kindly to her and protect her, moved her even to tears. Cora had a voice of uncommon sweetness. Sitting in her lonely retreat, she improvised and sang:

Tearful, and weary, and distressed,
My soul with grief and anguish pressed,
I often wished myself at rest—
Sleeping beneath the cypress tree,
Where not an eye my grief should see.

I shunned the peaceful peasant's door,
Field, wood and hill I wandered o'er;
And crossed at night the haunted moor:
Tearfully, and weary, and distressed,
I vainly wished myself at rest.

At night, at morning 'twas the same,
And never a word of kindness came,
But cruel blows that bruised my frame:
Tearful, and weary, and distressed,
I vainly wished myself at rest.

'Twas very sad, and hard to bear,
And often filled me with despair:
Alas, I had no friend to care:
Tearful, and weary, and distressed,
I vainly wished myself at rest.

But I have found, at last, a friend,
To guard and guide me to the end—
Where'er my wandering footsteps tend:
Tearful, and weary, and distressed,
O dare I hope for earthly rest!

The day passed on. The solitude of the old abbey grew irksome, but Cora feared to leave it. She almost dreaded to look from the windows, lest she should see the grim figure of Hepsy Herne. She examined the dilapidated room, and other portions of the edifice, and gazed at everything curious and unique that was to be found. While she was thus engaged, wandering from room to room, she heard sounds which caused her heart to beat with terror. Heavy footsteps resounded upon the stairs.

"I am lost!" she exclaimed, falling upon her knees. "My hiding place is discovered. They have come to carry me back to Hepsy Herne. O fate worse than death! O fortune thrice miserable!"

The steps grew nearer; they sounded to Cora like the death knell of her hopes. She concealed her slight figure behind an image and waited the event with trembling limbs and palpitating heart. Two men were in the corridor, as she could plainly distinguish by the tread. They came on—looked into the room where Cora was crouching and ready to faint with fear.

"This room would have done just as well," said one.

"Not so," replied the other. "There are no bars across the windows."

"But they are high," added the other.

"That wouldn't have hindered her from trying to get out," was the reply. "She would run the risk of her neck for the sake of having her own way. No, no; this wasn't the place."

"I was right," thought Cora. "They are speaking of me. They are the messengers of Hepsy. But why do they wish to confine me in this abbey?"

"She must be very much afraid of him," added the other, "to attempt to jump out of one of these windows. Why a cat couldn't do it and live; and they say a cat has nine lives."

"I expect," answered his comrade, moving on, "that his designs toward her ain't none of the best, and it would be kind of nateral for her to do sunthin' desperate to escape."

What did these strange words mean? She decided that the person referred to by the ruffians was no other than herself.

The two men passed on. In a short time she heard them descend the stairs, and then all was still again. Cora now resolved to leave the abbey. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "they are watching for me without, and are only waiting for me to leave my place of concealment. But I cannot stay here after what I have heard. No; any place but this. I will steal forth cautiously, and try to gain the forest unseen."

While Cora was descending to the first floor, she fancied she heard a sound like a deep drawn sigh; but it ceased, and did not occur again, though she listened intently; and she was forced to attribute it to her own heated imagination.

She looked cautiously from the torn and shattered walls of the basement as far as she could into the surrounding country; upon one side the view was obstructed by a wood, and upon others by high hills and shrubbery, in which those whom she so much dreaded, might be hidden. One moment she hesitated, and then resolved to go forth. Leaving the abbey by a small postern, she fled, momentarily expecting that the figure of Hepsy Herne would start up before her, to stop her flight and force her back. She reached the forest. None pursued her; no rough, unfriendly hand was laid upon her.

What should she do next? Should she leave the vicinage of the abbey with all possible haste, or should she await there the return of Jack Lynd? The latter would probably be gone until night, and it would be several hours before that time. She therefore determined to walk some distance from the abbey, and return about dark to see if Jack was there.

Turning into a narrow path she commenced putting her design in execution. Suddenly she came upon a man holding a horse by the bridle. It was Joseph Abershaw. She raised her eyes towards heaven, clasped her hands, uttered a sharp cry, and fell senseless to the earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISADORE—THE DRUG.

DUNALSTEIN searched in vain for Isadore. After his rencounter with Jack, he and Hardwick had ridden within sight of the abbey without gaining any intelligence of the missing one. Hardwick proposed that they should return by different routes, and accordingly they separated. As Dunalstein was proceeding homeward, much troubled and perplexed, he met Hepsy Herne.

"Have you found her?" asked the hag, eagerly.

"Found who?" interrogated Dunalstein.

"A pretty question to ask!" cried Hepsy, angrily.

"Do not be angry, tawny mother," said Dunalstein. "I have trouble enough of my own, without perplexing myself with the difficulties of others. Isadore has mysteriously disappeared, and I am seeking her."

"What?" said Hepsy, vacantly.

"My daughter has been missing since yesterday, and I can learn nothing of her fate—whether she be living or dead. I will see you again." Dunalstein gave his horse the spur and hurried on.

"Isadore gone—missing!" repeated the sorceress, dubiously. "The pretty, dark-skinned maiden, disappeared! What does it mean?"

Hepsy resumed her way, muttering and pausing as she went, like one in doubt and uncertainty. Gradually her habitual harshness and keenness of intellect returned. Her eyes again flashed with preternatural brilliancy, as though the fires of hatred and malevolence which always burned within them had been re-kindled with some material more intensely bright and combustible. Her face grew more frightful in its ugliness; her long fingers worked convulsively upon her stick, and she strode on with masculine rapidity.

The search for Isadore was continued with untiring assiduity by Dunalstein. He offered large rewards, and had bills posted in various parts of the country. The lord of Hardwick assisted him, and seemed to partake largely in his sorrow and anxiety. He was always the first to advise what step to take next, and his suggestions were ever received gratefully.

Dunalstein spent many hours in the saddle, riding in different directions; but Hardwick was not to be outdone; he was always near him. Days passed on, and the castle of Dunalstein was the scene of consternation and grief. Dunalstein grew gloomy and thoughtful, and the domesticities shared in his feelings. Hardwick dined there daily, and like the others was silent and dispirited. As time went on, the mystery appeared to grow more deep and impenetrable. Suspicion rested upon several individuals, among whom were Joseph Abershaw and Jack Lynd. And so the perplexing subject remained in doubt and darkness.

Attended by the indulgent reader we will now return to Isadore.

She was still a close prisoner at the castle. She had seen no one but Conly, who had brought her food regularly, and remained deaf to her tears and entreaties. To whose agency she owed her present captivity she was yet in ignorance. It is true that she had her suspicions and conjectures upon the subject; but her mind was by no means settled. Sometimes she was ready

to attribute it all to Joseph Abershaw, and at others to the lord of Hardwick.

And thus she remained in doubt and uncertainty, suffering all the horrors which such a condition is calculated to inspire. Books had been refused her, and time hung heavily upon her hands. The reading of the manuscript, with a portion of the contents of which the reader is already acquainted, had not yet been concluded. One day, feeling unusually weary of being unemployed—for lack of employment often wearies the mind—Isadore resolved to read the remainder of the history contained in the dusty pages. It will be remembered that she left off at this place:

"I must try to escape. I will search the room for secret springs and panels; I have heard there are such in the monastery."

The narrative went on as follows:

"I have tried to find some means of escape; but in vain. I can discover no secret panels communicating with other portions of the abbey. But I will not yet give up in despair. I will make increasing efforts. The abbess grows daily more severe. Unfeeling woman! She knows not the fervor of a mother's love. * * *

Sometimes I am on the point of confessing all to her, that she may treat me less rigorously. As the wife of — she would not dare to exercise such cruelty. * * * He must be sick or dead, or he would come to me. Perhaps some falsehood has been whispered into his ear; perhaps they have told him that I am dead! Yes, they must have practised some terrible deception. How can I exist! Life is becoming irksome. I sigh for rest—the rest of the grave. But death comes not when we seek him. He tarries when most desired. * * *

"Fortune has not yet quite turned her back upon me. My spirit revives a little. I have found a panel that opens with a spring. Many thanks to my patron saint. But escape is by no means certain. I must not be too sanguine; I must be prepared for disappointment. Life has many changes."

When Isadore had reached this portion of the manuscript, she experienced a thrill of the liveliest satisfaction.

"There is then a secret panel!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps it may be my good fortune to find it. I will commence searching for it immediately. Nothing shall discourage me. No part of these oaken walls shall escape my scrutiny."

Isadore arose to put her resolve into execution. Conly had visited her a short time before, and left among other things some wine. She had taken but little nourishment for the last few days, and to keep up her strength, in order that she might carry out her new resolution, she poured out a portion of the wine, and mingling it with water, drank it. She then began a most careful search for the secret panel.

A strange sensation crept over Isadore. Her limbs grew heavy and inactive, and she moved them with difficulty. She returned to her seat, wondering what ailed her. The singular symptoms increased. An indescribable influence, hitherto unfelt, gradually stole upon her. While her body grew preternaturally torpid, her mind grew unnaturally active. Horrible phantasies began to whirl through her brain, with the rapidity of lightning.

At this crisis the door was opened, and a man wearing a mask entered the room. Isadore attempted to rise, but could not. She would have asked the name and purpose of the intruder, but her tongue was paralyzed. She moved slightly and raised her hand, which fell quickly to her side again.

The man closed the door carefully. With slow and measured steps, and with arms folded upon his chest, he confronted Isadore. He contemplated her a moment in silence; then raising the index finger of the right hand, he shook it menacingly at her and laughed triumphantly.

"Daughter of Dunalstein," he said, at length, with an emphasis which was terrible to Isadore, "do you know and feel what it is to offend Henry of Hardwick? I have you now where you cannot treat my words with playful scorn and insulting levity. Well may your proud spirit quail and tremble. In your wine I have mingled a subtle drug; a drug which has the power to paralyze all your physical powers. Its influence is already upon you. Attempt to rise in your chair, and see if your will will be regarded. You do well to shudder. Those limbs are no longer subservient to your wishes. Your body has become the immoveable prison of your spirit. You cannot withdraw your hand from mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ILLUSTRATED CHAPTER OF VARIOUS SPECIES OF DOGS.

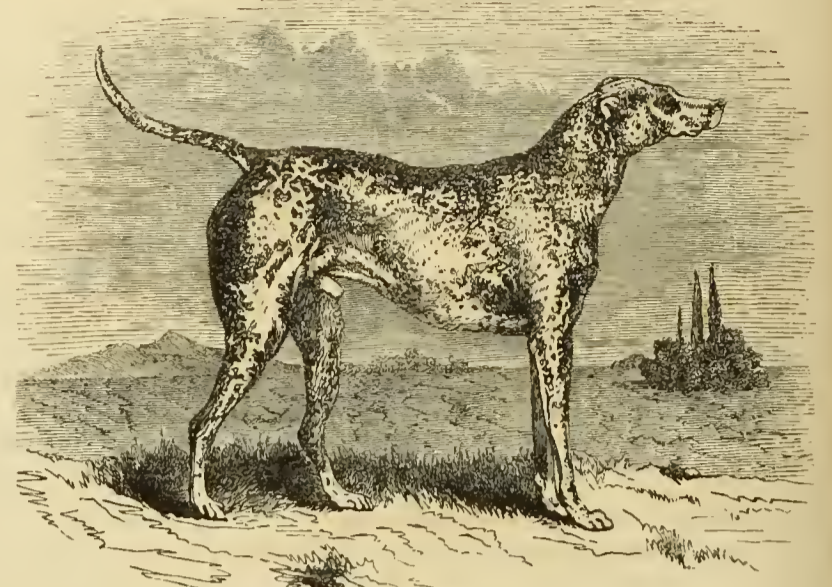


THE BLOODHOUND.

Upon this and the succeeding page we present an interesting group of the canine race, a species of animals well appreciated by mankind in every clime. The dog, says a distinguished writer, is the most honest of God's creatures. His intelligence is as remarkable as his attachment to man. In the history of the dog we meet with singular vicissitudes of grandeur and abasement. Idolized by some, he was reputed unclean and proscribed by others, according as an absurd prejudice swayed the minds of ignorant and rude people. Apart from the singular honors which a foolish superstition paid him in some places,

the conquest was most complete, according to the remark of Cuvier; for, although many travellers have thought they discovered, in some countries, the dog in a savage state, we perceive by the very examples they give, that this condition was by no means proved—The Australian Dingo, for instance, quoted as the most remarkable example of the wild variety, has, in reality, none of the characteristics by which a ferocious animal is recognized. The inhabitants of Australia do not seem to have much trouble in taming him, and employing him for the same purposes as the domestic dog. The same may be said of the Indian *dhole*, which Mr. Hodgson, an English naturalist, regards as the original dog, and the trunk from which the different varieties of the domestic dog are descended. Notwithstanding his ferocity, the *dhole* lives in a state of society; and dogs of this species are seen to form bands and attack the wild bull, the panther, the tiger, and the

elephant. These nomadic manners are also common to the dogs of Abyssinia and Nubia, the aguara of South America, a particular species of St. Domingo, improperly regarded as wild, and the New Zealand dog. It is probable that these dogs have been, at times more or less remote, abandoned by emigrants; and that the sole necessity of providing for their subsistence has changed their character and manners, without effacing, completely, their tendencies to a social state. This observation is confirmed by their habit of congregating in packs, and particularly by the slight effort required by the natives to reduce them from a nomadic life to the domestic state. It is, therefore, wrong and improper to term dogs of this variety wild; according to our views, they should be considered as animals accidentally thrown out of the domestic circle, to which they naturally incline. A no less embarrassing difficulty is to determine, among so many varieties and different species, the primitive type of the race. Linnaeus, resting upon apparent analogies, did not hesitate to refer the domestic dog to the wolf or jackal. We might, by a similar process of reasoning, say that these last were only degenerated dogs. But these two suppositions are equally removed from the truth. Cognate families of animals, like families of plants, must have properties and distinctive traits which characterize them, and by which they are recognized. Now, between the wolf and the dog, no point of resemblance as to character and manners can be, in a single instance, truly indicated. Mr. Buffon, himself, does not seem to have settled the difficulty any more satisfactorily, in regarding, without any positive proof, the shepherd's dog as the type of the primitive race. We have already quoted the opinion of an English naturalist, who thinks that the original source of the domestic dog is found in the forests of India. Perhaps it would be possible to trace out the primordial type, by seeking the species which unites the greatest number of general characteristics; and in supposing that this method would lead to a positive result, there would yet remain quite as formidable a difficulty, and this would be,



THE GREAT DANISH DOG.

perpetuate the memory of his sagacious and ever faithful friend.

The dogs belonging to the second class have a moderately long head; the parietal bones have a tendency to diverge from each other, which gives a development to the frontal sinus, and consequently the cerebral cavity. This division comprises the most intelligent species, and those gifted with the most subtle scent.

The great Danish dog is of a lofty stature, and full of strength and grace. His color varies from tawny to gray or white, with black or brown spots. The Danish dog is not addicted to the



THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO

the dog shared, in general, in ancient society, the condition of the slave. Modern nations have restored him to his true position; he is rather our friend than our servant.

It is difficult to say at what epoch, and how the dog passed under the dominion of man, but we may conjecture, from the nature of the relation between man and the dog, that it was a natural conquest; and that the dog, by his instinct, was as imperiously impelled to seek the society of man, as the latter was, by his wants, to secure so intelligent and devoted a servant. We are authorized to say, at the same time, that

to explain the causes which have so greatly modified the principal species, and produced the innumerable varieties we behold. Without seeking to resolve these obscure problems, Cuvier has sought only to class the individuals according to the degree of conformity they present among themselves. This, the most natural classification, has given rise to three principal divisions, distinguished from each other by the development of the frontal sinus and the cerebral cavity. As it is the most simple, it is hence the view generally adopted by most naturalists who have investigated the subject. The first class comprehends the species which approach the following conformation: the head more or less elongated; the parietal bones tending to a gradual approach, rising above the temporals; the condyles—the part on which the lower jaw is articulated with the upper—on the same line with the upper molar teeth. The type of this class is the greyhound, and offers many varieties. The highly esteemed character of this species, consists in the elongation of the head, the extreme fineness of the muzzle, the vivacity of the eye, the length of the neck, which is proportionate to that of the legs, the development of the breast, and the rounding of the limits. The greyhound is very

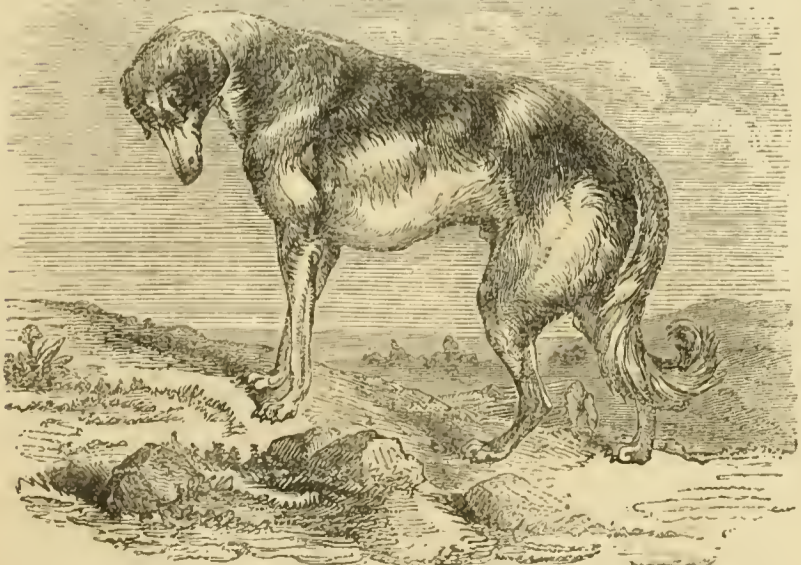
speedy; he hunts by sight and not by scent, and is the only dog used in coursing hares. He has been beaten by horses, on level ground, but on uneven ground he is unsurpassed. The Italian greyhound is small but exceedingly beautiful; a great favorite with ladies, and commands a high price—say forty or fifty dollars. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was passionately attached to an animal of this species, and during the seven years' war constantly carried his favorite with him. It is related that when pursued by a party of Austrians, he took refuge, with his dog, under the arch of a bridge. The slightest noise on the part of the animal might have compromised the king's safety, and decided the fate of Prussia; but he seems to have comprehended the critical character of the moment, and kept perfectly mute. At his death, the king had him buried in the garden of his palace, and erected a monument in his honor, with an inscription designed to



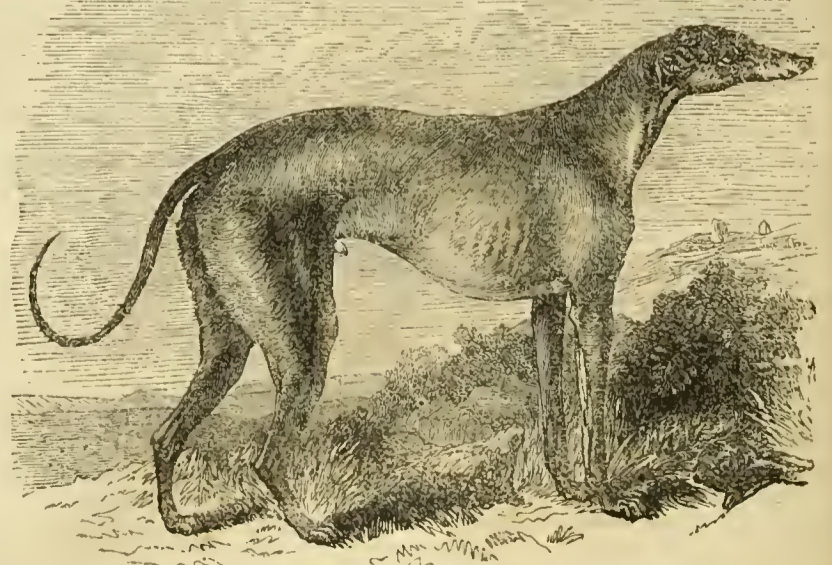
THE BRACH.

sports of the field. He is purely an ornamental animal, and being fond of horses, is the carriage dog *par excellence*.

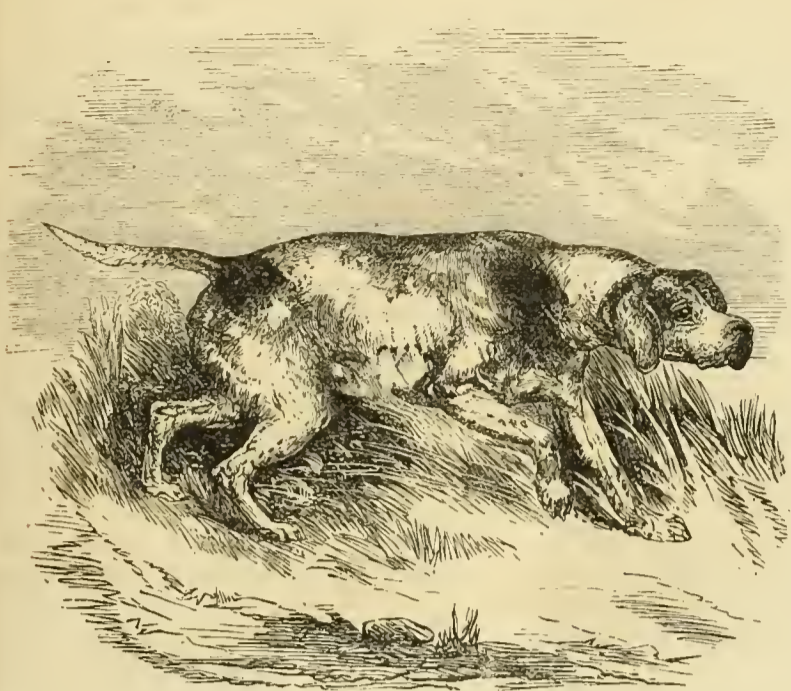
Hunting dogs belong to this second division of the canine race. The dog of St. Hubert was formerly much esteemed for the chase. The same is now known under the name of talbot, from which springs an excellent bloodhound, a fine specimen of which is given in this article. A very excellent specimen may also be seen in Landseer's picture, entitled "Dignity and Impudence." The characteristic sign of his purity is an enormous protuberance on the summit of



THE GRECIAN GREYHOUND.



THE GREYHOUND.



THE POINTER.

the head. The English bloodhound is black and tan colored, like the English terrier—white hairs are considered indicative of impure blood. Our different hunting dogs may be regarded as distinct varieties. They differ from each other in the inequality of their talents, and the kind of hunting to which they apply themselves. The most remarkable is that which proceeds from a cross of the talbot or bloodhound with some more active species—the harrier, for instance. This race is admirably adapted for stag hunting. Another species, which, by its structure, resembles a miniature of ancient St. Hubert's dog,

the seal; in summer, while attending his master in the chase, he carries a weight of thirty pounds; in winter he is yoked to a sledge, and conveys his master over the trackless snows. Several of them drawing together will convey five or six persons, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and will travel sixty miles in a day. In winter he is scantily fed, and roughly treated, yet his fidelity remains unshaken. The Esquimaux dog does not bark. In appearance, he comes nearest to the shepherd's dog and the wolf dog. His ears are short and erect, and his bushy tail curves elegantly over his back. His average stature is one foot ten inches, and the length of his body, from the back of the head to the commencement of the tail, is two feet three inches. His coat is long and furry, and is sometimes brindled, sometimes of a dingy red, sometimes black and white, and sometimes almost wholly black. The manner in which the sledge is drawn by these animals is thus described by Captain Parry. "When drawing a sledge the dogs have a simple harness of deer or seal skin, going round the neck by one bight, and another for each of the fore legs, with a single thong leading over the back, and attached to the

indefatigable hunter. He is hardy, nimble, handsome, and possessed of much sagacity.

The species of terriers is a curious race. They are full of courage, strength and activity. The most esteemed varieties are those of the Isle of Skye, Scotland, the English, Russian and Maltese terriers. The South American terrier kills serpents. The prairie terrier of Mexico is the smallest of dogs.

The brach and the Devonshire dog are common in England, but possess no distinctive qualities which require a special description.

Among the many varieties of dogs there is one which, though not enumerated here, possesses qualities so useful to the inhabitants of those parts where he is found, and so well illustrates the law of compensation, which holds good all over the world, that we subjoin an account mainly drawn from Captain Parry's Journal of his second voyage to the Northwest regions. It relates to the Esquimaux dog. To the Esquimaux Indians the services of this animal are invaluable. He assists them to hunt the bear, the reindeer, and



THE DEVONSHIRE DOG.

near the ground, and directing the rest with wonderful sagacity. Where, however, there is no beaten track, the best driver among them makes a terrible circuitous course, as all the Esquimaux roads plainly show; these generally occupying an extent of six miles, when, with a horse and sledge the journey would scarcely have amounted to five. On rough ground, as among hummocks of ice, the sledge would be frequently overturned, or altogether stopped, if the driver did not repeatedly get off, and by lifting or drawing it on one side, steer clear of those accidents. At all times, indeed, except on a smooth and

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THE BEAGLE.

much smaller than the preceding, is employed in hunting hares.

The beagle is one of the oldest kinds. He is small, but swift and persevering; remarkable for the musical melody of its tone and its keen scent.

Pointer dogs are of great variety. The finest models are found in Spain. Two pointers, belonging to Colonel Thornton, quietly remained at a point for an hour and a quarter, while Gilpin painted their portraits. One of this breed sold for eight hundred dollars.

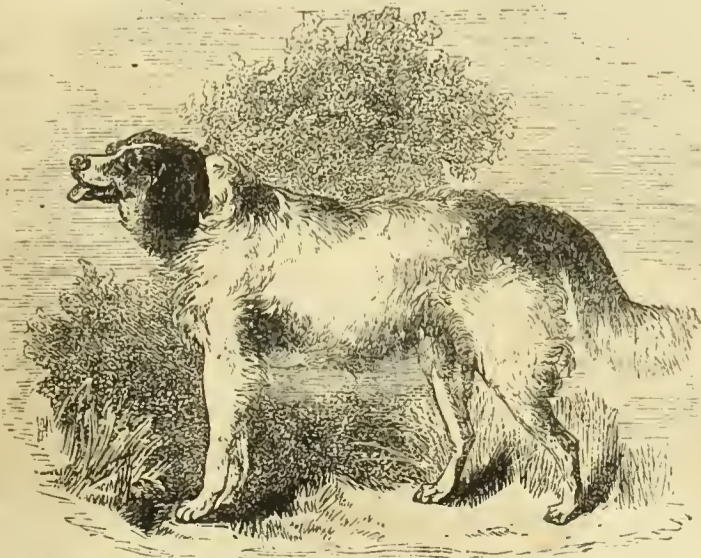
The setter is very much esteemed as a sporting dog. His scent is very keen, and he is un-

give it a spring, on which much of its use depends; and that which composes the lash is chewed by the women, to make it flexible in frosty weather. The men acquire, from their youth, considerable expertness in the use of this whip, the lash of which is left to trail along the ground by the side of the sledge, and with which they can inflict a very severe blow on any dog at pleasure. Though the dogs are kept in training entirely by fear of the whip, and, indeed, without it, would soon have their own way, its immediate effect is always detrimental to the draught of the sledge; for not only does the individual that is struck draw back, and slacken his trace, but generally turns upon his next neighbor, and this passing on to the next, occasions a general divergency, accompanied by the usual yelping and showing of the teeth. The dogs then come together again by degrees, and the draught of the sledge is accelerated; but even at the best of times, by his rude mode of draught, the traces of one third of the dogs form an angle of thirty or forty degrees on each side of the direction in which the sledge is advancing. Another great inconvenience attending the Esquimaux method of putting the dogs to, besides that of not employing their strength to the best advantage, is the constant entanglement of some of the traces, by the dogs repeatedly doubling under from side to side to avoid the whip; so that after running a few miles the traces always require to be taken off and cleared. In directing the sledge, the whip acts no very essential part, the driver for this purpose using certain words, as the carters do with us, to make the dogs turn more to the right or left. To these a good leader attends with admirable precision, especially if his own name be repeated at the same time, looking behind over his shoulder with great earnestness, as if listening to the directions of the driver. On a beaten track, or even where a single foot or sledge mark is occasionally discernible, there is not the slightest trouble in guiding the dogs; for even in the darkest night, and in the heaviest snow-drift, there is little or no danger of their losing the road, the leader keeping his nose

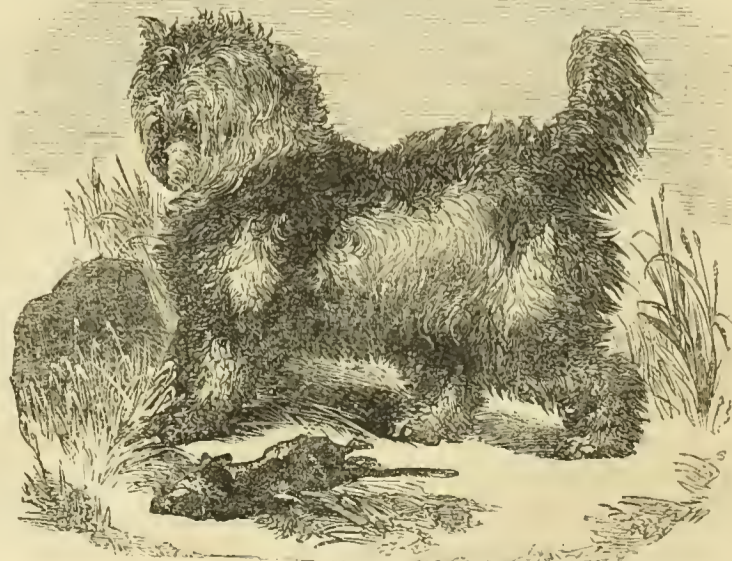


THE HUNTING HOUND.

well made road he is pretty constantly employed thus with his feet which renders the driving of one of these vehicles by no means a pleasant or easy task. When the driver wishes to stop the sledge, he calls out, 'Wo, wo,' exactly as our carters do, but the attention paid to this command depends altogether on his ability to enforce it. Six or seven dogs will draw from eight to ten hundred weight, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, for several hours together; and will easily, even under these circumstances, perform a journey of fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow and ice."



THE SETTER.



THE TERRIER.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BLACK EYE AND THE BLUE.

BY SIDNEY E. CHURCH.

There's a charming little beauty lives o'er in yonder dell,
In a charming little cottage, and I know the cottage well;
With a little fence around it, and a little gate before,
And a bunch of fragrant roses climbing o'er the little door.
There's a light within this cottage throughout every summer day,
And you'd look upon this cheering light if you should
pass that way;
I'll tell you of this beautiful light, and tell you very true,
'Tis but a light, a pretty light, from two merry eyes of blue.

There's a stately mansion stands above this cottage in the dell,
Chaining the eye to gaze upon and mark its grandeur well;
Around it is a spacious park, with its carpeting of green,
And just before this lordly house a sparkling fountain seen.
There's a light within this mansion, too, on every summer day,
And you'd wonder at this dazzling light if you should
pass that way;
I'll tell you of this brilliant light that you may not forget,
'Tis the light that shines upon you from two brilliant eyes of jet.

Choose, if you can, between the two, and tell me of your choice,
The one will rule you with her love, the other with her voice;
The one will chain you to her side with many a winning smile,
The other you will seek yourself, yet fearing all the while.
The blue-eyed girl will charm you through many a weary hour,
The black-eyed lady spell you, half unconscious of her power;
And now I think you cannot tell which is most dear to you,
The lady with the black eye, or the little girl with blue.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE PLOT BETRAYED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

TWILIGHT was approaching, and three sisters, Lucy, Alice and Sophia Newman, were sitting together within the parlor. They were silent, and appeared sad and thoughtful. At last Sophia, whose sanguine temperament caused her to be more restless and uneasy than the others, said in a tone of voice which evinced considerable petulance and some asperity:

"I know I sha'n't like her, and I don't mean to try."

"It is wrong for you to speak so," said Lucy. "Well, there was no need of our having a step-mother. You have shown yourself fully competent to preside over the household affairs, and you know that I am always willing to take your advice, the same as if you were my mother. As for Alice, she is so good and so sweet-tempered, and can discriminate so clearly between right and wrong, that she needs no advice."

"What you say is all true," replied Lucy, "but we have no right to call in question the discretion or expediency of a measure, which will, no doubt, promote our father's happiness. Besides, in a few years, we may each of us form new ties, which will draw us away from the old roof-tree, and then his home would be desolate, were there no one to supply our mother's place."

"It would be time enough then to supply it, I should think," said Sophia; "but, at present, there is no probability of either of us forming new ties, except Alice."

The delicate rose-tint deepened on the cheeks of Alice at this allusion of Sophia's, for she had for more than a year been betrothed to a young lawyer by the name of Edgar Etherington. He was a frank, generous, noble-minded young man, but being destitute of property would be obliged to depend on himself, and by his own exertions carve his way to fortune. The engagement between him and Alice had taken place previously to Mrs. Newman's decease, and her sanction had been added to her husband's.

Lucy, who sat near the window, now saw some vehicle approaching, which, though shrouded in the gloom of twilight, she soon found was her father's carriage. Lights were ordered, and Lucy said to her younger sister, Sophia:

"I beg that you will throw away all those prejudices, which you have been so assiduously nursing against our new mother, and unite with me and Alice in receiving her with the respect and consideration due to our father's wife."

"Yes," said Alice, "it is her right, and, hereafter, let us judge her by what she does, and not imagine, because she belongs to that much abused class of women called step-mothers, that she must necessarily be unamiable."

"I cannot call her mother," said Sophia.

"Not if Alice and I do?"

"I will try to, if it will please you."

By this time, the carriage was at the door, and Mr. Newman assisted a tall, stately-looking lady to alight. Sophia looked at her from the window, while Lucy and Alice went to the door to welcome her.

Their father having presented them to her, she received their greetings with a formality which they felt to be extremely chilling. She was, in truth, one of those precise persons who wish to have the social and domestic system go on as if moved by some hidden machinery. It would have been well, if in regard to affairs of graver import, she had been equally exact. To Mr. Newman's first wife, who was amiable, impulsive, and beautiful as a poet's dream, she formed the most decided contrast, both in personal appearance and character. Some thought that the first Mrs. Newman should have made her children stand in awe of her. These had not been admitted into the inner sanctuary of their homes, or they would have seen that her slightest wish was held as sacred.

It would be difficult to imagine what influenced Mr. Newman in the choice of his second wife, unless it was because he thought his daughters might profit by the example of a lady so staid and dignified. It certainly did not seem as if he, in the least, consulted his taste. Though he was too self-reliant, and had too much faith in himself to readily yield to surrounding influences, it was plain that, on the present occasion, he felt ill at ease. His stately bride diffused around her an atmosphere so cold and icy, that he could hardly believe that he was in his own home. But, by the aid of a resolute will, he controlled his feelings, and consoled himself by the thought that when he was absent, engaged in the business which absorbed nearly all his time, there would be one at home whom his daughters could safely look to for guidance and counsel.

Edgar Etherington, a short time before he became engaged to Alice, had commenced the practice of his profession in a thriving village, about six miles distant from the residence of Mr. Newman. For the first six months he was unable to meet his necessary expenses, but since that time his business had been slowly but surely increasing. There could be no doubt but that his talents, industry, and, above all, his strict integrity, would, in a few years, enable him to command a lucrative practice. One evening, about a week after Mrs. Newman had been installed in her new home, young Etherington entered the parlor, where the family were assembled, with the ease and familiarity of one who was accustomed to meet a cordial reception. Mr. Newman, who welcomed him with his warmest smiles, and a hearty shake of the hand, presented him to his new wife, as one who, in the course of a year or two, they might hope to have for a son-in-law. The lady gave him the tips of her fingers and a glance of her cold, hard eyes, which showed him, at once, that to her, he was an unwelcome guest. Yet she was far from inspiring him with the awe she had intended. There was something in her stiff, unbending manners, which to Etherington appeared infinitely ludicrous, that would have afforded him much secret amusement, had it not been for the thought that Alice and her sisters would be rendered uncomfortable, and sometimes even miserable, by the ungenial influences which she must necessarily spread around her. But it was beyond her power to put out the sunlight of the young people's hearts on the present occasion. It gushed forth and sparkled in spite of the gloom caused by her presence. Mr. Newman, too, who remained an hour or two at home after dinner, enjoyed himself wonderfully.

"And so Alice is really engaged to that obscure young man," said Mrs. Newman to her husband, the first time they were by themselves.

"She is certainly engaged to Edgar Etherington, and a capital match it will be, according to my mind."

"I think differently."

"Why so? He has talent, energy and perseverance, and his moral character is irreproachable."

"With all his talent, energy and perseverance, I cannot find that he has accumulated property, and they will soon be made sensible, if they marry, that they are not quite ethereal enough to live on air. I wonder that you should countenance them in their folly."

"Alice will have enough to make them comfortable, till he can get well established in business."

Mrs. Newman made no reply, but tightly compressing her thin lips, did not seem disposed to pursue the subject. In her own mind, she felt determined to break up the match, but on the whole, thought it would be better to do it secretly, without striving to gain her husband's co-operation, as she had at first intended. She was urged to this by a powerful motive. She had a son by a former marriage, who had seen Alice and professed to be passionately in love with her. He would have her, he said, or exile himself from his native country forever. He was the only being for whom his mother ever felt a spark of genuine affection, and she promised him that she would move heaven and earth, but that his wish should be gratified. Thus, while she by her iron will controlled others, he with an obstinacy still more unbending, controlled her.

The young man's name was Jonas Lowerby, and Alice had seen him at church, though without knowing him to be her step-mother's son. He had, at first, prompted by a sullen, unamiable disposition, declined an introduction to Mr. Newman and his daughters, though when he saw Alice, he was eager to become acquainted with them.

Though, by many, Lowerby was thought handsome, Alice, partly perhaps by finding how pertinaciously he stared at her, thought, the day she saw him at church, that he had one of the most disagreeable looking faces she ever saw; and when, the next evening after Edgar Etherington's visit he called and was made known to the family as Mrs. Newman's son, the incipient feeling of dislike she had previously entertained for him, rose to absolute aversion.

Lucy and Sophia regarded him with sentiments scarcely more favorable, but Mr. Newman, less clear-sighted to defects of which his daughters seemed to have an intuitive perception, was very well pleased with him. Though neither grasping nor avaricious, when he was told by his wife that her son would, at no distant period, inherit a hundred thousand dollars, he could not help secretly hoping that he would be pleased either with Lucy or Sophia. As for Alice, he considered her as good as already married.

As Edgar Etherington did not like to be absent from his office much, the agreement between him and Alice was, that he should visit her only once in two weeks. To make amends for this long absence, several letters passed between them during the time. After Edgar's last visit, Alice, as usual, in a day or two, received a letter from him. At the moment she finished reading it, she was called below, and without refolding it, she placed it on her dressing-table. The next time the boy employed by Mr. Newman to bring the letters and newspapers for him and his family from the post-office, which was two miles distant, came, Mrs. Newman met him at the outer door. Having made herself sure that there was no one within hearing, she said:

"Do you know Mr. Etherington, the young lawyer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do you know how to distinguish the hand-writing of one person from another?"

"I guess I do," answered the boy, his natural self-importance being visibly augmented by the confidential manner which the wife of the wealthy Mr. Newman thought proper to assume towards him.

"Well, all I want of you is," said she, speaking somewhat sternly, in order to impress him with a suitable degree of awe, "to be sure and give me the letters sent to Miss Alice by this Mr. Etherington."

"I don't know as to that," he replied; "Mr. Newman pays me well for bringing the stuff from the post-office, and I shall lose the job if Miss Alice don't get her letters."

"I will give you a ninepence for every one you'll bring me."

The boy shook his head.

"It won't do," he said. "There's a bright light in her blue eyes when I hand her a letter from Lawyer Etherington, which is worth a great deal more to me than the glitter of a ninepence."

"I will give you twice as much."

"I sha'n't do it."

"What say you to four times the sum—three shillings for every letter? Look at me in the face, and see if you dare say no."

He did look her in the face, and then said slowly and reluctantly, "I'll do it." There was something in her eye which overawed him, which seemed to take from him the power of answering her in the negative.

"What's your name?" said she, "you have not told me that yet."

"Richard Mills, but folks almost always call me Dick Mills."

She now, after designating a safe place to deposit the suppressed letters, hurried him away. Mrs. Newman must have had little self-respect, for she did not appear to be at all lowered in her own estimation at what she had done.

Alice did not expect a letter from Etherington this time, but two days later, when the boy brought the usual complement of newspapers and magazines, together with several letters, among which were none for her, she was deeply disappointed.

"Etherington must be sick," was her first thought, and then, with that hopeful spirit natural to youth, she persuaded herself into the belief that some unexpected and pressing business had prevented him from writing at the time proposed.

As day after day went by without bringing a single line from Etherington, Alice began to be seriously alarmed with regard to his health, and at last wrote to him; for never having for a moment suspected him of inconstancy, she felt sure that he had not voluntarily refrained from writing. She entreated him if he was ill and unable to write himself, to authorize some friend to make known to her his situation by return of mail.

The following day she was too much excited to engage in her usual avocations, and long before the hour when Richard Mills might be reasonably expected to arrive, she stationed herself at her chamber window to watch his coming. When, at last, she caught a glimpse of him through the trees which shaded the roadside, she quickly ran down stairs, and opening the outer door, was going forth to meet him, when a hand was laid heavily upon her arm, and her step-mother, in the cold, stern accents peculiar to her, said:

"Alice Newman, have you no sense of propriety?"

"I was not aware," replied Alice, "that there was anything improper in what I was going to do. I was impatient to know if there was a letter for me, and I also wished to ask the boy a few questions."

"Very much as a giddy child would have done you should be ashamed to be so devoid of all self-control. Go to your room, and if there is a letter for you it shall be sent you."

Alice did not obey, for Richard Mills was already at the door. She held out her hand. He knew what she wanted and shook his head.

"Are you sure," said she, "that there has been no letter for me these last ten days?"

The boy looked confused and embarrassed, but the gleam which he caught from the eye of Mrs. Newman, bright and fiery as the spark struck from the hard flint, had power to overcome, for the time, the sense of shame and guilt by which he was assailed at the sight of Alice, in having submitted to be bribed.

"You may go now," said Mrs. Newman, taking the package which he had brought from the post-office. Without venturing to look towards Alice, he turned from the door with nervous precipitation, as if he had a kind of vague fear that the baleful influence which Mrs. Newman had already exerted over him, was deepening its hateful spells every moment he remained in her presence.

Alice found Lucy in her room when she returned. "No letter," said Alice, despondingly.

"Never mind, dear sister," said Lucy. "You may depend that all will be satisfactorily accounted for. I have studied Edgar's character carefully, and know that we may trust him, as we would our own father. He is truthful, generous and open-hearted, and the intellectual power written on his massive forehead is exactly of the right kind."

"A thousand thanks for speaking so kindly of him, for I know he deserves it."

"In three days from now will be the time for his customary visit, when we shall, without doubt, find what a number of new clients he has gained—so many that it has been utterly impossible for him to write a single line to his fair fiancée."

Alice, who was sitting at a window, at this moment exclaimed:

"If there isn't that hateful Lowerby coming, and his mother will insist on my going down. This is the fourth time he has called since Edgar was here. I wish he knew how I loathe him."

"And I," said Lucy, "wish that he knew how

heartily Sophia and I participate in the same feeling."

As Alice had foretold, her step-mother insisted on her going down. She did not comply with a very good grace; but she had already learned, unless she yielded implicit obedience to her commands—for she seldom condescended to request a thing she desired to have done—she was sure, in some way, to be rendered exceedingly uncomfortable.

Lowerby had, during his previous calls, paid Alice many high flown compliments, which his self-complacency, joined with his natural obtuseness, prevented him from perceiving were received with illy-repressed scorn. Lucy and Sophia, not having been invited into the parlor, did not presume to make their appearance, and Mrs. Newman, recollecting that some domestic duty required her attention, soon left her son and Alice by themselves. The awe with which her step mother inspired her overpowered the strong desire to follow her example. For the time, her volition seemed to be destroyed, or more properly speaking, suspended. Lowerby, after the exit of his mother, rose and took several turns across the room, which gave him an opportunity to admire himself in the glass. He was perfectly satisfied with his appearance, and felt persuaded that to Alice he must appear irresistible. He hardly entertained a doubt but that she would eagerly catch at the slightest hint relative to the admiration with which she had inspired him; yet, as he had been at the pains to compose what he considered a most elegant and romantic declaration of his passion, he approached her, and sinking down on one knee, and seizing her unwilling hand, he commenced:

"Angelic goddess, with sentiments of supernal admiration swelling my throbbing bosom—" when his speech was cut short by the abrupt entrance of a third person.

Alice rose with a precipitation which, causing her kneeling lover to lose his equilibrium, prostrated him on the carpet in no very graceful attitude, and with the exclamation, "O, how glad I am that you have come!" was received into the open arms of Edgar Etherington.

"All will be well," said he. "A plot has been weaving, but I have found the clue, and have already unravelled it. Is not that fellow's name Lowerby, who is picking himself up from the carpet?"

"It is," replied Alice.

Etherington drew a letter from his pocket, and approaching Lowerby and holding it before him so that he might see the superscription, demanded of him if it was his handwriting. Lowerby hesitated, stammered, and turned pale, and then in a voice scarcely articulate, said it was not.

"It is useless for you to deny it," said Etherington. "I have proof irrefragable that it is your writing."

"I never should have thought of writing it, if it had not been for my mother," said the cowardly young man.

"You have no need to tremble like a whipt hound," said Etherington, "for I shall not trouble myself to take any further notice of you."

The letter in question, which Etherington handed to Alice to read, was without signature, and ran thus:

"I am authorized to say that the lady who received the three letters accompanying this, having no wish to continue the correspondence, thinks the best way of disposing of them is to return them to the writer. Your accustomed visits to Mr. Newman's will, of course, be dispensed with. From a friend and well-wisher of Miss Alice Newman."

Before Alice had finished reading it, Lowerby found opportunity to slip from the room.

"I have not," said Alice, returning the letter to Etherington, "received a single line from you since you were here; yet, according to this, it seems you have written to me three times, and that the letters have been returned to you."

"They have."

"But how came you to suspect that Lowerby wrote the letter I have just been reading?"

"I knew the writing at once—it having so happened that only a few hours before I received it, a note which he had given his tailor was placed in my hands for collection."

"And it was he who intercepted the letters you sent me?"

"No, he had nothing to do with that. You shall hear how it came about. Yesterday, while engaged with a client, Richard Mills entered my office, and handing me a small packet, immedi-

ately withdrew. A few minutes afterward, however, I saw that he was loitering in front of the office, and that occasionally he would glance in at the window, as if impatient for the departure of the person with me. It was half an hour before he went, and the moment he was gone, young Mills, as I expected he would, again entered. His face was flushed, and he appeared much excited.

"I have been a bad boy," said he, "but if she would give me a thousand of these, she would never get me to do it again." As he spoke, he dashed three half-dollars upon the table.

"What is the meaning of this?" said I, "has anybody been bribing you?"

"Yes," he replied, "but it is the last time that she, or any one else will do it."

"By this time I had broken the seals of the packet and found what it contained.

"There," said he, "she gave me half a dollar for hiding each of the letters you have in your hand under a flat rock at the upper end of the orchard, instead of giving them to Miss Alice."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Why that grim-looking woman that Mr. Newman brought home with him a few weeks ago."

"O, you mean Mrs. Newman," I said.

"Yes, but I'll never call her Mrs. Newman, as long as I live. I didn't want to hide the letters, and I didn't want the money; but somehow, she made me so afraid of her, that I trembled just like a leaf, and I didn't dare to tell her I wouldn't."

"He persisted in leaving the three half dollars he had thrown on the table, and said that he would rather starve than make use of them. So I enclosed them in a piece of paper, on which I had previously written—'The three half dollars you gave Richard Mills,' and directing it to Mrs. Newman, confided it to the care of a messenger who has ere this placed it in her hands. As for Richard Mills, I rewarded him so liberally that I think he will not regret the three half dollars, nor the additional half which was to be his reward for bringing me the letters I sent you."

In about two hours, Mr. Newman came home to dinner. When they all met at the table, the bold, brazen eye of Mrs. Newman did not droop beneath the severe and contemptuous glance of Etherington; yet the sudden and unlooked-for contravention of what she deemed her well-woven plot, affected even her iron nerves in a manner which did not escape the observation of those who knew what cause she had for discomfiture. She was sensible of this, and felt angry with herself for her want of self-control. She was not aware that fever was lurking in her veins, which caused the mental more readily to succumb to the physical.

The last of the three letters, which Richard Mills in obedience to her directions hid under the rock in the orchard, had been placed there a cold, cloudy day, which towards night came on to be rainy. In the deep gloom of twilight, so that she might run no risk of being seen, she slowly made her way to the spot through the rank, tangled grass; and when, with draggled garments, and thin, saturated slippers—for in her haste she forgot to put on her overshoes—she regained her own chamber, she could not resist the temptation of, at once, reading the missive so dishonorably obtained. By the time she had finished it, she was thoroughly chilled. She hastened to exchange her wet clothing, and trusted to a firm constitution to escape with impunity. And she might, comparatively so, had it not been for her mental disquietude.

Lucy, whose benevolence of feeling no unkindness could subdue, observing that she suffered the food before her to remain untasted, ventured to inquire in a low voice, if she were unwell. As the inquiry was answered only by a frown, Lucy did not repeat it.

The moment dinner was over, Mrs. Newman went to her own room. Lucy observed that her face was much flushed, and that there was a wild, burning light in her usually cold, dull eyes. There was also something quick and nervous in her movements, altogether at variance with her naturally stiff, unbending demeanor.

At the risk of being angrily repulsed, Lucy, in a few minutes, followed her. She found that she had thrown herself across the bed. The color which had suffused her cheeks had deepened to purple, and her eyes flashed with the lurid fires of insanity. A physician was immediately summoned, who pronounced her disease to be a brain fever.

Lucy, Alice and Sophia, when they beheld her

sufferings, forgot how she had sought to crush them beneath the hard heel of domestic tyranny, and attended her with the most assiduous and untiring care. Their father, too, though he had been deeply pained at the course his wife had thought proper to pursue, shared with them their weary vigils. But their watchful care, and the skill of the most eminent physicians, were alike unavailing. The fiat had gone forth, and in forty-eight hours from the time she rose from the table, she had ceased to exist.

* * * * *

More than a year has passed away, and Alice is the wife of Edgar Etherington. His fine talents as a jurist are beginning to be widely appreciated, and he bids fair to win a place beside the first and most eloquent of his profession.

Lucy and Sophia are still unmarried, being content, for the present, to diffuse the light of love and peace through the paternal dwelling, and to strew flowers in the path of a well-beloved and indulgent father.

Lowerby, whose hopes of being the heir of his rich uncle proved to be fallacious, unable to overcome the habits of idleness early contracted, resorted to the gaming-table to acquire the means of subsistence. It does not require the gift of prophecy to predict that such a course will ultimately lead to penury, however prosperous at first, together with its numerous train of attendant evils.

Richard Mills, at his own earnest request, has been received into the family of Edgar Etherington, where, besides the performance of his duties as an errand-boy and keeping the office in order, he finds leisure to pursue various branches of study under the tuition of Alice, a task for which she feels amply rewarded in his rapid improvement.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY T. H. INGALLS.

Who has a bright and beaming light
Within her quiet eye?
Who has a cheek, where'er you seek
You may find none to vie?
Who has a lip the bee might sip,
Who has the form of fairy;
Who has a face replete with grace,
If it be not sweet Mary?

But more than that, who has a heart
So full of kindly feeling;
A love so sure—a love so pure,
Her glance is e'er revealing?
Her smile will cheer, and banish fear,
Her form is like a fairy;
There is no joy, on earth, can cloy,
If it be shared with Mary.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MEAN MAN:

—OR—

A TELL-TALE LOOKING-GLASS.

BY UNCLE TORY.

JIMMY FOSTER, as he was called by the good people of Snobville, down east, was a little the meanest man going, and would have skinned flints, eaten rats, or done any other like very comfortable and agreeable piece of work, if thereby he could save or steal a trifle. We wont dilate here about Jimmy's habit of wearing low boots with very wide tops among his neighbor's hulled corn and oat-bins, whereby he brought away, at least, a half peck of food for his hens at a time, nor any other of his numerous little eccentric acts, as ingenious as profitable, save one.

Jimmy's parsimonious and miserly disposition at last had so direct an effect upon his character, as to make him absolutely dishonest. One day, having occasion to purchase some wool at the village store to be manufactured by his wife, on her spinning-wheel, Jimmy went to the store and purchased a quantity at rather a tall price, as wool was scarce, and while the storekeeper was at the extreme end of the store making change, Jimmy looked wistfully at a large heavy oak cheese within reach of his arm. It was easily done—why not slip it into the bag? He thought he'd try it; and so he put the cheese quickly into the large bag with the wool, and gathering up the mouth of it, tied it up and took his change.

"Ah, Mr. Foster, don't trouble yourself to take out the bag. I'll carry it to the wagon for you," said the obliging storekeeper.

"No, no," said Jimmy, quickly. "I'd rather take it myself."

"I always do so for my customers; and you are one of the best, you know."

"I tell you I'll take it myself," said Jimmy, nervously, lest the storekeeper should discover the weight of the bag, and suspect the theft.

"But I cannot let you buy goods and load them yourself. So stand away, and I'll put it in the wagon for you."

"No, no," said Jimmy, half giving up the bag, and finally letting it go.

"Bless me," said the storekeeper, "I had no idea there was so much wool in the bag. I must have made a mistake in the weight."

"No you haven't; I tell you it's all right," said Jimmy, coloring.

"Let's see—I'll weigh it again."

"No, no."

"Why not, Mr. Foster?"

"'Cause it's no use."

"But if I have made a mistake, you know, I want to correct it. Don't I, Mr. Foster?"

"Well, I suppose so," was the dogged reply.

"Stop—I'll open it, and then I can tell."

"No, no, no," said Jimmy, quickly, "weigh it if you like."

"Just as you please, Mr. Foster," said the obliging salesman, as he lifted the bag into the scales.

"Why, bless me, what a mistake I made," continued the storekeeper; "here's thirty-two pounds more wool than I charged you for!"

"Is there?"

"Yes; don't you see?" he continued, pointing to the scales.

"Well, yes. How much is it?"

"About five dollars more, Mr. Foster."

"Creation! I wont pay it; I don't want it!"

"O, very well; we'll just open the bag and take out a part."

"No, no!" said Jimmy, hastily. "Upon second thought, I believe I want it all."

"Just five dollars, then."

"Can't you take a little off, considering the amount?" said Jimmy.

"Not a cent."

"Say half a dollar."

"Can't do it. I'll take out half of the wool, if you say so," continued the storekeeper, making a motion to undo the bag.

"No, no! curse it; here's the money," said Jimmy, "I'll take the whole."

He put it into his wagon, and drove home with the consolation of having paid three times over the value of the hard, heavy, cheap cheese he had stolen, and with a bit of experience that, perhaps, taught him to be more honest in future.

The courteous storekeeper simply remarked to himself, perhaps Jimmy Foster had better be sure the next time he wants to steal anything off my counter, that there is no *looking glass to reflect him in* when one's back is turned!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WAILING WIND.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Wail on, O mournful wind, wail on
In sad and solemn strain;
Wail for the early loved and lost,
We may not meet again.

Wail for the mourner—those who weep
For friends and kindred gone;
For those who tread life's thorny path
Uncared for and alone.

Wail thou for those—the young and fair,
Who far have gone astray
From virtue's peaceful, pleasant path,
To vice and guilt's dark way.

Wail for the poor—the suffering poor,
By want and care oppress;
Who, through a weary life, ne'er know
One hour of peaceful rest.

All, all earth's children are borne down
With grief, and care, and pain;
Wail for them, then, O mournful wind,
In sad and solemn strain.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

We step the earth—we look abroad over it, and it seems immense—so does the sea. What ages have men lived—and know but a small portion. They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass and he learns to believe in a mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to teach us walking along the road of life, a year, a day, or an hour shall seem long. As we grow older the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

NEW REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



BRIGADIER GENERAL.

COLONEL.

MAJOR GENERAL.

JUDGE ADVOCATE

AID-DE-CAMP.

NEW UNIFORM OF THE U. S. ARMY.

On this and the following page we give a view of the new uniform worn by the various grades of officers in the United States Army. That of *Major General* is dark blue cap, with gilt acorn and wreath in front, with the letters U. S. in gilt embroidery; dark blue pants; two rows of buttons, nine each, on the coat, in threes, collar and cuffs dark blue velvet. Three stars on the epaulettes. On the saddle-cloth an eagle and three stars. That of the *Brigadier General* is the same as the uniform of the Major General, except the buttons (two rows, eight each, in pairs), and two stars on epaulettes and saddle-cloth. *Colonel*, same as Brigadier General, except the collar and cuffs, which are of the same material as the coat. The pompon is that of the arm of the service to which his regiment belongs, instead of the insignia and wreath; two rows of seven buttons, equidistant, light blue pants, with stripes of scarlet, green, orange, or color of arm to which he belongs. *Judge Advocate*, uniform of his rank, whatever that may be, with white pompon. That of the *Aid-de-camp* is the same. Privates wear a light blue overcoat. *Light Artillery*, blue coat and cap, light blue pants, scarlet trimmings. *Engineers*, blue coat and cap, light blue pants, lemon colored trimmings. *Heavy Artillery*, and *Musicians*, blue coat and cap, light blue pants, scarlet facings and trimmings. *Dragoons*, blue coat and cap, light blue pants, orange trimmings. *First Sergeants and Musicians of Heavy Artillery*, blue coat and cap, with scarlet trimmings. *Infantry*, blue coat and cap, with light blue trimmings. *Riflemen*, blue coat and cap, with emerald green trimmings. *Musicians of Infantry*, blue coat and cap, with light blue facings and trimmings. *Musicians of Cavalry*, blue coat and cap, with orange facings and trimmings. In the field and line officers, the *Captain of Engineers* is distinguished from other captains by his pompon, which is lemon color and black, and his dark blue pants. The *Major of Adjutant General's Department* is distinguished from others of the same rank by dark blue pants and pompon, which is salmon color and white.

We think that, altogether, these changes in the dress of the army are important. We are most heartily tired of the swallow-tailed coats that have so long prevailed; and as to the caps heretofore worn in the service, they were disgraceful. The style of cap now adopted approaches very nearly that of the French and some other European army regulations. Our little army, though small, is very efficient, and its ten thousand men form a nucleus around which, at a proper time, and with a national incentive, half a million would rally.

SCENE IN AN AFRICAN RIVER.

Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending the stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from her side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this attack; and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent, that her stern was almost lifted out of the water; and Mr. Tams, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him; the boat was hauled upon a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. Next morning we continued

our course up the river, and in passing a low sandy point, found ourselves surrounded by a group of hippopotami, so close together, that had they not sunk as we approached, we could not, from the narrowness of the passage, have passed without striking them. Three were standing on the bank, and, as we drew near, one of them opened his huge red mouth about three feet and a half, exhibiting a more formidable and savage appearance than I ever witnessed in the fiercest of the brute creation. Two, on our first appearance, retreated to the water, but the third remained sufficiently long to receive on his back a volley of balls, only one of which seemed to take effect, the rest glancing off perfectly harmless. The animal, feeling himself wounded, uttered a loud and menacing cry, and then rushed furiously, and apparently in pain, to the water. Frequently, at the moment we fired, one only would be visible, but immediately on the report, numbers would show themselves, perhaps only for a second, whilst others lying in shoal water, would start up and attempt to get into the deeps, trotting through the mud at a quicker rate than the boats could pull, and looking back upon us every now and then with the greatest terror and anxiety. One that was penned up between the two boats appeared stupefied by fear, and without

making an effort to escape, stood for upwards of five minutes regarding first one boat and then the other, which, from their relative situation, could not fire upon him. While running through the water they dip their heads continually beneath, and with their broad noses throw it up in a shower on their backs. The quickness of these animals is extraordinary, for frequently after the flash they were down before the ball could reach them.—*British Exploring Expedition.*

A RESURRECTION.

In 1800, the 31st regiment was serving in Holland, and at Egmont-op-Zee crossed bayonets with the French bearing the same number; a ball fired during the retreat of the latter regiment, passed through the jaws of a soldier of the 31st, named Robert Hullock; in the course of the afternoon he was buried in the sand hill where he had fallen, by a soldier of his regiment named Carnos. During the night Hullock recovered, and having been lightly covered with sand, crept out and crawled to a picket of his regiment posted near. He was sent to the hospital, recovered, and was serving with his regiment in Malta in 1806. His face having been much discolored, and his voice scarcely intelligible (a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away), he had for some years served as pioneer to his company; a soldier of it died, and Hullock, as a part of his duty, dug the grave, in which he was found, on the arrival of the body for interment, still at work, though then near ten feet deep. On being drawn out and asked his reason for making it so unusually deep, he replied: "Why, sir, it is for poor John Carnos, who buried me; and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out as I did." On the burial service being read, he proceeded to fill up the grave, and actually buried the man who ten years previous had buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814.—*United Service Journal.*

KOSSUTH'S EARLY IMPRISONMENT.

In a recently published work, M. Kolisk, the biographer of Kossuth graphically describes the horrors of Kossuth's early imprisonment: "Kossuth was buried in a dark vault, surrounded by cold, humid and dirty walls. Two narrow iron-barred windows close to the ceiling scarcely allowed a feeble light to glimmer into his abode of wretchedness. The genial air of the season, which spread enchantment over all the scenes beyond, failed to penetrate the damp icy chillness of his cell. Here it was winter, although the flowers blossomed and the birds sang in the summer sunshine without. Such were the quarters allotted to the most noble of men! A table, a stool, a bed of straw, comprised the whole of the furniture of the apartment; but thanks to poverty's precious lessons, the difference was not so great in this respect between Kossuth's former life and present. His diet consisted of bread and water, at noon some vegetables were added; three times a day, when his meals were brought to him, the door of his grave was opened, and again shut; at first his solitude had not been broken during the whole day; the clang of keys, the sliding of bolts, were the only sounds that varied the endless stillness which reigned."



OVERCOAT LIGHT ARTILLERY.

ENGINEERS. HEAVY ARTILLERY DRAGON MUSICIAN.

FIGARO'S SHOPS.

Before returning to our hotel we stopped at a barber's shop to get shaved. According to legendary report and general belief, this was the identical one occupied by the immortal Figaro of Beaumarchais, Mozart and Rossini. Such being its associations, who could resist the temptation to pop into it? The barber we found to be a young and skilful artist in his profession, who gave us a most excellent shave, and that, too, without the aid of a brush. An earthenware bowl, with a rim about four or five inches in width, one side of which was scooped out sufficiently to adapt itself to the form of the neck, was filled with warm water, and then placed beneath my chin. With a piece of soap in his hand, this modern Figaro commenced rubbing and washing my face in such a vigorous manner, that in a few moments my features were completely covered with a white creamy lather. I was almost suffocated, and could scarcely breathe without imbibing some portion of the soapy mass. A single stroke of the keen edged razor, however, afforded me instant relief. One side of my face was as beardless as that of an infant; another stroke, and the other side of my pliz was as naked as its fellow. A face-bath of eau de Cologne ensued, and I rose from my seat a lighter and (as persons say who have just passed through some severe ordeal) I trust a better man! Commend me to the barbers of Seville. They are a happy and harmless race, and the most delicate managers of the razor in the universe. They are well versed in all the gossip of the town, and are remarkable for their loquacity and good nature. Almost any matter of local intelligence you may be sure to obtain from your barber, whose acquaintance, therefore, is well worthy of being cultivated. The highest class of Spanish Figaros are but little below the medical professors in social rank. They are licensed to use the lancet and apply leeches, these being operations which the doctors almost invariably decline to perform. As for myself, I would as soon consent to be held by one of these fellows as by a more solemn practitioner, though as a general rule, I think I should prefer keeping my blood within my own body.—*Warren's Morocco.*

THE ENGLISH WOMEN OF FASHION.

Lord Jeffrey, in writing to a female friend in America, describes, very happily, a "first-class specimen of an English woman of fashion:"—"Great quietness, simplicity and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit, and manners, and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think,

THE CHANCES OF LIFE.

Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census, are some in relation to the laws that govern life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones.—The calculation it is unnecessary to explain, but the result is a table from which we gather the following

ed life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy, there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one hundred and six, the drama is ended. The last man is dead.—*Medical Journal.*



RIFLEMAN. INFANTRY MUSICIAN. INFANTRY. CAVALRY MUSICIAN. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

illustration, which is full of significant reflection. 10,268 infants are born on the same day, and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1243 never reach the anniversary of their birth. 9025 commence the second year, but the proportion of deaths still continues so great that at the end of the third, only 8183, or about four-fifths of the original number survive. But during the fourth year, the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly de-

CERVANTES, MOLIERE, SHAKSPEARE.

These men were all alike in this—they loved the natural history of man. Not what he should be, but what he is, was the favorite subject of their thought. Whenever a noble leading opened to the eye new paths of light, they rejoiced; but it was never fancy, but always fact, that inspired them. They loved a thorough penetration of the murkiest dens and most tangled paths of nature; they did not spin from the desires of

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

A thousand years ago the earth was young,
And smiles of promise o'er her features played,
As myriad happy hearts her praises sung,
And lovely forms danced in the myrtle's shade.

Terra was young, and gay, and richly dressed,
And beautiful as when to Cælus wed;
Unnumbered costly gems adorned her breast,
And bright-hued rainbows arched above her head.

Sweet voices echoed through the forest aisles,
And emerald vales, where the gazelle roamed free;
And coral strands, whose richly-tinted shells
Enclosed within their hearts a mimic sea.

The ocean nestled on her fruitful breast,
And her blue waves kissed the white shining sand
Of many a sunny isle, with verdant crest,
And silent grotto, by the fresh breeze fanned.

And gay wild flowers, with brilliant, starry eyes,
Coquetted with the gales in orange groves;
And laughed to see the roses' deepening dyes,
As Philomelas warbled of their loves.

The heaven-crowned mountain top rose cold and still,
Though fertile valleys basked in summer's ray;
But from his hoary head gushed many a rill,
Singing its merry song while journeying to the sea.

The sun went down to rest through gates of gold,
And the sweet bulbul sang to the rising moon;
The fire-flies danced above the dewy wold,
And shadows flitted o'er the green lagoon.

And through the long, cold, northern winter's night,
The cynosure burned on with changeless beam;
The one fixed isle, in that strange sea of light,
Whose burning, gelid waves outsped the lightning's gleam.

A thousand years ago! Earth still is young,
Smiles, fair as ever, o'er her features play;
Where are the hearts were then with gladness strung?
The forms so loved and cherished—where are they?

BENEFITS OF WINTER.

The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic causes the diversity of climates, and the great alternations of heat and cold; but by this provision the largest portion of the earth is made habitable, for otherwise, we in this latitude should have had spring without summer, and further north perpetual winter would have made a large portion of the globe desolate. By the existing arrangements the greatest variety of production is ensured from the smallest number of elements. Every latitude has, in this way, advantages peculiar to itself in the growth of some product which is not adapted to other climates. This brings man out from the caves of selfishness to make exchanges. Commerce and interchange of thought promote science and art, and intermarriage saves the race from degeneracy. Winter calls out the genius of man to prepare for its ravages; it forces him into labor, and labor is the parent of health, virtue and happiness. Man is a nobler being in northern than in tropical latitudes.—*Boston Journal.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ERIN.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Like an emerald gem on the breast of the sea,
Dear Erin, my home, is thy vision to me;
As the sun to the day, as the moon to the night,
Is thy thought to my soul—'t is its warmth and its light.

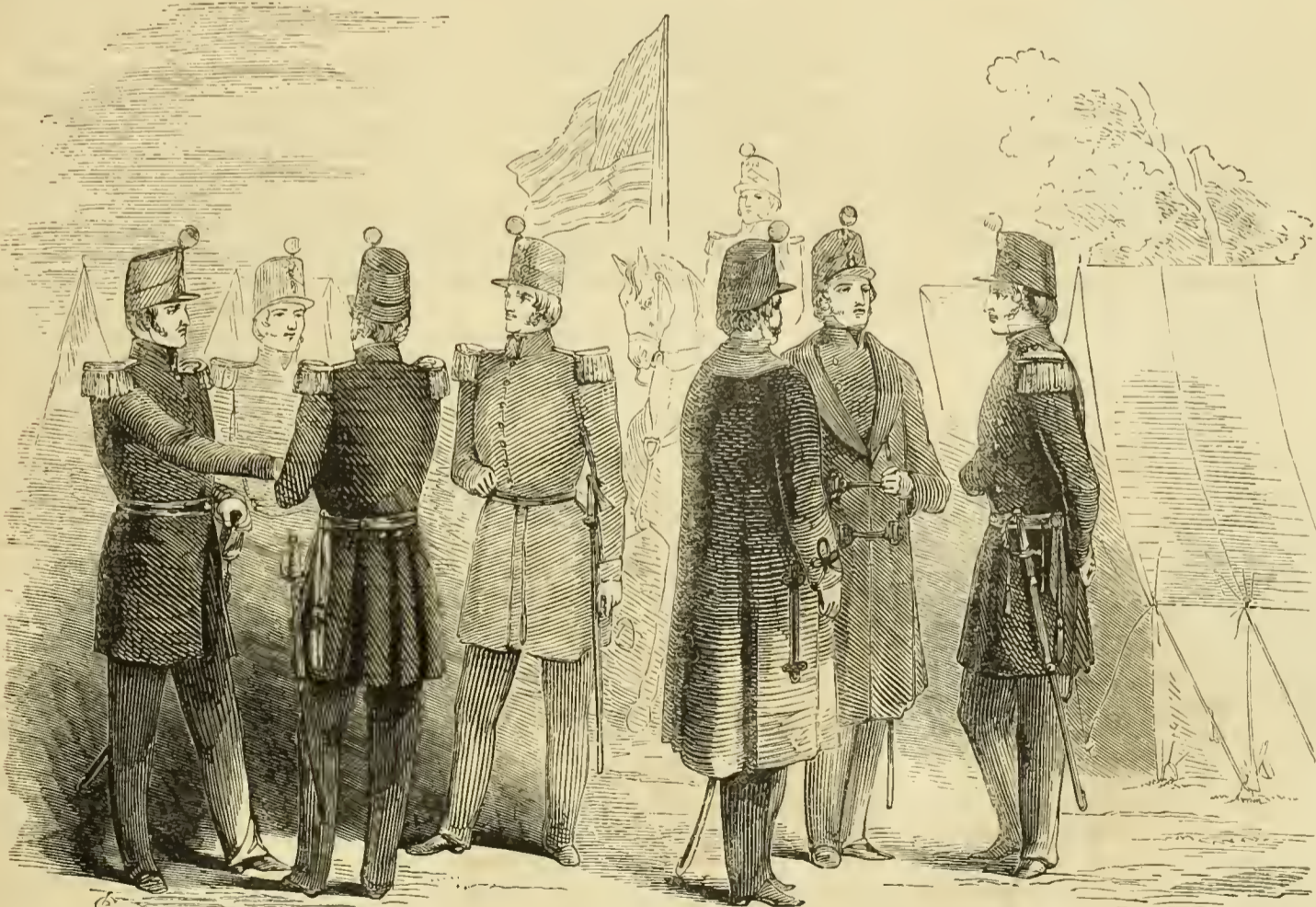
Sweet clime of my kindred! loved land of my birth!
While the waves roll between us, they teach me thy worth;
And where'er I may roam—how'er blest I may be,
My spirit, all lonely, returns unto thee.

There first-budded passion, there burst into bloom,
The bright flower of hope, though it drooped to the tomb;
But the brief life of love, though whole ages may roll
O'er my heart, in despondence, 't is fresh in my soul.

Let the winds wildly blow—let the waves madly rise,
Till the storm-sprite's libation is flung in the skies;
Still my heart, in its sorrow, o'er ocean's white foam,
Seeks its home in dear Erin—its dear native home.

CAVE IN BERKSHIRE COUNTY.

It will be remembered that some time since we noticed this work of nature, and that its entrance was blocked up so as to forbid further explorations, without great labor in removing the rubbish. The cave is in the side of one of the hills which form the base of old Greylock, about a mile south of the village, near the South Adams road. A narrow and difficult passage, about ten feet in length, leads to a room, large enough to contain six or eight persons. Northward, a small horizontal avenue, ten or twelve feet long, leads to another room considerably larger than the first. From this, by descending twenty perpendicular feet, another room is entered, thirty feet long, by an average breadth of about twenty feet, and twenty feet high. Beyond this, and lower down, are smaller apartments, answering to bed-rooms, pantries, &c. Further on no one has explored. The walls of the cavern are composed of limestone, belonging to the vast ledge of which Saddle Mountain is built.—*North Adams Transcript.*



CAPTAIN ENGINEERS. 1ST LIEUTENANT. 2ND LIEUTENANT. OFFICERS' OVERCOAT. MAJ. ADJ. OF GEN'L'S DEPARTMENT.

as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless, but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world, but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect.—*Home Journal.*

creases. It goes on decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes—the meridian of manhood; 6302 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4727, or less than half of those who enter-

their own special natures, but re-constructed the world from materials which they collected on every side. Thus their influence upon me was not to prompt me to follow out thought in myself so much, as to detect it everywhere; for each of these men is not only a nature, but a happy interpreter of many natures.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

AIR—"Farewell! farewell to thee, Araby's daughter."

Farewell! farewell to thee, minstrel of Erin,
The sweetest, the brightest, the truest we've known;
At whose touch of the harp arose beauty endearing,
While freedom appeared on her emerald throne.
Chorus.—As in life thou wert loved by the millions around
thee,
In death thou art mourned with a mourning
sincere;
Erin feels the heart's grief, though the world's
fame has crowned thee,
And Albion drops to thy memory a tear.

With the soul's best affections, unfading and tender,
Thy genius has hallowed both friendship and love;
And wreathed round devotion a halo of splendor,
That none but the virtuous bosom can prove.
As in life, &c.

With the patriot zeal which ne'er changes nor slumbers,
With a strong, fearless heart, and a masterly hand;
How lofty and thrilling thy harp's richest numbers,
Each gold chord vibrating for Erin's green land.
As in life, &c.

Thou hast sung Erin's woes—Erin's wrongs and oppression,
Betrayed, and trod down with contumely and scorn;
And the hope that she yet may rejoice in possession
Of the freedom that gilds with effulgence of morn.
As in life, &c.

Farewell! farewell to thee, minstrel of Erin,
Farewell, thou whole-souled, incorruptible Moore:
Every cot, every hall where thy strains shall appear in,
Proves the sweetness and truth that must ever endure.
As in life, &c.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE LOST CHILD:

—OR—

THE STORY OF BARBETTE.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE girl was sitting before the door of an old brown hut, on a soft morning in summer. The breeze was drawing gently through the door, and playing forbearingly with her flaxen ringlets. She had her lap full of wild flowers, freshly gathered, which she was patiently trying to weave together into shapes that most nearly realized her ideas of a wreath.

The house was low—of but a single story,—and faced the river that glided by it in the distance. Gray and green mosses clung in tufted clumps to its clapboards and weather-beaten shingles, and a few tall, spire like weeds stood like sentinels in the gutter beneath the eaves.

The child was youthful and of extreme beauty. Her dress did not especially betray her sweet simplicity of appearance and character, for it was quite coarse and somewhat given to dilapidation. Shoulders that were whiter than marble, showed their plump roundness through unfortunate rents, and her snowy little feet played hide-and-seek most provokingly in the depths of the soft emerald grass.

Her forehead was full and fair, and expressive of quick and broad intelligence. There was a brown hue upon her cheeks, undoubtedly the legitimate work of exposure; but the brown was not so brown as to forbid the rich ruddy glow of blood to blush through the russet mantle.

Her eyes were a soft blue, and large and lustrous. She seemed to throw all her feelings into them when she gazed steadfastly at any object or person. A pretty mouth completed the sweetness of her beautiful face, and made the looker always long to rifle it of a share of the sweetness that lay so temptingly along its lips.

Barbette was her name, and a charming name it was, too, for so charming a little creature.

While she was busily occupied with arranging and re-arranging her flowers, so freshly culled from the meadow and the woods on that summer morning, she was surprised to behold the shadow of a human figure thrown across her lap. She looked up in evident astonishment, half raising one dimpled hand, while with the other she held fast to the few flowers she had just selected from the pile.

The figure she saw was that of a man, who at once asked her, in a voice of kindness, whether she lived in this house.

Barbette innocently answered him that she did. "And where is your mother?" continued he, in the same kind and winning tone.

Barbette cast her liquid eyes down upon the brilliant flower-cups in her lap, and replied

"I haven't got any mother, sir."

The stranger regarded her with surprise, and asked again where her father could be.

She answered him that he was not in the house, nor, indeed, anywhere about home at that time: whereupon he crossed the decayed threshold, and entered the main apartment of the hut. Barbette immediately rose to her feet, holding her well filled apron gathered up in one hand, and her few flowers in the other. Her eyes followed the steps and the form of the intruder, as if she would see, though she had not the courage to ask, what he would have there.

But she said nothing; her little heart only beating and bumping audibly against her ribs, and her breath coming and going in short and forced heavings. Still she could not take her eyes from the form of the stranger, while she wondered what had emboldened him so much as to enter the house and begin the search he then appeared to be making.

Presently he came out at the door again, and, seeing Barbette standing in the wondering attitude she had just assumed, he asked her:

"Then you do not know where your father has gone, do you?"

She answered him only with a shake of her head.

"Isn't his name Jacob Fell?" asked he.

"Yes, sir," timidly replied she.

"I thought I was right," he answered, as he hurriedly turned on his heel and walked away.

Barbette was certain she heard him mutter words to himself as he moved off, and this discovery only increased her wonder by so much the more.

He had hardly disappeared down the road, however, which ran along between the hut and the bank of the river, when the very individual of whom he had been in quest at once sprang out from a clump of trees that skirted their meagre garden, and stood before the child.

She opened her blue eyes widely, and regarded him with momentary wonder. At length she said:

"Father, father! A man has just been here for you."

"Did he ask for me?" inquired Jacob Fell, with undisguised anxiety.

"Yes, father," answered the child; "he went into the house, and he rummaged it all about; and then he asked me if you was my father, and if your name wasn't Jacob Fell."

"And you told him it was?" asked the man, breathlessly and much agitated.

She answered with an affirmative shake of her head.

"Then we must be gone!" said he, in a voice that startled her.

"Why, father?" asked she; "did he come here to harm you? Will he make you go away from this pleasant spot, and away from all these pretty wild flowers?" And as she spoke, she glanced down towards them, while some of them were tumbling from her half-opened apron upon the grass.

"Yes, child," said he, fiercely, "we must be gone. We must go at once. There can be no safety for us here! He will come back again, and—"

"But are you afraid of him, father?"

He made no reply to this last question, but at once led the way into the hut, silently bidding her follow after.

When they were arrived there, he looked wildly upon her and said:

"Now put together your things, child. Get your things together within a minute. For we must be wandering again. We mustn't wait here another minute. Come, come; hurry yourself now, if you go with me!"

Barbette looked more confused than ever on hearing this language from her father, and the big tears involuntarily swam in her eyes, and there strung themselves like liquid beads upon her long lashes.

In less than a half hour's time, both man and child had buried themselves deeply in the woods. Nothing but silence brooded over the place where stood the embrowned hut of Jacob Fell.

CHAPTER II.

BARBETTE and her father continued their journey all the rest of the day. Only as often as hunger made it necessary, or as downright exhaustion on the part of the child forced them to do it, did they sit down to eat and refresh themselves with rest. Little Barbette complained bitterly, when it approached night fall, of her sore feet, and talked as if the skin must have been already worn clear through.

She occasionally looked with a glance of innocent inquiry up into the man's face, while he strode along so excitedly, as if she would forthwith ask him where he was going with her, and why it was he hurried away so rapidly. Then she turned her gaze over the deserted meadows they were crossing, and tears filled her eyes almost before she knew why it was. But she trudged along, offering no unnecessary words of complaint.

For the night they slept in an old untenanted barn that stood in the middle of a large pasture. They ate of what the man had brought in his knapsack, and then laid down apparently to rest.

The child was so much fatigued that she instantly fell asleep, whether she would or not; but no such sweet influences, as those that are engendered of sleep, brooded upon the lids of Jacob Fell. His heart was rent with every variety of emotion. Frequently he started up to his feet, as if he would then and there boldly resist some phantom that seemed to pursue him.

At length he walked cautiously to the door, and took a survey of the place about him. It was a clear, starlight night, and innumerable lamps were shining in the heavens.

"Shall I go on and be free, and leave this little thing behind me?" said he, in a low tone; "or shall I carry her along, and so risk my own safety?"

He stood a moment, seemingly buried in reflection. Then he shook his head doubtfully, and returned within again, saying as he did so:

"No, no, Barbette, I cannot do it. I cannot do it!"

When the morning came, although it found the child greatly refreshed and strengthened, it nevertheless saw Jacob Fell quite as much faded and worn. His nerves seemed utterly strained; and the strong, rough man had suddenly become the fearful, feminine creature that she was.

It was the Sabbath; and the morning well savored of the holy calm of that chosen day. The girl hastened from her rude couch of hay to the barn-door, and saw with delight the glittering dew that hung on the long spires of grass. She listened, and caught the musical jingle of the morning bells in the distant air of summer. How would not her tender breast have swelled, if her heart had but been educated to the enjoyment and appreciation of such a morning!

But Barbette was nothing more than an innocent child.

When they had again partaken of refreshment, they resumed their journey. Over hill and down into little wooded dells they straggled, Jacob determinedly keeping out of the way of travellers, while he continually muttered between his teeth. Barbette only clung more closely to his hand, and while she looked up so innocently into his face, she seemed to be trying to divine his intention in relation to his journey.

Perhaps they had walked on across meadows and hills in this way for miles. At least, the sun was high in the heavens, and its warmth began to suggest the very inviting idea of shade and brief repose.

They struck into the road, therefore, at length, upon which they continued travelling for a considerable time. Barbette could not help feeling grateful for the advantage the well-worn road offered her feet over the rough clods of the pastures, and trudged on vastly more contented and eagerly than ever. Still she could not refrain from putting questions, ever and anon, to her parent, as if she would understand more of his intentions than she then did. And her interrogatories were not tinged so much with curiosity, either, as with pure, genuine sympathy.

"How much farther shall we have to go, father? Must we get there before night?" and, "Who shall we see where we are going, father?" were questions she repeatedly and vainly asked. No answer came to her from the sealed lips of her excited guide and guardian.

They drew up, at length, before the door of a retired tavern house, before which was stretched a long wooden bench beneath the covering of the ancient-looking stoop or porch. Upon this bench Jacob Fell seated himself and the child for a time, and taking off his hat, re-invigorated himself with the freshly playing breeze.

He arose from his seat before long, however, and stalked into the house, entering the low door-way of the bar-room. Stepping up to the landlord, who chanced to be in attendance, he asked if he could be accommodated with a glass of spirit and water. He was answered in the affirmative, and at once proceeded to drink off his compounded potion.

Barbette still sat on the bench, and as she was looking off reflectively down the road, she discerned the approach of a wagon. It rolled up to the door, and a man jumped to the ground. As he crossed the porch, he gave a single glance at the girl, and the color instantly rushed to his cheeks.

Jacob Fell, who had looked out at the window to see this new arrival, suddenly turned frightfully pale, and glanced hurriedly toward all parts of the room, as if he were mostly anxious to find some place of immediate secretion. The landlord, however, failed to observe this unusual embarrassment of his guest, so intent was he himself on watching the equipage that had just arrived.

Exactly at that moment, and before Jacob Fell could have had time to get out of the room by any desired direction, the stranger entered.

Barbette knew the stranger the moment her blue eyes met his. She recognized him as the same whose shadow had fallen across her lap only the morning before, while she was weaving her wild flowers into garlands.

"You are my prisoner!" said the new comer, stepping briskly up to Jacob Fell, and touching his shoulder. "You must come with me!"

Whereupon he began to fasten iron bands upon his wrists, and at once conducted him to the door. The prisoner was speechless with terror.

Barbette saw the stranger carrying off her father, and began to set up the most piteous cries after him; but inasmuch as he made no plea in her behalf, and as the officer—for such he was—knew she would be quite as well taken care of where she was, at least for the present, as if she returned to the old hut of her father again, he mounted to his seat, and drove rapidly away in the direction he had come, in company with his prisoner.

Poor—poor Barbette! She sat on the wooden bench on the porch, and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

CHAPTER III.

BARBETTE had been suffered to cry by herself for a considerable time, the landlord being too stupefied with what he had just seen to go to her with anything like words of consolation on his lips. In fact, had he attempted it, he would have failed in his purpose: for, though his heart had been tenderer than a woman's, it could have expressed nothing that would have afforded balm to the child's bleeding feelings. They were too rudely rent to be suddenly healed again.

She looked through her tears, however, on hearing an unusual noise, as of the approach of a carriage. Perhaps she cherished a hope that her parent had returned to take her with him.

But her disappointment was great at beholding only a travelling equipage, to which were strapped and secured two or three trunks. The landlord ran out to hold the horses' heads, while a gentleman dismounted and assisted out a lady after him. The lady was deeply clad in mourning, and as she drew aside but partially her veil to walk up the porch into the little tavern-house parlor, she betrayed a pair of large blue eyes, in which traces of pearly tears were still distinct.

Her gaze immediately rested on the barefooted little girl, Barbette, who was still sitting on the bench. She pointed her husband's attention likewise to her, and begged him in a whisper to make inquiries of the landlord respecting her; for, said she, "I am so much struck with her appearance, and she so greatly resembles little Barbette that we lost, that I would willingly adopt her if I could obtain consent."

Her husband, after ushering her into the neat little parlor, at once returned to the child, and seeing the tears still wet upon her cheeks, asked her for what she had been weeping.

To his inquiry she related, as continuously as her emotion would suffer her, all that had just transpired, taking care not to forget the most feeling mention of her father's cruel abduction.

The gentleman took her by her hand, and led her gently to his wife. Meantime the landlord came up, and interested his guests with his rough and earnest narration of the incident that had just occurred.

"She looks so like Barbette!" exclaimed the lady, when she had gazed for several moments upon her.

"But she says her name is Barbette," added the gentleman, with much energy of feeling. "It struck me at once as being a very remarkable coincidence."

The lady looked deeply surprised, and riveted her eyes upon the child.

"Is this your father whom they have carried away from you?" asked the gentleman.

The child answered, looking up through her tears, that he was.

"But where, then, do you live?" continued the husband of the lady.

"Away off," answered the child, expressing her childish idea of immense distance by a wide outstretching of her arms.

"Now that your father is gone, will you go and live with me, and be my child?" kindly asked the lady.

Barbette only gave her for an answer a look of the most anxious and indescribable inquiry.

"Come to me a moment, child," said the lady. She walked meekly up to her side.

The lady placed her hand upon a ribbon much faded and worn, that was fastened about her neck, and drew forth from her bosom an amulet. Her face instantly became much paler than usual, and a strange fire shot forth from her expansive blue eye.

Her husband reached forward to see what discovery his wife had made.

Turning over the bauble, she there beheld the name of the child in full, engraved with the day of her birth.

"My child! My own lost child! My dear Barbette!" cried she, in an overflow of joy, while she clasped her frantically to her arms.

Her husband looked on in utter astonishment, and attempted to clasp both wife and child in his arms.

It was the lost child of the gentleman and lady. They had thus fortunately come upon her again during a journey they were making from their home in Montreal southward.

After the excitement, incident upon this unexpected discovery, had in a measure subsided, and suitable refreshments had been procured, the lady having already acquainted the child with the fact that she was her mother, all three set out in the carriage again, and pursued their journey. Barbette was being carried the exact way she had but just come.

They rode along for several miles. The drive was as fine as one could reasonably wish. The air was clear and bracing, and no dust rose to annoy their nostrils. The scenery on either side was indescribably agreeable, and the child could not help occasionally sinking her joy at finding her parents in the temporary joy of her novel ride in a carriage. She knew not the depth, or the breadth, or the strength of the new feeling that had just come back to her.

The parents kept embracing and weeping over their child, asking her all manner of questions most confusedly, and wondering how it could be that she had ever fallen into the hands of the man who had just been torn from her.

Presently they were startled by the child's pointing her fingers in the direction of the wood, the road upon which they were then travelling, skirting the bosom of a beautiful river.

They looked anxiously in the direction whither she pointed them.

"There's where I live. In the hut in the woods there," said she, in great glee.

The parents gazed for a moment inquiringly at each other, but exchanged not a word.

The gentleman at length stopped his horses, fastened them to a tree, and proceeded to take his wife and Barbette from the carriage. Then they all walked in the direction of the hut indicated by the child.

Entering at the door, Barbette eagerly leading the way, their astonishment was unspeakable at finding both Jacob Fell and the officer in the room.

For some time, not a word was said by either side, only the child kept exclaiming to Jacob, "See, see, I have found a new father and mother!"

The gentleman then proceeded in few words to narrate to the officer the occurrence of the loss of his only child from her distant home, and her fortunate discovery again; and then demanded to know of the prisoner how he came by her.

"First tell me where you live," answered Jacob Fell.

"In Montreal," answered the gentleman.

"And your name, if you please," continued the prisoner.

"Martel La Croix," answered the gentleman again.

"Then this prisoner is again free!" instantly exclaimed the officer.

"What does this mean?" eagerly inquired M. La Croix.

"That he was arrested for the supposed murder of your own self within two weeks! You have lately been in the city of —?"

"Yes; and was so suddenly called away again before I had completed all my business, that I resolved to go back again to Montreal and bring my wife back with me, and now finish all my business. I was on my way back when I made the unexpected discovery of my child; and I have but just come here to prevent another disaster of equal magnitude."

At once the gyves were struck off the wrists of the prisoner, and he was set free. He then narrated to the parents of the child the manner of his becoming possessed of her, which was materially as follows:

A strolling company of tinkers and gipsies had been prowling in the neighborhood, many years before, and one of the women had this child, Barbette, with her. She had evidently grown tired with her care, and proposed to Jacob Fell, for a good consideration, to adopt her and care for her as his own, adding that some day she might bring him some handsome remuneration, inasmuch as she belonged to rich parents. He took her with all the clothes and trinkets she possessed, and Barbette had ever since lived with him as his own child, and dearly he said he loved her, too. She had seemed much as a daughter to him.

The lady examined the trinkets which the strolling woman had given the man with the girl, and instantly recognized them as belonging to her while at home.

This strange interview ended with Jacob Fell's receiving a reward of a hundred pounds for his fidelity to his youthful and innocent charge, and an injunction to employ it all to his substantial profit.

The happy Barbette bade him farewell with large tears swimming in her eyes, and rode away with her flaxen ringlets pressed closely against the throbbing heart of her mother.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE INEBRIATE'S MUSINGS.

BY WILLIAM V. NOE.

Where are the hopes that cheered my heart,
In youth's bright sunny day;
When fortune's hand, propitious, seemed
With flowers to strew my way?

They're gone! forever lost to me,
The guiltless joys of youth;
Accursed rum hath chased away
Their innocence and truth.

Where is the wife who cheered my path,
In manhood's later years;
Whose spirit high, alas! I crushed,
Unmoved, beheld her tears?

She sleeps a calm and gentle sleep,
Within the old church-yard;
She never more will wake to weep,
Or feel my disregard.

Light be the sod—sweet bloom the flowers,
On Mary's gentle breast;
And bright the sunbeams on her grave,
Where my affections rest.

The demon now has done his work,
Yet I will burst his chain;
I'll be no more his abject slave,
I'll be a man again.

THE INSTINCT OF RAMBLING.

At this point—and why exactly at this point, is a caprice of nature's, which it rests upon her to explain—I pause, and must pause, in order to indulge an instinct of rambling. It is an intermitting necessity affecting my particular system, like that of migration that affects swallows, or the moulting of feathers that affects birds in general. Nobody is angry with swallows for vagabondising periodically, and surely I have a better right to indulgence than a swallow; I take precedence of a swallow in any company whatsoever. Indulgent or not, however, the reader must really put up with my infirmity. Being thwarted and thrown back upon the constitution, in me this impulse might produce some malady—typhus fever, perhaps—whereas, to the reader, the worst effect of it will be, that he must take a flying leap over a page or two if he dislikes the interruption. Yet what evil is there in an interruption? It is a kind of rest, or, as Coleridge used to style it, a landing-place in a flight of stairs. Call it a parenthesis, as do all writers—call it an excursus, as do all German commentators—call it an episode, as do all narrative poets—and the momentary interruption, instead of a blemish, comes to be regarded as the prime luxury and *bonne bouche* of the whole work.—*De Quincey.*

What grief can be, but time doth make it less?
But infamy time never can suppress.—*Drayton.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY SPIRIT HOME.

BY FLORENCE GREENLEAF.

I have a spirit home; sweet vines are round it,
And flowers are peeping from each dim recess;
The myrtle and the eglantine have crowned it,
It stands alone in all its loveliness
Far from the haunts of men,—the sunbeam, shining,
Breaks through a forest radiant with its light;
While I, upon some mossy bed reclining,
Commune with fancies beautifully bright.

At eve, sweet Poesy doth whisper, dreaming,
On airy wings she flith unto me;
O, bright and glorious are those visions, seeming
To come from worlds as fair as they must be.
At midnight, when the sky is filled with glory,
And through the leaves the whip-poor-will I hear,
The nightingale doth tell his plaintive story,
And finds a listener in my willing ear.

At dawn of day, when roused from healthful slumber,
I ope my eyes to gaze upon the scene;
I hear sweet songsters which I may not number,
Carolling gay amid the forest green.
Sweet is my spirit home! The wild bird, telling
His matin hymn, awakes me from repose;
Such rapturous joys surround my hidden dwelling,
Joys that a heart contented only knows.

STUCK AT A SPEECH.

In February, 1818, he did what he never did before or since. He stuck at a speech. John Kemble had taken his leave of our stage, and before quitting Edinburgh, about sixty or seventy of his admirers gave him a dinner and a snuff-box. Jeffrey was put into the chair, and had to make the address previous to the presentation. He began very promisingly, but got confused, and amazed both himself and everybody else, by actually sitting down, and leaving the speech unfinished; and, until reminded of that part of his duty, not even thrusting the box into the hand of the intended receiver. He afterwards told me the reason of this. He had not premeditated the scene, and thought he had nothing to do except in the name of the company to give the box. But as soon as he rose to do this, Kemble, who was beside him, rose also, and with most formidable dignity. This forced Jeffrey to look up to his man; when he found himself annihilated by the tall tragic god; who sank him to the earth at every compliment, by obeisances of overwhelming grace and stateliness. If the chairman had anticipated his position, or recovered from his first confusion, his mind and words could easily have subdued even Kemble.—*Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

Laugh and prattle ceased forever,
No more dimpling smiles are there;
Like the rolling of a river,
Or the mists that melt in air;
No more smiling, nor beguiling
Of the thoughts that droop with care.

Underneath the coffin-cover,
Hands enfolded on her breast;
Snowdrops sprinkled freely over,
Whereon stains were never prest;
She that bore her standing o'er her,
Heart with swelling grief distressed.

Though the daisies grow above her,
Buried in the silent mould;
Though thou canst not now discover
That which never hath been told;
Grieve not, mother, sister, brother,
Lambs like her are in the fold.

A MONSTER LINGUIST.

They knew little of Sir William Hamilton, who fancied that his enormous reading tended to any result so barren as this. But other whisperers there were, who would have persuaded me that Sir William was simply a great linguist. Since the time when I first came to know him, Europe has had several monsters of that class, and, amongst others, Cardinal Mezzofante. Perhaps the cardinal was, on the whole, the greatest of his order. He knew, I believe (so as to speak familiarly), thirty-four languages; whereas a Scandinavian clergyman (Swedish or Norse), who had died since the cardinal, and was reputed to have mastered fifty-six, probably only read them. But what ultimate value attached to this hyperbolic acquisition? If one wrote an epigraph for his eminence, one might be tempted into saying, "Here lies a man that, in the act of dying committed a robbery, absconding from his poor fellow-creatures with a valuable polyglot dictionary." Assuredly, any man who puts his treasures into a form which must perish in company with himself, is no profound benefactor to his species. Not thus did Sir William proceed, as I soon learned after I made his acquaintance; and the results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube.—*Hamilton's Memoirs.*

Nature makes us poor only when we lack necessities; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

In the reign of James I., men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes.

At feasts, every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564, a Dutchman, named Wm. Boonen, brought the first coach into England; and, it is said, the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crob shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil.

The business of cap-making was ruined in 1591 by the common wearing of hats, which then came into vogue.

Smoothing irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of scripture, were used for that purpose.

A Mrs. Isabel Danton, of Leeds, is said to have first invented hats and baskets made of straw.

In 1634, two rich women desired to marry the Earl of Huntington for the sake of the title. One of them offered to lay down £20,000 on the day of her marriage. The other offered £500 a year, during his life, and £6000 in cash, he to go with her to the church and marry her; immediately after the ceremony, they were to take leave at the church door, and never to see each other again.

In Clarendon's papers, is the following: "At Henly, upon Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the way-side, on a market-day, which was accordingly done, and a paper, in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."—*English Annals.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

What is life? 'tis but a breath
Of a passing zephyr
Stealing o'er time's silvered brow,—
Soon 'tis gone forever.

What is life? 'tis but a drop
Amid the boundless ocean;
As driving spray, or wavelet's crest,
'Neath the storm-cloud's wild commotion.

What is life? 'tis but a ray
Of evening's fading sunlight,
Or as the visions of a dream,
In the lone hours of midnight.

What is life? 'tis all of time
That to man is given;
A rugged path that all must climb,
That leads to woe or heaven.

This is life—the knell of time,
Fleeting—evanescent;
Man has nought, while here below,
But the moment present.

FRIENDSHIP.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart, to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift, or confession.—*Bacon.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MOONLIT SCENES.

BY B. J. HOWE.

How powerful to hearts that mourn,
The magic of that moonlit sky;
To bring again the vanished scenes—
The happy eyes—of days gone by;
Again to bring, mid bursting tears,
The loved and lost of other years.—*Doane.*

The moon has just risen far over the deep,
Her beams on its bosom all tranquilly sleep;
Her lustre is shed over nature's warm breast,
And forest and meadow in silver are drest.

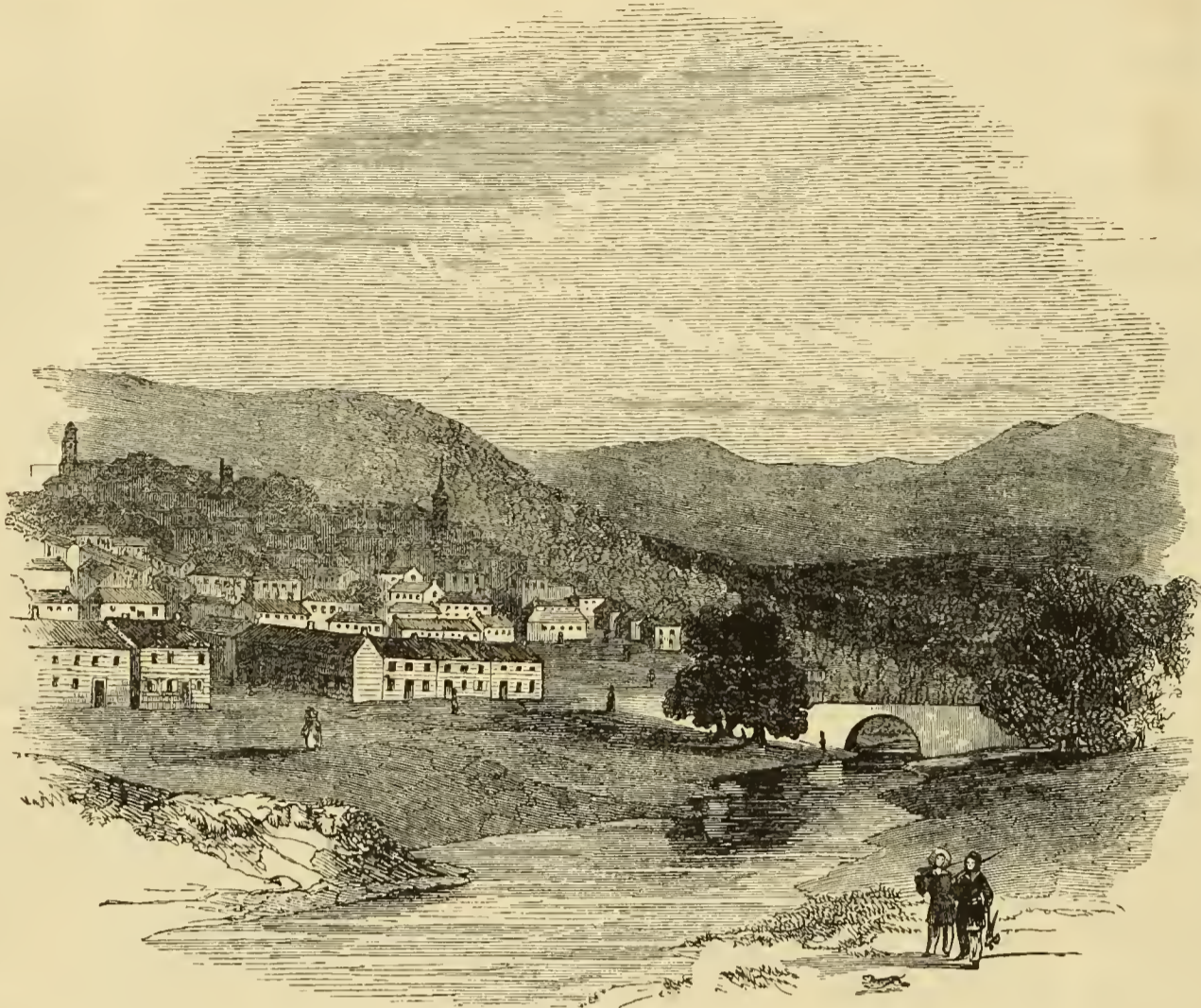
How tranquil the scene! how delightful the hour!
My slumbering fancy awakes in its power;
And beneath the soft rays of her mild, gentle light,
A thousand bright feelings come o'er me to-night.

The scenes of my childhood, unfading and true,
By her magical power are presented to view;
Fond memory opens her glittering store,
And the friends of my youth are around me once more.

How dear the loved home of my infancy seems,
Where I sported, at eve, 'neath her favoring beams;
Its memory still shall be dear to my heart,
And to life's latest hour it shall never depart.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

It will be remembered that last week we gave an illustrated view of the city of Galveston, Texas. Herewith we give a representation of Houston, a sister city, and the capital of this flourishing State. The peculiar history of Texas makes it an interesting study, both as it relates to its geographical character and its political importance. Touching the former, the general aspect of the country is that of an inclined plane, gradually sloping from the mountains on the west eastward to the sea, and intersected by numerous rivers, all having a southeast direction. The territory is, however, naturally divided into three separate regions, which in many respects differ from each other. The first or level region extends along the coast, with a breadth inland varying from 100 miles, where greatest in the centre, to 70 and 30 miles, being most contracted towards the southwest extremity. The soil of this region is principally a rich alluvium, with scarcely a stone, yet singularly free from stagnant swamps. Broad woodlands fringe the banks of the rivers, between which are extensive and rich pasture lands. The second division, the largest of the three, is the undulating or rolling-prairie region, which extends for 150 or 200 miles farther inland, its wide grassy tracts alternating with others that are thickly timbered. These last are especially prevalent in the east, though the bottoms and river valleys throughout the whole region are well wooded. Limestone and sandstone form the common substrata of this region; the upper soil consists of a rich friable loam, mixed indeed with sand, but seldom to such an extent as to prevent the culture of the most exhausting products. The third, or mountainous region, situated principally in the west and southwest, forms part of the great Sierra Madre, or Mexican Alps, but little explored and still unsettled. At its remote extremity it consists of an elevated table land, "where the prairies not unfrequently resemble the vast steppes of Asia except in their superior fertility." The principal rivers are the Neches, Trinidad, Brazos de Dios, Colorado, Guadalupe, San Antonio and Nueces. They all fall into the gulf of Mexico, or rather (except the Brazos de Dios), into its bays and lagoons. The latter bear a considerable resemblance to the haffs along the south shore of the Baltic, except that they are



VIEW OF HOUSTON, CAPITAL OF TEXAS.

upon a much larger scale: and the coast, as Humboldt has stated, presents everywhere formidable obstacles to navigation, in the long, low, narrow belts of land by which it is fenced, and which bound the lagoons, in the want of harbors for vessels drawing more than 12 1-2 feet of water, and in the bars at the mouths of the rivers; still, however, steam vessels have been able to enter and ascend the Sabine to a considerable distance. The Neches is navigable for small steamboats for upwards of 100 miles; Trinidad river for 300 or 400 miles; and the Brazos de Dios, for at least half that distance.

YALE'S MAMMOTH TENT.

Yale's Mammoth Tent, of which we give a fine engraving below, is one of the curiosities of the age. For convenience and general proportions it is, beyond a doubt, the best tent in the country for the purpose of accommodating conventions, mass meetings, picnics, public dinners, agricultural fairs, etc. It will easily accommodate *three thousand five hundred to dine*, and will hold from seven to twelve thousand persons! The tent is now in thorough repair, and is offered by Mr. Yale to let on the most reasonable terms. R. M. Yale, Boston, is the owner.

193 vases of porcelain taken out of the ruins of Herculaneum. These vessels were not of European manufacture, but brought from Pontus in Asia by the victorious army of Pompey. About sixty years before Christ, the Persians had arrived at great excellence in this elegant art. The best Asiatic porcelain is manufactured at Scharis, one of the present principal cities of Persia. The earth of which it is made is a pure enamel, like that of the Chinese porcelain; its grain is fine, and it is as transparent; so that it sometimes exceeds that of the Chinese, its varnish is so exquisite.—*History of the Useful Arts.*



REPRESENTATION OF YALE'S MAMMOTH TENT.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Solitary Artist," a story, by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
 "Aunt Hetty's Old Chest," a tale of the eighteenth century, by LUCY LINWOOD.
 "Washing Day," a domestic sketch, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.
 "The Daguerreotype," a sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "May," verses, by ED. NEWCOMB.
 "Sunset," by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
 "Spring is here," lines, by C. JILLSON.
 "My Spirit turns to olden Times," by D. HARDY, JR.
 "Absent Friends," verses, by D. C. RICHMAN.
 "An Acrostic," by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.
 "Fancy's Vision," verses, by J. ALFORD.
 "Childhood," lines, by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.
 "The Hours," verses, by ELLA STANWOOD.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A specimen of the Lowell Factories, at Lowell, Mass. A fine picture, taken on the spot by our artist, Mr. Stratton.

A series of cuts illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Arabs. First, an external view of Douar—a very fine and characteristic scene. Second, a picture representing Arab Children. Third, view of the Entrance of an Arabian Tent. Fourth, an interior view of an Arab Tent. Fifth, a specimen of Arabian female industry, representing an Arab woman spinning the Palm Tree Roots. Sixth, also a domestic scene, representing Cooking Preparations and Grinding Corn. Forming a very valuable, interesting and instructive series of pictures.

A very perfect picture, by Mr. Elliott, representing the late great Firemen's Parade, in Philadelphia, being their triennial parade. The first scene represents the cortege as it passed the Custom House, with its various appendages of Indians, Machines, and Fire Companies. The second picture, relating to the same subject, and by the same artist, represents the Procession more in the foreground, with the Car of Liberty, which formed a marked feature in the line of the display.

A view of the Holliston High School, at Holliston, Mass. Taken by our artist, Mr. Manning, on the spot.

A very fine picture of the new Custom House, at San Francisco, California. A superb specimen of architecture, drawn by our artist, and designed by Mr. Bryant.

A fine engraving of the New York Post-Office. An accurate view of this fine building.

An original and peculiar view of the City of Oregon, with its surroundings.

A very elaborate and perfect picture, covering a whole page of the Pictorial, representing the entire Press-Room of our extensive establishment, and forming a very capital picture for those of our subscribers who desire to know the *modus operandi* of our office.

EUSTATIA:

—OR—

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

A TALE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SPAIN.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

We commence a story thus entitled in this week's number of the Flag of our Union. It is a well laid plot throughout, and is fraught with much interest from the first to the last chapter. Our readers who love a clear, well written story, with point and earnestness in it, will be pleased with this excellent novelette from Miss Howe.

SAVINGS BANKS.—The law taxing money in savings banks, which has passed, and been approved by the governor, requires the treasurers of these institutions to disclose the amount of money deposited in them to the credit of any person named in a written request, to the overseers of the poor, or the assessors of any town or city—for neglect, a fine of fifty dollars.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Bumstead place, Boston, is progressing with great rapidity. It has risen some six feet above the foundation. It is now confidently asserted that it will be finished by the commencement of the next musical season.

KOSSUTH.—The eloquent Hungarian visited the Boston public schools a few days since, and expressed much delight at these "work shops of the mind."

SMOKING.—In Boston a man has to pay a fine if he smokes a cigar or pipe in the street. This used to be the case in Portland, Me., but the law has been repealed.

MILITARY.—Our military friends will thank us for the timely scenes published in this week's number, relating to the army.

PRESIDENT MAKING.—The political papers are very busy just now.

HUMAN NATURE.

"Envy is the yoke-fellow of eminence," says the old proverb, and in no instance have we seen the principle more strongly illustrated than as it regards Kossuth's career in America. As he rises step by step in the scale of appreciation, and becomes more and more the wonder of the age for his almost superhuman eloquence, and is more and more loved for the sacredness of his cause, and more and more sought after for the sake of his patriotic example, we find a plenty of small-fry politicians struggling to put him down by sly insinuations and low imputations, whispered from ear to ear, as the midnight assassin would perform his work, but never uttered aloud, man fashion.

Some of these innuendoes appear in the shape of anonymous letters (ten to one written by the editor of the journal in which they appear), purporting to come from some neighboring city, and also assuming to speak the sentiments of Kossuth's countrymen in that quarter. This is only one of the ridiculous modes that wire-pulling politicians have adopted to injure the noble Magyar. But truth is mighty and will prevail; he is as far above their reach as the sun in heaven is beyond their control; and their vile machinations only serve in the end still more to elevate the object of them, since the calm, silent contempt with which he meets them, proves his own nobleness of spirit, and that it is his cause, not himself, that he is struggling to defend.

Every subterfuge has been resorted to, in order that Kossuth might be prejudiced before the people; nursery tales could not be more ridiculous or unimportant than many of the stories that political papers have related about him. The amount of the whole affair can be stated in a few words. Kossuth (like a second Peter the Hermit) is preaching a crusade against European despotism; if he could convince this country of the good policy and advantage of intervention to the destruction of such miserable powers as those of Russia and Austria, he would be very glad.

Failing in this, he asks for money to buy arms and ammunition to put into his people's hands, and let them fight their own battles. To this last proposition there can be very few if any objections brought, and so let "material aid" be showered upon him, and his purse filled. In the meantime, it matters not whether Kossuth has given his boot-black a blowing up, or overpaid his washerwoman; whether he has failed to drink a glass of wine, or has taken one too many with Capt. Long; or even if he has refused to bow quite so low to some of the knaves and fools, both of his own country and ours, who have flocked about him.

It is the man's cause, and the man as connected with his cause, that we have to do with, and for Heaven's sake, let the two-penny papers cease quarrelling about the matter, and give freedom's cause and its apostle a fair chance.

THE EARL'S WARD:

—OR THE—

OLD CHAPEL AND ITS MYSTERIES.

A LEGEND OF THE LAND AND OCEAN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

This fine story, just completed in the Flag of our Union, is now issued in book form, and is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country. This is one of the most interesting and captivating tales that we have ever printed from the pen of this popular author, and is in convenient form, as republished, for preservation, or to send to distant friends complete.

DISCOVERED.—A lake forty miles long and three miles wide has just been discovered only 40 miles northwest of St. Paul, Minnesota. Also a lake 100 miles in circumference, heretofore unknown to the whites, has been discovered within 15 miles of St. Anthony.

A PEDESTRIAN.—Noah Noyes, aged 82 years, walked from Newburyport to Boston one day last week, and returned the next day. He has been in the habit of coming to Boston on foot for many years.

CHAPTER ON DOGS.—The two pages in this week's number devoted to this subject, will be found most interesting.

KOSSUTH ON THE COMMON.—This fine picture on the first page, is one of Billings's best designs, and is very fine and effective.

EUROPEAN DESPOTISM.

Every fresh arrival from abroad only shows more forcibly the progress of despotism in Europe. It does seem as though there was but a feeble chance for liberty in Europe. Villany is triumphant; even England looks on with apathy, and says to herself, "If I interfere, I may come off like the jackass in the fable, who went to ask for horns, and came back without ears! We'd better let well alone." France seems to be leading swiftly on towards the goal of despotism, and perhaps by the next arrival, we shall hear of the declaration of the empire. What a miserable, sycophantic nation the French are, with every chance of liberty within their grasp, to allow an upstart profligate to outmaster them and seat himself upon the throne! France does not deserve liberty; her people are too grovelling and debased to realize any such pure and noble principle as republicanism. But Hungary, poor struggling Hungary! God help her to rid herself of Austria and Russia; and she will set the rest of Europe an example! In Austria and Russia, tyranny is consolidating itself in quite a family way; for Count Buol, the new Austrian prime minister, is brother-in-law of Baron Mayerdorf, the Russian minister in Vienna, and was formerly minister of Austria in St. Petersburg; and thus are seen the windings of Russian diplomacy and influence. It is quite uncertain how long Russia will even allow Austria to breathe the breath of independent life. In Spain the necessary work of suppressing the journals—strangling free thought and the communication of intelligence—goes on apace. In one day the government seized five of them, when the directors of the remainder met to deliberate as to what course to take, but came to no conclusion. One of the sentences was a fine of 39,000 reals and six months imprisonment—all for being a little too democratic. Europe is certainly in a bad way—receding back to the dark ages.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The readers of the Pictorial will have noticed that from time to time, in accordance with the promise of our prospectus, we have introduced scenes from natural history among our numerous engravings. This we shall continue to do, in order to add to the value, as well as interest, of our paper. To youthful eyes and minds, these pictures are peculiarly valuable; and to all, they are interesting and instructive. We have, in store, some very rare and beautiful pictures, which will be presented to the readers of our paper from time to time; and they may be assured that no effort on our part will be wanting, to make the Pictorial, not only a universal favorite, but a paper of intrinsic value. On pages 324 and 325, of the present number, we present a series of pictures of some dozen different species of dogs, forming a fine series and chapter on this faithful animal.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

Professor Morse has received from the king of Wurtemberg a splendid gold medal of the arts and sciences, as a testimonial, as the letter accompanying the medal expresses it, of the appreciation in which he is held as "the inventor of the best recording telegraph known to him, and which, on account of its simplicity and efficiency, is adopted and used throughout all Germany." This is the third testimonial of the kind Professor Morse has received from foreign governments. While the Professor is receiving these high testimonials from abroad, for the most wonderful, if not valuable, invention of the age, at home he has with great difficulty and expense been able to keep his invention from being pirated by those who, in every community, are always attempting to defraud inventors of their rights.

BAD.—Six patients have been admitted into the Indiana Insane Hospital, within a month, made insane by the spirit rappings.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.—This favorite house is to be repaired and new furnished in the best possible style.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Brooke has been playing at the Astor Place Opera House with distinguished success.

LOLA THE DANSEUSE.—Lola Montez is visiting the lake cities, and will go to Canada.

MAD DOGS!—Look out for them

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Theodore Barteling to Miss Caroline Barteling.
 By Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. William D. Brown to Miss Margaret Hanscomb.
 By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Griffin Kirkham, of Holliston, to Miss Elizabeth Hedge.
 By Rev. Mr. Savage, Mr. Samuel S. Motley, of New York, to Miss Elizabeth T. Barnes.
 By Rev. Dr. Neale, Ephraim Willard, Esq., to Miss Olive J. Clark.
 By Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of West Roxbury, Mr. Henry C. Henderson to Miss Harriet C. Spooner.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Gunnison, Mr. Isalah Clark to Miss Mary Ann Farnsworth.
 At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Thomas James to Miss Elizabeth G. Champnev.
 At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Edward Callum to Miss Aurilia B. Goldsmith, of Essex.
 At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. James V. Felker to Miss Mary A. Williamson.
 At Castine, Me., Hon. Thomas Robinson, of Ellsworth, to Miss Margaret A. Meade.
 At Providence, R. I., Mr. Edward W. Billings to Miss Hannah Peckham.
 At New Haven, Ct., Dr. Charles Foote to Miss Amelia L. Jenkins, formerly of Greenfield, Mass.
 At Bristol, Ct., Hon. Cha's E. Clark, of Great Bend, Jefferson Co., N. Y., to Mrs. Hannah S. Kelsey.
 At Pictou, N. S., Mr. David R. McKay, of Boston, to Miss Caroline E. Patterson.

DEATHS

In this city, Mr. Ezekiel F. Billings, 62; Mrs. Nancy M. Freeman, 28; Mr. Jonathan Tyler, 41; Miss Hannah Maria Lucas, 16; Walter Barker, Esq., of Dorchester, 59; Miss Ann Eliza Burchstead, 17; Mrs. Louisa M. Bradbury, 34; Mrs. Betsey Drake, 48.
 At Roxbury, Mr. George W. Brown, 22.
 At Charlestown, Mrs. Betsey Lemick, 62.
 At Somerville, Mr. Thomas Pepper, 31.
 At Cambridgeport, Miss J. Anna Haskell, 22.
 At West Cambridge, Mr. Elhanan Blanchard, 60.
 At Dorchester, Mr. Charles D. Harrod, 34.
 At Medford, Mrs. Sarah Lord, of Ipswich, 83.
 At Salem, Mr. James Archer, 61; Mr. Nathan Cook, 38.
 At Scituate, Mrs. Hannah Rose, 89.
 At Groton, Mrs. Charlotte C. Gordon, 28.
 At Taunton, Capt. John Harvey, 87.
 At Bridgewater, Mrs. Deborah L. Hale, 68.
 At Hopkinton, Miss Emily Read, 62.
 At Southampton, Rev. Jarius C. Seabie, 33.
 At Westhampton, Rev. David Coggin, 35.
 At Newbury, Vt., Rev. Eleazer Wells, 68.
 At Portland, Me., Mr. William R. Cobb, 50.
 At Providence, R. I., Mr. Asa W. Davis, 43.
 At New York, Dr. George H. Kingsbury, 39.
 At Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Nancy S. Spauling, 27.
 At Washington, D. C., Rev. D. Steele, 60.
 At Louisville, Ky., Col. W. R. Jones, U. S. A.
 At Pensacola, Fla., Mrs. Maria S., wife of Commander George N. Hollis, U. S. N.
 At Cardenas, Cuba, T. Phinney, Esq., late of Boston.

A SPLENDID PICTORIAL.

—AND—

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and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

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with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

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inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

REMEMBRANCES.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Do you remember the pleasant morn
When we stood in yon green lane;
And our hearts were joyous as if they ne'er
Had known one throb of pain?
And the birds, in their heavenward flight
Through the realms of golden light,
Poured forth their songs, that on the air
Came echoing back again?

And we were as glad as they,
But our joy had a deeper tone;
And it found, from our souls, its silent way,
As we wandered there alone;
And the wind came floating by,
From its home in the southern sky,
And a charm seemed wrought with the rising day,
And around our spirits thrown.

A charm in each quivering leaf,
That unfolded to greet the morn;
A charm in the jewels that flashed beneath,
Of nature's abundance born;
And in every summer sound,
Mid the pleasant nooks around,
That bade us forget life's olden grief,
In its newly opening dawn.

And hand in hand, we looked afar
Down the valley of the past;
Whence rose one lovely, shining star,
From the shadows around it east;
And dark forms glided by,
Slowly and silently,
And the dim train closed, at last.

But the present, where we dwelt,
Was a sweet and quiet scene;
And the happiness we felt
Uprose from hearts serene;
For the beaming star shone on,
And the shadowy forms were gone,
And the clouds no more were seen.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE WIDOW'S ACCEPTANCE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

It was just six months and four days after the decease of Mr. Titus Bubble, when his bachelor friend, Mr. Ichabod Thistle, found himself in the parlor of his widow. It was evening, and the mellow light of the single gas burner reflected its rays through the prismatic glass pendants from the chandelier to the opposite wall, in rainbow colors of exceeding beauty. This appearance induced Mrs. Bubble to take a seat near Mr. Thistle, that together they might more minutely scan the beauty of the reflection. Whether the near position gave the bachelor renewed courage or not, we never knew; but the lounge was downy, and his position was altogether an enviable one, especially contrasted with his straw matting floor at home, and the old leather-cushioned chair, which was his daily seat. Mr. Thistle began thus: "And so, Mrs. Bubble, you think of retaining this house and its comforts, just as your husband left it? Titus was a noble-souled fellow, very shrewd withal, and must have left you a handsome fortune."

Mrs. Bubble raised a deep bordered handkerchief to her eyes, and replied: "He did so; but then, Mr. Thistle, I never knew what *real trouble* was until my husband died. I never shall forgive the undertaker for his carelessness. That plate on his coffin was buried with him, and then to think of those mismatched horses in the procession. I am told, Mr. Thistle, that the distant connexions rode in a carriage where a white horse and a red one were paired. Poor Titus! Why, it seems as if the sight would have made him rise! you know, Mr. Thistle, my husband had a great fancy for finely matched animals."

Mr. Thistle wondered what he would think of their being yoked. He only bowed, therefore, to this remark, and added: "Unprotected women must have peculiar sufferings arising from their loneliness."

"But, Mr. Thistle, you well know my husband was not a domestic character. Poor dear soul! how much comfort he used to take in that Club House. His admission fee was five hundred dollars, and this sum he always paid annually, because I insisted that cigar smoke was ruinous to our damasks; and then he was so fond of games, and nobody could beat him at billiards or chess; but the worst of it was, he would keep late hours, and that wore upon his constitution, and I used to reprove him and beseech him, out of pure regard to his own health; but God's will be done, his time had come!" and here the widow again wept profusely. "Still," she added, "I did my duty as far as I knew. I bought the

best suit of bombazine and the richest erape I could find; I have ever since worn the first widow's veil, and conducted just as if he were looking out of his grave upon me. No gentlemen, Mr. Thistle, by *invitation* have crossed my threshold; for all men are alike to me *now*, Mr. Thistle; and when people joke me about them, I think to myself, could I ever act such a dutiful part to another? for, after all, Mr. Thistle, a husband has a great many wants, as well as a wife. To keep one's temper when one is slighted; to have the question rudely put to you, 'why didn't you mend this coat, and sew on that button, and oversee the nursing maid, and look into dark, dirty closets?' to be told that you are not so much of an invalid as you fancy yourself; to take no interest in a finely executed piece of embroidery, and object to one's riding, on the ostensible ground that walking is more conducive to health,—O, Mr. Thistle, when I think over all these things, *all men are alike*, and my dear husband was only like the race in general. I only regret now I ever gave him such Caudle lectures; but Heaven knows I only did it for his good!"

"And nothing would induce you to change your mind, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Thistle.

"I said all men were alike," replied the widow. "Perhaps I ought to qualify such language. Titus, you know, sir, had a violent temper, and was fond of *some things*, of which any woman ought to complain."

"But would Mrs. Bubble object to forming another connexion, with a sedate, home-loving, pleasing, agreeable companion, whose whole life should be devoted to her service?"

Mrs. Bubble paused.

"But, sir, I have so often insisted upon it to my friends that I should never quit my widowhood; that all my time should be spent with little Titus, that I should be a perfect laughing-stock were I to change it. But," said she, emphatically, "the boy does need a father. I am satisfied paternal care should be added to maternal, Mr. Thistle."

"Certainly," replied the bachelor, feeling quite at ease.

"And then as to the guardianship, I have assumed that responsible charge; and Titus is beginning to have so many wants—that big drum cost ten dollars, Mr. Thistle, and the musical instrument, which he broke yesterday, was fifty; done in a passion, Mr. Thistle; and yet he is a dear boy—only so like his father. I am, therefore, free to say, that my care all devolving on one, is enough to break down the strongest constitution. And when I used to say to Titus, 'I never shall marry again in the event of your death,' he used to call me womanish, and say, in less than a year somebody would be stepping in his slippers. Poor man! he knew human nature; but, then, I had never realized the solitude of widowhood;—to act the part of a man at the table; to sit at the head of a pew; to ride alone in a carriage; to pass whole evenings without expecting your husband to return; to take solitary journeyings, and everywhere and at all times to feel unprotected. It really shatters my nervous system, and makes me at times *almost* relent."

Thistle's room, on his return, looked cheerless enough. An old bachelor's life seemed to him a dreary one. Those easy chairs; that comfortable fortune; the ample house, and freedom to range over every part of it; the fumes of his present residence; the cold coffee, and cold room, and cold reception of his cold-hearted landlady, except on quarter days, strengthened his purpose to again call on Mrs. Bubble. The conversation was then resumed, and now the widow added:

"You are the most convincing man in the world, Mr. Thistle. I have been talking with little 'Titi.' He says he should love his new 'papa'; and as I have looked over the whole circumstances, I do not see that I can be blamed for changing my mind. I shall, however, Mr. Thistle, keep the *purse strings in my own hands!* but we shall mutually be benefited by the outlays."

Poor Thistle was thunderstruck; he doubted whether he had better hang his hat on that vacant peg; but he had gone so far, it might look dishonorable. And in seven months from Bubble's death, everybody was gazing at a pair of splendid white steeds which stood before the church door; and while they looked, Mr. and Mrs. Thistle jumped into the carriage, having just been made one!

A ship ought not to be fixed by a single anchor, nor life upon a single hope.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

POESY.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

When grosser passions fill the heart,
And care-absorbing thoughts betray;
When worldly loves no more impart
Their power to smooth life's rugged way;
O, Poesy, to thee I turn,
And feel thy tenderest nature burn.

At night, to lay my weary head
Upon the pillow's form to rest;
Though soft as down, the soothing bed
Gives not one pleasure to my breast,
If poesy its charm refuse,
And I'm forsaken by the muse.

But when the maid awakes those fires
Which wrap the soul in lofty strains,
Or holy sense the mind inspires,
As mounts the lark o'er flowery plains;
I leap for joy, and drink from rills
That flow adown Parassian hills.

O, contemplation! blessed halm!
For pain we're doomed to undergo;
Come, still each tumult into calm,
And drive the murky clouds of woe
From every eye, who asks of thee,
To set the soaring fancy free.

When the last throb my chest shall heave,
And I am warned the time has come,
Which bids my spirit take its leave
For worlds, whose passage is the tomb,
May it and poesy arise,
To aid the "music of the skies."

THE INVENTOR OF COLOGNE WATER.

M. Farina, the celebrated manufacturer of Eau de Cologne, had three children, to each of whom he has given a fortune of 210,000 francs. His eldest daughter married, in 1827, M. Hanecart Peycam, who had 150,000 francs. In the course of a few years, the fortune, both of M. Hanecart Peycam and his wife, had disappeared. In 1846, Madame Hanecart brought an action against her father, to allow her a certain sum annually, and the tribunal condemned him to pay her 4800 francs a year. M. Hanecart subsequently demanded that his father-in-law should make him a separate allowance; but M. Farina refused, on the ground that he no longer lived with his wife, that he was addicted to play, and that he was able to provide for himself. The matter was carried before the civil tribunal, and after being argued, was decided in favor of M. Farina. M. Hanecart appealed to the court of appeal against the judgment, but it was confirmed. In the course of the proceedings, Hanecart's advocate stated, that the income of M. Farina is 224,000 francs.—*Paris paper.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FAREWELL.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

Farewell! Around that sad, sweet word,
A chain of memories ever cling;
That rise, when'er the heart is stirred,
And their sad influence round us fling.
Sad, but yet sweet, this power is strong,
And oft will cause the heart to swell,
As thoughts of by-gone days will throng
Around that tender word—farewell.

Farewell! The trembling lips that speak
The word—the eyes now dimmed by tears,
Tell how the fond young heart would break,
But hopes to meet, in future years,
The idol loved, now from it torn,
But *when* to meet, no one can tell;
Ah! oft the heart of joy is shorn,
By that one simple word—farewell.

Farewell! It is that parting word,
That oft destroys the cheek's rich bloom;
Forever are its echoes heard,
From sunny childhood to the tomb.
When we recall its scenes, the tears
Spring from the heart's deep, inmost cell;
Ne'er can the joys of after years
Blot out the memory of—farewell.

FOREST TREES.

In contemplating the length of life of one of the reverend and hoary elders of the forest, we are apt to forget that it is not to be measured by the standard of man or the higher animals; for it is really not the measure of an individual existence, but, as it were, of the duration of an empire or nation. A tree is a populous community, presided over by an oligarchy, of which the flowers are the aristocracy, and the leaves the working classes. The life of the individual members of the commonwealth is brief enough, but the state, of which they were members, has often a vast duration; and some of those whose ages we have referred to, could they take cognizance of human affairs, would look with contempt upon the instability and irregularity of human governments and states, as compared with the unchanging order and security of their own.—*Prof Forbes.*

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself.—*Churchill.*

ANECDOTES OF PIRON.

In the eighteenth century, the gentlemen of Beaune were not all men of wit. Piron found it a barren soil, if not for Bacchus, at least for Apollo. It was a fertile field for epigram; but a joke, to be intelligible to them, must needs be broad. Piron dressed up a jackass as an archer, and dragged him by main force to the training-ground. "Here," says he, "is one of the company whom I met as I came along." The animal began to bray, and the archers looked at one another with vexation, like people whose secret has been found out. In the evening all the archers, except the jackass, went to the theatre. As the actors spoke somewhat low, the spectators began to cry, "Louder, louder; we can't hear!" "It is not for want of ears!" exclaimed Piron. The indignant audience threw themselves on the poet, who made his escape with the greatest difficulty in the world, exclaiming, "Alone, I could whip them all." In sober earnest, twenty rusty swords were drawn upon him. The next day, as he returned to Dijon, he mowed down vigorously all the thistles which he found along the road. Some of the people of Beaune, meeting him slashing away in this manner, asked, "What are you about?" "Parbleu! I am at war with the inhabitants of Beaune, and am cutting off their provisions!" The war lasted a long time; it was as celebrated as the battle of Fontenoy. To this day the gentlemen of Beaune do not relish any pleasantry on the subject.

At the time, Piron went occasionally into society, dining here and there at a great mansion. He knew very well that it was his wit which was invited; as he said, "They hire me on wages." He went everywhere without bending the knee. One day, at the house of some marquis, whose name I have forgotten, a nobleman made way for him to enter the dining-room before him. The marquis, observing this ceremony, addressed the nobleman: "O, my dear count, don't be so ceremonious; he is only a poet." Piron repelled the insult like a man of spirit. He raised his head proudly, and went in first, remarking, "Since our titles are known, I take my rank."—*Men and Women of France during the last Century*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MEMORY.

BY JOHN W. REAZEL.

Gently o'er the heart-strings stealing,
Come the scenes of other years;
In memory's mirror oft revealing
Joy's bright smiles and sorrow's tears.

Softly as sweet music flying
O'er starlit lake or ocean's swell;
Comes the voice of one, now lying
Where the cypress shades the dell.

Sweetly as the dew-gemmed flower
Breathes its fragrance on the even,
Memory, with a siren's power,
Whispers of the loved in heaven.

Thus is memory often bringing
Fair forms from the shadowy past;
And the heart is ever clinging
To those hours too bright to last.

Gone are all those lovely visions,
Quickly as the meteor's gleam;
Memory slumbers in oblivion,
And I'm alone on life's dark stream.

KAFFIR PUNISHMENTS.

Death is frequently inflicted among this nation, and in various ways, most of them diabolically cruel. I will merely mention one, as a specimen of the most ingenious and refined cruelty, and, as it appears to me, one of the most frightful tortures that can be inflicted. The culprit is rubbed all over with grease; he is then taken to an ant-hill, against which he is placed and secured to the ground. The ant-hill is then broken, and the ants left to crawl over him and eat his flesh from his bones, which they do in time most effectually. I doubt whether the Inquisition ever invented a torture so horrible and lingering as this must be. Let me remind the reader that ants are three times the size of those he is accustomed to see in England, and their bite most irritating and painful.—*The Cape and the Kafirs.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDEGROOM'S OFFERING.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Not gems I bring from ocean caves,
Concealed beneath foam-erected waves,
For thee, my bride, in proud array,
To deck thee on thy bridal day.

Nor pearls, nor jewels, rich and rare,
To sparkle in thy ringlets fair;
Nor laurels do I bring of fame,
They cluster not around my name.

Caskets of gold I do not bring,
They cannot make thy spirit's wing
Alone more light; oft gold's a chain
That binds souls to a life of pain.

But still I bring a richer gem
Than any monarch's diadem;
A heart unsullied's all the dower
I bring upon thy bridal hour.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A late writer observes: "It is not presumption to believe that if Henrietta, the wife of Charles I., had been born a Huguenot, instead of the daughter of a Catholic king, the civil wars, the Commonwealth and the Protectorate of England, would never have been." The same Henrietta was the mother of James II., whose devotion to the Catholic Church caused his own expulsion from the throne, and the revolution which seated William and Mary upon it. Henrietta, therefore, may be said, in a certain sense, to have changed the course of modern English history, and affected thereby the destiny of the world. Who shall say that women wield no political power?

A GREEK PHISON

Rev. Dr. King, the American Missionary imprisoned at Athens for preaching the Gospel contrary to Czar Nicholas's Greek Church, gives the following account of his prison, in a letter published in the New York Evangelist, dated March 9th:

"I am now in prison, and my name is inscribed among the vilest malefactors of Greece, in a book kept for the purpose, in which the names of all who enter are written, with their age, description of their person, and the crime of which they have been guilty. Mine is that of preaching the word of God. That of two other persons here in chains is the murder of seventeen persons. The prison is called Medrese, which is a Turkish word, meaning school; and this is so called because it was formerly used by the Turks as a school.—And it is indeed, such a school as that in which prophets and apostles were formerly taught. Do not think that I am sorrowful. By no means. My soul is full of joy—unusual joy."

MURDERS IN CALIFORNIA.—The Shasta (Cal.) Courier says, that twenty Americans have been massacred by the Indians in Trinity and Klamath counties, within a few months, and nearly as many in Shasta. A plan to prevent these outrages has been suggested by Capt. Denver, the senator of the district, who recommends an organization of minute men, whose duty it shall be to turn out whenever required, and be under the control of proper officers.

VERY PROPER.—The colored rector of St. Philip's (colored Episcopal) Church in New York, recently declined to read a notice in that church of a meeting to resist the Fugitive Slave Law, on the ground that it was a duty to obey the law. The vestry subsequently approved the course of the rector, only one person dissenting. So says "Frederick Douglass's Paper," a correspondent of which complains bitterly of this action.

JUST DECISION.—Bradley H. Kenney and wife, of London, N. H., have been mulcted in the sum of \$800 for repeating a report adverse to the chastity of Miss Almira H. Dane. The defendants attempted to justify on the ground that the stories had been common town talk, and that they repeated them without malice. But that was no justification in the eye of the law.

FOOLISH RISK OF LIFE.—William Barrett, a resident of Sing Sing, was seriously injured by the cars on the Hudson River Railroad, recently. He undertook to see how near he could stand to the track while the train was passing; and as the express train passed, the cars struck him, knocking him down, and he will lose his life.

VERY DISTRESSING.—The other day, while a fire was raging in Detroit, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance rushed frantically from the Free Press office, exclaiming in heart-rending tones to the gallant firemen: "Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake save the bank—if that burns, I am ruined! they have got my note locked up there!"

TELEGRAPHIC.—The "ten cent" price for telegraphing between New York and Boston, by the Morse line, works like a charm, and like the "cheap postage," "cheap omnibus," and "cheap newspaper" plans, promises to be both profitable to the line and the public.

RARA AVIS.—Davenport Allen, of Enfield, N. H., has a full grown hen, with three well-proportioned legs; she has, also, two intestine canals, the extra one terminating just below the extra leg.

A NEW WARBLER.—A rival to the Swedish Nightingale has been discovered in the Female Seminary at Le Roy, N. Y.—a Miss Jay, who can do the echo song to the life.

THE TREASURY.—Treasury notes outstanding May 1st, \$15,441,100.

Wayside Gatherings.

Great drought prevails in the south of France. T. Starr King will be our next Fourth of July orator.

The people of Minnesota have ratified the act of the legislature in passing the Maine law.

The schooner Mystic, with 300 bales of cotton, was burned at Mobile on the 28th ult.

A lost Irish boy was found frozen to death in a snow drift in Leyden, Mass., on the 25th of April.

Mr. Parker, of Boston, it is said, has contracted to construct the railroad from Wilmington to Newcastle, for \$80,000.

Mr. Traey, the American consul at Guayama, P. R., died suddenly of apoplexy on the 14th of April.

The sum of \$2,163 95 was contributed during the month of April to the national monument. This sum pays for one course of stone.

A man named Henry Gray fell from a tree in South Reading, recently, and was instantly killed, his neck being broken.

A horse attached to a wagon, run over and killed a man by the name of David Wixon, in Bridgeport, Conn., lately.

About \$100,000 have been subscribed to the New York crystal palace. The whole cost is estimated at only \$200,000.

A man named William Judson, belonging to East Hartford, Ct., was found dead in Bolton, on Wednesday.

The ship Cornelius Grinnell, arrived at New York from London, recently, bringing, as passengers, 300 Hungarian and 58 French refugees.

Mary Taylor (Mrs. Ewing) took a final leave of the stage, at Burton's Theatre, New York, Monday evening.

The bronze statue of De Witt Clinton is very nearly completed, and will be erected in Greenwood cemetery.

The Senate of Virginia have refused to pass a law preventing the public execution of the death penalty.

There is a rock in Scandinavia that rises out of the sea, and grows a foot higher every fifty years. What says philosophy to this?

Mr. Stoddard, postmaster in West Brookfield, caught a rat in his store last week, which actually weighed just six pounds!

It is said that Col. Bissell, member of congress from Illinois, will resign, having been elected attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Jenny Lind left Europe, pledged to give one hundred and fifty thousand dollars towards the endowment of schools in her native country.

In Cincinnati, the broad flagstones usually laid down for foot passengers at the crossings of the streets, have been superseded by iron plates.

Mr. Hulsemann has addressed official notes to Mr. Webster and the diplomatic corps, and left Washington to return to Vienna.

In Lowell, 24th ult., a son of Stephen Cleaves, about four years old, was drowned while playing on the banks of the Merrimack canal.

The Manchester, N. H., Mirror says 33 persons were baptized in that city, by immersion, last Sabbath; also 24 persons two weeks ago.

Biscaccianti had given seven concerts in San Francisco up to 5th of April, all of which were fully attended and gave entire satisfaction, at \$5, \$3, \$2, and \$1 a ticket.

A young man, a son of Mr. Robert Ames, of Manchester, Vt., was instantly killed last week, in consequence of a chimney falling upon him from a house he was assisting in moving.

Cabet, the socialist at Nauvoo, has published a long protest against Louis Napoleon's usurpation. Jack Straw, Esq., has also protested against the emperor of Russia.

A case was tried in the Circuit Court, New York, lately, which was for damage occurring to the plaintiff by being bitten by defendant's dog in eighteen places. Verdict for plaintiff \$500.

The late freshet on the Ohio completely submerged Marietta and Warrrentown, among other places, and the destruction of property was immense.

Joseph D. Pratt, who was found guilty of manslaughter in killing William C. Radcliff, of Pawtucket, was sentenced to three years imprisonment in the State prison.

Intelligence from Tampa reports that seventeen Indians had come voluntarily to the rendezvous and given themselves up. It is supposed that the whole tribe would migrate.

By the Baltimore weekly bills of mortality it appears, that for several weeks past over thirty a week, or nearly one third of the deaths in that city, have been caused by measles.

Horace Bonney, the notorious counterfeiter, who made his escape from the jail in Augusta, a few weeks since, was re-captured by Sheriff Rodfish last week, and is again in jail. He was found in Palermo, Maine.

New York has now some eighteen or twenty theatres and places of amusement, of all shades of character, from the chaste and classical drama down to exhibitions of an immodest and prurient kind.

A farmer, who recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave, as a reason, that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Duke of Guise, son of the Duke of Anjou, died at Claremont, England, 12th ult.

The loss by the Hong Kong fire, which was stated at \$400,000, is now put at \$200,000.

The chief lithographers of Paris advertise ten several portraits of President Louis Napoleon.

The bishop of Jamaica, who recently arrived in London, desired to preach, but the favor was not granted.

"The Light of Heaven" is the name of a magnificent steamer now building at Glasgow, for the Pacla of Egypt.

A chapel on the mountain of Rolt, in Silesia, had been swallowed by a sudden opening in the earth, and many lives been lost.

The U. S. ship John Adams, Commander Barrow, arrived at Madeira March 19. The U. S. ship Germantown was off that port April 12.

The oath now required of the public functionaries in France runs as follows: "I swear obedience to the constitution and fidelity to the president."

In the savings' bank established for the use of the privates and non-commissioned officers of the English army, there are now nearly ten thousand depositors.

We observe that the scenes which recently disgraced our House of Representatives are detailed in the European papers, with comments not complimentary to the republic, of course.

At a late sale of paintings belonging to the heirs of William Penn, in England, the great picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians was bought by Mr. Catlin for Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, for five hundred guineas.

At an autograph sale in London, the original manuscript of Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England" has been sold for £1 10s, and the original manuscript of Southey's "Madoc" for £6 15s.

The Parisian correspondent of the "Independent Belge," says, that several patents of nobility have been issued within the last few days, and that the son of Senator Lebœuf has been created Count of Motgermon.

The Emigrant arrived at Port-mouth lately, with a gumwood-tree plank, from New Zealand, one hundred and forty-four and a-half feet long, nineteen feet broad at the narrow end, six inches thick, and perfect throughout.

A letter from Genoa, of April 11th, states that the Independence, Commodore Morgan, had just reached Spezzia, on her way home. She goes to Leghorn to receive Crawford's statue for the United States government. Her officers and crew are well.

Sands of Gold.

—Whatever has been, is—says Carlyle.

—He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.

—A late German writer says that Gothic architecture is petrified religion.

—A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

—Relatives are not necessarily our best friends; but they cannot do us an injury without being enemies to themselves.

—Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.—Swift.

—It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

—The human heart is like a feather-bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

—You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it the more clear and plentiful it will be.

—Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas, vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good humor.—Cumberland.

—In every journey there are some tedious passages, the very remembrance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life the analogy holds good in this instance also.

—Some wits, like oracles, deal in ambiguities; but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.—Young.

—If guilt oppresses thee keep it to thyself. Little minds, like little vessels, soon run over—great minds will never annoy by pouring out their unwelcome contents, unasked.

—Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally, and not metaphysically or mathematically, true moral denominations.—Burke.

—To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavors with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.—Johnson.

—Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

Joker's Olio.

Will sixteen carat gold make good vegetable soup?

Mrs. Partington says if the Maine liquor law passes, she will drink camphene for spite.

"My bark is on a troubled sea," as the old lady said, when her puppy fell overboard.

We have seen women not only too weak to bear food, but even too weak to bear contradiction.

We are glad that the question about printing has been settled by Congress—the delay produced a bad impression.

Why must a man who has lived all his life in Hindostan, asks the "Lantern," be considered poor? Because he is Indy Gent.

Why are seeds when sown like gate-posts? They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate.)

An editor down South says he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

At the ladies' ordinary, Burnet House, Harrisburg, we see on the list of dishes, "Ladies' Kisses." It must be a sweet place to dine at.

The old gentleman who could see no good "in having Spring," was appointed last week gate-keeper to a burying-ground.

Folly—to think that you can make pork out of pig iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by just drinking sherry cobbles.

The editor of the Tinicum Apple Dumping, wishes to know which is the best informed river in the United States. Our "devil" suggests the Red (read) river.

Is it not queer that the Romans designated a rough looking countryman, who was a bit of a knave withal, by the same epithet the "b'boys" use nowadays, viz: "RUSTICUS"—rusty cuss?

Widows are the great game of fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six feet high, that has not passed in review before one or the other of these wealthy relicts.—Spectator.

Rather pleasant to meet half-a-dozen good-looking young ladies, arm-in-arm, taking up the entire sidewalk, and be obliged to walk down into the gutter, on one side, or run over an old woman with a basket of cabbages on the other.

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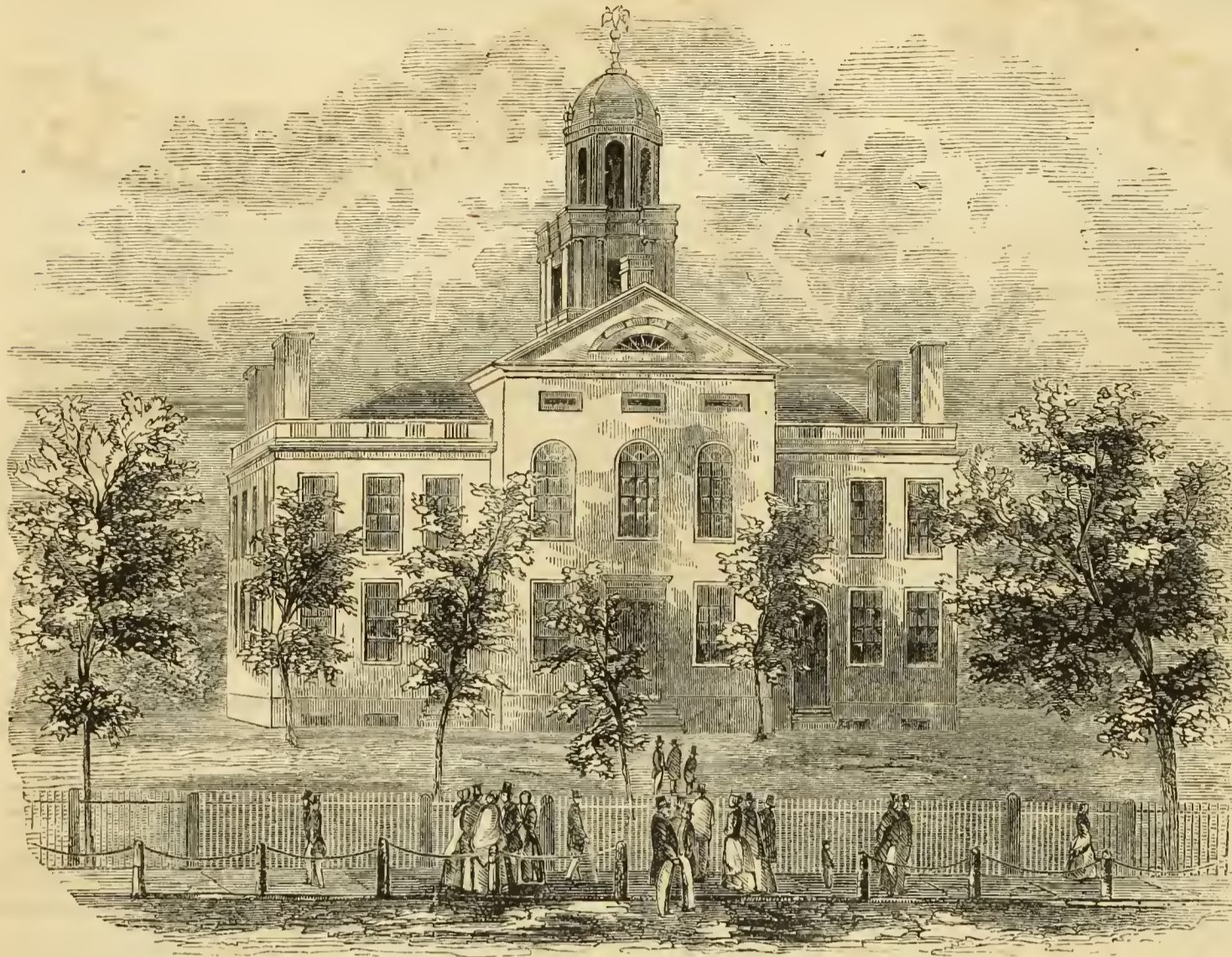
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VIEW OF THE CAPITOL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, AT CONCORD

THE CAPITOL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

was built in Concord in 1818-19; in the latter year the Legislature of the State first held its meetings in it. It is 126 feet in length; the plain part 56 feet, and two wings 38 feet each, and 49 feet in width. It is two stories high, exclusive of the basement and cupola. In the centre is the Hall of Representatives. The outside walls of the building are of granite stone, plain, with Tuscan frontispiece at each central door.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

Our artist has presented us below a very fine picture of the St. George's Dinner, or banquet scene, which occurred, a few days since, in New York city. The English residents generally enter into the spirit of this occasion, whether at home or abroad. On this annual re-union, divine service was held in Trinity Church, and an appropriate discourse delivered by Dr. Vinton, of Brooklyn. The banquet was spread in

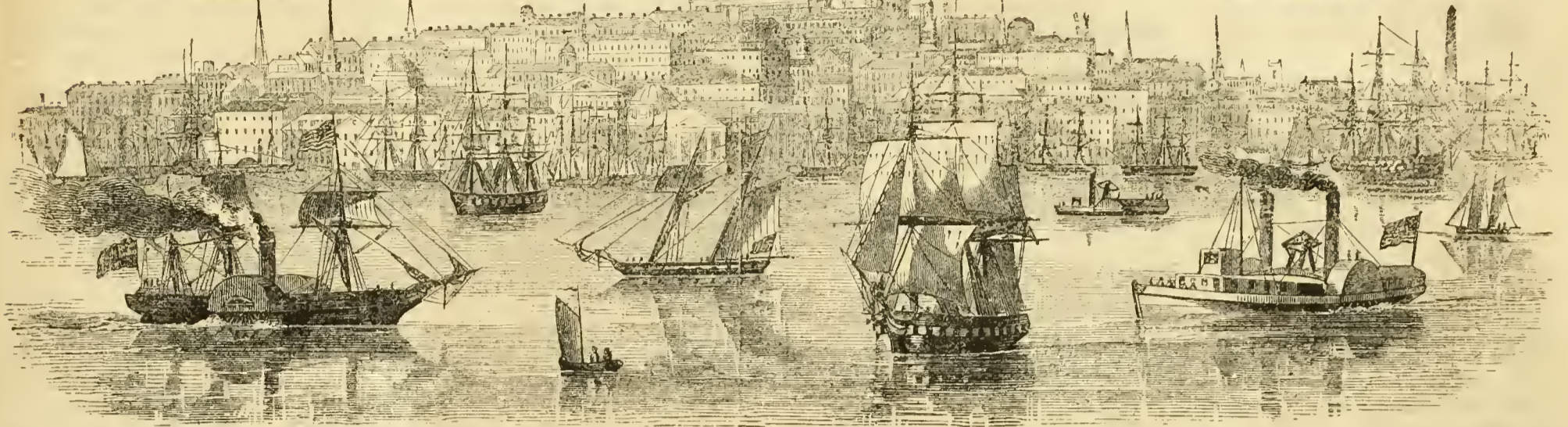
Niblo's spacious saloon, Broadway. The dining-room was tastefully decorated. At the south side, over the president's chair, was suspended a magnificently executed full length portrait of Queen Victoria, painted by Mr. Corden, from the original of Vinterholter, in her majesty's possession, at the solicitation of H. B. M. vice-consul, Robert Bunch, Esq. This portrait was set in a very costly gilt frame. On either side of the royal portrait was suspended the British

and American flags, entwined in soft and friendly union. At the end of the room, around the orchestra, where Dodworth's band played appropriate and delicious airs, was displayed the banner of the Cross of St. George, with a medallion of the Patron Saint and the Dragon. From the head table, on the right and left, extended a row of evergreens, interspersed with geraniums, roses, and various hot house plants. At a little after half-past six o'clock, the company, consisting of about one hundred and forty gentlemen, sat down to a most sumptuous repast, after grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Flagg. The dinner was delicate and substantial, embracing every variety in and out of season. Amongst the delicacies were English turbot and mutton, presented by Capt. Judson, of the royal mail steamship Asia; and amongst the substantial, were "aldermen in chains." The ornamental confectionary consisted of St. George and the dragon, temple of liberty, Roman helmet, Apollo's lyre, Gothic pavilion, national pyramid, statue of Britannia, and tower of London. The wines were of a delicious vintage; and the whole repast, vintage, viands, and edibles, were such as to ensure satisfaction. Amongst those present were the President, Dr. Beales; A. Norice, President of the St. Andrew's; Richard Bell, President of St. David's; Hon. Ogden Hoffman, St. Nicholas; Mr. Curtis, New England; Mr. Zimmerman, German; Mr. Miles, St. David's; R. Bunch, H. B. M. vice-consul; Capt. Graham, U. S. A.; Hon. Judge Daly, Rev. Mr. Flagg, Mr. Archbold, Mr. C. Edwards, Mr. James Wallack, Mr. Braham, the treasurer and secretary, Mr. Stanley, of the British consul's office. After the discussion of the dinner, the adjoining rooms were thrown open, and a number of ladies appeared to participate in the festivities. The stewards were polite and attentive to their guests, and the greatest harmony and kindness prevailed throughout the evening. After dinner was removed, the "Non Nobis Domine" was sung by a choir of gentlemen. Altogether the entertainment was one of the most brilliant and pleasing of the season. The chairman then proposed the first regular toast, prefacing it that they had again met to cheer each other in their duties. He would not long trespass on their attention, but would congratulate them on the prosperity of their society, and the good which it afforded to their destitute countrymen. The President then read a report from the Charitable Committee: Recipients of the society's bounty for the past year were 700 persons. Widows, orphans, and distressed families have been relieved at an outlay of over \$2000. There have been 837 who have applied to the society for aid in procuring them situations; and upwards of 7000 who sought counsel of the society where they would best promote their welfare by locating. By the prudent management of the Charitable Committee, they have been enabled to render assistance to all deserving applicants.



REPRESENTATION OF THE DINNER FESTIVAL ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY, AT NEW YORK

CURTIS'S PICTORIAL



SON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

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LOWELL FACTORIES.

Lowell, in the rapidity of its growth and the extent of its manufactures, stands unrivalled in the United States, and well deserves the appellation of the Manchester of America. The buildings, which our artist has sketched for us below, are called the Boott Cotton Mills; they consist of five mills, the remaining two are exactly the same as the two in the front of the picture. The two mills in front are used for the purpose of carding the cotton, spinning it into yarn, forming the thread, and weaving it into cloth. The building in the rear is joined to the buildings in

front by means of small suspension bridges. It is used almost entirely for spinning the cloth. There are in this building about 900 looms—all attended by girls; one girl has the superintendence of four looms; each loom will weave about twenty-five yards per day. There are employed in these mills about 1200 operatives, of which the greater part are girls. A high brick wall encloses the works. The grounds within are laid out in grass plats, and ornamented by a number of trees. There are connected with the mills other workshops, for preparing the smaller pieces of machinery required in the mills, manufactur-

ing starch, storing cotton, etc. The town of Lowell was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1826, and was chartered as a city in 1836. It lies on the south side of Merrimac River, below Pawtucket Falls, at the junction of Concord River with the Merrimac; and it possesses a great amount of water-power, easily available. This is produced by a canal, 60 feet wide, 8 feet deep, and 1 1-2 miles long, commencing at the head of Pawtucket Falls, and extending to Concord River. By locks at its outlet into Concord River, it forms a boatable passage round the falls of the Merrimac. From

the main canal, the water is carried by lateral canals to mills and manufactories where it is needed, and is discharged either into Merrimac or Concord River. The entire fall is 31 feet. Visitors will be agreeably impressed with the neat and respectable appearance of the operatives of this industrious city; and equally so with their moral condition. One-third of the entire population of the city is connected with the Sunday-schools established by the various religious societies; and there is less intemperance and crime than in most other places of its size in New England.



VIEW OF THE BOOTT COTTON MILLS AT LOWELL, MASS.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUIINED ABBEY:
—OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Isadore struggled with the potent agent which held her in its iron grasp; she cried out with horror, but could not form the voice into words.

"Your mind is active," resumed Hardwick. "You lose not a syllable of what I say, and read with unerring certainty my purpose. But that horrible nightmare produced by the drug is not broken; it holds you fast in its pitiless grasp."

Hardwick advanced and touched her arm.

"The heart beats as usual," he continued. "Your cheek has the bright flush of health. No functions are disturbed save that of volition. The hand of death is not apparent in the phenomena. After the lapse of a certain period, you will recover. But how will you recover? I will tell you. Not as Isadore of Dunalstein, but as the bride of Henry of Hardwick. A priest awaits my signal at the door."

Isadore's mind was indeed active. She comprehended the extent of her misfortunes at a single thought. She needed not to be told that she was in the power of Hardwick. That a marriage ceremony could be hurriedly gone through with, there could be no doubt. Whether it would be binding, she did not so well know, but believed that it would. In her mind, to be the wife of such a man, was to be the most miserable of beings. She had hitherto mistaken the character of her cousin; now she saw and knew him as he was, and was shocked at his perfidy.

"Revenge is sweet to the mind that has been wronged and slighted," he added. "This, to me, is a moment of triumph; but do not imagine for a moment, even now, as unworthy as I may appear to you in this character, that I do not regret the necessity that compels me to such a step as this. I do most deeply regret that you do not and never have loved me. I was ready to bow, and did bow and do homage to your beauty; but I was humbled and maddened by an ungracious repulse. I have sought a remedy—the only one, as it appears to me, in my power."

Hardwick paused and threw off the mask which had hitherto concealed his features.

"There is no further need of this," he said. "You understand me now, with or without a mask." He drew his watch from his pocket and held it up with the dial towards Isadore. She saw it plainly with the hands indicating the hours and minutes.

"The time approaches," he continued. "When the hour hand reaches the next figure, a solemn ceremony will have been said, and you will have become my wife. When the proper words have once passed the lips of the holy man, they cannot be annulled. But shudder not; will it then be so terrible a thing to be the bride of one of noble birth, and who loves you devotedly?"

Hardwick ceased speaking and struck twice upon the floor with his feet. The door was thrown open, and a priest entered.

"Where," thought Isadore, "is that benevolent Being who protects the unfortunate, who rights the wronged, who watches with more than fatherly care over the innocent?"

There came no response from within or without. Unmitigated horror reigned supreme in the whirling chaos of thoughts that swept through her brain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING—RAYMOND.

We left Joseph Abershaw upon the road in search of Cora. To him it was an unwelcome

mission. He had often observed the young girl since Hepsy Herne had been among them. Although she had been shrewd enough to disguise, in some measure, her hatred for Cora, her harshness had not escaped the prying eye of Abershaw. He perceived that the maiden was cruelly treated, and pitied her. Hepsy had belonged to his clan about two years, having left her own on account of some difficulty with certain of her people, who had, as she affirmed, violated the laws of the Callees.

Joseph Abershaw, though a gipsy, was not without human feeling. He was frank and impulsive, and when the laws by which he was governed are considered, not without a liberal share of generosity and manliness. If he thought of Cora, as he rode on, it was to commiserate her misfortunes; but if the truth must be told, his thoughts were more deeply occupied with another, and that was Isadore of Dunalstein. He loved her. Her dark, dreamy beauty had won his heart. Her pride and decision of character, instead of discouraging him, rather served to stimulate his passion. Joseph Abershaw knew well the distance between himself and the object of his adoration. The high wall—the apparently insurmountable barrier which different habits and associations had built up between them, was something fully understood by him. Yet a strange fascination urged him on, and made him declare his bold passion.

The reader already knows how he was received. She treated him with that haughty coldness which he had expected to receive. He had sense enough to perceive that his was a hopeless passion—so far as human judgment was able to determine—yet he did not strive to check its growth. Her fair image was enshrined among the cherished things of memory, and he bowed down to it daily.

As he rode on he met an acquaintance upon the road, who informed him of her unaccountable disappearance. His suspicions immediately fell upon Hardwick. He had long known of his hopes in that direction, and had reason to suppose that he had met with a repulse. He had observed the man, and formed a very correct estimate of his character.

He resumed his way more thoughtful than ever. He was not long in concluding what course to pursue. He resolved to join in the search, and never falter in his design until he had found Isadore, and unravelled the mystery. Hepsy Herne, his people and Cora were, for the time, forgotten. While revolving the subject in his mind, he rode on, scarcely knowing whither.

At length he dismounted, and was holding his horse by the bridle, irresolute in regard to what direction to take, when the meeting with Cora took place. The terror of the fair maiden filled him with pity, and her lonely and friendless situation penetrated him to the heart. He raised her gently from the earth, and as soon as consciousness returned, endeavored to whisper some words of comfort, and assuage her fears.

"I cannot go back!" she exclaimed, painfully agitated. "I would rather die than return."

"Why do you so much fear her?" asked Abershaw, soothingly.

"Look, and let that be your answer," she replied, partially removing her cloak.

"You have been inhumanly treated," said Abershaw, much surprised at what he beheld. "I knew that she was a hard-hearted woman; but I did not know she had so much of the demon about her. Have you always led such a life as this?"

"Ever since I was a child. O, I have been very wretched," she rejoined.

"You are too delicate and fair to be thus used. I have often remarked your sad and downcast looks, but, believe me, I did not know you were made so miserable by Hepsy Herne. I am not cruel, and I would have interfered to protect you from such brutality," added Abershaw, kindly.

"Then you were not searching for me?"

"I cannot deny it."

"But you will not insist on my returning?"

"Comfort yourself! I will not. You are now a young woman, and of an age to choose for yourself."

"I thank you very much; I will not cease to remember your kindness."

"But what will you do? How will you live, and where? Your form is delicate, and would sink beneath continued exertion. You are handsome, also; and who will protect you from insult?" said Abershaw.

"Jack Lynd," answered Cora, "says he will care for me and be my friend."

"I know him—rather a fighting character."

"He has strange ways, but he is good at heart."

"And do you love this Jack Lynd, Cora?"

"Not in the sense you mean," replied the maiden, blushing. "He says he will be to me as a brother."

"I did not ask the question from idle curiosity," added Joseph, "but from a desire to serve you. I perceive, in you, a being of purity, timidity and beauty. It were shame for you to wander without a home or a friend, when I have the means of aiding you."

The handsome face of Abershaw lighted up as he spoke. Cora felt that heretofore she had been a stranger to his true character.

"Such words sound strange to my ears," said Cora. "The sweet music of human kindness has seldom been heard by me. I had the good fortune to learn to read; and I have read of those, in old books, who had hearts to pity the unfortunate, and eyes to weep for others' woes; but in my short and painful pilgrimage I have not met them. Though there are many beautiful things in nature, the earth has been but a dreary abiding place. I love, it may be, the songs of birds, the sight of green fields, forests, and quiet dingles; but at heart I am no gipsy."

"Neither are you in complexion," responded Abershaw, earnestly. "That mild sweet face lacks the swarthy of the gipsy, as well as the wildness. You dwell in a world unknown to the daughters of our people; and it is possible, fair Cora, that my own thoughts have, at times, penetrated to the region in which you find the elements of your life."

"The Rommany are not wont to talk thus," she rejoined, quickly. "I am glad we have met; for now I know there are those among us who have redeeming qualities. Pass on your way. Leave me to care for myself. I will await near this spot the return of Jack Lynd. I think I may safely confide in him. He is rough, but kind; impulsive, but generous."

"You persuade so eloquently that I yield, though it seems ungallant to leave you here and alone. But it may be better thus; better, at all events, than to deliver you into the hands of Hepsy Herne. Farewell for the present, Cora. I will be sure to interest myself in your fortunes. Isadore of Dunalstein has disappeared mysteriously, and I go to join in the search which is being made for her."

Joseph Abershaw waved his hand gracefully to Cora, sprang to the saddle, gave his impatient horse the rein, and was soon out of her sight.

An hour later he fell in with Hardwick and Dunalstein; a meeting which was destined to have much influence upon his subsequent life. As he approached them at a dashing speed, he heard Hardwick address a few words to Dunalstein, when the latter regarded him with an expression by no means friendly. Abershaw would have passed on, but Dunalstein motioned him to stop.

"You are one of the trampers?" said the latter, haughtily.

"I am what you see," answered Joseph, bowing politely.

"I understand," resumed Dunalstein, "that you have presumed to address my daughter during her walks. What chastisement do you imagine your impertinence merits?"

"I have spoken to Isadore of Dunalstein; but I never accosted her rudely. Far be it from me, your lordship, to insult one so fair. The tongue that told you I was impertinent spoke falsely," rejoined Abershaw.

"Your presumption is great," replied Dunalstein, "and deserves to be punished. I have suspicions that you know more than you should of my daughter's disappearance. Should these conjectures prove correct, you will have ample cause to regret that you ever dared to brave the vengeance of a Dunalstein."

"You are wrong," said Abershaw. "I boldly avow that I am innocent. I would sooner have severed my right hand from the arm, than have perpetrated such an outrage. Not that I fear the fury of a Dunalstein, or of the whole world; but that I respect her."

"Do not bandy words with the insolent varlet," said Hardwick.

"I had no hopes in that quarter, but the lord of Hardwick had," replied the gipsy, "and was doomed to disappointment—a disappointment which he bitterly felt. Who knows but he can tell us something of the fate of the young lady?"

"We demean ourselves by talking with this fellow," rejoined Hardwick, biting his lips with vexation.

"True," said Dunalstein; "we gain nothing." Then turning to Joseph he added, "Fellow, you will be watched. If you are guilty of this outrage, you shall not escape the whip of justice."

"Watch the lord of Hardwick, and not me," answered Joseph, firmly.

"Insult; nothing but insult!" muttered Hardwick, as the two rode away. "He should be shut up in the darkest keep of the castle, and torture should wring from his false tongue what now remains untold."

Dunalstein made some reply which Abershaw could not hear.

The latter did not return to the encampment at Forest Hill, but passed the night at a deserted hut. On the following day he fell in with a man mounted upon a large black horse. It was Raymond. He scrutinized Joseph closely, and addressed him with that perfect *sang froid* which had characterized him on another occasion.

"A pleasant day to you, my friend. That is a fine horse you are riding."

"The day is good enough, and my horse is paid for," replied Abershaw.

"Just so," said Raymond. "Do you live in this vicinity?"

"I do now, certainly. You are probably from—"

"No where in particular," added the other.

Joseph bit his lip and was a little confused.

"May I ask what particular branch of industry you pursue?" continued Raymond.

"I am a gentleman at large," said Joseph. "You are doubtless journeying to—"

"No where in particular," rejoined Raymond, with a polite bow.

"You are a stranger in these parts, perhaps?" resumed Abershaw, determined not to be repulsed. "What is your calling, if I may be so bold?"

"I do a little in *this* line," rejoined Raymond, in a stern voice, drawing a pistol and levelling it at Abershaw's head. "Your money, or your life!"

"An excellent joke," said Joseph, with a sneer.

"No trifling!" exclaimed Raymond. "Produce whatever valuables you have, without loss of time. Be lively, or I will tumble you into the nearest ditch, a mere carcase without life."

"I have but little about me," rejoined Joseph, calmly. "If you are hungry, I will lend you a shilling to get some dinner and a pot of ale."

"I like to do things in a gentlemanly and agreeable manner," added Raymond, emphatically; "but I expect the same courtesy from others. For the last time—your money!"

"You have me at an advantage," said Abershaw. "I cannot well evade your demands. But methinks it is beneath one of your seeming to rob the poor. Go to the rich and powerful. Where you get copper pieces from those like me, you would get gold from them."

"Is this all you have?" asked the highwayman, weighing Joseph's purse in his hand.

"All," he replied.

"It will not pay for the trouble; keep it," said Raymond, tossing back the purse. "I do not levy contributions on such as you; 'tis not my trade to take from the needy. I scorn such meanness."

"We of the Rommany are not wont to be overburdened with cash," replied Joseph, with a smile.

The robber started, looked earnestly at the young man, and said slowly:

"And so you are one of them. I see that it is so; swarthy, athletic, fearless and handsome.

If you were not a gipsy, you would be irresistible, among women."

Joseph acknowledged the compliment with a smile and a slight inclination of the head.

"I dare say that we shall know more of each other," added Raymond. "The stirring events of life which keep us always in motion, will doubtless throw us together at some time and place."

"Where are you to be found?" asked Joseph, his curiosity excited.

The highwayman looked pleasantly at the questioner, shook his gloved hand playfully, smiled, and said in a soft voice, touching his horse lightly with the spur as he spoke:

"No where in particular."

Before Joseph had time to form a suitable answer for a reply so indefinite, the horseman was leaping ditches and hedges with reckless daring.

CHAPTER X.

CLIFTON—THE PURSE—THE ESCAPE—THE COTTAGE.

A NIGHT and a day has elapsed since we left Cora. After parting with Abershaw, she had proceeded some distance in the same direction; but in attempting to retrace her way to the abbey, she had become bewildered, and tried in vain to find it. The night coming on greatly increased the difficulties under which she was laboring. After walking a long time and getting very tired and dispirited, she was fortunate enough to find a hut which was tenantless, having been abandoned by its former occupants, doubtless for some good reason.

In this lonely dwelling she passed the night. Early in the morning she resumed her wanderings. But she had deviated so much from the proper direction that she had no correct idea of the locality of the abbey, and trusted to chance only, for success. We will not attempt to follow the friendless maiden in her devious windings. It was evident that all her efforts had been misdirected. No familiar objects met her eyes, no land-mark appeared to guide her steps; the darkened walls of the abbey did not greet her sight.

"What will Jack think?" she asked herself many times. "Ah, he will accuse me of ingratitude, and no longer feel a friendly interest in my misfortunes." Reflections of this nature distressed Cora beyond description. To a heart like hers, ingratitude appeared the blackest of sins. Cora's limbs grew weary, and hunger became imperious in its demands. The sun was sinking in the western hemisphere; his beams, as they fell obliquely upon the branches of the trees, told her how fast time had sped, and how near the darksome night was.

She had seen but few persons during the day, and ventured to make no inquiries. She now saw a man approaching on horseback, and resolved to ask him the way to the ruined abbey, and how far it might be. She regarded the horseman with considerable curiosity as he drew near. That he was superbly mounted, was apparent at the first glance. The beast that bore him was of the very largest description, with neck nobly arched, skin glossy black, limbs smooth, and formed with strict regard to both beauty and strength. The rider, so far as face and figure were concerned, was worthy to mount such a steed. He sat in the saddle with grace and ease. As he approached, Cora observed that he drew his hat over his face as much as possible, as if he were not anxious to be closely scrutinized. He reined up of his own accord when he had reached the spot where Cora stood.

"There is a certain ruined abbey," said our heroine, lifting her eyes timidly towards the stranger's face, "that I am anxious to find. Will you be so good as to direct me towards it, if you have any knowledge of the locality?"

The horseman gazed earnestly at the fair inquirer, and she was obliged to repeat the question before he seemed to hear.

"A monastery in ruins; there is such a place, but it is a long way from here," he replied, courteously, but without withdrawing his eyes from Cora's person.

"Beg your pardon, miss," he added, immediately. "You are—"

"A simple country maiden," interrupted Cora, quickly. "In what direction am I to go, sir?" she asked,

"No one is with you?" said the horseman, without heeding her question.

"No one," answered Cora, hesitatingly.

"Excuse me, but you are dressed in gipsy style?"

"Yes sir," stammered Cora, coloring very much.

"Poor, friendless, dispirited, sometimes wishing for death," continued the horseman, in tones that thrilled to the heart.

"Alas! unfortunately too true!" responded Cora.

"Reared with those whose habits you despise, timid, shrinking, miserable, abused, beaten, you yet bear upon your delicate person the marks of pitiless cruelty," added the stranger, in tones partaking of the sweetness of woman's voice, when she speaks kindly and softly.

"You indeed know me, but I am sure you will pity me," she exclaimed.

"Flying from the savage barbarity of a sorceress; running from shame, degradation and ruin; wandering you know not where; going forward in fear; looking back with terror; shunning human forms and faces; starting and turning pale at every sound," said the unknown.

"That is the picture of my own heart, laid open before you!" cried Cora.

The horseman bent forward to speak again, but he was interrupted by the sound of horses' feet rapidly approaching. He cast a hurried glance around him, and laid his hand upon a pistol, whose silver mountings glistened in the holsters.

"I am pursued!" he exclaimed. "Go on in that direction, and I will endeavor to see you again after I have baffled the bloodthirsty hounds that are on my track. Take this, and secrete it about your person."

The unknown threw a heavy purse at Cora's feet. "Keep it," he added; "it will make you comfortable."

"By what name may I know you, and think of you?" asked Cora, eagerly.

"By any name; Clifton will do; let it be Clifton. Ha! they come. I must away."

While he was yet speaking, four dragoons, with their heavy swords rattling at their sides, came suddenly in sight.

"Surrender, or we fire!" shouted the foremost, cocking a large horse-pistol.

Clifton struck the spurs deep into the flanks of his steed. He snorted with pain and rage, reared, plunged, and then shot forward with matchless speed. The troopers discharged their pistols, and Cora heard the balls whistling through the air on the track of the flying horseman.

"Give it to him, men!" cried the leader. "Shoot him down! Give him no quarter!"

Puff! puff! went the pistols, but still Clifton sat firm in his saddle. On his right were high hedges, walls, and deep ditches, and he reined his horse in that direction.

"He is lost," thought Cora. "His horse cannot clear those hedges, and they will take him." She clasped her hands and watched his course with breathless interest. He neared the barriers; the dragoons pressed forward and drew their swords. Cora trembled in every limb. Clifton turned partly in his saddle, waved his hand in adieu to his pursuers; his mighty steed gathered up all his power, and with a tremendous bound cleared a hedge of great height and width, and came down upon the other side with a force that made the ground shake. He made no pause, and a dozen yards further on, leaped a hedge and a ditch together.

The dragoons stopped, baffled at the first obstacle. Not one of them dared attempt the feat, and with oaths and curses they turned their horses' heads to go round, each feeling the utter hopelessness of the pursuit.

This scene passed so quickly, and was so strange and startling, that Cora stood transfixed with surprise, and disposed to doubt the reality of all she had seen. When she had recovered, in some degree, her self-possession, she started to leave the spot; but immediately remembered that the purse was lying where Clifton had thrown it. She returned, took it from the ground, and was astonished at finding it so heavy.

She asked herself what she should do with so much money, or whether she ought to accept it, or had any right to it. But the mysterious giver was gone, and she could not return it if she desired. She therefore secreted it as well as she was able, about her person, wondering how the stranger had obtained it; whether he came honestly by it, and why the troopers pursued him. Earnestly hoping that he might escape, she renewed her wanderings in the direction indicated by him. It puzzled her much that one professing to be her mother should treat her with unceasing cruelty, while total strangers should befriend her.

For the last half hour dark clouds had been gathering in the heavens, and now the rain began to fall, gently at first, but more copiously by degrees, until it came down in torrents. To complete the misfortunes of Cora, the sun went down, and a very dark night sat in. She was in a part of the country unknown to her, and the road which she had taken led through a wide forest. Dreary prospect! Unwelcome situation! But where should she seek shelter? where fly for relief? Hunger and weariness combined to render her more unfortunate. She resolved to seek shelter at the nearest cottage, and so went forward on her lonely way.

The darkness grew more thick and impenetrable, and the rain fell faster. Cora's courage gave way; she thought she could go no further, and resting against a tree, hoped that the spreading branches would protect her, in some measure. While she stood thus, feeling very wretched, she saw the faint glimmerings of a light in the distance. She gathered all her energies for a final effort. The welcome beacon revived her expiring hopes, and she advanced with new vigor. How cheerful and encouraging the light looked, and how she struggled to reach it. She succeeded, and stood near the gate of a tidy cottage with a neat fence. She pushed open the gate, entered the yard tottered to the door, and fell fainting upon the threshold. A man with a benevolent countenance heard the sound, came out, discovered her lying there, lifted her up, carried her in, and laid her gently upon a couch. Immediately there was much bustle and stir in the cottage. A woman of about the same age, who was the man's wife, came and assisted him in restoring Cora; and presently two interesting girls made their appearance, who manifested the same kindness.

"How wet she is," said one.

"And how pale," added another.

"And how handsome," continued a third.

"And how unfortunate," said the woman; "but perhaps she is no better than she should be," she added.

"Be charitable, wife," replied the man who had carried Cora. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins. This poor young woman needs our care, and it is our duty to aid her. Our own dear girls may wander from us, and one day be in distress, even as this fair stranger is. See, she opens her eyes."

The friendly exertions of the cottagers were rewarded with success. Cora was restored to consciousness, though she still continued weak and faint. Such stimulants and nourishment were given her as her debilitated condition demanded; she was divested of her wet garments, and soon sunk into a quiet slumber, while one of the girls sat beside her.

Poor Cora! It was the first time since her remembrance that she had been ministered to so kindly by one of her own sex. If she partially awoke during the night, it was to feel a soft hand holding her own, or carefully adjusting the bed-clothes.

Before the day dawned there was a re-action. Her flesh grew feverish, and her pulse increased in frequency to an alarming degree. Her mind also became disturbed, and when the morning came bright and pleasant, Cora was talking incoherently, and turning restless upon her bed. Sometimes she raved about a swarthy woman who abused her; sometimes of green fields and meadows, forests and dingles; sometimes of Jack Lynd, a rough but kindly man, who would be her friend; sometimes of Dunalstein; sometimes of a strange horseman, who had given her gold; and once she spoke of the young lord of Glenburn.

Her illness continued for several days, during which time she received the kindest usage from the cottagers. The family among whom she had been providentially cast, consisted of four persons: Mr. Waldron and wife, and their two daughters, Mary and Ellen. All had felt a real interest in the fair, and, apparently, friendless being, who had so strangely appeared among them. But Mary had, in a particular manner, sympathized with Cora. She seldom left her bedside, and administered the medicines with her own hand. The dawn of consciousness was hailed by her with unfeigned joy. When at length the crisis had passed, and the mind regained its lucidity, she looked at those about her like one dreaming. She saw a gentle girl bending over her couch, and felt the friendly pressure of her hand. What a thrill of pleasure it gave her, to know that there were such ministering angels in the world. She had never heard such

sweet words before, never received such sisterly care. She soon learned to love the Waldron family, and Mary in particular. By mutual consent they had asked her no questions concerning her former life and connections. Touched by their generosity, when sufficiently restored, she told them all without reserve.

Mr. Waldron and his wife looked at each other in surprise.

"You don't look like a trumper," said Mary to Cora.

"You are whiter than I am," added Ellen, with a smile.

"And to think that you have had no friends, and have been used so cruelly," continued Mary. "How glad you must be to find one who will love you as I shall!"

Cora expressed her gratitude with that earnestness which gratitude only can impart to the voice. Upon inquiring about the ruined monastery, she was informed by Mr. Waldron that he knew its locality; but it was some miles distant. He promised, also, to make search for Jack Lynd, which took a great burden from her mind.

In relating the history of her life, she had omitted to mention the adventure with the horseman who had called himself Clifton, fearing that it might be to his disadvantage. But she did not forget to assure them that she had money, and would pay them for all their trouble. We will here remark that the purse which Clifton had given her, had been found by Mrs. Waldron and safely kept. Its weight convinced the good woman that it contained much value, which excited her surprise very much. At first the family had unanimously concluded that she was some fine lady in disguise; but Cora's simple story had banished all such suspicions and set them right on this point. She soon became a great favorite, and it was finally agreed that she should not leave them, but become a member of their family.

When she was fully restored to health, her gipsy garments were not again adopted, but others more becoming. She became cheerful and happy, and the contentment within communicated itself to her face and made her more beautiful than ever. Not many days after she had entered upon this new existence, she was walking alone in the adjoining field, when she saw a man approaching on foot. Her heart beat with strange emotions, for the noble figure and the handsome countenance were not unknown to her.

It was the young lord of Glenburn. So vividly did his unexpected appearance recall the past, that she grew faint, and her limbs trembled beneath her. Her first thought was to shun him, but that was not easily effected; for he was coming directly towards her.

"Surely," he exclaimed, greatly agitated, "I have seen that face before!"

"You have," said Cora, painfully embarrassed. "I cannot deny it."

"I have long been seeking you," continued Glenburn earnestly.

"And why, sir, should you seek one like me?" she asked, somewhat alarmed.

"Because I pitied your misfortunes, and desired to aid you," replied Glenburn.

"You are very good," said Cora.

"Please sit down upon this grassy knoll, beside me. There is much I would say to you," said Glenburn.

"Will you not go to the cottage and say it there?" asked Cora, timidly.

"Do you fear me?" said Glenburn.

"O no; I am sure I do not," replied Cora, with a smile, seating herself as she had been requested. Glenburn took her hand in a friendly manner, and she suffered him to retain it.

"Since I first saw you at Forest Hill," he said, "I have felt an interest in your fortunes. The beauty of your person, the gentleness of your manners, your intelligence, the sweetness of your disposition, the strangeness of your situation, all attracted me towards you. If I slept, I dreamed of you, walking over the hills and moors, sleeping in the open air, and beaten by a cruel hag. If I awoke, it was to think of you until I slept and dreamed again. When you suddenly disappeared, though I hoped sincerely that you would escape the barbarity of Hepsy Herne, I regretted that I could no longer look upon your sweet face. Nay, blush not—shed not those pearly tears—cease to tremble. Do you not guess the secret that I would disclose? Yes, your agitation assures me that I am understood. I confess it manfully, boldly, truly—I love you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCENES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ARABS.

We take pleasure in introducing on this and the next page some graphic scenes from Arab life. Everything relating to the Eastern world possesses a charm and interest; and we think we cannot better cater for that interest, than from time to time to sketch such scenes for the satisfaction of our readers and to make our journal true to life.—The traveller in the interior of Algeria is struck, above all other things, with the absence of man. The desert, vast, illimitable, extends in every direction. There are no fixed habitations, among this nomadic people, to gladden and arrest the eye. However unprepossessing is the distant aspect of an Arab camp, its approach is nevertheless welcome, for it announces the conclusion of a laborious journey through vales and mountain passes, whose picturesque conformation does not always sufficiently compensate the traveller for the annoyances and fatigue of his wayfaring. The douar (see engraving) in Algeria, is the smoky and hospitable inn, which rejoices the traveller, as he gets out of the heavy diligence, or finishes the dusty tramp which he has accomplished on his weary feet. To explain its character, we will say that the *douar* corresponds to the hamlet or fragment of a rural settlement, that the *dacherah* is an assemblage of donars, and they, in turn, form the *tribe*. The population is also divided into Kaidats, which, agglomerated under the command of a superior civil and military officer, form departments called Kalifats. But let us enter the hamlet or douar. Enough has been written touching the hospitality of the Arabs. On this head all travellers have spoken the truth; but there is more than one kind of hospitality even among the children of Ishmael. A person would be very much mistaken who should expect to find them a race of born innkeepers, ready to shelter and succor every one who demanded an asylum. There are not wanting among them those who would even plunder a traveller upon a specious pretext. A poor Mussulman travelling on foot from the seacoast to the desert had no protection but the poverty depicted in his features and his dress. At the first halting-place he entered a tent, where a miserable dish was set before him. While eating his meal, his host remarked that he had a very white turban, and hinted the propriety of his presenting it to make a shirt of. The traveller readily foresaw what this would lead to; he knew that after his turban, he should be asked for his burnous, too happy if his pantaloons, slippers and belt did not follow their companions. Making an excuse to leave the tent, he escaped under cover of the darkness, at the risk of being eaten alive by dogs more savage than hyenas. A thousand examples might be quoted of the doubtful manner in which the distinguishing virtue of the Mussulman is practised. The most honest of the Arabs would voluntarily rid himself of the trouble and increase of expense brought upon his humble dwelling by the advent of an unknown guest. He is a good fellow enough, whose habits are as well regulated and peaceable as ours, and when he receives us with cordiality, and acquits himself with good grace, we should feel the more obliged to him, since he has to combat his prejudices, his native parsimony, and the embarrassment caused by the vicinity of his women. Since, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of public safety in Algeria, it would be more than rash to traverse it alone, the wretched douars, situated on the great lines of internal communication, are, oftener than they wish, disagreeably surprised by the sudden appearance before them of a platoon of horsemen, sufficiently respectable in numbers not to suffer a rebuff, whom they must lodge, feed and care for—horses as well as men. The forced smile and anxious brow of these poor people, affording a comical contrast, tell, forcibly enough, how *delighted* they are with the adventure. Still, the first alarm dissipated, they resign themselves, like good men or fatalists, to the supreme will, which devotes them, on this and many other occasions, to be eaten out of house and home by the impertinent strangers. The best tent is



EXTERNAL VIEW OF A DOUAR.

cleared in the twinkling of an eye, and placed at the service of the travellers. The dogs are driven off, and the children, after staring at the Christians, resume their sports. Sometimes the guests, having provisions of their own, have the delicacy to refuse those which are offered them. If not, the housewives rush to cooking, and two hours after (the indispensable time for pre-



ARAB CHILDREN.

paring kouskons) the delighted travellers hail the appearance of the feast served up in a wooden bowl of the most antique model. This fortuitous hospitality is not of the worst kind, though subjected to varieties of time, place and circumstance, and commonly furnished by very poor laboring people. Poor as they are, they will never consent to receive payment. Even to offer them any recompense is a serious affront. Nor does the Arab etiquette permit the host to take any part in the feast he has prepared. His duty is to serve his guest, to encourage him to eat, and to attend to him personally, however high he may be placed in rank or riches, so that the traveller may find under his skin roof all the abundance and comfort compatible with the situation of the entertainer, and the resources of his establishment. If he sent himself beside his guest at the close of the repast, it is only on the expressed and repeated invitation of the latter. As one never travels without a coffee-pot and coffee, the indispensable element of a good regimen, the cup and cigar, offered and accepted eagerly, become the bond of sociability which unites the guest and his entertainer in the desert. Cigars and coffee are almost as great a rarity to the Arab country people, as they are to the French peasants.

It is only among the grandees that the delicions bean is the indispensable accompaniment of a feast. Everywhere else the guest, if he is well-bred, offers it to the host who receives him, and nothing can more surely make the latter forget the inconvenience and expense which a visit so little coveted inflicts upon him. The slightest trifle, a few lumps of sugar to the children, complete his conquest, and if you can add a trinket for the lady of the house who is invisible, but who eyes you through the holes in the hanging which divides the tent, the good humor of the chieftain is at its height, and when you remount your horse, you have the satisfaction of judging with your own eyes, and by the cordial pressure of his hand, that he retains nothing of the disagreeable impression caused at first by your inopportune arrival. The official hospitality of the Arabs is that not only demanded, but commanded by special edicts issued by native officers of the highest rank to the kalifats, kaidats and shiekhs of the different places the traveller proposes to visit. Suppose you are the bearer of one of these letters of credit to the chief of an Arab encampment. The moment it is delivered you are overwhelmed by a torrent of hospitable attentions. Eggs, pullets, mutton, fodder for the horses, a tent, carpets, mats, all are placed at your disposal. Two spahis and a few letters in Arabic from leading men are a talisman which enables you to travel through the country like a prince. When the time allows, the authorities send couriers in advance along the road to warn the different chieftains of your coming. In this case the utmost profusion, in the way of viands, is found at every halting-place, and some of the dinners served up in the rude Arab tents surpass in appetizing qualities those of many an elegant European capital. Of course only a few travellers can command these extraordinary privileges.

According to Niebuhr, the Bedouins are now the only true Arabs; the inhabitants of the cities and coast being, in consequence of their commerce, so mixed with strangers, that they have lost much of their ancient manners and customs; whereas the Bedouins (*les vrais Arabes*) have always looked more to their liberties than their ease or riches, and continue to live in separate tribes under tents, preserving in the present day the same manners and customs which distinguished their forefathers in the most remote times. Niebuhr enumerates above a hundred Bedouin tribes, each under its own particular sheikh or sheriff; these are not, however, all found within the limits of the peninsula, but extend over Syria, the plain country between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and even from the left bank of the latter river into Persia. There are, however, two classes of Bedouins; the *Ahl-el-Abaar* (true, noble Arabs), who live entirely by pasturage and plunder,



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO AN ARAB TENT.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF AN ARAB TENT.

and those tribes who, finding any portion of the country fitted for agriculture, bestow their labor on the ground, an occupation which the true Bedouin considers far beneath him. This second class of Arabs is called *Medan*, and it seems to hold an intermediate place between the *Ahl-el-Abaar* and the peasant of other countries. The Bedouin tribes who inhabit the open country between the Euphrates and Tigris extend as far north as Orfa and Diarbekr. They are under the nominal sovereignty of the Turkish pachas of Bagdad, Moussul, and Orfu; their sheikhs frequently receive the *Tojk*, or horse's tail, from the grand signor; but it appears that the bestowal and the acceptance of this mark of dignity is almost the only assertion on the one hand, or acknowledgment on the other, of supremacy or subordination that is ever attempted or conceded, except in occasional instances, where direct force has deposed a sheikh, and appointed another in his place, without in the slightest degree changing the relative position of the tribe and its so-called sovereign pacha. The Bedouins of the Syrian desert are rather more closely connected with the pachas of Syria, inasmuch as the necessity of protecting the trade between Aleppo and Damascus on the west, and Bagdad and Balsora on the east, has caused the employment of the various Arab tribes as a kind of irregular soldiery, and the bestowal of the rank of emir on the reigning sheikh of the most powerful tribe for the time being. The emir sheikh (in consideration of his rank) is obliged to conduct the caravans in safety through the desert, and to hold in check any or all of the other tribes. "We may easily judge," says Niebuhr, "that this is not done for nothing." In fact, if it happen, as it not unfrequently does, that the pacha is unable to fulfil his engagements with the sheikh, he is compelled to cede to him such towns and villages as border on his encampment, and thus to make him, in effect, the master of the settled as well as of the open country. The tribe of *Anese* is the most considerable of all the Syrian Arabs. It has frequently been at war with the pachas of Damascus; and at such times the departure of the caravans from that city for Bagdad has been delayed, and the reason openly assigned that the Arabs of Syria were discontented with the pacha. The Bedouins within the peninsula do not acknowledge a sovereignty of any kind, except in their native chiefs. They are very numerous in Nedsjed, and are scattered among the settled population in all the other provinces. The most powerful tribe of any in Arabia is, perhaps, that of *Beni-Khaled*; it inhabits that part of the desert which borders on the Persian gulf, and has under its dominion not only many smaller tribes, but also most of the towns and villages of *Lachsa*. The reigning sheikh passes a portion of each year in these towns, but by far the greater part is spent in the open country under tents. The form of government among the Bedouins is strictly patriarchal, and their manner of living is that of the pastoral ages recorded in the Bible. The head of a tribe receives a submission from his subjects, similar to that which a father receives from his family; and in the East that submission is unbounded. There is, however, a check upon the abuse of power in the sovereign sheikh, which, though indirect, is by no means weak. Since every tribe consists of many branches, the various heads of these sub-tribes, as they may be called, form a powerful restraint upon the chief; and should he become unpopular, though direct opposition to his will is never attempted, the discontented branch not unfrequently leaves his encampment, and either forms itself into a new tribe, or, if not powerful enough for that, joins itself to the tents of some other powerful sheikh. Instances have been known in which a Bedouin chief has been entirely deserted, and thus the names of several tribes have vanished. As, however, the pride of



A FEMALE SPINNING PALM TREE ROOTS.

tribe is strong in every Arab breast, this expedient is only resorted to in the last extreme; but the assumption of supremacy by some subordinate branch is frequent enough to render the continuance of the sovereignty of the tribe of *Montefidsj* in the same family since the days of Mohammed, a remarkable circumstance. The preservation of their herds being the first care of the Bedouins, a wandering life seems awarded to them by nature; the search for proper pasturage leads from place to place in their extensive country, according as the desert has become temporarily fruitful under the influence of the tropical rains, or has been burned up by the continued action of a tropical sun.



COOKING PREPARATIONS AND GRINDING CORN.

Accustomed to live in a clear air, their sight and smell become extremely fine, inasmuch that, on arriving at a spot which affords nourishment, however scantily, to plants or herbage, they can at once determine at what depth water is to be found, and, consequently, whether it be worth the labor of digging for. Accustomed to privation, the Bedouin is temperate from habit as well as from disposition, and can almost emulate the endurance of his camels, which, in the burning desert, live five days without drink. Robbery is an honorable occupation among these wanderers, but the Arab boasts of being the most refined and civilized of thieves. His robberies are never attended with violence, except in the case of violent opposition; and, as he considers his country as sacred ground, he regards the plunder of the pilgrim caravan as the mere levying of tribute, or payment for permission to pass through it. If the right to this tribute be recognized, and the permission to pass through the country purchased, the bargain is never violated on the part of the Bedouin; strict faith being one of the best points of his character, as his deadly spirit of revenge is, perhaps, the worst. This spirit is very easily excited; and once aroused, descends frequently from generation to generation; the duty of pursuing the quarrels of his father being regarded as a sacred part of the Arab's inheritance. According to the Koran, whoever sheds blood owes blood to the family of the slain; but the same law allows, and even recommends, a commutation by way of fine. If this be not accepted, retaliation is allowed to the injured family; but as this usually exceeds the offence, new causes of hatred and revenge are given, till a single (perhaps accidental) murder *puts blood*, in Arab phraseology, between whole families forever. But the irascibility of the Arab requires no such serious offence as the death of a relative to rouse it into action. A slighting expression, or an insulting sarcasm, is sometimes sufficient to put blood between two families. "Your turban is filthy," is frequently answered by a deathblow; and instances are on record where, for an offence as slight, the offender has been pursued for years, and fallen, perhaps, in old age, at last, for the insult offered by him in his youth. Niebuhr reports, that a noble Arab being asked, scoffingly, if he were the father of the handsome wife of a person named, construed the question into a sneer upon his daughter's virtue. Being unarmed at the moment, the offender escaped; and the father spent years in vainly pursuing him, during which, however, he killed both the parents, and many relations of the scotter, his slaves, his cattle, and reduced him to the verge of beggary.—The Arabs are of a middle height, generally extremely thin, and, when either very young or far advanced in life, of a highly prepossessing appearance. The mild but expressive countenance of an Arab boy, and his dark, sparkling eye, are spoken of in terms of admiration by all travellers. As he reaches manhood, however, a very disadvantageous change takes place; his meagre figure becomes still more attenuated, and seems as though it were parched and shrivelled up. The very splendor of the eye, buried between high cheek bones, apparently destitute of every covering except the tightened skin, is then rather a deformity. But in old age the Arab is truly venerable. The fine dark eye contrasts admirably with the long, white beard; and the emaciation, which in middle life seems to indicate premature decay, assimilates well with the closing scenes of existence. The women enjoy more liberty in Arabia than in any other Mohammedan country, but still the veil is indispensable in the streets. A cloak or scarf of blue and white striped linen is worn with much grace, the arrangement and placing of which is an important part of the tactics of Arab coquetry to attract the attention and curiosity of the other sex.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MOTHER, MY BROW IS ACHING.

BY ISABEL ASHTON.

Mother, my brow is aching, come twine it round with flowers,
And bid my sister bring her lute, to cheer these dreary hours;
We'll sing some merry strain, to bring the rose back to my cheek,
And nerve my heart, for it has grown most strangely chill and weak.

Come, mother, braid my hair with gems, for eve is stealing on,
And when the last bright flush of day has faded all and gone,
We'll seek the brilliant halls, where dwell wild mirth, and song, and light,
I know my spirit will be strong to meet his gaze to-night.

Yes, mother, I will smile upon his young and lovely bride,
With wild and giddy joyousness to music's numbers glide;
And, mother, he will deem me blest—O, would that it were true,
But, ah! a fearful power is stealing all my bosom through.

I wonder, mother, if his heart has every dream forgot,
The hours we used to linger in our vine-clad summer grot;
The words of love he breathed within my willing ear the while?
Nay, weep not, dearest mother, dash away those tears and smile.

The flowers have faded by the brook, for winter's chill is there,
And faded is the wreath of buds he twined within my hair;
And faded are my sweet, bright dreams, and crushed my heart by care,
Yet still upon my brow a smile of laughing joy I wear.

But, mother, dash away those tears, for eve is stealing on,
The last bright, sunny flush of day has faded all and gone;
And now we'll seek the hall, where dwell wild mirth, and song, and light,
I know my spirit will be strong to meet his gaze to-night.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AUNT HETTY'S OLD CHEST.

A Tale of the Eighteenth Century.

BY LUCY LINWOOD.

FROM among the recollections of childhood—a mingled mass of pleasant associations, consisting of merry faces, favorite sports, laughable jests and interesting tales—we have succeeded in collecting the main particulars of the story of Aunt Hetty's chest, as related by an aged friend, who, many years since, followed Aunt Hetty to the home of the pilgrim. If it shall afford any of our youthful readers as hearty a laugh as it did oneself at that age, we shall be fully repaid for relating the story.

Of the birth, nativity or pedigree of Aunt Hetty, we remember nothing at all, except that she was once a child, that she grew to womanhood, was married, and became a widow when her husband fell in the great battle of '76, and afterward occupied, alone, a very humble cottage in the country.

Her tenement consisted of but two rooms and a rude attic. This she rented with the small pension which she received from the government after her husband's death, the overplus of which, with what she could earn by her daily labor, serving to afford her a tolerably comfortable livelihood.

Fortunately for Aunt Hetty, she was reared in the good old days when it was considered an accomplishment, instead of a degradation, for girls to understand and be able to engage in, every kind of domestic employment. She was left, at an advanced age, with no property, no relatives, and no means of support save the labor of her own hands, which must consist of such small jobs as she could obtain among her townspeople, who, in those days of scarce change and forced economy, were able to hire but very little assistance in their household duties. However, Aunt Hetty was a woman of strong nerve, and of indomitable industry; and while in comfortable health she prided herself on being able to keep up a good appearance, and to have the pleasure of always entertaining her friends respectably.

Consequently she was never lonely for the want of company. There was not a neighbor within the range of her acquaintance who did not esteem it a privilege to call often on the good lady and take a nice cup of tea with her; for Aunt Hetty loved good tea, and she allowed herself the luxury even at the sacrifice of, seemingly, more necessary comforts.

Thus she lived for many years; and though

she sadly mourned the loss of her "poor good old man," as she often spoke of him, yet a murmur was never known to escape her lips. She always appeared happy and cheerful, and it was her delight to make others so.

But time wore on, and with it came, at length, the infirmities of old age. Aunt Hetty was seventy years old; full time, one might think, after a life of toil, to rest from her labors. She began to feel her strength declining daily, and it was with much difficulty that she was able to accomplish work enough to afford her the merest necessities of life. Yet she was loth to ask charity, and it was not until as a last resort that she even asked a favor of a neighbor. Then it was that her "friends" became scarce; and the friendly calls of those who, in her days of prosperity, had sat at her table and enjoyed the warmth of her fire, were now like angel's visits, few and far apart.

There were a few, however, who did not forsake her entirely; for the reason that they managed always to get some recompense for their charities. Aunt Hetty could knit, when she was unable to do harder labor, and her work-basket was never empty. She had a few articles of furniture also, and as she had no heir, she was at liberty to dispose of them as she pleased, at her death. This latter consideration had been thought of, and talked over, no doubt, among the neighbors; and that accounted, in a measure, for the continued friendship of her least obligated acquaintance, Mrs. Artful, and the maiden sisters, Betsey and Fanny Sharpeye. Aunt Hetty had an ill turn at one time, and was confined to her bed for several days, during which time these ladies were untiring in their attentions, and unsparing in their donations to her, which made the good old lady's heart overflow with gratitude. At every demonstration of kindness, she would only respond with increasing assurance, "The Lord will reward you."

But every time Betsey came with a custard for the sick woman, Mrs. Artful was there with a chicken or something nice, and whenever Fanny called to offer a helping hand, Mrs. Artful was sure to be before her, and have the chores all done up. At length the sisters began to get discouraged. Aunt Hetty was getting better; and as Mrs. Artful was willing to assist her, they concluded to allow her the privilege!

"What does it signify," said Betsey, "for us to be wasting our goods upon her? She may live these ten years. Do you think those few articles of old furniture would pay for supporting her all that time? Because if you do, I don't, Fanny!"

"Neither do I," returned the sister. "Let Mrs. Artful have them, if she wants to pay for them so dearly. There is nothing but the bed, an old bureau, a few broken-back chairs, an old table, and that great clumsy chest in the corner. Not worth five dollars, the whole of them."

The sisters went about their own affairs, and Aunt Hetty was thought of no more for a month. A neighbor chanced to call on them one day, and in course of conversation spoke of Aunt Hetty.

"Well, how is the poor old lady now?" inquired Betsey, with a pitiful expression.

"I understand from Mrs. Artful, that she is failing quite fast," said Mrs. Knowall.

"Indeed! How does she get along alone? Fanny and myself have done all in our power for her, but we are neither of us well enough to stand over the sick. It is very tiresome work."

"O, I guess she does not suffer. Mrs. Artful is very attentive to her, and I rather think she does not expect to do it all for nothing, either!"

"Why, pray tell us! What has the old lady got?" asked the sisters, in a breath.

"O, I don't know anything but what I hear. They say that she has got an old chest that never was seen open, and it is supposed that it contains something of value."

"Poh! I guess not," replied Betsey, earnestly, at the same time looking very knowingly at Fanny, who went bustling about the room, as if having a great deal of business on hand, which had the desired effect of hurrying off the visitor.

"What do you think now, Betsey?" cried she, as soon as they were alone.

"I don't know what to think!" responded Betsey, in a quandary.

"Well, I think that you have missed it. I tell you Mrs. Artful knows what she is about; and it is too provoking, after all we have done for the old woman, to let her run off with what rightfully belongs to us. Come to think of it—I never did see that old chest open in my life!"

"Nor I; and there must be something in it—her bed-clothes—if nothing else. She has no other place to keep them, and I know she has always avoided opening it when there has been any one present. It is a monstrous great thing, and she always keeps that old cushion with a deep bounce on it, so that no one shall notice that it is a chest. But what do you suppose she has in it?"

"Why, don't you remember of her having spoken often of the dozens of beautiful blankets that she made with her own hands, before she was married?—and what stores of linens she earned! She told me not one year ago, that for the forty years which she lived with her husband, she never asked him for a cent of money!"

"Yes, and that is not all. Think of the money she has had every year from the government! She pretends that it is but a trifle, but we don't know what she calls a trifle! She has been too smart a woman not to have looked out for her old age, you may depend! I'll guarantee she has got something that will serve her when her neighbors get tired of giving to her!"

"Well, there is but one thing for us to do, I see plainly. We must go down there immediately, pretend we have been sick, and make up for lost time as fast as possible. If we have not as good a claim there as Mrs. Artful, we will see about it!"

"Yes, that is what we will do," returned Fanny; and the threat was no sooner made than executed.

The next scene is at the residence of Aunt Hetty, who is suddenly awakened from a quiet nap, by the entrance of the Misses Sharpeye.

"La, bless me, how you frightened me!" said she, starting from her slumber.

"She is out of her head!" whispered Betsey to her sister; then approaching the bedside—"How do you do, Aunt Hetty? I hope I have not disturbed you. You cannot tell how much we have thought of you of late; but we have both been sick with colds and could not get out of the house. I hope some kind friend has cared for you in our absence."

"O, yes, dear souls. You are too kind. I am blessed with good neighbors, in my old age. I can only thank you all. The Lord will reward you."

"O, we do not expect to be rewarded for every act of kindness we do in this life. But what can we do for you, this morning, dear Aunt Hetty?"

"Nothing, dear child. My good neighbor, Mrs. Artful, has been in and done up all the work for me to-day."

"Well, we have brought you some tea and some cake; and to-morrow one of us will come and spend the day with you, and relieve Mrs. Artful. It must be very inconvenient for her to leave her family so much." And after placing some refreshments on the little table, with a shower of "thank you, dears," from the old lady, the sisters returned home to concoct a scheme for getting a peep into the old chest.

"If we could only get her out," suggested Betsey.

"If you could only get the key, you better say," added her sister.

"Ah, that will not be very easy, I know. She keeps it in that long pocket, and sleeps with it under her pillow. However, we have got a host of odd keys, you know. I don't doubt some one of them will fit it."

"To be sure they will. Strange I never thought of that. I do hope we shall succeed, for this suspense is awful."

To-morrow came, and the trio met at Aunt Hetty's all at a time. Aunt Hetty felt quite bright, and she readily consented to the proposition of all her friends to get her out into the fresh air, as it would do her good; and as Mrs. Artful's was the nearest house she was conveyed there, with very little fatigue. Fanny accompanied her with Mrs. Artful, and Betsey staid behind to rake up the fire, and fasten the doors, pretending, but with an object in her eye of more importance. After watching them from the window until they were too far off to return, she quietly drew from her own long pocket a huge bunch of keys, and commenced trying them upon the lock of the old chest. But not one would come within an inch of the key-hole. She tried them right side up and wrong side up, but all to no purpose. She thought to turn the thing over and see if there was anything that sounded like coin within; but not an inch could she raise it from the floor, owing to its tremendous weight, and so she was forced to return

home with less satisfaction than she came, at being so completely baulked.

"Well, what success?" eagerly inquired her sister, who had entered the house just before her.

"Success! The plenary thing was made in the year one, and there is not another lock in the world like it. However, I shall not give it up yet, for I am daily more and more convinced that there is something of value in it. I'll get the key when she's asleep, some time. Mrs. Artful is mistaken if she thinks to get ahead of me in this thing!"

The next day it was Fanny's turn to sit with the old lady. She was not as well as usual. The exertion and excitement attending her visit were too much for her, and she was not able to sit up at all for the day. Fanny could not keep her eyes off the old chest, nor her thoughts from its contents, all she could do. At length she thought to try her art with its owner.

"Pray, Aunt Hetty," said she "what do you keep in that old chest? It is a handy thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, Fanny; and if that old chest could talk, it could tell wondrous tales. It has been in my family, and that of my parents for above a hundred years, and it has been entrusted with many a bag of gold, as well as other valuables. It is as safe as a bank."

"Ah, I never thought it was worth anything. I have often noticed it setting in the corner there. But come to look at it, now, I see it is a very strong box, built of hard wood. Where's the key? Let's look into it, since it is such an antiquated concern."

"O, dear heart, I would not have it opened on any account. I regard it as a very sacred treasure. It was the last gift of my poor mother, and no one has looked into it but myself since she died, nor ever will, until I am gone; then I shall bequeath it to my best friend."

Fanny did not urge the matter, seeing the old lady was somewhat superstitious in her notions; but her curiosity was momentarily increasing, and she hastened home as early as possible to consult again with her sister on the subject.

"O, Betsey," said she, "if it was not for that plague, Mrs. Artful, I believe we should be sure of a fortune! Don't you think, Aunt Hetty says she is going to bequeath that chest to her best friend! Now who are better friends to her than we have been?"

"Why, Fanny, you astonish me! And did she not give you a hint, as to whom she considered her best friend?"

"Not a word. But I sincerely think that she feels under obligations to Mrs. Artful, for she is always speaking of her kindness."

"It is too aggravating, I declare, after all I have done for her, and befriended her for so many years, that that artful creature—true enough to her name—should 'run off with the bird' at last! But she has got to be smart to do it, I'll assure you; for I'll make Aunt Hetty understand before she dies, the difference between true friendship and false charity—that I will!"

Thus the sisters continued to discuss the subject until late at night; and at the breakfast table, in the morning, they were at it again, when the astounding news came that Aunt Hetty had been seized with a fit during the night and lay at the point of death! They hastened with all possible despatch to the house and arrived but just in time to see her breathe her last!

Big tears were shed over the remains of poor Aunt Hetty, and audible sighs followed the tender and sympathizing exclamations—"Dear, good old soul!" "She has gone to heaven, no doubt!" and the like, from the bereaved friends, the Misses Sharpeye and Mrs. Artful, who were the only witnesses of the scene.

All that remained to be done now was the last office due to their departed friend—that of preparing her body for the burial, and consigning the clay to its native earth. This was performed jointly by the three; and the services being ended, expenses defrayed, and all matters regarding the funeral settled by the charity sisters, they assembled at the house to lay claim to their bequest.

"How dreary the place looks!" remarked Mrs. Artful, casting her eyes around the deserted tenement. "I shall never want to enter this house again, let who will live here."

"Nor I," said Betsey, sorrowfully. "How much we shall miss the poor old lady, she was such good company!"

"Ah, yes, indeed," sighed the former. "Well, we may as well take the things away. She will

want them no more. She told me they were to be divided between us three."

"Very well. Take your choice, Mrs. Artful. I do not see anything that I care much about except that old chest. It is not worth anything to any one, only it is a kind of handy thing to have in the house. You and Fanny can divide the rest."

"That is just the reason why I was going to choose it myself. I have had my eye on it for some time, and Aunt Hetty as much as said that she intended I should have it."

"Well, she told me more than that," interrupted Fanny. "She said that it was to go to her best friend, contents and all. Now if that is not me, it is my sister, I am very sure."

"Contents! What do you suppose it contains? Nothing more than an old ragged quilt or two, I'll venture to say."

"I've no idea it contains even that," resumed Betsey; "but I want it for the antiquity of it, that's all."

"And I want it for its antiquity, too," persisted Mrs. Artful.

"Well, but we cannot both have it, of course," continued Betsey, growing quite uneasy, "and the sooner we settle the business, the better. Now as I said before, I do not value the old chest, only it is just what I want for my bedding. I will take that for my share, and you shall have the silver spoons, the wearing apparel and half the furniture. You cannot consider that unfair, surely."

"The silver spoons! There is only two left, and they look as if they had been chewed up! As for her clothing, I would not give fifty cents for the whole of it. No, I am not satisfied with that arrangement, unless you divide the contents of the chest."

"Why, you say yourself, that there is nothing of value in it. What then is there to divide? Come, we wont banter about this trash any longer. You shall have the whole—everything, except the chest. Fanny is not particular, and I will be satisfied with that."

"Well—I don't mind," said Mrs. Artful, after a moment's thought. "I suppose I can do without it. I have got chests enough in the house now."

Accordingly the furniture was shortly removed to their respective residences; the ponderous chest—as much as two men could lift—being duly deposited in a snug corner that had been previously cleared for its reception, in the Misses Sharpey's kitchen.

Mrs. Artful was quite surprised, on getting the old furniture into her house, to see how well it looked, and what a number of really useful articles there was among it. Every piece was assigned a place in the house; and when all was arranged she declared that there was not an article that was not really needed in their respective locations. Though it had been used a great many years, there was not a mark or blemish upon the old mahogany bureau and table, and every article spoke in praise of its neat and frugal owner. To say the least, she was fully satisfied with her bargain, let the Misses Sharpey be as fortunate as they might with their prize.

Everything was calm and quiet at the residence of the sisters. They had rested themselves for an hour after the fatigue and excitement of settling the estate of poor old Aunt Hetty; the doors were all closed, and after taking a look in every direction, to be certain that no one was near, Betsey began making preparations for opening the chest.

"Move the things away there, Fanny. Not the chair; leave the chair to lay the things in."

"But the key, Betsey!"

"O, fie, Fanny! Do you suppose I forgot that?"

"I did. But why did not Mrs. Artful get it before you? She certainly had an opportunity."

"She never thought of it. I found the way into her old pocket pretty soon after she was dead. I rather think!"

"Well, well. Pray open it, if you are going to. I am in ecstasies to see the inside of it."

"Be patient, Fanny. Deuce take the old rusty thing! I can't turn the key!"

"Here, let me try. I am stronger in the hand than you."

One wrench of Fanny's strong arm, and click went the bolt. Both assisted in raising the lid, which was made of a thick hard wood plank—and now for the contents.

The body of the chest was made of the same hard wood, some two or three inches in thick-

ness, and not an identical thing did it contain, save a slip of paper apparently cut from an old-fashioned Bible, and pasted on the inside of the lid, which read as follows:—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!"

The disappointment, chagrin and utter consternation of the maiden sisters may be imagined, but not described. The chest was closed and relocked; and never to their dying day was either Betsey or Fanny heard to speak of its contents. No questions were asked by Mrs. Artful, either; which can be accounted for only by supposing that she must have had a sly peep into the old chest some time previously.

Thus ends the story of Aunt Hetty's old chest; though in all human probability it still occupies an honored seat in some quiet nook or corner somewhere. And it is not impossible that it may again serve its owner as good a purpose, as it really did Aunt Hetty in her old age.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

'T WAS LONG AGO.

BY IDA JANE SINCLAIR.

'T was long ago, the wild winds in their revelry,
Made sweet, rich music for mine ear;
Attuned to sounds of softly floating melody,
Such as fair angels love to hear.
I was alone; no curious eye was near,
To mark the deep emotion, that drew forth from out the fount
Of feelings wild, one solitary tear;
Or view the crimson flush of pride, that often would surmount
My brow at thought of one so loved and dear.

My pulse beat quick, as through my wild, imaginative brain,
A thousand fancies came and went;
As fleet, as light, O I have often wished again
I could recall those thoughts intent,
Of love and thee; for O I know they lent
A gentle halo to my dreams that night, so long ago,
That I then thought them angels sent,
To drown, in floods of bliss, my seeming loneliness and woe;
Say, dearest, was it thus so kindly meant?

COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as being highly characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation:—"After some years delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behaviour, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler saith not, and we are at a loss to imagine."—*Miss Strickland.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE HOURS.

BY ELLA STANWOOD.

They're speeding on—these gladsome hours,
How fast they seem to fly;
We see them bear youth's brightest flowers,
In joyous beauty by.

On shining wings they glide along,
Upon their silent way;
A merry, bright and happy throng,
Which gladden while they stay.

But darker ones are mingling now
Among this joyous band;
For sorrow sternly made them bow,
And pause at her command.

And O how slowly pass they on,
Each moment fraught with grief;
Till they at length, all, all have gone,
And brought the heart relief.

SPRING.

Thank Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may re-visit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness!— *Hawthorne.*

The maid that loves
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.—*Young.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

BY FLORENCE GREENLEAF.

O I have wandered through the world,
I've seen its fairest gems;
The relics of forgotten kings,
Of crowns and diadems.
I've been in fair Arabia's land,
I've seen the Alps at morn;
But none appeared so sweet to me
As the spot where I was born.

I've roamed through peerless Italy,
I've seen its sun arise;
And I have viewed it going down
In India's burning skies.
I've viewed the smiling land of Spain,
Nor was it seen with scorn;
But none were half so dear to me
As the spot where I was born.

I've been where Persia's poets sung
The beauties of their land;
I've been in Greece—at Marathon,
And on Salamis' strand.
I've heard the noble eagle scream
O'er Apennines, at morn;
These distant views bring back to me
The spot where I was born.

I've been on Palestina's plains,
'Neath Afric's burning sky;
I've seen its bright, celestial sun
Rise o'er its mountains high.
I've been where queenly Venice reigns,
Nor thinks herself forlorn;
But all were not as loved by me
As the spot where I was born.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MISS MIRANDA MIGGS, the eldest of four daughters, had been for some months forming herself after the perfect model of a self-indulgent lady. In the early stages of her progress she learned to have nothing to do, as one of the essential requisites of this order. Yet she had so far overcome her repugnance to actual labor as to make her own toilet; to take the papers from her hair and stretch up a "French twist" without the aid of a barber, provided she is to stay at home all day. But she is falling a strange prey to Morpheus, and throws herself into his dreamy arms every morning before she receives her fashionable calls. She rises just in season to attire herself to welcome her "genteel acquaintances." Silks, heavily flounced, are dragging over drawing-room carpets, and embroidered handkerchiefs, with wide Mechlin lace, are peeping out of her shallow pockets. Having disposed of her friends, she wanders among the parterre of flowers which are so showily arranged in yonder oriental window. Her tiny fingers press the sweet-scented heliotrope, and her languishing eyes feast upon the wax plant that so glossily rises above all its kindred race, and ere long the summons to dinner cannot be resisted, for ladies with delicate covering have craving stomachs, which call for dainties. But how is the appetite cloyed, if perchance "mama" has on a rumpled cap with faded flowers, or Juliette uses a spoon where a silver fork should be applied! How she feels disgusted at "witnessing father's voracious appetite!" Ah, indeed, she is only fitted for a more exquisite society, where they twirl the spoon for half an hour in the soup, and indulge in a pleasant chit-chat with some young gentlemen at their elbows.

Were it not that Miss Miranda is invited occasionally to some splendid ball or fashionable party, her present position would be unendurable. But ever since she attended Mrs. Jones's ball, and became enamored of Mr. Micajah Flirtwell, golden visions of future bliss are continually floating before her. There he stands at the corner of the street, with a pair of those checked pants, and a single-breasted vest of sky blue color, with those splendid French boots, beneath which he is so completely strapped down as to give his spring heels a constant inclination to fly upwards. And what splendid whiskers, just rubbed in the dye, which so conceals dame Nature in her attempts to make one grow old; and with unique plaid dicky, and gold-bowed spectacles, is not Mr. Micajah Flirtwell "a love of a man?"

"Besides, it will be so pleasant to be pointed at as the lady who walks with that handsome man! And to hear gay young ladies and sensible old bachelors wondering whether or no you are engaged. O!" exclaimed Miss Miranda, "is it not rich and *recherche*?"

"How unamiable it sounded in father to protest against calling those acquaintances who could not pay their debts! Mr. Flirtwell told me about being disappointed in his remittances, in consequence of not receiving his annual allowance from his father; but what is *money* in affairs of the *heart*? It is a perfect bore, to be forever torturing oneself about living in this world, as if all one's energies are to be thrown away upon an establishment. When I marry," continued Miss Miranda, "it shall be simply solely, and altogether for love! Nonsense, about want creeping into the window. We will live in a cottage, and I will have my sweet little garden, and my tiny spade and hoe, and Mr. Flirtwell shall sing to me from the summer-house, or read some romantic love tale, analogous to ourselves. Now this would be real enjoyment—so remote from household drudgery, and fretting over bad debts and failing customers; to sit and enjoy the beautiful setting sun, while Mr. Flirtwell so gracefully smokes his cigar, and all the world is in admiration of his handsome face and agreeable manners.

"What if father should disinherit me, as he threatens to do? Is not the affection of a congenial lover or adorable husband worth ten times as much as he can withhold? I never did care for money, only as I wanted it for particular purposes—"

Miss Miranda was interrupted in her loving reflections by the untimely interference of Mr. Constable Ordway, who laid his hand on Mr. Flirtwell's shoulder!

Fortunately for some romantic ladies, that the concentrated essence of sentimentalism destroys itself. Miss Miranda Miggs found that her besieged affections, which so affectionately rested on securing a handsome husband, did not work so charmingly. In her last pencillings in her note-book, we find the following insertion:

"Resolved, to play the foolish game no longer. Marrying for beauty is indeed a fatal mistake. I have looked upon such husbands, and find, instead of admiring their wives, their whole attention is given to their own persons. Who wants to live among a heap of cosmetics, dyes, powders and perfumeries? to be obliged to use chloroform for the fidgets, or a fit of jealousy, and swallow down large doses of valerian to quiet the nervous sensations which his return from some club produces? And then the decidedly handsome man always wants a wife ditto. And should he not prove rich, what a world of vexation is imposed on the woman. She must soil her fingers in the kitchen, do a thousand menial offices which she cannot afford to hire done for her, and sit in the parlor attired like a lady while the cake is burning in the oven. I have just returned from visiting some friends who have been caught in such meshes. The sympathy I wasted on Mr. Flirtwell cured me of such unsubstantial romance. Poor dog! he hadn't a thing but brass to recommend him—not a farthing in his pocket—in debt to his washerwoman—pledged his watch for opera tickets, and at one time made me seriously think about leaving this country to travel abroad! Well, 'papa' was not so far out of the way after all, and 'mama' said enough in all conscience to warn my younger sisters. My flirtations, however, have not been the death of me; it may be they have proved my salvation; for I have since learned not to regard the superfluous appendages of would-be-gentlemen, but only to ascertain what properties they possess that will endure when they grow old naturally—and with all this experience, I am but just turned two-and-twenty!"

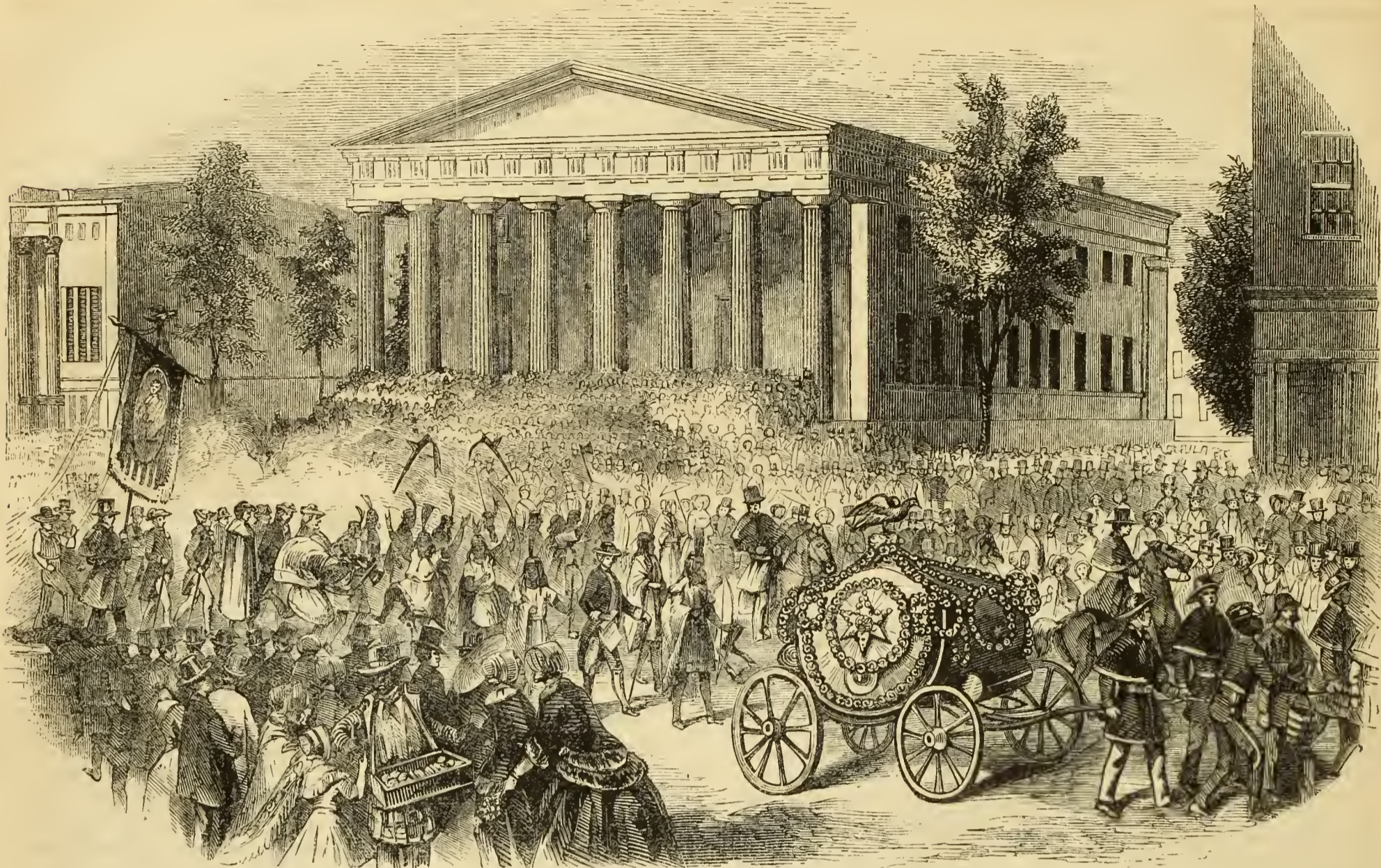
[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SUNSET.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

Roll back the golden clouds from out the west!
Lift up the fleecy veil that hides the sun!
And let us view, as now the day is done,
The setting sun in gorgeous splendor dressed.
The trackless waste of waters spread around,
Are gilded to receive the precious trust;
While from its grave there rises up a mound
Of gold, to mark the spot where lies its dust.
Then from the east a "lesser glory" shows
Its reddened form above the cloud-like bars;
While on, far on its beaten track, there glows
The mellow beauty of the quiet stars;
And as the sunset fades before their light,
The day gives way before the reign of night.

Young mechanics, who would prosper in business, have only two rules to live up to, to insure success. First, do your work as your customer wishes to have it done. The other rule is to do it by the time you promise to have it done.



VIEW OF THE LATE GRAND TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE PHILADELPHIA FIRE DEPARTMENT.—PROCESSION PASSING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

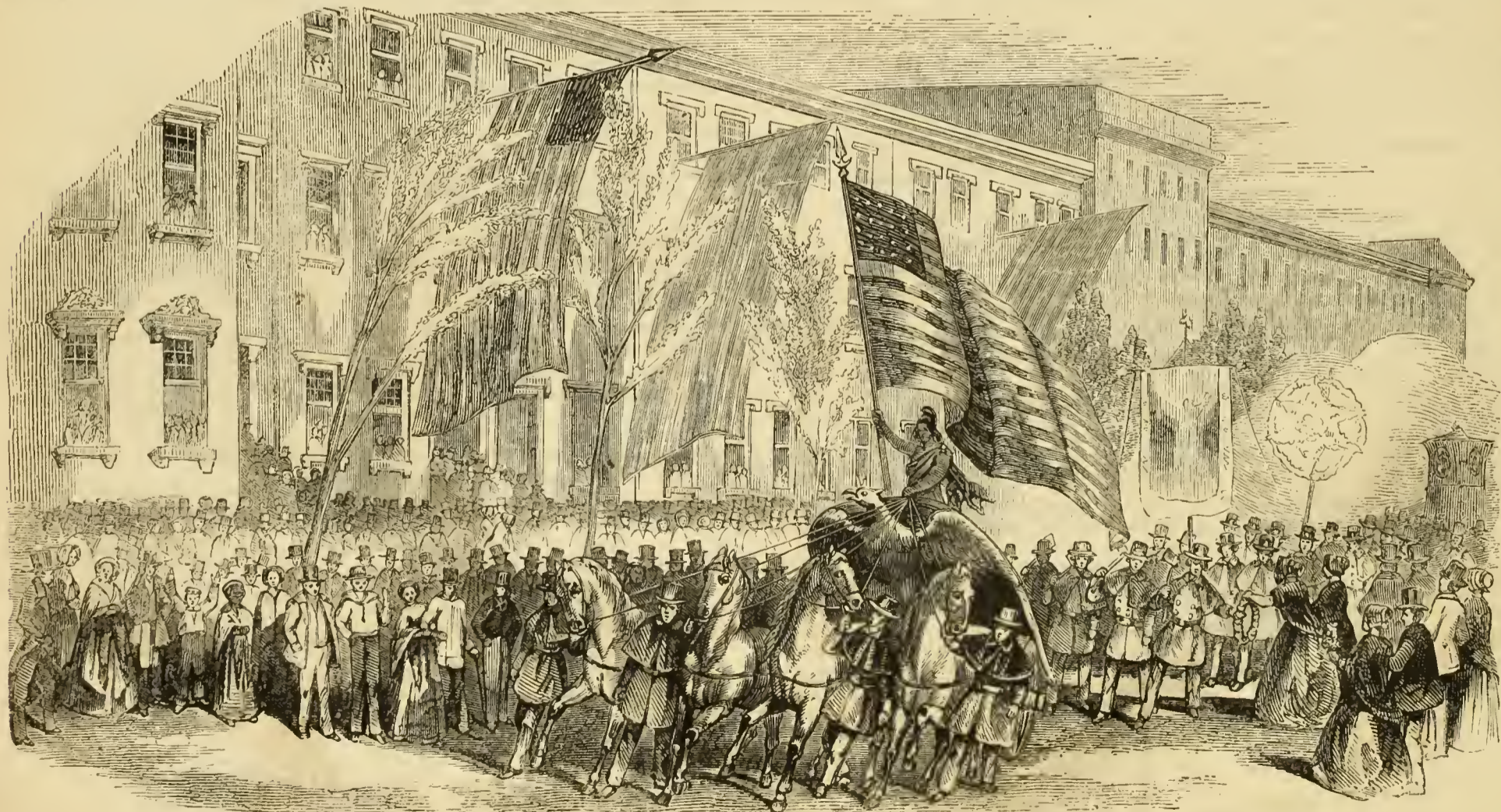
FIREMEN'S PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Notwithstanding the report that the authorities of Philadelphia had prohibited the Grand Triennial Parade of Firemen of that city, that event came off as announced, on Monday, May 3d. The affair appears to have been attended with more than its usual success. The principal feature of the day was the procession, which was composed of fifteen divisions, and numbered 5880 equipped firemen—and the whole number of men in the line is estimated at 8000. The number of Philadelphia companies was 69, and there were 25 companies of visiting firemen. It is thought to be the greatest display of the kind ever known in the United States. While the procession was on the route, a fire occurred in St. John street, destroying a stable, a carpenter's shop, and a large beer establishment, and damag-

ing several frames. The procession halted, and the firemen went into service with their spare apparatus; and after extinguishing the flames, they again moved on, finally separating at about six o'clock. This was the seventh triennial display of the Fire Department of Philadelphia. The first general display of firemen took place on the 22d of February, 1832, upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Washington, by invitation of the General Committee of Arrangements. The next parade was on the 27th of March, 1833, when Jacob B. Lancaster, of the Southwark Hose, officiated as marshal. The next year another took place on the same date, and since that time the department has paraded every three years regularly. For months the preparations have been going on for this celebration and the time, the labor and the

money of the firemen have been lavishly expended for the sake of adding ornament and attractiveness to their various apparatus. New engines, horse carriages, equipments, etc., have been procured by many companies. Silver and brass workers, painters, gilders and decorators of all kinds, have had months of employment in the service of the department. The making of gorgeous banners of silk and satin has occupied hundreds of hands that would otherwise have been engaged in the ordinary spring business of dress and bonnet making. The artificial flower-makers have been monopolized by the firemen for months, in the preparation of wreaths, festoons, etc., for the adornment of their machines. The above engraving gives an accurate view of the Custom House at Philadelphia, and represents the "William Penn" Hose Company pass-

ing. This company was accompanied by a group of Indians and an individual dressed Quaker-wise, who "looked to life" the founder of the Pennsylvania colony, such as we are familiar with in the portraits handed down to us. The engraving below represents the Car of Liberty, which formed a marked feature in the procession, as it passed along Logan Square, in the western part of the city. Banners reared aloft, flags waved, every window was crowded with pleased faces, the sidewalks were densely thronged, music filled the air, and the scene at this spot was especially animated and interesting. Altogether the affair was one highly creditable to the Philadelphia firemen and the city of brotherly love, and elicited warm encomiums from those who had the good fortune to witness this gala-day of the firemen.



THE "CAR OF LIBERTY" IN THE PROCESSION AS IT PASSED LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

MOUNT HOLLIS SEMINARY.

This beautiful building, a design of which we herewith give, is situated on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the town of Holliston, and the calm waters of Lake Winthrop. Although in the midst of the village, yet by its elevation it is rendered a quiet retreat for the student. In the background, surrounding it on two sides, may be seen a pleasant grove, whose refreshing shade renders it a delightful place of resort. The building occupied by the school is finished and furnished after the motto:—"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A valuable philosophical apparatus from the rooms of Messrs. Chamberlain and Ritchie, apparatus makers, of Boston, is used in connection with the study of the sciences. It is the purpose of the proprietors to leave nothing undone which may tend to the comfort or improvement of the pupils. The rooms in the building are thoroughly ventilated after the most approved modern style, and everything is fitted to promote good health, correct taste, and thorough mental and moral discipline. Strangers in passing through Holliston are attracted by the neatness of its appearance, and the air of quiet that reigns; and it is the universal testimony of pupils who have here trod the paths of learning, that it is one of the pleasantest country towns in the "wide, wide world." A railroad passes through the place, rendering it easy of access; and the attention of persons interested in the cause of education is invited to the numerous advantages furnished by this institution to its students. We rejoice, in common with all lovers of intelligence and mental cultivation, in the multiplying of such institutions throughout New England, and the whole country, as we have depicted above. These "workshops of the mind," as Kossuth so eloquently calls them, are the strongest bulwarks we can rear against despotism; and to a thinking mind afford more tangible protection for freedom and liberty, than lofty walls of granite pierced with port-holes and mounted with cannon. That nation, in the scale of humanity, is the strongest, which is the most intellectual and best informed. Let the rising generations of Europe be educated, and how long, think you, would absolutism exist? Just long enough for the present youth of the old world to grow to the stature of manhood, and no longer. Education is the talisman of American prosperity; the means of our growth, and the power for our future protection. And we do well to rely upon it as one great cause of our continued existence.



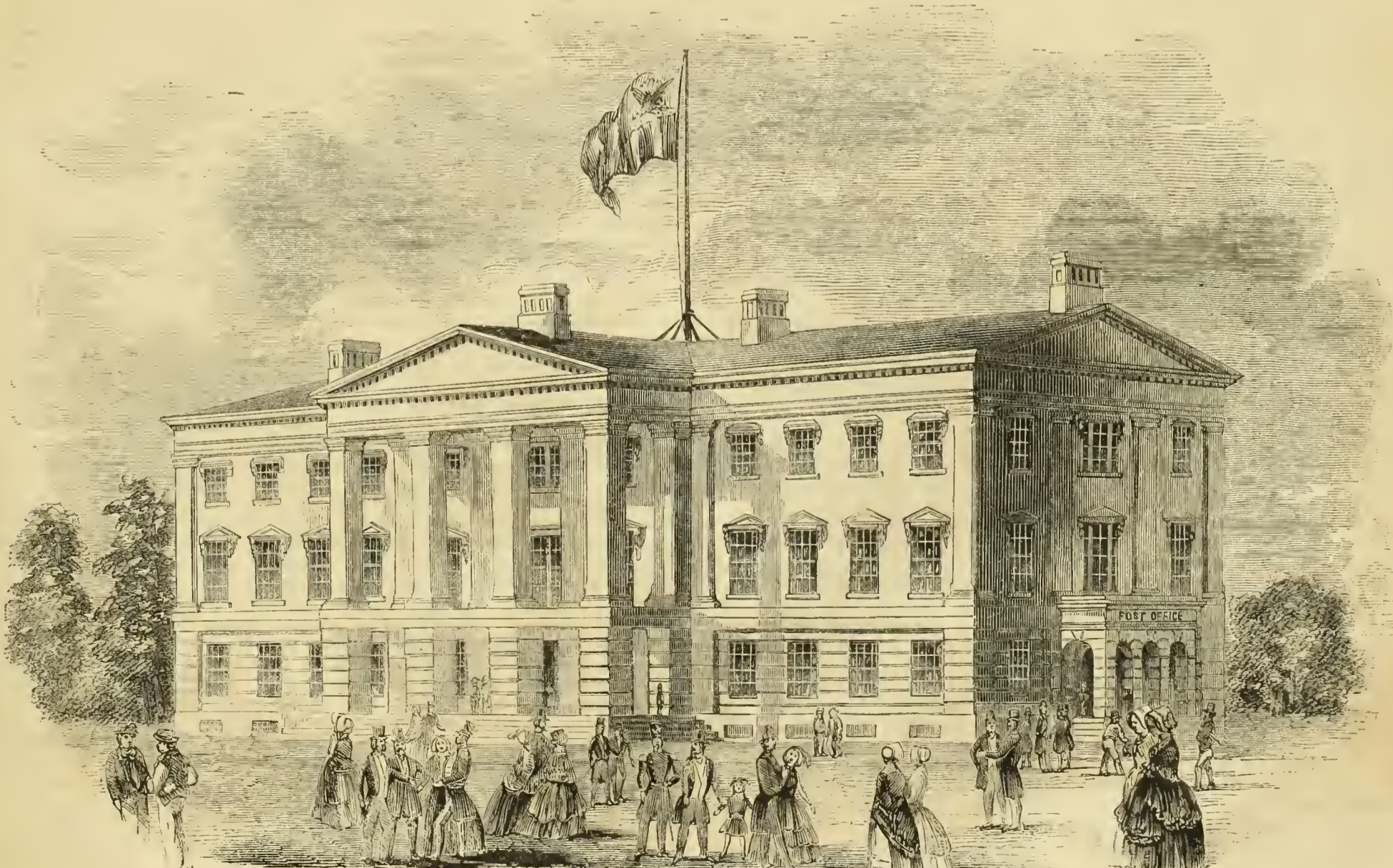
VIEW OF THE MT. HOLLIS SEMINARY, AT HOLLISTON, MASS.

CUSTOM HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

The building—of which the representation below is a perspective view, reduced from the architect's drawings, is a Custom House to be erected by the United States in San Francisco, California, from the designs of Gridley J. F. Bryant, of Boston, Mass. The structure is a parallelogram in form, measuring 136 feet 8 inches long, and 60 feet 4 inches wide, and is three finished stories in height, arranged for the following purposes, viz., the ground story will contain the post-office, measuring 53 by 57 feet, with private rooms for postmaster and chief clerk. The balance of the story will be devoted for the uses of the inspectors, weighers, gaugers and measurers of the customs. The second story is arranged for the principal Custom House business, and will have the "Great Room," measuring 53 by 57 feet, and six offices for cashier, surveyor, surveyor's clerks, storekeeper, naval officer and collector's private apartment. The third story will be entirely devoted to the courts and officers thereof of the United States. The Court Room will measure 53 by 36 feet, and will have connected therewith two rooms for clerk and judge; the United States marshal and law library will

be accommodated on this story, besides the juries required in connection with the courts. Each story will have the modern conveniences of water and washing closets. There will be five large iron vaults within the building. The exterior of the structure will present a bold and pleasing appearance; the material for the walls will be brick resting on a Quincy granite basement; all the exterior ornaments, cornices, capitals, bases, and window dressings, are to be of cast iron, painted to imitate mastic, with which the entire exterior walls are to be covered, to imitate stonework. The contractors for the edifice are Messrs. Theodore Adams and James Smiley, of San Francisco; both these gentlemen are self-made men, and were among the earliest pioneers who emigrated from the Atlantic States to California; by their perseverance and industry they have attained eminent positions in their State, and have had entrusted to them, by the Secretary of the Treasury, the erection of this important structure. It should be remarked that every part of the building is nearly or quite fire proof, and the materials to be used of the most enduring quality. Boston supplies the granite, iron-work, carpentering, and glazing, as well as the

plumbing of the building; the bricks and timber being very nearly all the materials furnished from California. The cost of the building to the United States will be \$400,000, a cheap structure certainly, when it is considered that the available room within its three stories amounts to about five hundred superficial feet more than in the three stories of our own elegant and costly structure in this city. Mr. Bryant, the architect, has, within the last ten years, planned very many of the leading edifices of New England, besides various public buildings in other sections of the country. It is understood that he has been asked by the Government to take into consideration the appointment of superintendent of the public buildings to be erected in California. From late Congressional reports we notice that a sum adequate for the purpose has been appropriated by Congress to purchase the land for the site of this edifice; and ere long the United States will have a completed establishment for the collection of its revenues in this far-off portion of our country. We are glad that Congress has thus promptly determined to meet the commercial wants of California, in a structure that will be an ornament to San Francisco.



VIEW OF THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

YOUTH.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Just as the rainbow tints of even, or morning's rosy light,
Are youth's fond dreams of happiness, as varied and as
bright;
Mingling with memories of the past the future springs to
view,

Each fairy vision decked in garb of love's own roseate hue;
Such, such is youth, ere life's dull cares have proved its
hopes untrue.

How blessed are the young! Their world is beautiful and
gay;
Earth's fairest flowers are thornless, too, that blossom in
the way:

No shadow comes to blight their hopes, no tear to dim the
eye,
Reality's stern face is hid, it brings to them no sigh;
Yet O, its power full soon will come, their trusting hearts
to try.

Put then thy trust in Him who made the world, to thee
so fair,

And who has shielded thy young heart from many a hid-
den snare;

Remember He has given thee power to choose the good
and ill—

Keep, then, the straight and narrow way, and strive to do
his will;

Earth cannot always be thy home, however bright it be,
Remember this, and joy be thine through all eternity.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SOLITARY ARTIST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

HALF way up one of those narrow, arched passage-ways that connect the spacious landing strada of Naples with the parallel street next beyond, there opened a small door to the right, which led the way up a long flight of old wooden stairs; and at the height of five stories, the adventurer, who might be bold enough to trust himself to the task of the dubious ascent, would find himself in a dark entry, from out of which opened two doors. The natural expectation of one who might be, for the first time, making this search, would be that nothing but squalid poverty could give tone to any of these regions; but let us just feel out a latch to the right, and open the door to which it is attached. There!

The apartment thus found was large, and being at the extreme top of the building, it received its light from the roof. Everything there wore the air of neatness, and even plain elegance. The floor was carpeted, the walls neatly frescoed, and all about hung numerous and beautiful oil paintings, while here and there, in little niches, stood a few marble and alabaster busts. At an easel, with his palette and brushes in his hand, sat Fillippo Matteo, a young man, some five-and-twenty years of age, engaged upon a landscape, while near him, by the side of a small inlaid work-table, sat his sister Lucille, working upon a piece of silken embroidery. They were both handsome, cast in that peculiar mould of nature which stamps her children's pure souls upon their outer forms; but though all seemed so pleasant immediately about them, yet it would have not taken a very close observer to have seen that some strange grief lay heavy upon their hearts.

"Fillippo," said Lucille, as she laid her work upon the table.

"Well," returned her brother, taking his brush from its work, and casting a kindly look upon the face of his beautiful sister.

"Let us cease from our labors awhile," Lucille answered. "You have worked long and tediously, and already the bloom has faded from your cheek."

"Bloom!" uttered the artist, with a sad look. "No, no, my sister; for eight long years there has been no bloom upon my cheek. It faded away when we both lost our all, and beneath the sunny sky of my native land it can never return. I must work, Lucille,—work till I can realize enough to carry us both far, far away from Italy."

"But we have enough now, my brother. These pictures you have already finished will bring more than enough for that, for you know how readily those have sold which you have already offered. Come, do rest awhile."

"No, Lucille. A little longer must I work. If we go to America, I would not land there a beggar. The arms of that glorious republic are open to all true hearts, but I would not so insult her hospitality as to throw myself upon her shores a mere drone. In a few months, at the farthest, I shall have enough."

"Then let us, at least, dispense with some of our luxuries," said the fair girl. "These delicate fruits, these cordials, and these ornaments, we need them not."

"Speak not so, my sister," returned Fillippo, with a slight tone of reproach. "Each one of those dainties bears an image of my love for thee. If it makes me happy to indulge you thus, say nought against it."

"O, no; I did not mean that," Lucille said, while a bright tear of gratitude gleamed in her dark eye. "I meant that I would dispense with them to help you." Then rising from her seat, she approached her brother, and placing her arm about his neck, she continued: "And are you determined to leave our native country? Can we not go forth again into the world? No one knows us in Naples, and we can change our names, and carve out our own road. My brother, there is no sin on our souls."

"Ay, Lucille," the young artist exclaimed, with vehemence. "Heaven knows there is not; but there is a stain upon our name which a lifetime may not obliterate from the cold tongue of slander. O God! I sometimes wish that that dark crime *did* rest upon my soul, for then I might wipe it out by atonement, but now we can only suffer the curse of its memory. Remain in Italy! No, Lucille. For eight years have we been secluded from the world, not even daring to venture into society. When I go forth to sell my pictures, I never dare to give my name; and even now some of the finest landscapes in the city are without the name of their artist. Were I to give the name of *Fillippo Matteo* to the Neapolitan winds, the finger of scorn would find me out. No; while we are in Italy, Lucille, we must not be known. In this secluded spot we will live, and look to each other's love for our joys."

"But you will at least lay by your work for to-night," urged the maiden, as she imprinted a warm kiss upon her brother's brow. "Come, we will have music."

The artist gazed a moment into his sister's sweet face, and then arising from his seat, he set his easel one side, and was in the act of taking his guitar from its case when the sound of footsteps struck upon his ear.

"Surely, Lucille," he said, "that is some one coming up the stairs."

"So it seems, brother; but then no one can be coming here."

"Yes—yes they are. Hear; the steps now sound upon the third stairway."

Slowly and gropingly the footfalls approached the solitary artist's room, and at length a loud knock was heard without. Fillippo opened the door, and an aged monk, of the Carthusian order, entered the apartment.

"A blessing on thee, children," said the monk, as he gazed upon the fair occupants.

"We thank thee, good father," returned the young artist. "But methinks you have mistaken your way."

"Perhaps I have, my son, and perhaps I have not," said the monk, as he let his trembling form sink into a chair. "I have come to seek a young artist who sold to the keeper of the cathedral a painting of St. Peter. Four separate times have I got the keeper to follow him to his dwelling, but three times he lost him in a crowd, and on the last time he traced him to the door at the entrance to this place."

"And you have found the man you seek."

"Then you are the artist?"

"I am."

"I am glad I have found you at last," the monk said, at the same time casting a scrutinizing glance about the room, "for I have a work I would like to have you perform."

"In my line, good father?"

"Yes, my son. I wish to have my portrait painted. You may think it strange that one in my situation should call for such a service; but the fathers of Mount St. Elmo have each agreed to procure a portrait for our convent."

"Then you had better seek some one who is better versed in that branch of the art than myself," said the artist, not a little puzzled by the peculiar manner in which the monk was regarding himself and sister.

"Nay, sir artist; I have reasons for wishing the work done by yourself. Now, will you do it?"

"Well, father, since you are earnest about the matter, I will," returned Fillippo; "and if you can remain, I can make the rough sketch and get in some of the ground ere it be dark to-night."

The monk agreed to the proposal, and ere many moments had passed the artist had placed a canvass upon his easel, and was sketching the crayon outlines of the Carthusian, while his young sister set about mixing some prime coloring. For nearly an hour Fillippo was enabled to pursue his work; but at the end of that time he was obliged to quit for the want of light, and arrangements were made that the monk should come the next day at noon.

"And now, my son," said the monk, as he arose to depart, "I would ask your name, for I may assist you in your pursuit."

"My name cannot matter, good father," the artist returned. "I will do your work; but I trust you will ask me no useless questions."

"As you please," answered the monk, and with one more glance about the room, he turned towards the door.

"Wait one moment, father, and I will light you on your way," the young man said, as he procured a waxen taper and lighted it. "My entrance was not intended for visitors."

"So I should suppose, my son; and for that reason I sought you. I would not have my portrait open to the prying gaze of the world."

As the Carthusian said this, he took his way down the narrow stairs, and as soon as he had passed out into the arched passage, Fillippo returned to his room.

"Brother," said Lucille, as soon as the door was closed, "I do not like the looks of that monk."

"And why not, sister?" asked Fillippo, as he sat down the taper, and removed the embryo portrait from his easel.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps I am wrong; but, then, he eyed us so sharply that I could not avoid the feeling that he might be a spy upon us."

"Why, my dear sister, you must be strangely moved," said the artist, with a light smile, "to think any one would have an object in spying upon us. No, no; I am rather inclined to think that the old monk may be somewhat situated like ourselves. He has withdrawn from the world, and sought refuge in the convent on St. Elmo, and now he seeks only to hide himself, not spy upon us."

"But why should he have regarded us so sharply?" asked Lucille, still unable to shake her first impression from her mind.

"The reason is plain," said her brother. "He was surprised to see such an apartment in such a place; and, sister mine, even though he be a sworn monk, you would not blame him for gazing at such beauty as yours."

The pale cheek of Lucille Matteo caught a bright cast of rich crimson as she received her brother's compliment, and acknowledging her liability to error, she set about preparing their evening repast.

On the next afternoon, as promised, the monk made his appearance, and the artist went on with his picture. At this sitting the old father was taciturn and sad; and as Lucille now gazed upon his aged features, she lost all her former suspicions, and began really to sympathize with him in a misfortune which might have driven him from the world. Two more sittings were had; and when the monk departed for the fourth time, he was told that one more sitting would finish the picture.

"Fillippo," said Lucille, as she sat gazing upon the almost finished portrait, "there is something strange in the features that start forth from that canvass."

"So there is, sister," returned the artist, whose mind seemed also to have been turned in the same direction; "and to me the thing was more strange, since I feel that I have been irresistibly led to adopt a conception of my own brain in the portrait; but the child of my imagination is so completely blended in with the monk's features that it would hardly be noticed."

"Yet still it is the monk's exact counterpart," said Lucille, still gazing at the canvass.

"No; it is far too ethereal, too saint-like, for the monk, though I must confess the likeness is good," remarked Fillippo, as he slightly moved his chair, so as to get a better light. "It is a better head of St. Paul, were it not for the cowl."

"I hardly think you are prepared for such a decision, since you cannot possibly have any correct idea of how St. Paul looked," said Lucille, with a smile.

The young man looked first at his sister, after this remark was made, and then at the portrait. Once or twice he seemed on the point of speak-

ing, but at length he silently moved the canvass from his easel; and after arranging matters pertaining to his vocation, he expressed his intention of walking out upon the quays, and requested Lucille to accompany him. The night was clear and beautiful, and the stars were just beginning to set themselves in the celestial vault, as the young artist and his sister stepped forth from the obscure entrance to their dwelling, and entered upon the beautiful strada that flanks the Neapolitan Bay. For nearly two hours they walked up and down the landings, engaged in a pleasing, heart-consoling conversation; but as the air began to grow more damp and chill from the vapory breeze that came sweeping in from the sea, Fillippo gathered his sister's mantle more closely about her, and then turned his steps homeward.

They had reached the entrance to the arched passage-way, that led to their outer door, when their attention was arrested by the sound of some one as in distress. Fillippo hesitated in his way.

"Let us not stop, brother," said Lucille, with an accent of fear. "It is only some of the lazzaroni."

"Never mind who it is, Lucille; it is, at all events, some one in distress. *He are Christians.*"

"Forgive me, dear Fillippo. Let us go and render assistance, if it be in our power."

After a few moments' search, they found, reclining upon the step of an old, unused door, the form of a man habited in the garb of a Capuchin monk, and by the dim rays of an oil lamp that was set within a small, glass-covered shrine of St. Joseph, they were enabled to make out that the monk was not only an aged man, but that he was exceedingly weak and emaciated. He had fallen over the door-stone, and was utterly unable to rise.

"What ho, there, good father!" exclaimed Fillippo, as he laid his hand upon the Capuchin's shoulder; "do you need assistance?"

"Assistance!" iterated the monk, in a weak voice, slowly turning his head in a vain endeavor to recognize his neighbor. "Surely some kind saint has at length heard my prayer. Yes, kind being, I do need assistance, for I am weak and exhausted."

Together the brother and sister assisted the poor man to his feet, and by dint of considerable exertion they at length landed him in their own chamber. Some invigorating cordials were administered to the sufferer, after which they gave him light refreshments, and then prepared him a couch in the studio. After seeing the monk properly cared for, Lucille retired to her own apartment, which was a little room that led out from the main studio; and Fillippo arranged his usual bed upon a large lounge, and ere long the trio were locked in the arms of sleep.

On the next morning the Capuchin arose from his couch, much refreshed, and after he had offered his thanks to God, he sat down with his preservers to their morning's meal. After they had arisen from the table, the young artist made some inquiries with regard to the causes which had led to the monk's destitute condition. The monk explained in a few words that he had started from the convent of the Capuchins at Palermo in a small vessel, and having been landed at Salerno, he had travelled on foot from thence to Naples, and weakness and hunger, and a pre-contracted debility, had overcome him.

Towards noon the monk had still more recovered from his ailments, and he advanced the idea of taking his departure, but the artist urged him to wait and partake of one more meal, and he did so; but during all the while, it was in vain that his young host endeavored to engage him in any interesting conversation. The monk seemed bowed down by some hidden sorrow, some worm of remorse that gnawed upon his conscience, and his answers were mere monosyllables, and even at that, delivered in a sort of abstracted manner.

The Capuchin had already begun to gather his dark gown about him, when Fillippo took the Carthusian's portrait from his closet and placed it upon his easel, for the purpose of rubbing down some of the rough points. The monk's eye chanced to fall upon the picture, and after gazing upon it for a few moments, while his emaciated countenance underwent a variety of changes, he said:

"You have a good painting there, my friend, and one well executed, too. Who is the fortunate man that has secured your services?"

"I know not his name, good father. Indeed, he never gave it to me; but he is a Carthusian monk, from Mount St. Elmo."

"Then, perhaps he has reasons for hiding his name," said the Capuchin, as he drew nearer to the easel.

While yet the artist was hesitating for a reply, the sound of footsteps upon the stairs was heard, and in a moment more the Carthusian entered the apartment.

"Now, good sir artist," said the new comer, as he closed the door behind him, "you must finish my picture as soon as possible, for already—"

He hesitated here, for his eye had caught the form of the Capuchin, and starting back, as though he had seen a spectre, he gazed long and earnestly upon the resuscitated monk. An instinctive feeling that there must be some strange connection between these two monks, held the young artist in silence, and drawing near to the side of his sister, he awaited the result of the apparent recognition which had taken place.

Full five minutes the two old men regarded each other in silence. The Carthusian was trembling beneath some fierce emotion, while the Capuchin returned his look with a calm but interested expression. At length the Carthusian moved slowly to the side of the other monk, and laying his hand upon the latter's arm, he said, in a half breathless tone:

"Tell me, good man, who you are, and from whence you come."

"I am an humble Capuchin monk, and I come from Palermo."

"No, no, I meant not that," exclaimed the Carthusian. "You were not originally from Palermo; you were not always a monk. Tell me, good sir—for God knows I have a reason for asking,—who and what you were before that."

"Wouldst hear my story?" asked the Capuchin.

"Yes, and thank thee for it," quickly answered the Carthusian.

"And wilt thou tell me thine own in return?"

"I will, I will," the Carthusian uttered, and he sank into a chair by the side of the other monk.

"Then listen," said the Capuchin, while his voice trembled, partly from physical weakness, and partly from some other cause. "I was born and reared in Florence."

"In Florence?" repeated the Carthusian.

"Don't interrupt me, but listen."

"Well, well, go on," said the Carthusian, and the Capuchin continued:

"My profession was that of an artist. At the same school with myself was a youth of my own age, and an intimacy was contracted between us. When we grew up, our pictures were in the market, and out of that whole school my friend and myself took the lead. Our productions brought the highest price, and a number of our competitors conceived the idea of driving us from the field, and, under the spirit of their base hearts, they set about their work; but Satan himself must have been with them, for they did their evil under the garb of friendship! Slowly we were led into dissipation, but the large sums we realized from our pictures kept us free from pecuniary troubles; we had both married, but our families did not yet suffer. Years passed on, and myself and friend were still accounted the best painters in Florence, while our secret enemies were sinking lower and lower. At length I laid my wife within the silent tomb, and within one short month afterwards, my friend was called upon to perform the same sad duty. Our enemies worked on, and soon—too soon—they succeeded in their infernal designs. They contrived, by the most subtle and insinuating lies, to set us at enmity against each other; then, one night, they betrayed us into a low casino, and after getting us heated with wine, they set us one against the other, and it is no wonder that our overstrained passions should have led us into deadly conflict. We knew not what we did, only each fancied himself wronged by the other, and with our drawn swords, we pushed hotly at each other's lives. We were both severely wounded at almost the same moment, and I remember that we both fell back into the arms of those who stood around. When I came to myself I was informed that I had killed my friend, and that the authorities were on my track, and my still seeming friends offered to help me to flee. I accepted their offer, gathered together what little wealth I could, and fled to Palermo, and there, with a heart almost broken, I entered the convent of the Capuchins."

"Your name? Tell me, tell me, quickly!" gasped the Carthusian, half starting from his seat, and grasping the narrator by the wrist, while his eyeballs seemed leaping from their sockets.

"Be quiet, good sir," returned the Capuchin. "Let me finish my tale, and then I will answer your questions."

With a deep heaved breath, the Carthusian monk settled back into his chair, and his companion continued:

"Years passed away, and I remained secure within the walls of my convent, until, nearly a month ago, I chanced to observe a miserable strolling player, whose countenance looked familiar to me. For some time I followed him, and at length I knew him to have been one of my old Florentine classmates, and also as one of those who had set me against my friend. I drew him to my convent and made myself known to him, and there he confessed to me the whole diabolical plot through which I had been driven from my home. He confessed that my friend was not killed, but that he had been served the same as I had been, only with worse results. That friend had been led to suppose that I was killed by his hand, but ere he could escape, he was arrested by the authorities for the crime, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death! But our enemies had still some spark of feeling left. They did not desire that either of us should die, so they contrived to effect my friend's escape from prison, and afforded him a sufficient sum to carry him out of the reach of pursuit; but they let him go with the weight of a crime on his heart which he never committed, and with murder stamped upon his memory! I asked this miserable mountebank what had become of those who had been joined with him against us; and he told me that they were either dead or poor vagabonds like himself! And as he was about to depart, he turned back and told me that nearly a year before he had asked for charity at the gates of the convent on St. Elmo, and that there he had seen a monk who resembled my friend. Immediately I set out upon the search. Last night I arrived in Naples, but in my weakness I fell by the wayside, and had it not been for these good people here I should have perished; but now, thank God, my wish is gratified! I have seen my friend, and I can die in peace!"

"Alberto Stelli!" broke from the aged Carthusian's lips.

"Yes, yes, Alfonso Matteo, you see your old friend once more!" murmured the trembling Capuchin, and as he spoke, he opened his arms and received his long lost friend in his embrace.

A moment only had Alfonso Matteo rested upon Stelli's bosom when the gentle word, "father!" fell upon his ear, and as he started up, he beheld both Filippo and Lucille bending low at his feet. He did not raise them up, but he humbly, thankfully, knelt by their side, and winding his arms about them he raised his streaming eyes to heaven. Old Stelli joined in the prayerful group, and throughout the endless vaults of heaven, it were hard to find four happier hearts than beat there in sweet concord.

"Now, now, sweet sister," said the young artist, as he arose to his feet and caught the fair girl in his warm embrace, "we will not leave our native Italy! Our name and fame is untarnished, all—all is bright, bright, bright!"

Then turning to his father he asked:

"And did you know us when first you saw us?"

"Yes, my noble boy," returned the old man, the tears still rolling down his cheeks, "and even before I saw you I thought I had found you, for that head of St. Peter was an exact counterpart of the one you painted ere I fled from Florence; but when I saw you, my doubts were all removed. I would have embraced you, but I knew that you thought your father a murderer, and I shrank from the revelation that could only make us all miserable, for I, too, thought I had killed my friend Stelli; so I got you to work for me that I might be near you. O, God must have directed all our footsteps, for His hand alone could have wrought this blessing! Once more, my children, let me feel your hearts beat against my own!" * * * *

Within three months from the day on which Alfonso Matteo, his friend Stelli and his children were so strangely and happily reunited, the two old men had been released from their monastic vows, and been welcomed back to Florence by all who had known them in other years. Their wealth, such as had been taken by the government, was restored to them; and within a s one's throw of the Palazzo Vecchia, fronting on the grand piazza, they bought them a dwelling, where for long years they lived to bless God for the bright and joyous day that had succeeded their long and gloomy night.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ANCY'S VISION.

BY J. ALFORD.

O for some bowery nook midst nature's scenes,
Of purest blossoms and unsullied greens;
A cottage home that I could call my own.
My joy, my pride, my palace, and my throne;
With just enough, saved up by frugal care,
For future wants, and some dear friend to share;
I ask but this, my earthly bliss to crown,
And keep me free from fortune's bitter frown.

Sleep closed my eyes, and soon, by fancy's aid,
A spot was chosen, and a cot was made;
Streams, groves and gardens decked the smiling bound,
A paradise of sweets on fairy ground.
True friendship came, with fortune at his side,
To realize and gratify my pride.
All nature smiled—I gazed with fond delight,
For all her fragrant beauties were in sight;
The rose, the pink, the hyacinth were there,
Shedding delicious odors through the air.
Lovely, midst thorns, the brier and crocus gay,
With many a woodland charming in display;
And as around I cast my raptur'd eye,
I saw bright nature's goddess hovering nigh;
With fresh supplies of all her choicest flowers,
To trim my cot, and decorate my bowers.
"All these are thine," she cried, "and this sweet spot
Shall henceforth be thy home—thy peaceful cot."
Yet ah, how soon the happy vision fled,
With which my sleeping fancy had been fed;
Delightful paradise, O bliss supreme,
Alas! how transient—all was but a dream!

TIME.

Many are the matches which I have had against time in my time and in his time [i. e. in time's time]. And all such matches, writing or riding, are memorably unfair. Time, the meagre shadow, carries no weight at all, so what parity can there be in any contest with him? What does he know of anxiety, or liver complaint, or income tax, or of the vexations connected with the correcting of proofs for the press? Although, by the way, he does take upon himself, with his villainous scrawl, to correct all the fair proofs of nature. He sows canker into the heart of rosebuds, and writes wrinkles (which are his odious attempts at pothooks) in the loveliest of female faces. No type so fair, but he fancies, in his miserable conceit, that he can improve it; no stereotype so fixed, but he will alter it; and having spoiled one after another, he still persists in believing himself the universal amender and the ally of progress. Ah! that one might, if it were but for one day in a century, be indulged with the sight of Time forced into a personal incarnation, so as to be capable of a personal insult—a cudgelling, for instance, or a ducking in a horse-pond. Or, again, that once in a century, were it but for a single summer's day, his corrected proofs might be liable to supersession by *revisions*, such as I would furnish, down the margin of which should run one perpetual iteration of *stet*, *stet*; everything that the hoary scoundrel had *deleted*, rosebuds or female bloom, beauty or power, grandeur or grace, being solemnly reinstated, and having the privilege of one day's secular resurrection, like the Arabian phoenix, or any other memento of power in things earthly and in sublunary births, to mock and to defy the power of this crowned thief, whose insatiate scythe mows down everything earthly!—*Thomas De Quincy.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Gems of worth are found in thee,
Let "sweet hope" thy motto be;
Ever round thy onward way,
Ambition sheds her glorious ray;
Sweet, sad thoughts dwell in thy bowers,
Oft they cheer my saddened hours;
New, bright gems, each week I see,
Sweet thy coming is to me.

Pictures of the form and face,
In their beautiful lifelike grace;
Care sits on the noble brow.
Telling life is saddened now;
Or the roguish smile of glee
Round the dimpled mouth I see;
If my heart is prone to sadness,
Always, mid thy founts of gladness,
Life shows something bright for me.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

I am sorry that so much has been said about the blues. It is a pity that such a hue-and-ery has been raised against them all, good, bad, and indifferent. John Bull would have settled it best by just letting them alone, leaving the disagreeable ones to die off in single blessedness. But the *ceruleanly blue*,—the true celestial, she who really has heaven in her eye—follow her to the world's end. Love her!—adore her! You must and will. Win her and wear, if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures—Heaven's best gift—man's joy and pride in prosperity—man's support and comforter in affliction.—*Shelley's Letters.*

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Wordsworth.

A PRAYING MACHINE.

Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotary movement to a kind of praying machine, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a Chu Kor, that is, "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they are then set in motion by the water, and going on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

Another machine which the Buddhists make use of to simplify their devotional activity is that of a large barrel turning on an axis. It is made of thick pasteboard, fabricated of innumerable sheets of paper pasted one on another, and upon which are written in Tibetan characters the prayers most in fashion. Those who have not sufficient zeal or sufficient strength to place on their backs an immense load of books, and prostrate themselves at every step in the mud, adopt this easier method, and the devout can then eat, drink, and sleep, at their ease, while the complaining machine does all their praying for them.

One day we happened to be passing one of these machines, we saw two Lamas engaged in a violent quarrel, and almost coming to blows on account of their zeal for their prayers. One of them it appeared had come, and having set the barrel in motion on his own private account was retiring modestly to his cell, when chancing to turn his head to enjoy the spectacle of its pious revolutions, he saw one of his brethren stop the wheel, and set it whirling again for himself. Indignant, of course, at this unwarrantable interference, he ran back, and in his turn put a stop to his rival's piety, and they continued this kind of demonstration for some time, but at last losing patience they proceeded to menaces and then to cuffs, when an old Lama came out, and brought the difficulty to a peaceful termination by himself turning the prayer barrel for the benefit of both parties.—*De Ilac's Travels in Tartary.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STANZAS TO SLEEP.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Sleep! come with thy snowy wings,
Wave them gently o'er mine eyes;
Let the dreams thy presence brings,
Round my silent couch arise;
While the night its watches keep,
Soothe my spirit, gentle sleep!

Come to me, with thy soft breath,
Kiss my weary, aching brow;
Who hath called thee "twin to death?"
Not like death thou seemest now!
For, within thy starry eyes,
Wealth of dreamy beauty lies.

Come to me, when thoughts of grief
Press upon my sinking heart;
Thy sweet hand may bring relief,
Bidding every care depart;
Let the weariness of day
Vanish, 'neath thy smile away.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Europe does not astonish us by those vast spaces which the neighboring continent of Asia possesses. Its highest mountains do not much exceed half the height of the Himalaya and the Andes. Its plateaus, those of Bavaria and Spain, hardly deserve the name by the side of those of Thibet and of Mexico. Its peninsulas are trifling in comparison with India and Arabia. There is nothing in it to compare with those great rivers which water the boundless plains of Asia and America, and which are their pride; or with those virgin forests which cover immense regions, and make them impenetrable to man; or with those deserts, whose startling and terrible aspect appals us by their immensity. We see in Europe neither the exuberant fruitfulness of the tropical regions, nor the vast frozen tracts of Siberia; neither the overwhelming heats of the equator, nor those extremes of cold which annihilate all organic life.—*Guyot's Earth and Man.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY PRAYING

BY H. D. REYNOLDS.

I saw thine eye upturned in prayer,
As bent thy form before high Heaven;
And marvelled that, so young, so fair,
Thou hadst a crime to be forgiven.

But soon my wonder passed away,
Angels themselves in homage bow;
For other's sins, we're told, they pray,
And thus a kindred spirit thou.

We look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

We present herewith a picture of the upper, or central New York post-office. It will be recognized by any one who has ever had occasion to visit it. The downtown, or Wall Street branch, is in the Merchants' Exchange. This building is a busy place—full of clerks, letters, newspapers, pamphlets, etc., requiring the utmost regularity and system to prevent confusion, and ensure the proper and immediate delivery of letters and papers to the public. It is the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. Since the reduction of letter postage, the labor and receipts at this extensive establishment have greatly increased, showing the importance and benefit of the penny rates of postage.

CITY OF OREGON.

This picturesque city, a view of which we give below, is the largest in that great portion of land, known as the Oregon Territory, lying on the extreme northwest of the United States bordering on the Pacific Ocean. The city of Oregon is situated in a fine fertile valley, at the falls of the Willamette River, near its junction with the Columbia, the principal river of Oregon. The rapid march of emigration westward, has given all our Western States and Territories a new importance; and as ere long Oregon, with the rest, is destined to exert a power and influence of immense import on the political and social character of the United States, we subjoin an account of the territory, that those of our readers who desire a minute acquaintance with the geographical locality and characteristics of this outer wall of our republic may understand what a world of resources is yet to be developed there. This territory is divided into three belts or sections, separated by ranges of mountains running very nearly parallel with the shore of the Pacific. The first or western section lies between the Pacific Ocean and the Cascade mountains or President's range. The second or middle section is between the Cascade mountains and the Blue mountains. The third or eastern belt is between the range of the Blue mountains and the great range of the Rocky mountains. These sections have a distinction of soil, climate and productions. The first range of mountains is continuous, from 100 to 150 miles from the coast, and has many high conical peaks of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, that are above the region of perpetual snow, which is here 6500 feet high. The Blue mountains are irregular in their course and



VIEW OF THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.

occasionally interrupted, but generally proceed from the east of north to the south of west. On the south part of the territory is the Klamet range, running on the parallel of 42 degrees north latitude, and dividing the territory from California. The climate of the region between the ocean and the first range, though not unhealthy, is not in general very favorable to agriculture. The climate is mild throughout the year, neither experiencing the severe cold of winter nor heat of summer. The mean temperature is 54 degrees of Fahrenheit. The winter continues from the last of December until February; the rains begin to fall in November and last till March, but they are not heavy, though frequent. Snow sometimes falls, but it seldom lies longer than three days. The frosts are early, occurring in the latter part of August. This, however, is owing to the proximity of the mountains, as the winds from them always cause a

fall in the temperature. The country is in general well timbered with pine, firs, spruce, oaks (red and white), ash, arbutus, arbor vitae, cedar, poplar, maple, willow, cherry and tew; with an undergrowth of hazel, rubus, roses, etc. Near the coast, the trees grow to an astonishing height. A fir tree growing near Astoria, eight miles from the sea, was forty-six feet in circumference ten feet from the ground, and 153 feet in length before giving off a single branch, and not less than 300 feet in its whole height. Another tree of the same species, on the banks of the Umqua, was fifty-seven feet in circumference, and 216 feet in length below its branches; and sound pines, from 200 to 280 feet in height, and from twenty to forty feet in circumference, are not uncommon. Near the foot of the Cascade range, the climate and soil are adapted to all kinds of grain, wheat, rye, oats, barley, peas, etc.; and apples and pears succeed well. The

of lakes. At Colville it is 2049 feet above the level of the sea, having fallen 550 feet in 226 miles. To the south of this it tends to the west, receiving Spokane River from the east. Thence it pursues a westerly course for sixty miles, and bending to the south, receives Okanagan River, which has its source in a line of lakes, extensively susceptible of canoe navigation. It thence passes to the southward until it reaches Wallawalla, in 45 degrees north latitude, and receives Saptin or Lewis River. It now takes its last turn to the westward, previously to passing through the range of the Cascade mountains. Thence there is a still water navigation for forty miles, when it is again obstructed by rapids. Thence to the ocean, 120 miles, it is navigable for vessels requiring twelve feet of water, at the lowest state, though obstructed by many sand bars. In this part, it receives the Willamette, on which the city of Oregon is situated.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF OREGON, OREGON TERRITORY

low grounds of the eastern section are well adapted to grazing, and cattle subsist on the green or dried grass through the year, which favors the rearing of great numbers of horses and horned cattle. The valley of the Willamette River is thought to contain the finest land in Oregon. This river has a course of about 100 miles, nearly north, and enters the Columbia on the south side. The wheat of this valley is of a superior quality, and yields from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. The soil of the second or middle section is generally a light sandy loam; in the valleys a rich alluvion, and barren on the hills. The third or eastern section of Oregon between the Blue and Rocky mountains, is a rocky, broken and barren country. Stupendous mountain spurs traverse it in all directions, affording little level ground; and in its elevated parts, snow lies nearly through the year. It rarely rains, and no dew falls. The difference of temperature, at sunrise and at noon, is often 40 degrees. The Columbia is the great river of this territory. Its northern branch rises in the Rocky mountains, in 50 degrees north latitude, and 116 degrees west longitude, and thence pursues a northern route to McGillivray's Pass in the Rocky mountains. Here the river is 3600 feet above the level of the sea, and receives Canoe River; it then turns south, and, receiving many tributaries—among which are Kootanie or Flat Bow, and the Flat Head or Clark's River, from the east—proceeds to Fort Colville. The Columbia is thus far surrounded by high mountains, and often expands into a line



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Temptation, or the Purse of Gold," a domestic tale, by F. A. DUBIVAGE.
 "The Cast-out Evergreen," a prose sketch, by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
 "Neilsaarge," an Irish Legend," by Mrs. S. P. DOUGATT.
 "A Story," by LIEUTENANT MURRAY.
 "Perfect Happiness," lines, by Mrs. M. W. CURTIS.
 "The Poet," verses, by PERSA S. LEWIS.
 "The Echoes," verses, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
 "Is it true?" a poem, by C. L. PORTEA.
 "To my Taper," verses, by JOSEPH H. BUTLER.
 "A Song," by T. H. INGALLS.
 "The Old Log Bridge," verses, by EVA LISLIE.
 "Blighted Prospects," lines, by ROBERT G. STAPLES.
 "Music," verses, by ANNIE MOTT.
 "The Fairies' Pool," a poem, by SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We shall present our readers with a fine view of the Monument, at Concord, Mass., taken on the spot, by our artist, Mr. Mallory.

A fine series of capital views of the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, taken on the spot by our artist, Mr. Leslie. These scenes embrace, first, a view of the Cave House; second, a view from the outside of the Entrance to the Cave; third, a view of the Entrance from the interior; fourth, Entrance to the Gothic Gate; fifth, the Gothic Chapel; sixth, the Star Chamber; seventh, the Bottomless Pit; and eighth, a view of the River Styx, forming a valuable and accurate series of illustrations of this great wonder of the world.

A very perfect and accurate fac-simile of the Eastern Steamer, Boston, taken by our artist, Mr. Warren.

A very beautiful specimen of the Plate just manufactured by Stebbins & Co., New York, for the use of the Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway. Drawn by our artist, Mr. Wade.

A very perfect likeness of Miss Kimberly, as she appears as a reader of Shakespeare, at her evening soirees, by our artist, Mr. Louse.

An excellent picture of the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum, at Trenton. Drawn by our artist, Mr. Manning.

A representation of the Seal, Insignia and Crown of the Emperor Faustin, who was recently crowned Emperor of Hayti, with great splendor.

Also, a capital view of Foud Calalon, the country house of the renowned colored Emperor.

A most beautiful picture representing Washington's Head Quarters, at Newburg, N. Y. Drawn by our artist, Mr. Wade.

A fine picture representing the process of manufacture of Maple Sugar, as carried on in Vermont, and the New England States generally. Drawn from life, by our artist, Mr. Adams.

GOLD DOLLARS.

The Philadelphia Ledger says, that split gold dollars are rapidly multiplying—The piece, by some fine and ingenious machinery, is split in two, about one half of the coin abstracted, and the plundered sides stuck together again, the face of the piece not the least scathed or injured. A little care will readily detect the fraud. The milling around the edge will be found broken, and very generally a pewter-colored cement may be observed protruding from it. The coin, too, is thin in the middle.

OREGON.—Last year the Territorial Legislature of Oregon removed the seat of government from Oregon City to Salem. There has since been a conflict between different branches of the government, as to which was the legal capital; and each place has been honored with the residence of part of the public officers. Congress has now set the matter at rest by recognizing Salem.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL is as beautiful as ever in its illustrations and typography. It always has readable stories, good poetry, and sober literary selections, so that every taste may be gratified. Its illustrations are from regions north, south, east and west, of scenes in both hemispheres and every zone, so that the attentive reader becomes a learned traveller, and sees many a sight for his \$4 00 a year or ten cents a week, that thousands of money spent in journeying would scarcely show him. Get it—it is a marvel of cheapness.—Windham County Telegraph.

SOCIETY ISLANDS.—A revolution has lately occurred in these islands, which seemed likely to spread to the leeward islands. Queen Pomare had in vain applied to the American and English residents for assistance.

NEW PLANET.—A new and very faint planet has recently been discovered by Mr. Luther, at the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf.

GOLD.—The shipments of gold from San Francisco to Panama, from 1st to 18th ult., inclusive, amounted to \$3,419,847.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

The individual who lives on from year to year in one spot, is not aware of the changes that take place in reality, any more than he perceives the growth of his children, or the progress of wrinkles or gray hairs in his own personal appearance. It is only by looking back to some given period, not, perhaps, far remote, and calling up to mind the exact appearance of things at that time, that he is aware of the astonishing strides of improvement. The growth of the cities and settlements in the West seem to us as marvellous as the creation of Aladdin's palace in a night time, while the scarcely less rapid advancements in our own immediate neighborhood do not surprise us at all, because we see how they are accomplished.

If a new street is to be made, we see how large a material force is put upon the work what strong arms and relentless industry are brought to bear, what ingenious Yankee contrivances in the mechanical line aid the human powers of construction. If a new building is to be erected, we see the clear heads, the strong arms, the numerous teams, and the other lavish means enlisted in the service, and we wonder no longer that the structure rises with the rapidity almost of thought to its destined position.

It is only in looking back, as we before remarked, that we are enabled to appreciate the march of improvement. It seems to be but a few months—in reality it is years—since Boston Common was a cow-pasture, dotted all over with the ungraceful forms of the milky mothers, interspersed with vagrant boys, whose delight was to harass the cows, the whole enclosed with a low wooden rail fence, whereupon idlers were wont to sit the live-long summer's day. Then the Frog Pond deserved its name; it was a miry pool, where the few frogs that escaped the fate of St. Stephen at the hands of ruffianly boys, croaked dismally, in the still evenings, a melancholy serenade. Marsh and barren flats extended down to the back bay. The hand of improvement is here distinctly visible. The iron railing, the granite gateways that would do credit to Hyde Park, the fountain, the trim walls, the young and flourishing aisles of trees, the distant garden, all these are now worthy of the taste and liberality of the city.

In the progress of city improvements, we meet with some heavy losses. With the increase of population, and the necessity of multiplying dwelling houses, we have been obliged to sacrifice those nice old fashioned gardens, with their fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery, which formed such agreeable resting places for the eye, in the midst of the arid wilderness of bricks and mortar. We remember of witnessing with sorrow the destruction of the Washington Gardens, at the corner of West and Tremont streets. There were many fine old trees in this garden, and they lent grace and charm to the neighborhood. But the exigencies of civilization required the use of the axe; the fine old trees fell to the ground, and magnificent buildings rose on the site of the garden.

A new process is now going on: commercial Boston is elbowing fashionable Boston out of town. The increase of business demands that dwelling houses shall give place to stores. Pearl Street, but a very few years since the home of fashion, is now the mart of trade. So with other localities. Necessity has created a remedy for the effects of this pressure of business. The city has expanded in every direction, wherein it was capable of extension, and the increase of the means of transportation has enabled thousands of its business men, its merchants and mechanics, to reside a few miles out of town. And thus the suburbs of the city have been improved and beautified, as well as the city proper, which is now environed by a broad belt of cottages, villas and gardens, extending taste, refinement and culture into the surrounding country.

In a few years, when Boston shall have absorbed all the surrounding towns and villages, as London has absorbed its environs, it will be one of the largest as well as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. New York has been undergoing the same process of moving out of town, and her increase has been of a character worthy of the Empire State. The magnificence of the new portions of the city is unsurpassed; and in a very few years the whole of Manhattan Island will be covered with buildings. Who says this is not a great country?

DECEASED.—The widow of the late Ex-President John Q. Adams died in Washington, 15th inst., at a ripe old age.

THEATRES AND THEATRICALS.

We saw an excellent article in the Boston Transcript, a few days since, relative to theatricals. The tenor of the article was such as to show the folly of some over-scrupulous persons who utterly and most earnestly decry all theatrical matters, but who, at the same time, patronize negro minstrelsy, and a hundred other forms of amusement, that are certainly equally objectionable, to say the least of it. For our own part, we can see no harm in a well conducted theatrical establishment, and had much rather a sister or child of ours would listen to Shakespeare's plays, than to Jim Crow songs, or witness the delineations of a Dogberry or a Falstaff, than the banjo and bones performance of a negro band. If the wise and good would lend their counsel and patronage to the drama, they would at once elevate it to the standard where it belongs, and make it what it is essentially designed to be—the elevator of virtue, and the condemner of vice, the quick and pleasing teacher of the million. These thoughts were suggested by the proposition to build a new and spacious theatre in Boston, which we understand is soon to be done. With a good stock company, a large and elegant theatre, well conducted, would pay the proprietors, beyond a doubt. The readiness with which capitalists have subscribed to this purpose shows this also to be the general opinion of our citizens;—the list of names showing some of the most substantial moneyed men among us as interested in the subject.

OUR PRESS-ROOM.

On the last page of the present number we offer to our readers a very elaborate and perfect representation of our extensive press-room, where the Flag of our Union and the Pictorial are printed, with our other publications. In order to issue the papers promptly—so large is the edition of each—we are obliged to work night and day, and with the most unremitting industry. A person who takes up the Pictorial and enjoys it at his ease and leisure, is little aware of the immense machinery and power that has been employed to produce the paper in the form in which he receives it;—how many different hands have been employed upon the mechanical department; how many brains have contributed to the intellectual feast spread before him; how much money has been expended to draw all this talent and mechanical power to one end and purpose. But we are content; we expend liberally; are largely patronized; our subscribers are satisfied and pleased, and so we shall go on improving and to improve.

A HINT.—Persons addressing this office should be careful to write the name of the town they reside in *very plain*, and also to spell out their own name *distinctly*. Persons in the habit of writing their names often, acquire a careless way of doing so, forgetting that a name to a stranger is the hardest possible thing to make out when poorly written.

HOTCHKISS & Co.—This enterprising firm have every new publication of the day upon their counters, at the earliest moment of issuing from the press. They have for sale *Chambers' Pocket Miscellany*, a capital little book, from the press of Gould & Lincoln.

THANKS.—We should be worse than heathens not to appreciate the numerous and constant kind notices of the press in behalf of our Pictorial. We'll try to deserve all the good things they say of us.

OURSELVES.—After four more numbers we shall commence a new volume of the Pictorial, at which time we shall don an entirely new and beautiful suit of type, and otherwise improve the mechanical department of the paper.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—The liberal and well directed enterprise which Mr. Gleason has put into his pictorial weekly, has been handsomely appreciated by the public. Travel where you may now through the United States, you see this handsome and interesting journal.—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*.

BINDING.—Remember to preserve your papers carefully for binding at the close of the volume. There is no more beautiful book than a bound volume of the Pictorial.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—By reference to the usual announcement it will be seen that our next number will be a superb affair.

TRUE.—Mirth does not prove a quiet mind.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. James W. Dana to Miss Harriet A. Jones.
 By Rev. H. J. Ripley, D. D., Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, of Lowell, to Miss Sarah Maria Wilbur.
 By William Palfrey, Esq., Mr. Ebenezer Edmunds to Miss Mary Thompson.
 By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. James Nason to Miss Elizabeth Manley.
 By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John H. Sheridan to Miss Julia A. Davis, both of Nashua, N. H.
 By Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. Henry Smitberman to Miss Catharine E. Clark.
 At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. George W. Alden, of Boston, to Miss Mary A. Pratt.
 At Medford, Hon. William P. Preble to Miss Sarah Ann Forsyth, of Portland, Me.
 At Salem, Mr. Asa B. Pingree, of Rowley, to Miss Melita Wheeler.
 At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, of Salem, Capt. Charles P. Low, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss Sarah M. Tucker.
 At Newburyport, Mr. William H. Brockway, of Boston, to Miss Helen Simonds.
 At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Talbot, Mr. Frederick Gardner to Miss Elizabeth Ann Barnard.
 At Providence, R. I., Mr. Geo. C. Robinson, of N. York, to Miss Mary L. Arnold, of S. Kingston, R. I.
 At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. James Mears to Miss Sarah Rice.
 At Concord, N. H., Mr. E. A. Jenks, of the Manchester American, to Miss Harriet S. Stickney, of Waterville, Me.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Lenox, of Waltham, 20; Eliza A., daughter of Mr. David M. Lufkin, of Cambridgeport, 6; Mrs. Maria H. Wood, 32; Clara W., daughter of Mr. J. H. Farwell, 3; Mrs. Mary P. Williams, 37; Mr. Thomas Daniels, 36; Mr. Walter C. Maoning, 40.
 At Charlestown, Mr. True F. Worthen, 31.
 At Cambridgeport, Miss Clara W. Abbott, 28.
 At Brookline, Mrs. Hannah Chamberlain, of Boston, 73.
 At Newton Corner, Mrs. Abigail B. Moulton, 85.
 At Lexington, Mrs. Sophronia Emerson, 37.
 At Lawrence, Mrs. Johanna Beecher, 50.
 At Lynn, Mr. John A. Rue, 37.
 At Salem, Mrs. H. Trask, 85; Mrs. Mary A. Fuller, 26.
 At Danvers, Mrs. Sarah Smith, 68.
 At Beverly, Capt. John Fielding, 82.
 At Gloucester, Mrs. Hannah Lane, 80.
 At Newbury, Mrs. Sarah H. Plummer, 81.
 At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Titcomb, 86.
 At South Braintree, Miss Mary Potter, of Ipswich, 48.
 At Berlin, Vt., Dea. Peter Hubbard, 77.
 At Conway, N. H., Mr. H. G. Eaton, of Newton, Ms., 32.
 At Biddeford, Me., Samuel Pierce, Esq., 93.
 At Hartford, Ct., Rev. D. B. Turner, 27.
 At New York, Dr. Geo. H. Kingsbury, 39; Capt. Lucius H. Fairchild, 33; Mr. Henry Griswold Weicott, 32.
 At Pleasant Mills, N. Y., Mr. Joseph Johnson, 93.
 At Astoria, N. Y., Mrs. Hannah Thornton, 73.
 At Newark, N. J., Mrs. Hannah, wife of J. A. Kapouze.
 At Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah Ellery Sargent, 23.
 At Guayama, Porto Rico, W. H. Tracy, U. S. Consul, 56.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

**TO MY SISTER ELLIE,
ON HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.**

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

Fairy sister! bright-eyed Ellie!
Thou art beautiful! so fair!
With thine eyes of starry azure,
And curls of golden hair;
With thy smile of angel sweetness,
And lips of coral bright;
Thou art lovely, dearest sister,
Fair as a form of light.

Fairy sister! bright-eyed Ellie!
Thy beauty bright must fade;
And time's ne'er fading furrows
On thy fair brow be laid.
Mid life's thick clustering roses,
There oft is hid a thorn;
Thy heart will yet be anguished,
And by their sharpness torn.

Fairy sister! bright-eyed Ellie!
Yet laugh on in thy glee;
I would that life were ever
As bright as now to thee.
Yet laugh on, joyous Ellie,
Be merry while you may;
For soon enough will sorrow
Chase all thy mirth away.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

WASHING DAY.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"I wish you would try and get time to fix my pants this morning," said Mr. Jeremiah Jones to his better half, as he stood before the glass, leisurely drawing a razor across his well-lathered face.

"What?" asked the lady, somewhat impatiently.

"I merely observed, my dear, that you would oblige me by mending my inexpressibles "to-day," resumed Mr. Jones, stroking his smooth chin, with a complacent air. "Three buttons have been missing for as many days, and I really believe there's a hole in one of the pockets, for I haven't been able to keep any change in it for a long time," he added, glancing significantly towards his wife.

"Mr. Jones, are you aware what day of the week it is?" asked the latter, with an ominous expression of countenance.

"I have an indistinct remembrance of attending church yesterday, and according to the law of rotation, it must be Monday. Am I right, my love?"

"Quite right, Mr. Jones, and I hope you will conduct yourself accordingly. Don't trouble me with buttons, strings, and pockets out of order, for it's washing day, and I've something else to attend to."

"But can't Abby wash?"

"Certainly she can."

"Well, then, I don't see why you can't do anything you please."

"It isn't to be expected that you can; men are not remarkable for their clear-sightedness in domestic matters, and I'm afraid never will be; but that don't prevent me from knowing that she will not do it thoroughly, unless I am near by."

"That's curious," observed Mr. Jones, musingly. "Why not dismiss her and get one who will?"

"The remedy is worse than the disease. It would only keep one unsettled all the time, for they are quite alike in that respect," replied the lady. "In fact it wouldn't be much more work to do the washing myself, than to be obliged to overlook her every minute."

"Why not try it, then; it's quite a bill of expense now, you know, and I never looked at it in that light before."

"What obtuseness!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "At any rate, I have the worst of it, and can do as I like, I suppose."

"Of course, my love, of course; but it seems to me that if you would—"

"I can't—it isn't possible," interrupted the lady, imperatively. "Come, let us go down to breakfast."

And to breakfast they went, Mr. Jones sitting dubiously down to the smoked and thick coffee, and eggs boiled to the hardness of brickbats. But not a murmur escaped him; for he had been so repeatedly assured by his wife that things could not be properly attended to on washing mornings, that he had become recon-

ciled to what once had almost been unendurable. Washing, he had been told, was the first and most important consideration, and if Abby chanced, in the hurry and bustle, to forget the eggs, and failed to "settle the coffee," was she to be blamed?

Time renders many unpleasant things bearable, and Mr. Jones hoped he had become as patient and self-sacrificing as any one could wish; but he still cherished a sincere and heartfelt feeling of thankfulness that Monday occurred but once in the week. His wife, though usually a good-tempered woman, was sure to be "out of sorts" on that day, the children unusually noisy and rude, and his home anything but attractive. Mrs. Jones also was afflicted with another peculiar notion, and this was the imperative necessity of "cleansing linen" on one particular day, and no other. Rain or shine, cold or hot, sick or well, this duty must be attended to before another. To use her own words, "when washing was omitted on Monday, one day in the week was entirely lost, and everything behindhand."

The force of this argument Mr. Jones could never be brought to admit. Upon the very day on which the above conversation occurred, he consulted the thermometer, and found the mercury two degrees below zero. He mentioned the fact, and mildly suggested that it might be for the benefit of the family to change the programme of operations for the day. The hint was not very graciously received, and with a crest fallen countenance, he left the house, lamenting that washing day and its accompanying discomforts could not forever be abolished.

When the hour for dinner arrived, with a heavy heart and many forebodings, he left his place of business and started for home. Unfortunately something attracted his attention, as he commenced ascending the steps in front of his dwelling, and prevented him from observing that they had been recently washed, and were now covered with a smooth sheet of ice; but a heavy fall and a sprained ankle made him immediately aware of the fact.

But this was not the extent of his misfortunes. As he arose with a groan, and an incoherent sentence (which must have implied considerable, judging from the tone in which it was uttered), and began to make his way down the dark passage, he had the ill luck to overturn Abby, who was cautiously ascending with a full pail of soap and water in her hands. Of course the latter was precipitated, screaming with terror, to the bottom, while the water which she carried was very unceremoniously dashed over the person of the unfortunate Mr. Jones, as well as entirely drenching herself.

After ascertaining that the girl was more frightened than hurt, and that no serious damage had been done, he began to look about him for dinner. No signs of any were apparent; but upon raising a window for the smoke and steam to clear away a little, he discovered his wife, with flushed cheeks, in front of the cooking stove.

"How do you prosper, Mrs. Jones?" he asked, at the same time wringing the water from his saturated pants, with a desperate air.

"How do I prosper, indeed! If you knew how I've been tormented all this morning, you wouldn't ask the question," retorted the lady.

"Then you haven't enjoyed yourself very well?" pursued her husband, industriously working away on the wet articles.

"I left the room a few moments to help Abby, and when I returned, that abominable coal fire had every spark gone out. I've kindled it twice, and shan't touch it again. There's no dinner, and you'd better go out and get something at an eating saloon." And Mrs. Jones, who really looked very much fatigued, sank into a chair, and declared she would give up trying.

"Isn't the washing almost done?" asked Mr. Jones, glancing round the disordered kitchen.

"Abby would have finished long ago, if Charley—a chubby, mischievous boy of four years—had not poured a basin of bluing water over a large basket of clothes which were all ready to hang out, and consequently she had them to rinse over again. Not content with this feat, he watched his opportunity, and scattered a handful of ashes into the starch that I had spent half an hour or more in making. It was spoiled, of course, and more had to be made. I declare, it requires the patience of Job to live through a washing day! Everything goes wrong, and it really seems as though everybody takes comfort in vexing me. Somebody is sure to call when I am not prepared to see them, and as likely as

any way a country cousin pops in to eat a little luncheon."

Mr. Jones sighed, but made no reply.

"I don't see as it need to affect you any," pursued his wife. "You are away, and I have all the trouble and vexation to bear alone. It is useless to expect sympathy from a man, for he cannot realize the importance of the subject, and I verily believe, imagines housework nothing but child's play. I don't think it would require more than a month's work at the business to dispel the illusion."

"Possibly not," returned the husband, smiling faintly at the prophetic remark; "but you are entirely wrong in saying that this state of things does not affect me, for it assuredly does, and in any but an agreeable manner. It is not so very pleasant to enter a cold dining-room, in the winter season, and find the children half-dressed and crying with cold, while the mother, *en dishabille*, is scolding, and endeavoring to quiet them. When this is partially accomplished, with lengthened faces we sit down to a badly laid table, with a cold, unpalatable breakfast spread upon it. This naturally creates dissatisfaction, and we all leave the room, mutually out of temper. Dinner, if we succeed in getting any, proves, generally but a second edition of breakfast, with much the same dessert, occasionally interspersed with a fall, a thorough wetting, and the various misfortunes you have recounted. I do not say this is wholly your fault, but it is in part. You have never accustomed your domestics to practise self reliance, or to depend upon their own judgment, in the least. This, however much help you may have, makes you a little short of a household drudge. There are two extremes, neither of which is desirable; but there is a certain medium point, which, if adhered to, would make even Mondays less dreaded. Abby is an honest, capable girl, and I do not think it best to dismiss her for this fault, alone; but you would do well to tell her your wishes, and see that she carries them out, without the necessity of your standing by her elbow all the while. But upon one point I am resolved," continued Mr. Jeremiah Jones, in a determined manner, "and that is, from this day to patronize a laundry, until we can have washing done in the house in a quiet, systematic way, and in a manner which does not require us all to become uncompanionable and ill-tempered for the day. The *home* I shall thereby gain, and the additional comforts, will more than repay me for the extra expense I may incur."

Mrs. Jones saw by her husband's manner that he was in earnest, and did not attempt to oppose him in this resolution, but slyly remarked that he would "soon get tired of it."

But it was not so. The bills for washing were promptly paid upon presentation, and Mr. Jones seemed highly satisfied with his experiment. He no longer spent Sunday in dreading the following day, and at length ventured to take a friend home to dine with him on Monday, without encountering a frowning face, and other evidences of disapprobation at his temerity. Dinner was well served at the usual hour, and his wife, with a smiling countenance, and dressed neatly, presided with her accustomed grace, occasionally taking part in the animated conversation; while Mr. Jones was heard more than once to assert, that nothing could induce him to experience again the misfortunes and vexations of a washing day.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SPRING IS HERE.

BY C. JILLSON.

Gentle breezes now are sweeping
O'er the meadow and the lea,
While the sparkling mountain streamlet
Swiftly glides towards the sea;
Birds are singing in the forest
Songs of freedom and of cheer,
Telling us that winter's ended,
And that gentle spring is here.

Flowers are springing in the wildwood,
And within the silent glen;
Far away from strife and tumult,
Far from all the haunts of men.
Earth is filled with varied beauty,
And each moment grows more dear,
While we gaze on nature's grandeur,
Knowing gentle spring is here.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true, as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be said.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MAY.

BY ED. NEWCOMB.

Welcome, welcome, gay month of spring!
The warbling birds,
The grazing herds,
Do to our hearts sweet pleasure bring;
Pleasure we deem,
Governs supreme,
While gay birds round us sweetly sing.

Welcome again, bright month of May!
Again we rove
Through wood and grove,
And happy children skip and play;
Some with a book
Beside the brook,
Do pass their childhood's time away.

Welcome once more, thou month of love!
With notes of praise,
Our voices raise
To God, who watches from above;
That when pale death
Shall take our breath,
Through sunny fields we then may rove.

THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Let no poet be born in a metropolis, but, if possible, in a hamlet, or, at the highest, in a village. The excesses and fascinations of a great city are to the excitable weak soul of a child like supping at a midnight table a draught of burnt waters, or bathing in fiery wine. Life exhausts itself in boyhood, and, after enjoying the greatest, he has nothing more to wish but smaller joys and village pleasures. But one does not gain so much when he comes from a city to a village, as, on the contrary, from Joditz to Hoff, that is, from a village to a city. I am thinking of that which is most important to the poet—love. He must, in the city, draw about the warm zone of the friends and acquaintances of his parents, the greater and colder number from the icy circle of unloved persons, who meet and pass him with the same indifference that a ship's company on the great ocean meet and pass another ship, freighted with those they do not love. But in a village, they love all the inhabitants, and not a nursling is there buried, but every one knows its name and illness, and the tears it has cost. * * * When a poet wanders from such a village, he brings to every one he meets a piece of his heart, and he must journey far before the whole heart is expended upon the streets and lanes.—*Richter*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LET THY WORDS BE KIND AND SOOTHING.

BY G. BRIGGS LEONARD.

Let thy words be kind and soothing,
Falling sweetly on the ear;
All of life's rough highway smoothing,
Tones of love will ever cheer.

Why are words unkindly spoken?
What should cause that tear to start?
Why are vows, so sacred, broken?
Vows that won a trusting heart.

O, the wails of pain and anguish,
On this beauteous planet heard;
Or the hearts of love that languish
For some gentle, love-toned word.

Be it mine to ease life's burden,
Be it mine to cheer and love;
And though gold be not my guerdon,
Riches shall be mine above.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE GREAT.

Few footprints of the great remain in the sand before the ever-flowing tide. Long ago it washed out Homer's. Curiosity follows him in vain; Greece and Asia perplex us with a rival Stratford upon Avon. The rank of Aristophanes is only conjectured from his gift to two poor players in Athens. The age made no sign when Shakspeare, its noblest son, passed away. His birth, marriage, authorship, and his retirement compose his biography. Of every country and season the complaint is felt and uttered. Precious would be the journal by a Florentine de Foe of the in-door occupations of Dante. Think of beholding, as in a glass, Macchiavelli living along the lines of his political web; Galileo watching the moon plough her way across the clouds; or Tasso, with Polybius in his hand, marshalling the knights of Godfrey.—*Willmott's Pleasures of Literature*.

I AM NOT OLD.

I am not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old—though youth hath passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—time may have set
His signet on my brow;
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet flowers, that once were mine.

Park Benjamin.

A NATURAL WONDER.

Col. Alvah Mann, well known as formerly of the firm of Welch & Mann, circus proprietors, has on exhibition one of the rarest specimens of nature's freaks that has ever been seen, or of which we have any record in history. It is that of a *living snake* in the eye of a *living horse*. The snake is about four inches in length, and is constantly in motion, as if making an effort to free itself from its optical imprisonment. Gentlemen who have witnessed it in New York pronounce it the crowning wonder of fantastic nature. The horse has been purchased by an English gentleman, to go to the Zoological Gardens, London. The snake made its appearance in the eye about four months since.

RECOVERY OF SPEECH.

A few days since, a singular and pleasing incident occurred at the Philadelphia Mint. A number of young females are employed there, one of whom had been deaf and dumb for ten years, an affliction resulting from scarlet fever. While engaged at her occupation, judge of the surprise of her companions, to hear her exclaim, "O, I believe I can speak!" So great was the astonishment that one of the females swooned, and the most of them were strangely affected. Since then, the female has entirely recovered her speech.

SCARLET FEVER.

The Baltimore Sun says: "We published, a year or two ago, a simple remedy for scarlet fever—being no other than rubbing the patient thoroughly with fat bacon. We have since, at various times, received assurance from different parties—whom the notice led to make the trial of it—of the entire success of the experiment. Others are just now sending us testimonials of the astonishing and speedy cures recently wrought by it. We mention the matter that others may 'go and do likewise.'"

GREAT PLUNDER.

But little short of a quarter of a million of dollars, it is officially stated, is the amount of which the Suffolk Bank, of Boston, has been defrauded by two dishonest clerks. The precise sum stolen, as shown by a careful investigation of the books of the bank, is ascertained to be \$214,515 25—and this enormous sum has been all abstracted within a year, and all, or nearly all of it, sunk in stock operations by the guilty parties.

AMBITION.—The road on which ambition travels has this advantage: the higher it ascends the more difficult it becomes, till at last it terminates on some elevation too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety, too sharp for repose, and where the occupant, above the sympathy of man, and below the friendship of angels, resembles, in the solitude, if not the depth of his sufferings, a Prometheus chained to the Caucasian rock.

VANITY.—The way in which vanity displays itself in little things, is often amusing. Everybody has heard of the warm farmer, who complained of the heat of wearing silver buttons, when he found those he sported unnoticed. In like manner, Dr. Johnson related an anecdote of a man who was so fond of displaying on his sideboard all the plate he possessed, that he actually added his spurs to the shining heap.

CHINESE DUNS.—Queer people, the Chinese. Creditors, in the celestial empire, have, it is said, a singular method of prosecuting debtors. When weary of dunning, in the ordinary method, they carry away the door of the delinquent's house. This lets in evil genii, and is considered a great misfortune. To prevent it, debtors often burn their houses, doors and all.

SINGULAR PARISIAN FESTIVAL.—The annual Gingerbread Fair commenced at the Barrier du Trone, Paris, on Easter Sunday. It has been visited by over 150,000 persons; there are some four hundred booths laden with gingerbread, the piles of which would reach round the city if laid in single file.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE NECK.—Several large and elegant houses are shortly to be erected on the Neck, round Union Square.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—Wanted, by a housewife, a recipe for cooking raw silk.

Wayside Gatherings.

They are eating green corn at New Orleans. The Minnie rifle is said to be effective at a distance of 600 yards.

Passengers can now be conveyed across the Isthmus of Panama in fifteen hours.

The organ was invented about 951, the first being erected in Winchester cathedral.

Thomas Boyd, of Chester county, Pa., reputed to be worth \$16,000, committed suicide lately.

Immigrants to the number of 14,627 arrived in New York from the 2d to the 9th inst.

Madame Laborde is soon to sing in opera at Moscow.

The Uxbridge Cotton Mills Company have raised the price of weaving 12 per cent.

A few cases of cholera have occurred at one or two points in Illinois.

The New Orleans Picayune states that a crevasse has occurred on the Mississippi, below Providence, which is one hundred yards wide.

The journeymen bricklayers of Memphis, Tenn., are on a strike—refusing to work while negroes are employed with them.

At San Antonio, Texas, about the 1st of April, the editor of the Texan picked a few ripe blackberries.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

A collar for horses has been invented, made of India rubber. Politicians, whose collars are irksome, might take a hint from this.

The sale of liquor was discontinued at all the stations on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, on the 1st inst.

At New York, Joseph Sleeth, a blacksmith, beat his wife Matilda so badly, recently, that she died the next day. Rum was the instigator.

A new kind of tobacco is cultivated in some places in Maryland. It is named Persian tobacco, is of a beautiful color, and commands a high price.

There are three hundred and fifty-one light-houses on the coast of the United States. In 1789, there were but eight, and in 1820, only fifty-five.

David Hume used to say, a little miss going to dance at a ball in a fine new dress, was as happy as a great orator after having made an eloquent and applauded speech.

It is stated that \$20,000 have been subscribed towards rebuilding the National Theatre. The owner gives nothing but the privilege to build on the land at a remunerative ground rent.

The Legislature of Louisiana has amended the colored laws by abolishing the penalty of imprisonment and permitting free persons of color to come on shore with passports from the mayor.

The citizens of the new territory of Minnesota have voted to sustain the Maine law by a majority of only 191 votes, and only 1515 votes were cast upon the question.

Miss Dobbs says, the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window sills of which were composed of Eolian harps.

It is suggested that the reason why Indian servants are called Coolies, is probably because their principal duty is to fan their masters in the heat of the day.

The Boston Committee on the celebration of the 4th July have contracted with Messrs. Sanderson & Lanegan, of East Cambridge, to furnish the fireworks upon that occasion.

The contract for building the new hospital at Taunton has been given to a company of Lowell mechanics. The exterior of the building is to be completed before winter.

There are in the arsenals and armories of the United States about 500,000 muskets, 31,000 rifles, and 24,000 pistols, the value of which is estimated at \$4,000,000.

The United States has in store at the arsenal, near St. Louis, 343,442 pounds of gunpowder—a larger quantity than is to be found at any other point in the United States.

Young Haynes, who robbed the post-office in Virginia, of which his father was postmaster, of a large amount of money, was tried and convicted at Stanton, on the 8th inst.

The National Intelligencer announces that the corporations of Georgetown, Alexandria and Washington have, with the banks, raised \$80,000 for the repair of the Chesapeake canal, and that the work is progressing.

Fergus O'Connor, the British Chartist leader, has exhibited such pranks, since his arrival in this country, as to confirm the suspicion, for some time entertained, that he is not wholly sane.

A Washington paper says: "An industrious friend lately returned from a two years' residence in California, has made twenty thousand dollars—in experience, and brought home with him sixty-two cents!"

Mr. Samuel Hammond, a teamster in the employ of J. Dunnell & Son, residing in Pawtucket, R. I., hung himself in a barn in Seekonk, lately, and was not discovered until life was quite extinct.

John Ziska was a distinguished leader of the persecuted sect of the Hussites. It is recorded of him that in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious reverence.

Foreign Miscellany.

The wife of Thackeray, the liveliest of modern writers, is an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Cork hats are extensively advertised in London papers—weight, four ounces.

The French government has granted 50,000 francs for a monument to Marshal Ney.

The following notice was affixed to a newly erected shop in Leeds, England: "This Ouse 2 Lett. Inquir Necks Doar."

"Tiberius Graechus" is the title of a new opera, lately brought out at the Ducal theatre of Theimer. The composer is M. Unger.

A man was lately detected in an attempt to set fire to the Bois (woods) de Boulogne, at Paris. He should have been tossed into the contiguous river, and declared in *Seine*.

The queen of Spain has received an autograph letter from the President of the United States, congratulating her majesty on her late escape from assassination.

No street in Constantinople has a name, nor is there a lamp in it, yet there are five hundred thousand inhabitants! There is not a post-office nor a mail route in all Turkey, nor a church bell!

A pecuniary qualification is required in the officers of the English militia. A colonel must be heir to £1300, or have £600 per annum; a captain, £200 a year, or heir to £400; a lieutenant, £100 a year, or heir to £200.

At the plundering of the Palais Royal and the chateau of Neuilly, in February, 1848, so much porcelain was destroyed that the Sevres Porcelain Manufactory paid 10,844 francs for the gold remaining on the fragments.

Bombay advices had reached Liverpool. Negotiations with the Burmese having failed, and their insults being continued, a force of 6000 men in equal proportions from Calcutta and Madras was sent out for Burmah about the 12th of March.

Of ballet dancing, a London paper remarks: "For the present, the taste for this entertainment seems to be dormant, if not dead, in England, and, indeed, all over Europe. The grace of the art disappeared with Taglioni—the intelligence and wit with Fanny Elssler."

The London Times says that the lighting and ventilating of the new House of Commons is yet an unsolved problem. Members cannot stay in it more than three hours, strangers sneeze all the time they intended to devote to amusement, while all the reporters, notwithstanding every precaution, have caught severe colds, and been nearly killed.

Sands of Gold.

- Envy is a mean man's homage.
- The chamber of sickness is the chapel of devotion.
- Charity is the affection of good, and faith the affection of truth.
- He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages.
- In our ordinary actions there is not one of a thousand that concerns ourselves—*Montaigne*.
- True happiness consists in the preservation of a firm and equal mind.
- Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.
- Every art is best taught by example; good deeds are productive of good friends.
- Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.
- Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, and on no occasion relate it.
- Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.
- If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his own at the same time.—*Swift*.
- There are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise.
- It is a most mortifying reflection for any man, to consider what he has done compared with what he might have done.
- Self love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.
- Many have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it, the great have become little, and the little, great.—*Zimmerman*.
- The forms and ceremonies of politeness may be dispensed with in a measure, in the relaxations and intimacies of one's own fireside, but kind attentions never.
- Extravagant people are always penurious. Show us a woman who pays a hundred dollars for a shawl, and we will show you a woman who will run all over town to get her husband's shirts made "sixpence cheaper."
- The frank avowals, the stately candors, the noble self-forgetting which we meet with in hooks, are very seldom met with anywhere else. When they are, let us guard them jealously, for they are the jewels of life.

Joker's Olig.

"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," as the feller sed ven he was trying to steal the goat.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised, or to hear another gal run down.

Noah knew but little about rain. If he had been here for eight or nine months past, then he could talk on the subject.

"Those dear eyes of thine," as the old gentleman said when he bought his wife a pair of fifty cent spectacles.

Prof. Hannibal, in his last lecture in the N. Y. Picayune, alluded to a piece of poetry as "de nee flux ulster of songs."

The four great evils of life are said to be—standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots and tobacco.

A person being asked the other day, whether he was in favor of the Maine liquor law, replied, "Partly; I go for the liquor, bating the law."

Why is an omnibus driver swearing at his horses like a good Christian? Because he is *above* making unpleasant remarks.

Political weathercocks are eligible to membership in the New England Poultry Association, there being nothing in its constitution to *hender* them.

A newly-married couple riding in a carriage were overturned, whereupon a stander-by said it was a shocking sight. "Yes," said a gentleman, "to see those just wedded, 'fall out' so soon."

"Jim, don't it rain hard?" remarked "one of the boys" to another during the late pluvial weather. "No," was the reply, "I think it rains as easy as falling off a log."

Water is nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt. Among hungry people this is called water cure.

A young and rather fast gentleman once married a lady old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her a debt of fifty dollars for board. He found it an awful dear bargain in the end.

The man who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

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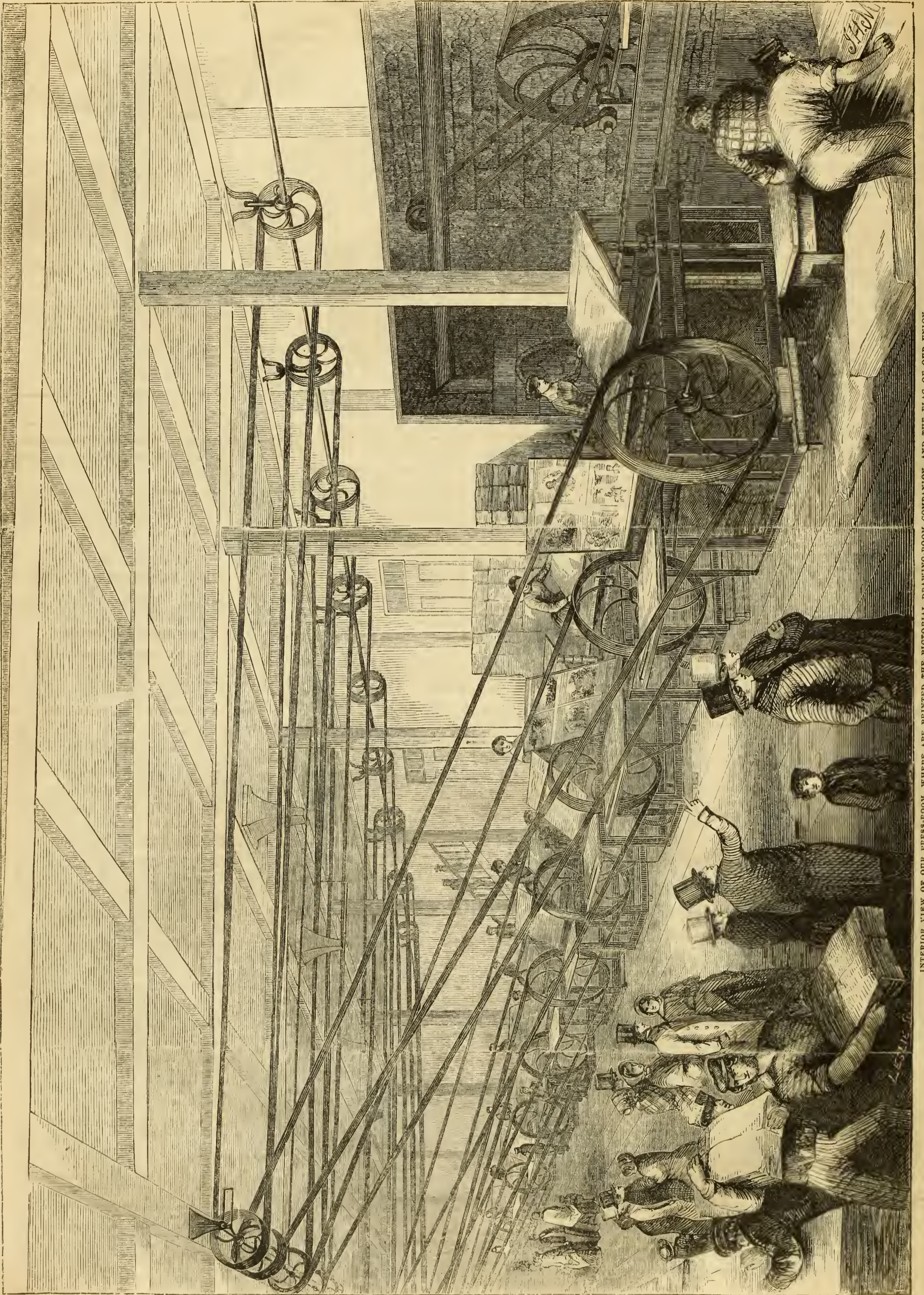
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F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

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10 CTS. SINGLE COPY.

MONUMENT AT CONCORD.

The scenes and events of our revolutionary struggle have too long been matters of history to be unfamiliar to our readers. Still, it may be necessary, in introducing the monument represented below, to make a brief allusion to the causes of its erection. The battle of Lexington was the opening scene, where the first blood was shed, of that signal drama that resulted in the independence of the colonies, and their recognition as the sovereign and free United States of America. In the spring of 1775, a large quantity of ammunition and stores had been deposited at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston, by order of the Provincial Congress, which General Gage determined to seize or destroy. Accordingly, on the 19th of April, with that view, he sent a detachment of 800 men, under the command of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn.

When the British troops arrived at Lexington, within five miles of Concord, the militia of the place were drawn up. The advanced body of the regulars approached within musket shot, when Major Pitcairn, riding forward, exclaimed: "Disperse, you rebels!—throw down your arms and disperse!" Not being obeyed, he discharged his pistol, and ordered his men to fire. They fired and killed eight men. The militia dispersed, but the firing continued. The detachment then proceeded to Concord, and destroyed or took possession of a part of the stores. They then began their retreat. The colonists pressed upon them on all sides. They went to Lexington, where they met Lord Percy, with a reinforcement of 900 men. They, however, continued their retreat; but from every place of concealment—a stone fence, a cluster of bushes, or a barn, the concealed provincials poured upon

them a destructive fire. At sunset, the regulars, almost overcome with fatigue, passed Charlestown Neck, and found on Bunker's Hill a resting place for the night; and the next morning, under the protection of a man-of-war, they entered Boston. Blood had now flowed, and no language can portray the feelings which the event excited. Couriers were dispatched in every direction, who gave, as they rode at full speed, their news, to be taken up and carried in like manner to other places; and thus, in an increasing circle, it spread like electric fluid throughout the land. The messenger, if he arrived on Sunday, at once entered the church, and proclaimed to the breathless assembly—war has begun! Everywhere the cry was repeated, "war has begun!" and the universal response was, "to arms, then,—liberty or death!" The monument was erected to commemorate this

event, and the following inscription is engraven upon it:

HERE,
ON THE 19 OF APRIL, 1775,
WAS MADE
THE FIRST FORCIBLE RESISTANCE
TO BRITISH AGGRESSION.
ON THE OPPOSITE BANK
STOOD THE AMERICAN MILITIA;
HERE, STOOD THE INVADING ARMY,
AND ON THIS SPOT,
THE FIRST OF THE ENEMY FELL
IN THE WAR OF THAT REVOLUTION,
WHICH GAVE
INDEPENDENCE
TO THESE UNITED STATES.

IN GRATITUDE TO GOD.
AND IN THE LOVE OF FREEDOM,
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED,
A. D., 1836.



VIEW OF THE MONUMENT, AT CONCORD, MASS.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
—OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

"Love me!" exclaimed Cora, while a crimson blush suffused her face. "Love me—the daughter of old Hepsy Herne—the unhappy offspring of one whose wickedness shocks me—whose cruelty drives me mad!"

"Still the wild beatings of that heart; soothe down the agitation of your spirit; tranquillize your thoughts. I have reflected long upon this subject. I have considered all the objections that can be urged against my choice. I love you for yourself; and thus would woman be loved. I care nothing for the circumstances which fortune has placed about you; you will rise above them. Frederick of Glenburn offers you his love, freely, respectfully, *humly*, if you will."

Cora turned upon Glenburn a sweet and beaming smile. A gentle radiance gleamed from her eyes, revealing a happiness which lent inexpressible beauty to her face. The next moment she was unconscious, and supported tenderly by the kind hand of Frederick of Glenburn.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE IS DANGER NEAR—POOR JACK.

THE shadows of night were creeping quietly into the dingle where Raymond stood. At a little distance from him his fine horse was feeding upon the verdant grass. The highwayman looked at the animal a long time, as if recalling all the dangers which he had carried him safely through.

"A fitting spot for one like me," said he, musingly, casting his eyes about the dingle. "It is unknown, and consequently undisturbed. Here I can rest in safety. The law cannot reach me. And what is the law? a bubble, a chimera—a thing to protect the rich and oppress the poor." Raymond paused. "Some one comes this way," he added, quickly, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Ha! 'tis old Hepsy. What now, I wonder!"

"Don't fear; it is me," she said, laying much stress on the word "me."

Raymond smiled proudly, but made no reply.

"How curiously the stars twinkle to-night," added the hag.

"They shine very placidly," remarked Raymond.

"And look! the mysterious moon is creeping up in the sky. How solemn its great round face looks. The moon is a strange thing; it knows what we are doing; it knows a great deal; it makes the water rise and fall in the sea, and controls innumerable people."

"I believe it not," said the highwayman.

"That's because you are not wise; but you will learn better anon. It was on such a night as this that Margaret left us. The skies looked just as gentle as they do now; the face of the moon was just as silvery and solemn; and the stars were twinkling as softly and quietly."

"Your memory is good," observed Raymond. "How could I forget it? Do I not think of it all the time, and do I not live to avenge her wrong, and for nothing else?" said the sorceress.

"Think less of vengeance," rejoined Raymond. "So much bitterness of spirit is not good."

"Never!" exclaimed Hepsy. "I would die sooner than cease to think of revenge."

"But this poor Cora—why should you make her the victim of your overgrown passion for vengeance. Cease to pursue her; let the friend-

less child rest a little in peace," remonstrated Raymond.

"You provoke me with your faint-heartedness; you put me into a fury with your mercy. I tell you, no pity—not one grain of pity. What is to be will be, and fate will have it so."

"Can you get no tidings of Isadore?" asked the highwayman, with more interest than he had yet displayed.

"No news; not a syllable," replied Hepsy, shaking her head, mournfully. "But I think I know the author of all this trouble; know him, and am tracking him—tracking him. Ha! ha!"

"You prepared him a drug," said Raymond, thoughtfully.

"I did; what of it?"

"It was probably for Isadore," rejoined the other, in a voice somewhat agitated. "Your infernal arts react upon your own guilty head," he added, with much emphasis.

The long stick which Hepsy carried dropped from her hands. Her eyes glared with horror and fury, and she shook in every limb.

"Yes," resumed Raymond, sternly. "Your horrible skill brings ruin upon the innocent, and heaps burning coals upon your own scared and blackened heart."

"I will straightway consult the spirits of the air, of fire, and of water," muttered Hepsy, in a husky voice. "If Hardwick has done this deed, I will add another name to the list of those I hate."

"Do you often hear of me in your wanderings?" asked Raymond.

"At every hamlet. The whole country is talking of your bold deeds. Papers describing you and your horse are handed from one to another."

"I must change my appearance," added the highwayman.

"The troopers are after you, too," said Hepsy.

"I know it," he replied, with a significant smile. "But they must learn to leap hedges and ditches before they can take me."

"I have work to do now," said the hag. "I must kindle my fire yonder, and it must blaze till after midnight."

"At your horrible trade again," remarked Raymond, with a shudder.

"Yes, the cauldron must boil and bubble, the blue flames must kiss the air, and potent words must be said. Go into the cave and repose while I unlock the iron-bound book that holds the secrets of the future. I will bring up airy forms to-night, and compel them to speak. Do not fear if the wind blows, and old oaks are torn up by the roots; or if you hear strange sounds in the air, like hollow voices, or horrible laughter."

Raymond entered the cave at the bottom of the dingle, and left Hepsy without.

"She's a fearful woman," he muttered. "Venomous as a serpent, and mad as the maddest. She's always been thus since Margaret disappeared. And the strange interest she feels in Isadore of Dunalstein makes her worse. She has some startling secret which I do not fathom, and which wears upon her and worries her."

Raymond stretched himself upon some straw, and in a short time was sleeping profoundly. In about an hour he was awakened by Hepsy, who appeared unusually excited.

"There is danger near; but whether it menaces you or me, I cannot tell," she said, hurriedly, and then left him.

The highwayman made no reply, and was soon asleep again. Another hour elapsed, and the sorceress awakened him the second time.

"The danger is for you!" she said, wildly. "It is near; up, and be ready to meet it like a man!"

"Go and get some rest, Hepsy," answered Raymond. "Your brain is unusually troubled to-night."

"Up, idiot! I tell you there is danger. I see, feel, and know it; it has been whispered in my ear. Bodiless creatures have been with me, that made significant signs, and pointed with their airy fingers. Now they are laughing at your stupidity. Up, I say!"

"'Tis fancy, Hepsy; nothing but—"

"Hush! hush!"

"Did you hear aught?"

"Hark, I say!"

Old Hepsy shut her eyes, bent her head, and listened with breathless intensity.

"Fool!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Why do you lie here, to be taken and strangled? The danger is very near." As she spoke she seized Raymond by the shoulders, and with masculine strength raised him to his feet and pushed him into the open air.

"I have saddled your horse. See him! he stands with ears erect and the bridle flowing upon his neck. Mount, and away for life! Where's your pistols?"

"Here they are."

"Hark once more! I hear steps yonder."

"It cannot be. This retreat is unknown."

"Obstinate man! I abandon you to your fate!"

"By all that's good! you are right! I do hear steps, and they come this way. I thank you, Hepsy, for this warning. See to your own safety, and do not fear for me."

"I am safe in all places. I care not for the face of clay; for I have looked upon those who are fleshless and more terrible. What is to be will be."

"Even so," said Raymond, and vaulted into the saddle.

"Now I am safe," he added, striking the smooth, arching neck of his steed.

"No, not quite safe," said Hepsy. "Take this and wear it in your bosom; it is the loadstone which has power to save you from the evil chance."

The hag handed him a loadstone attached to a chain. He threw the links over his head and about his neck, and thrust the stone into his bosom. The act was scarcely completed when the report of a pistol broke the stillness of the dingle. Raymond reeled in the saddle and came near losing his seat.

"Are you hit?" cried Hepsy.

"I am struck, but not wounded; the loadstone has saved me," he replied, and the next moment was thundering away like the wind, marking the track of his flight only by streams of fire drawn from the flinty rocks by the iron-bound hoofs of his mighty steed. One, two, three, four shots were sent after him, and the dingle, so still and solitary one hour previous, now resounded with shouts.

"Thanks to the loadstone!" exclaimed Hepsy. "But what's that! 'Tis the sound of his horse's hoofs—he comes this way again—his flight is cut off in that direction!"

The hag was right. But a few moments elapsed before he drew up his fiery steed again at the mouth of the cavern, and leaped from his seat.

"Bring me my sword!" he cried. "My escape is cut off in that direction, and I must fight my way out." Hepsy sprang into the cave and instantly returned, bringing a heavy sword.

"Buckle it on, woman! be quick! They are coming this way—how clumsy you are—your fingers are useless as sticks! There, that will do. Look out for the shots—run into the cavern. Fiends and fury! how they press upon me!"

Again the highwayman leaped to the saddle and dashed away with the headlong recklessness of an avalanche. He was flying through a narrow path, when the stout figure of Jack Lynd sprang from behind a rock and stood before him, at the distance of a few yards, with a cocked pistol.

"Here's a stunner for you!" he shouted, and fired at Raymond's head.

"Down!" cried Raymond. "Crouch, or I shall trample you to the earth!"

Before Jack could well comprehend his position, the horse of the bold highwayman was leaping over him. He instinctively did as he was bidden; but a heavy hoof struck him upon the head, and stretched him senseless and bleeding in the path.

Many shots were fired from different points,

as though there were many persons in the dingle, who thought as much noise must be made as possible.

The highwayman sped on his course. There was a brief clashing of swords, a few more random shots, and the dingle gradually became quiet again. The first thing that Jack heard was a burst of sardonic laughter, which sounded natural to him. He rubbed his aching eyes, looked up and saw a flood of moonlight and starlight shining upon the wrinkled face of old Hepsy Herne.

"Satan came also," said Jack.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the hag.

"More of your pleasin' ways," added Jack.

"You thought you could catch him!" said Hepsy, sarcastically.

"Don't go for to fret yourself," answered Jack, rising slowly to his feet.

"Where's your 'stunners,' and your 'knocks,' and all that sort of flash stuff! Ha! ha!"

"I've got 'em in quantities," said Jack.

"I have wet knocks and dry knocks, say which will you. A poke in the head, or a bung in the eye?" [try—

"A fine mark have you got on your skull," added Hepsy. "Heaven grant it may never heal, and be your death. O, you like knocks, and you've got a proper one!"

"This bit of a knock on my head aint nothin' to speak on," replied Lynd. "It makes me feel a little dizzy, but on the whole it is werry refreshin', because it does one good to have the blood started once in a while, and saves the doctors trouble."

"Make yourself merry while you can," continued the sorceress. "But it wont last long. You are wanted in a place where you'll never come back."

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Down—far down," she replied. "In the grave, and below it."

"Pile it on in quantities," returned Jack.

"You meddle with my business. You pretended to take pity on one that you should have let alone. I found it all out, as you shall learn to your cost."

"You haven't found her, then?" exclaimed Jack, joyfully.

"But I shall. I'm on the track of her, and I've got a plan laid that'll make more than one heart ache. All in good time! all in good time! ha! ha!"

"What a brimstone customer!"

"The earth will be over you before a week has passed," retorted the sorceress.

"I'll manage to get on top again, somehow," answered Jack.

"Less than a week!" added the hag, emphatically.

"Thank you," said Jack; "but stun me, if I believe it."

Hepsy grasped her stick with a vehemence which seemed to indicate that she would like to fell him to the ground and finish him on the spot.

"As long as you haven't got Cora in your clutches, I don't care," said Lynd. Hepsy scowled at him fiercely.

"Good-by, Mrs. Brimstone," added Jack.

The sorceress laughed like a hyena, and walked back towards the cavern, while Lynd made his way out of the dingle, still weak and bleeding. Our pugilistic friend was rather fond of whiskey and other strong drinks, and when the state of his finances (which were generally rather low) permitted, he carried a flask of his favorite beverage in his pocket. He had been so fortunate as to replenish his bottle upon that day, and he now partook of it with the greatest possible gusto. Having attended to this pleasant formality, he wrapped his handkerchief about his head and went on with much better courage.

One thing, however, struck him as being a little singular; one drink did not usually affect him very much; but in this instance it exhilarated him to a wonderful degree. All those who had attended him in this expedition against the highwayman, had left the dingle, probably in pursuit; but he cared not for this. He felt comfortable and happy, and trudged on, singing all the songs he could remember.

He soon forgot the wound upon his head, and imagined he was never so sound in body, and so blissful in mind. Some miles across the country there was an inn, well known to Jack as the "Red Lion," and in that direction he was travelling. But a pleasing languor succeeded the extraordinary exaltation which he had experienced, and he began to think about finding a resting place in the open air. Gathering a quan-

tity of heather, his couch was soon made beneath an oak. The languor which he had felt now increased to absolute weakness; but his mind remained tranquil in the enjoyment of its unsubstantial creations. Delightful images and bright colors floated continually before his closed eyes, and appeared real. Fears, in regard to the future, no longer haunted him. He suffered no apprehensions about Cora; he knew she would do very well, and he had no occasion to trouble himself. As for Glenburn, he might recover his money in the best way he could, and catch the robber also! What were such matters to him! Sure enough! and poor Jack burst into a loud laugh; but his laughter had a hollow and unnatural sound. He would have drank again, but he felt too languid to carry the bottle to his lips. Thus he continued for some time. Before morning his thoughts grew less lucid and more wild. He wandered in his intellect, forgot where he was, and nearly lost his own identity. The sun came up and shone pleasantly down into his face; but Jack sat solitary beneath the oak, and did not heed the bright sunshine. His eyes looked sunken and bloodshot, and there was an unnatural paleness upon his visage. The wound which he had received was now inflamed and painful.

Jack sat there a long time, and then sank back upon his bed of heather, feeling indescribably miserable; arousing himself occasionally enough to mutter about some event that was to happen in less than a week, and to menace some unseen person with a "reg'lar stunner."

CHAPTER XII.

FAILURE OF THE DRUG—THE SECRET PANEL—THE JOURNEY.

THE heart of the lord of Hardwick was not touched with pity. The contemplation of the mute agony of Isadore failed to move him with compassion. He smiled and stretched forth his hand towards the helpless being who sat there before him like a figure cut from marble. A convulsive tremor shook her frame; the dull expression of her features changed, and she sprang to her feet strong and firm before Hardwick and the priest. The drug had spent its power. The smile passed from the lips of the villain, and the priest recoiled, abashed and confounded.

"Stand back!" cried Isadore. "Heaven has heard my prayer. I am beyond your power. Back, I say, both of you!"

Hardwick's hot cheek grew pale with disappointment. He blamed his own tardiness, and was ready to pluck out his hair with rage.

"Baffled!" added Isadore, solemnly. "God would not permit you to fill up the cup of your irretrievable sins."

"Yes, foiled!" said Hardwick, with an oath. "I do not fear you now. There is within my bosom an assurance of safety which tempts me to defy thee to thy worst," added Isadore, with the air of an inspired prophetess.

"You are yet a prisoner," said Hardwick, at length, pointing significantly to the barred windows. "Do not congratulate yourself until you are out of my power, and mistress of your own actions. Remember that I am blessed with masculine strength. Can you oppose your own weak arms to mine? Can your white hand resist the hand that is used to the sword and shield, and has vanquished foes in battle?"

"I do not tremble," said Isadore.

"I leave you for the present, but we shall meet again ere you wish it," rejoined Hardwick; and casting a threatening look at Isadore, preceded by the priest he left the apartment and locked the door.

Isadore's first act was to enter the oratory and express her gratitude to Heaven for her unexpected deliverance. No other effects of the drug remained than a dull headache and a slight pain in the limbs. When she had in some measure recovered from the excitement of the terrible ordeal which she had passed, she again turned her thoughts towards the discovery of some means of escape. By the aid of the lamp she continued her search until late in the evening.

Fortune seemed to smile upon her endeavors and favor her exertions. She found the secret panel referred to by the nun in the manuscript. Unexpected success! Thrice welcome event! She could scarcely credit the evidence which her senses received. Her indefatigable exertions were rewarded at last. She should escape. Glad thought! Happy prospect! Liberty was before her. So much engaged was Isadore with the

discovery which she had made, that she did not hear the door of her prison open, nor was she aware that any person had entered, until Conly touched her upon the arm. She turned towards the intruder with a cry of alarm.

"Put on these here things," said Conly, pointing to some shawls which he had brought.

"For what purpose?" asked Isadore.

"You are going home to your father's," replied Conly.

"I cannot believe it; you are deceiving me. The lord of Hardwick is not so merciful."

"It isn't him, ma'am that's a going to do it; it's me."

"You?"

"Exaactly, ma'am. I've got tired of his service, and am goin' to be an honest man."

"I doubt you," said Isadore.

"You wrong me werry much. I've got tired of seein' you so unhappy, and I can't stand it no longer. So come along, Miss Isadore; there aint no time to lose."

"If I could believe you?"

"Well, you can and ought to. I've got a coach at the door; we'll take the great road leading to your father's castle, and be there safe and sound afore mornin'."

"If this is true I will reward you well," said Isadore. "My condition cannot be worse, and so I will trust you."

Isadore wrapped herself in the shawls which Conly had brought, and followed him. A coach with two horses was at the gate of the abbey, as he had said. She stepped into it; Conly closed the door, mounted the box and drove off.

She was much surprised and alarmed when she discovered that she was not alone. There was a man in the coach, muffled in a large cloak, the outline of whose person she was enabled to see by the rays of moonlight faintly streaming in through the small windows. She sat still without daring to utter a word, while her mind was agitated by doubts and misgivings in regard to the promises of Conly.

Hour after hour the coach rolled on, as fast as the roughness of the roads would permit; and by degrees the chilling conviction that they were not travelling towards Dunalstein forced itself upon her mind. Just as the day was dawning, the coach stopped at the door of an obscure inn, which Isadore did not remember to have seen before. Conly opened the coach door and motioned her to alight.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In a safe place," he replied.

Isadore alighted, and the man in the cloak followed, and she now perceived that he wore a mask.

"You have deceived me," she said to Conly.

"I lost the way in the darkness," he replied, "but we'll get right after the horses have rested, and you have taken some refreshment." Although Isadore was well persuaded that this was false, she followed Conly without deigning any reply. She was conducted into an upper room, where it was evident that precautions had been taken to prevent her from escaping; for the windows were fastened in the same manner as those at the abbey.

"Now be quiet," added Conly. "Don't make a noise. As for refreshments, you are at liberty to order anything you want."

"Is there not some female here who will prepare and bring them to me?" she asked.

"Perhaps so, ma'am. I'll see."

"What man was that who came in the carriage with me?"

"That's a secret. Perhaps it will turn out to be a werry pleasant surprise."

"Was it Hardwick?"

"In course not," replied Conly, and immediately withdrew.

In a short time he returned, accompanied by a young woman bringing food. Isadore regarded her features attentively, to learn whether her heart was susceptible of pity for others. She set the food upon the table, and arranged it, casting furtive glances at Isadore.

Conly manifested no disposition to leave them, and she resolved to address the young woman boldly, while he was present. She approached the girl to take her hand in hers and appeal to her for aid; but she shrank from her with evident fear.

"You are one of my own sex," said Isadore, gently, "and I entreat you to listen to me for a few moments."

The young woman looked at Conly, who shook his head dubiously, saying in a mournful voice:

"She's allers in that way."

"Listen to me, young woman," added Isadore. "Heed not the words of that wretch. I have been grossly wronged and insulted. I have been forcibly dragged from home by a villain who persecutes me with remorseless rigor. I am the daughter of the lord of Dunalstein. Be the means of restoring me to my father, and you shall be rewarded above your most sanguine hopes."

"Aint it a pity?" said Conly.

"She appears perfectly harmless," replied the girl.

"She's violent sometimes," returned Conly.

"Come, be a good creature and eat some of this nice cake," said the girl, kindly.

Isadore was not long in perceiving the true state of the case. She had been represented by Conly as a mad woman, and the girl who now shrank from her with such evident horror, was laboring under that impression. Indignation and despair struggled within her, each for the mastery.

"Take care of yourself now," said Conly, edging towards the door; "one of her wild fits is comin' on."

"Poor soul! how dreadful she looks!" added the serving-girl. "Sometimes she appears as though she was going to cry, and then as if she wanted to be real downright angry. It's a terrible thing, I'm sure."

"Werry sad!"

"My good girl, please hear me," resumed Isadore, striving to control her indignation. "I am not mad; you have been deceived. If any one should ever inquire here for Isadore of Dunalstein, tell them that you saw her, and she was in the power of the lord of Hardwick."

"Ever since she's been in this awful way, she's called her father the lord of Dunalstein," said Conly.

"How malumchully Don't know her own father!"

Isadore burst into tears, and never felt more wronged and miserable.

"Eat, that's a dear good soul," urged the girl. "I'm sure a little food will do you good."

"Do me the favor to taste the food and wine you have placed upon the table, and I will do so."

"Stand back a little, that's a good creature, and I will."

Isadore did as she was requested. The girl advanced to the table, ate some of each article, and drank of the wine and water.

"Thank you," said Conly, quickly. "It's allers best to humor her as much as possible."

"How pretty she is; and how bad her father must feel. I'm sure she looks unhappy."

"You'd better come away now. The sight of you kind o' worries her," added Conly.

"Stop one moment, my good girl," said Isadore, kindly. "Take this ring as a reward for your well meant kindness."

She drew a ring of considerable value from her finger and held it out; but the girl feared to approach to take it.

"Lay it on the table, that's a good girl," said the girl, soothingly.

With a sigh and a tear Isadore placed the trinket upon the table and withdrew a few steps, while the girl advanced and took it; then casting a look of sympathy, she left the room.

This last cruel deception, though it cut her to the heart, and made her feel wretched, aroused all her energies. She resolved (for the hundredth time probably) to escape in some manner, if such a welcome event were within the bounds of possibility. Isadore stood at a window gazing out upon a field. Presently she saw a horseman crossing it leisurely. She watched him with intense interest. She could not be mistaken—she had seen the rider before. The noble figure, the graceful and yet careless riding, and the dark gray horse he bestrode, all proclaimed him to be Joseph Abershaw—the gipsy. Isadore was conscious that the blood was rushing into her cheeks, and her heart beating with unwonted force.

"And he is called the handsomest youth in England," she said to herself. Then she added aloud: "Heaven send him this way."

She would have waved her handkerchief to him, but the windows were fastened. She passed her arm between the lattice-work, and with her hand broke out a pane of glass: but in doing so cut and lacerated her fingers upon the sharp edges and angles. She then waved her handkerchief towards Abershaw, as effectually as she could under the circumstances. But the signal

appeared unnoticed, and he rode on without changing his direction. Isadore would have called to him, but she knew the distance was too great, and her voice would not reach him. Her jailors would hear her also, and take measures to prevent her making a similar attempt, when there might be a better prospect of success. She therefore remained silent, and shook her handkerchief in vain. Abershaw passed on his way.

Not long after she heard a horseman ride up to the inn. She heard him dismount and speak to the groom. Could she be deceived? the voice sounded like her father's. For a moment she allowed herself to cherish this pleasing thought; but when she reflected that the distance was considerable, that she had heard the voice but indistinctly, and modified by the intervening walls, she was convinced that she was mistaken, and that her own imagination had much to do in converting the tones she had heard into those she wished to hear.

It might have been an hour after this incident when our heroine heard two persons riding away at a gallop. She ran hastily to the window, and saw her father and Hardwick dashing furiously along in the direction where Joseph Abershaw had disappeared. She called after him with all her strength, but her voice was drowned by the clatter of his horse's feet; they were soon out of sight. What a bitter disappointment to Isadore. Her father had been under the same roof that covered her, in search of her, and had gone hence, influenced by the lord of Hardwick. She knew that the former was anxious for her safety, and would spare no pains to unravel the mystery of her disappearance; but while he reposed implicit faith in Hardwick, there was no hope that he would be successful. What were her father's thoughts? she asked. On whom did his suspicious rest? Perhaps on Joseph Abershaw, was the reply that came back to the last question.

Isadore now heard several pistol shots in the distance, which filled her with apprehension. And now she saw Abershaw riding very fast across the field, closely pursued by her father and Hardwick. They overtook him, and both attacked him at once, when a desperate fight ensued. It fared ill with Abershaw, for beside having two foes to contend with, he was poorly armed for such an unequal encounter. The gipsy would soon have been vanquished had not the following incident occurred in his favor. A man mounted upon a large black horse galloped up to the contending parties, and helped the weaker of the two. Hardwick was wounded, the fight ceased, and Abershaw and his ally rode away together.

Agitated by many conflicting emotions, Isadore saw them disappear in the adjacent forest, while her father and Hardwick slowly approached the inn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

SUNSET.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

O how beautiful the hour when the gorgeous daylight dies,
And the last expiring sunbeam lights up the western skies;
When the rainbow-tinted drapery is like a curtain drawn,
And the hush of evening wears a charm far holier than the dawn.

O glorious in his majesty, when he ushers in the day,
And the bright, glad face of nature is basking 'neath his ray;
When the low, perpetual hum is lost in the myriad host
which sings,
And the incense-laden air goes up to greet the King of kings.

There is beauty in the tracery of every fleecy cloud,
That seeks with gentle softness his fiery beams to shroud;
But of every varying hour that o'er earth's surface flies,
There is none so truly beautiful as when the daylight dies.

PRESERVING SHEEP FROM DOGS.

Let me publish to the sheep-raising world, a remedy against the destruction of sheep by dogs, which was given me a short time since, by a highly respectable and valued friend, himself an extensive wool grower. It consists simply in placing on one sheep in every ten of the flock, a bell of the usual size for sheep. The instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner—his attacks upon sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the simultaneous jingling of all the bells strikes terror to the dogs; they turn their tails, and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of bells may be made to vary according to the size of the flock.—*Richmond Whig.*

Money and man a mutual falsehood show,
Men make false money—money makes men so.
Allegory Henry VII.

A SERIES OF VIEWS OF THE CELEBRATED MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

We take particular pleasure in presenting to the readers of the Pictorial on this and the opposite page, a series of very fine illustrations of that great and magnificent natural wonder, the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky. In America, Nature seems to have purposely operated on a gigantic scale. Her lakes, her rivers, and her mountains may be instanced as an attestation of what we say. Greatness and sublimity characterize them all. Poets have sung their praises, tourists have described them in all the eloquence of prose, and painters have labored to illustrate them upon the canvass. They have been famed everywhere. But at the same time, an object of nature, as sublime, as beautiful, and as great as the Andes or the Mississippi, has been comparatively neglected—we allude to the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky. Little has hitherto been said of it by authors, less done towards familiarizing it to the million, by the painter; and therefore we feel confident that our readers will thank us for the series of pictures, which we present herewith, illustrative of the cave. It is supposed that the cave runs under the ground traversed between its mouth and Bell's Tavern, an hotel nine miles from the cave, as high rocks are frequently met with. This property is of vast extent, containing as it does more than 1700 acres of ground; the proprietor has purchased



THE CAVE HOUSE.

all the land, under which it has been ascertained the cave traverses its many winding ways. The grounds are laid out with consummate taste, displaying ornamental trees and much shrubbery, with forest trees of great antiquity. Having traversed a winding avenue, the tourist at length arrives at the Cave Hotel, conducted by Mr. Miller, who is a very respectable, accommodating and affable gentleman, and ever ready to please his company to the utmost extent. This fine and convenient hotel consists of a number of buildings of different dates, having



ENTRANCE TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

been increased from time to time, to meet the continually increasing number of visitors. The establishment, in its present state, is capable of lodging 150 visitors, and during the season always has that number. There is no town or village within twenty miles,

and neither the one nor the other contains more than a comparatively thin population. Consequently, visitors are not annoyed by the influx of the rabble on certain days of the week. In this beautiful and retired spot, the stranger will meet with polished and refined society, from all parts of the world meeting there. The hotel is two stories high, and two hundred feet long, with brick buildings at each extremity, showing their gable ends in front. The space between is occupied by a long wooden building, with a piazza, and gallery over it. At the end of the hotel runs a long row of log houses, one story high, with colonnades in front, the whole length, which must be near two hundred feet. The dining-room of the hotel is a spacious apartment, while the fare displayed upon its table is of the finest quality. And now for the cave, well and aptly designated *Mammoth*; and, as a natural object, perhaps unequalled by any other in the world, certainly unsurpassed. The entrance to the cave, one view of which we give from the exterior, and also one from its interior, is about two hundred yards from the back of the hotel. Leaving it, the expectant tourists pass down a beautiful ravine, having on each of its sides towering trees, their foliage forming a beautiful arch overhead, so umbrageous as to shut out all vision of the blue sky. About the trees grape-vines are entwined, and flourish in luxuriance. For a painter, the scene now presented would make a splendid study. Descending gradually to the bottom of the dell, and turning sharply round to the right hand, the visitor approaches the entrance of the Mammoth Cave. Entering the vast area, cavities filled with objects of wonder meet his eye, and after traversing passage after passage, he leaves the main cave, and ascending a flight of steps of about thirty feet, will find himself in the Gothic Avenue. This portion of the cave is so named from its strong resemblance to a Gothic building. Its dimensions are, in width forty feet, height, fifteen feet, length two miles. Nothing can be more smooth than the appearance of the ceiling; in fact, it seems as though the artisan had given the last touch, and it was only waiting the process of drying. An excellent road has been made in this cave; and the atmosphere is temperate. After the visitor's departure from the Old Register Room, it is the usual practice of the guide to receive all the lamps, with the exception of one, which, of course, is necessary for the purposes of exploration. A place of surpassing magnificence is then entered. Here, as in many other portions of the cave, language will be found inadequate to describe what is to be seen. The hall—if we may call it so—is elliptical in form, in dimensions, eighty feet long by fifty feet wide. The two ends are nearly blocked up by stalagmite columns of large size. Two rows of pillars, smaller than the others, reach from the floor to the ceiling. They are equi-distant from the wall on either side, and extend the full length. Now the purpose of the guide in requesting the visitors to give up their lights is apparent. He has, in the interval of departure from the Old Register Hall to the arrival in the present portion of the cave, so disposed the lamps as to cause their reflections to fall upon the pillars and ceiling, indeed, upon every detail of the Gothic Chapel. Bearing as it does, a striking resemblance to the old cathedrals of Europe, the illumination under which it appears tends to the heightening of effect. Nature has shown her handiwork to advantage here. There is an apparent design in the *tout ensemble* of the chapel—a nicety in the separate elaborations which seems the result of a long study of, and an intimate acquaintance with, the arts. The pillars are so massive, and spring towards their proper arches so majestically; the tracery is so delicate; and, altogether, there is so harmonious a subordination of one part to another, that we are perfectly confounded at the thought of no human hand having been employed there. Nature, whose common function is to supply the material for human skill to work upon, has acted a double part here, for she has not only given the means, but has blended them into recognized form and proportion. The place is well named, truly. It is religious in every aspect, and the light thrown on it seems heavenly. After passing various other interesting scenes, the visitor now comes to the Star Chamber, which is considered by all visitors to be one of the greatest objects of curiosity in the cave. It is a magnificent long hall, with perpendicular arches on either side, and a flat ceiling; the side rocks are of a light color, and stand out in relief against the dark ceiling, which is studded with innumerable sparkling substances, resembling stars. The guide on approaching the chamber, takes the lanterns from each visitor, and places them in a hole in the rock, to subdue the light and make the illusion more perfect. Visitors are always lost in admiration, and quit this part of the cave most unwillingly. The side rocks do not reach within three feet of the ceiling, and no connexion can be seen

between the ceiling and the sides—the contrast between the dark ceiling and the light side rocks is so great, that the ceiling appears to be at an immense distance, and after looking at it a few minutes, the visitor fancies he is standing under the canopy of heaven. Passing by many other objects of interest which cannot now be noticed, the visitor enters the Deserted Chambers. Their characteristics are very wild and varied. Advancing two hundred yards, notice will be attracted by the ceiling, which presents a rough and broken appearance for a little while, and then shows a surface waving, white and smooth. At Richardson's Spring we distinguish, as we have already done in other portions of the Mammoth Cave, the tokens of a bygone age and people. They are the imprints of moccasins and of children's feet. The pits in the Deserted Chambers are numerous—more so than in any other portion of the cave; the Covered Pit, the Side-Saddle Pit, and the Bottomless Pit, are the most noted. The entire range of these chambers is, in fact, so alternated with pits, and is so bewildering from the serpentine form and irregularity of its branches, that the visitor is not over-anxious to roam far from his guide, who, of course, is intimately acquainted with every rood of ground to be covered. The Covered

Pit is in a little branch to the left. It is between twelve and fifteen feet in diameter. A thin rock covers it, having a narrow crevice, with only a trifling support on one of the sides. A large rock rests on the centre of the cover, and the sound of a waterfall may be heard, though the fall itself cannot be seen. Another scene of wondrous sublimity now awaits the visitor—this is the River Hall. It descends similar to the slope of a mountain; and like the firmament at midnight, when the stars come forth in their glory, the ceiling stretches away—away, it seems to infinity. You proceed onwards, making a gradual ascent, and keeping pretty close to the right hand wall. You will then observe on the left, a steep precipice. Over this you will look down, being able to do so by numerous blazing missiles, upon a broad black sheet of water, eighty feet below. It is called the Dead Sea; and the name, so awful and so referable to awful events, cannot be better verified than here. There is a terrible grandeur in the place. Long after you have left it, the eye continues cognizant of the many sights, the ear of its many sounds. The memory holds them, and they even haunt the dreams of night. The descent is made by means of a ladder. It is of about twenty feet; the visitors then find themselves in the midst of gigantic rocks, heaped pile upon pile. In the mingling of lights and shadows, the persons who have come



ENTRANCE TO THE GOTHIC GATE.

to see the river, although dressed in modern fashionable style, will seem of the locality a fitting race. Slowly they move in files—men, women and children being together—with lamps in their hands. These lamps are guarded with extreme care, as they are liable to go out through any inadvertence. Gradually their illumination falls upon the different details; the ceiling, the walls, the cliffs, the ravines. Now the light, thrown upwards, is reflected through the fissure on the rocks; presently it is reflected from towering cliffs, every outline of which it defines, thus relieving the most intense darkness beyond. In some parts the water is not seen, although it is heard; but its murmur sounds awfully. In others, its appearance is brilliant through the light of the lamps. At the foot of the slope the river Styx winds its way. It is aptly named—people might well imagine it to be the fabled stream whose name it bears. Four passengers only can be conveyed over this river at the same time. The guide fastens lamps at the prow of the boat, and the various images are reflected in the murky pond. There is another mode of crossing the Styx. It is by means of a bridge overhead, composed of abrupt precipices. To avail himself of this bridge, the tourist



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE—VIEW FROM THE INSIDE.



THE GOTHIC CHAPEL.

must ascend a very steep cliff, then enter a cave above, three hundred yards long. Leaving this, he will find himself on the bank of the river, more than eighty feet above its surface. He will then command a view of the persons who are in the boat, and also of those upon the shore. The lamps in the canoe, when viewed from this distance, have a singular and striking appearance. Their glare is that of gigantic eye-balls. Sitting somewhat in the shade, the mere outline of the visitors' figures can be seen, and they look like so many shadows—the spirits of the departed, being rowed over that profound flood to a place where final doom is to be awaited. Turning their eyes from the boat and its contents, the persons on shore will see those of their companions who, like themselves, have come over the bridge, grouped very fancifully. Their appearance is much less spectral than that of the people on the water. They seem human still, and give a

both oral and written precepts have had no power. May we not believe that the stream of Lethe in this Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, had it a voice, could tell of such changes, wrought on its bosom or its banks, in the souls of many a visitor? Low and musical is the rippling of the water, as heard by those in the boat as well as on the shore. Beating under low arches and into the cavities of rocks, it may be called the very pulse of the place. So strongly does sound magnify itself in this portion of the cave, that the report of an ordinary pistol is like that of the heaviest artillery. It is prolonged for minutes, and ultimately dies away in low thunder like mutterings. The river Echo is about three miles in length. There is a rise in the water, of only a few feet, through which the three rivers are united. When there has been a long succession of heavy rains, these rivers sometimes rise to a perpendicular height of more than fifty feet, and, with the cataracts, exhibit an aspect of awful grandeur. When the rise of the water does not extend even beyond two feet, the low arch at the entrance of the Echo cannot be reached by the visitor. Occasionally, great apprehensions have been felt by the tourists, in consequence of their being caught on the opposite side, by a sudden rise; but the guide has considerably informed them of an upper cave, admitting of a passage, leading round the arch to the Great Walk. Purgatory is the name applied to this cave or passage. Once, for a distance of more than forty feet, the visitors were obliged to crawl their way through it, in consequence of its lowness; lately, however, it has been enlarged, and now persons can walk erect, to their entire satisfaction. Through this improvement, an excursion can be made to Cleveland's Avenue, almost entirely by land, and the tourist will rest satisfied of his not being caught beyond the Echo. In that river and the others which are found in the Mammoth Cave, that very extraordinary fish, the White Eyeless, are to be seen. On a late visit to the cave, says a writer, we were shown two of them. We, as well as the persons with us, examined the fish attentively, but not one of us was able to distinguish anything like an eye; nor have the skillful anatomists who have experimented upon them, been at all more successful. Indeed, it has been asserted by men most celebrated in their profession, that these fish are not only without eyes, but also exhibit other anomalies in their organization, highly interesting to naturalists. At the time the rivers of the Mammoth Cave were first crossed (1840), and since, several endeavors were and have been made to discover whence the white eyeless fish come, and, also, whither they go; but though various conjectures have been formed, nothing that can be looked upon as satisfactory has been arrived at. All is still mystery, and we suppose will continue so until the end of time. The barometrical measurement of the rivers in the Mammoth Cave has been frequently taken. According to Professor Locke, they are on a level with the Green River. But Mr. Lee, civil engineer, is of a widely different opinion. He says: "The bottom of the Little Bat Room is one hundred and twenty feet below the bed of Green River. The Bottomless Pit is also below the bed of Green River; and so far as a surveyor's level can be relied on, the same may be said of the Cavern Pit and others." Leaving the Echo, a walk of four miles brings us to Cleveland's Avenue. This is of considerable length, extending from one end to the other, three miles; while its height and width are respectively fifteen and seventy feet. This avenue is truly magnificent; it may be designated one of the most magnificent objects in the world. It is replete with formations that are to be seen in no other places; which even the dullest cannot behold without experiencing sensations quite new to them, but which, in the cultivated and intellectual, awaken feelings of rapture. So exquisite and beautiful is Cleveland's Avenue, that it is out of the power of painter or poet to conceive anything like it. Such loveliness cannot, indeed, be de-

scribed. Were the sovereigns of wealthy states to spend their all on the most skillful lapidaries they could find, with the view of rivalling the splendor of this truly regal abode, the attempt would be entirely vain. What then is left for the narrator? People must see it; and then they will be convinced that all attempts at adequate description are useless. It extends in nearly a direct line, from one mile and a half to two miles. It is a perfect arch



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

of fifty feet span, and of an average height of ten feet in the centre—just high enough to be viewed at ease in all its parts. It is encrusted from end to end with the most beautiful formations, in every variety of form. The base of the whole is carbonate of lime, in one part of dazzling whiteness, and perfectly smooth; and in other places, crystallized so as to glitter like diamonds in the light. Let any person think of traversing such an arched way and all the wonders of the tales of "The Arabian Nights" seem tame and uninteresting, when brought into comparison.



THE STAR CHAMBER.

warranty that a return to the upper world is possible. The Styx is the smallest river in the Mammoth Cave. Having passed it, the visitor walks over a pile of large rocks, and finds himself on the banks of the Lethe. Here, again, will be found a striking resemblance between natural objects and the names given them. How striking is forgetfulness typified in that river! We remember seeing many years ago a picture of the Waters of Oblivion, painted by John Martin, which, in its general details, in the *tout ensemble*, might have been taken as a representation of this cave-stream and the objects which surround it. Looking back, the tourist will perceive a line of men and women descending the cave, which runs over the river Styx. Two boats are kept, and the parties who have come by the two routes—that is, either down or over the Styx, may unite and descend the Lethe about a quarter of a mile. Throughout the whole distance the ceiling is very high—upwards of fifty feet we should say. On landing, a lofty and level hall is entered. It is called the Great Walk, and

one hundred and twenty feet below the bed of Green River. The Bottomless Pit is also below the bed of Green River; and so far as a surveyor's level can be relied on, the same may be said of the Cavern Pit and others." Leaving the Echo, a walk of four miles brings us to Cleveland's Avenue. This is of considerable length, extending from one end to the other, three miles; while its height and width are respectively fifteen and seventy feet. This avenue is truly magnificent; it may be designated one of the most magnificent objects in the world. It is replete with formations that are to be seen in no other places; which even the dullest cannot behold without experiencing sensations quite new to them, but which, in the cultivated and intellectual, awaken feelings of rapture. So exquisite and beautiful is Cleveland's Avenue, that it is out of the power of painter or poet to conceive anything like it. Such loveliness cannot, indeed, be de-



THE RIVER STYX.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE POET.

BY PERSA S. LEWIS.

Alone he sat; the softened light
Fell on his upturned brow,
In the deep, silent hush of night,
What dreams the poet now?
His eyes are earnest with a holy light,
Revealing in their depths the spirit's might.

A radiance that seemeth not of earth,
Plays round his parted lips and on his brow;
A lovely smile, though not of mirth,
Smileth the poet-dreamer now;
His cheek, though pale, yet wears a fitful bloom,
Like beauty's hectic ere it seeks the tomb.

His poet-soul, in still delight,
Is revelling amidst its dreams;
So glorious is their changing light,
Breaking upon his soul in burning gleams;
And he has dared to dream of earthly fame,
Creating for himself a great, undying name.

A name that shall go down the stream of time,
Graven in living light upon its waves;
Sweet memories to linger mid the household band,
When he is resting in the lonely grave;
Soon may his dreams be stilled, for mark the bright
Consuming fire within—nearly light.

The haunting memories of the past
Are calling to him evermore;
And visions fleeting wild and fast,
And voices from the hours of yore;
They bring again his childhood's sunny track,
They bring life's golden treasures brightly back.

Perchance he sendeth forth his soul,
To search the mysteries of life unknown;
To trace the lines upon fate's mystic scroll,
And mingle them with dreamings of his own;
And he may list the music of the spheres,
Drinking in harmony with ravished ears.

But ah! his lovely visions fade,
His dreams grow dimly pale;
He may not linger mid the upper spheres,
Hidden too long behind the golden veil;
Earthward his spirit sinks, earth-drawn once more,
The voices die away—the poet's dream is o'er.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TEMPTATION:

—OR—

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"How do you find yourself this evening, my boy?" asked Zeph Rogers, a young wheelwright, of his friend Gilbert Summers, who had just set up as a carpenter and housewright in a small New England village.

"As well as a man can find himself with precious little money and no work," replied Summers, a handsome young fellow of two-and-twenty, who was seated listlessly on his work bench, engaged in the very profitable occupation of whittling a shingle with a jackknife. One would think his profession had given him a surfeit of whittling, but it must be remembered that he was a Yankee.

"Little money!" repeated Zeph, as he leisurely mounted a wooden horse and folded his arms. "Well, the old verse has it—'man wants but little here below;' and as for work, that will come in time. You have skill, youth, strength, and a good location."

"Very true," replied Summers, with a half sigh. "But what, at best, is the prospect before me but toil—toil—toil from the beginning to the end?"

"Merely the lot of humanity," replied Zeph. "All men are workers."

"No—not all. Look at our minister, for instance, he doesn't work. Look at his delicate white hands."

"Yes," replied Zeph. "And look at his pale face and hollow cheek. He not work? He works harder than any of us. His brain is never idle. When I have had occasion to pass his house late in the evening, I have seen the twinkle of his lamp that showed him at his studies; and the neighbors tell me it often burns till morning. If he is not at his books, he is to be found at the bedside of the sick and dying, or dispensing charity and consolation in the houses of the poor; thank Heaven, there are few of them in our thriving town. You have chosen an unfortunate example. Mr. Princeton is the very hardest working man among us. And head work has this disadvantage—the greater its diligence the less the capacity for labor. The mind wears out the body, whereas our business hardens and improves the physical condition."

"Well, let the clergy pass then. I give it up on the minister," said Summers, reluctantly.

"You surely won't say Dr. Strikers is no worker," pursued Zeph. "His practice breaks him of his rest four nights out of seven, and keeps him as thin as that skeleton of his you made the box for. And as for lawyer Gibbs—"

"Well, well, I give them up for the sake of argument," said Summers, impatiently. "But you said all mankind were workers. This is untrue; you know there are plenty of rich people in the world who do nothing."

"They work harder than any of us," said Zeph, smiling.

"That sounds rather paradoxical," answered Summers, shaking his head.

"They work harder than any of us, and for less pay," persisted Zeph. "Some of them keep horses and dogs, and undergo fatigue enough to kill a United States dragoon for the sake of a little animal not worth sixpence. I've seen a poor rich man wading up to his waist in mud and water in pursuit of a little fish six inches long, and he didn't get him after all. There may be a very few of these *fortunate* people who do no work; but ask Dr. Strikers what their mental and physical condition is."

"I don't envy them that; but I do envy them their money," said Summers, energetically, and making a huge gash in his shingle by way of emphasis.

"All wrong," said his friend, shaking his head.

"I don't see why some sudden piece of good luck can't turn up for me as well as other folks," said Gilbert. "Why can't I turn up a pot of gold in my garden, or why can't some relative of mine in England that I never heard of die and leave me his estate? I want a big heap of money right off."

"What would you do with it?" asked Zeph.

"Why, the first thing, I'd marry Hannah Martin—we've been engaged long enough; then I'd build me a fine new house—not a little shanty like the one I occupy; I'd furnish it in tip-top style; and I'd buy me a nice horse and carryall. Well, that's what I'd begin with."

"You think so," said Zeph.

"I know so," said Summers, "if I could command cash as readily as Squire Belden."

"Good evening, Squire Belden," said Zeph, as that gentleman entered the shop, Summers, whose back was to the door, not noticing him so soon. The animal magnetizers would have attributed Summers's thought of Mr. Belden just at the moment of his appearance, to the magnetic influence preceding the worthy squire; but the young carpenter was no believer in the doctrine; and he merely thought of an old adage respecting his satanic majesty, not at all complimentary to his worthy visitor.

"Mr. Summers," said the squire, "have you got the stuff out to repair that floor you took the measure of the other day?"

"Yes, sir, it's all ready."

"Very well; if you can do the job to-morrow I should like it; my wife has got a new carpet ready for that room."

"I'll be there at seven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good; I shall look for you," said Mr. Belden, and bowing politely he took his leave.

"A two-penny job!" said Summers, disdainfully. "I was in hopes he would want me to build a block of houses for him."

"Don't despise small things, Gilbert," said Zeph, as he rose to go. "Remember 'many a little makes a mickle.'"

'Despise thou not the smallest thing
Created by divinity,
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atoms infinity!'

Good evening. Keep up a good heart. The wheel is always turning. I can vouch for that professionally."

The young wheelwright closed the door with a laugh.

"Yes," muttered Summers, "the wheel is always turning; but I'm like the axle. Well, well, I'll try it on a little longer; and if patient striving doesn't prosper, then h-y for California!"

The old Belden mansion, whither Gilbert Summers repaired at an early hour on the following day, was a stately edifice of the old colonial period, facing a fine lawn, and accessible through a sweeping avenue of immemorial buttonwoods.

Summers, after a brief interview with the squire, was left alone in the scene of his labors—a large chamber in the upper story, the flooring of which had been worn by the footsteps of several generations, and stood sadly in need of

repair. The small-paned windows were set in deep embrasures, showing the ponderous thickness of the walls; huge oaken beams traversed the low ceiling, and the room was wainscotted with pannelled oak. It was hung with very old portraits of members of the Belden family, including two or three from the hand of Copley. There was a grim old bearded puritan in iron casque and cuirass, leaning on a ponderous sword, the counterfeit presentment of one of Cromwell's godly followers who had helped to smite the troopers of the "man Charles," at Marston Moor. There was an immediate ancestor of the present head of the family in the squire-archal costume of his day—a powdered bag-wig, ruffles and rapier with sword knot, with a silk brocade waistcoat, and a claret colored velvet coat with gold buttons, and brilliant knee-buckles, represented in the act of taking a pinch of rappee from an historical snuff-box—a sublime and touching achievement. There were several awfully *haut ton* shepherdesses in powder and brocade, settled on very uncomfortable redoubts of turf, guarded by belligerent spaniels of the warlike breed of King Charles; and all these gentlemen and ladies stared very intently at the carpenter, as if they wanted to know how in the dence a plebeian in a green baize jacket dared intrude upon the privacy of the state chamber of the old ancestral mansion, and why he was taking liberties with the floor that had been trodden by the armed heels of puritan warriors, and the dainty slippers of colonial belles. But our friend, who was not the sort of man to be daunted by the eyes of the living, cared nothing for the impertinent glances of these shadows of the dead.

It was hard work to extract the ponderous nails profusely employed in fastening the old oaken planks, and the drops of perspiration stood on the brow of the mechanic. When he raised the flooring, he disturbed the venerable dust of years. As he lifted with difficulty a particular plank, he perceived a dull metallic glimmer in some object shrouded in dust and cobwebs, which attracted his attention. He raised it. It was a large purse of silk net filled with guineas of the coinage of George the 2d's reign.

His first impulse was to summon Mr. Belden, and communicate the discovery. His second, to conceal it in the breast pocket of his jacket. As he stood a moment, irresolute, glancing quietly around the apartment, his fancy imparted a strange life and expression to the portraits on the wall. The eyes of the old puritan seemed to flash vengeance from beneath the shadow of his iron head piece. The fine gentleman with the snuff-box seemed to regard him with infinite contempt and loathing. And for a moment he thought that the little King Charles's spaniels were about to bark at the robber. But this fancy passed. He smiled at the absurdity of his notions and resumed his work. Before dinner time he had completed his task, and he gathered up his tools and left the house.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have waited on Mr. Belden before leaving; but now, with a stolen treasure concealed in his breast, he felt as if he could not face the mild eye of the squire. He was crossing the lawn, however, when he heard the squire calling him.

He halted and turned back, trembling and confused.

"When will you finish that job, Summers?" asked the squire.

"I have finished it, sir."

"So soon? You have worked hard—too hard, my friend. You seem quite exhausted. Wont you stop and take dinner with us?"

"No, I thank you," replied Summers; "I have got another job that must be done directly."

This was a falsehood—his first falsehood; for up to this time Gilbert Summers had been the soul of truth.

"Very well; if that is the case," said the squire, gravely, "I will not detain you. You have got to work your way in life, and you must attend strictly to your business. Diligence and honesty will carry you through."

Summers thought the squire laid a strong emphasis on the word "honesty," as if implying suspicion, and he hated him for it. He paused a moment, and mechanically grappled the handle of his heavy hammer. He would have struck the old man, but he controlled himself and hastened home.

He ate no dinner that day, but shut himself up and examined the contents of the purse. It contained two hundred guineas. Two hundred guineas! It was a fortune. Then he began to

consider what he should do with this sum. Two hundred guineas would give any man a start in the world. He had a good common school education, and an agreeable address and figure; why should he toil like a serf all his life at a laborious employment? There must be plenty of openings in cities like Boston or New York for a young man with fair talents and education, a handsome person and good address and two hundred guineas. In his native place, the only way he could employ his capital without suspicion, would be by gradually introducing it in his business, and that he was resolved to quit. No! he would go to Boston, or rather to New York, and seize some of the numerous chances for speculation offered to small capitalists. He remembered reading a whole column of advertisements in a New York paper, where fifty inducements were held out for the lucrative investment of five hundred, a thousand, and fifteen hundred dollars. New York was the place then.

But he had promised to marry Hannah. Well, Hannah could wait. After he had made a fortune—fifty thousand dollars—no, that was not enough—two hundred thousand dollars—he would come back and marry her. But would Hannah suit a man with two hundred thousand dollars? He began to doubt. He had a cheap lithographic print called the New York belle, where a very tall young lady, with bird's claws and Chinese feet, was represented in a carmine satin gown with a blue velvet mantilla, and a gold watch hanging at her girdle; and he now perceived that Hannah was not at all that style of young woman.

"Her waist was not invisible,
And her feet were made to use."

Hannah would hardly do, he was afraid. Decidedly she had quite an underbred air, whereas he now perceived on consulting his glass that he had a very *distingue* air—a sort of hybrid between Count d'Orsay and Lord Byron.

He consulted another print he had purchased of a pedler—the *beau ideal* of a New York gentleman. This remarkable individual was tall and slender, with a head of curling hair like that possessed by the illustrious Edward Pepper. A mustache and beard adorned his upper lip and chin. In the midst of a cloudy mass of silk neckerchief, gleamed, what was supposed to be a diamond pin. An embroidered vest, very fully padded, descended below his hips. A faultless coat of blue broadcloth fitted him affectionately. Pantaloon with huge checks encased his nether limbs; and slender boots with very high heels supported the elegant superstructure. This attire Summers resolved to follow as the model of his future costume.

Perhaps the speediest means of centupling his fortune was to trust to lotteries and faro-banks. At all events, Summers resolved to cut a dash.

O fatal power of gold! The illegitimate possession of two hundred guineas has given birth, in the heart of this young man, to fear, hatred, revenge, falsehood, ingratitude, idleness, vanity, and luxury. That night Summers laid his head upon his pillow without a prayer, and unholy visions visited his slumbers. He rose on the morrow feverish and unrefreshed, and then opened his window to bathe his throbbing temples in the cool morning breeze.

It was a glorious day. The mists had risen from the meandering river, and were stealing swiftly up the mountain sides, like gathering folds of silvery gauze, changing to gold and purple as they swept into the sunlight. The white houses of the village gleamed among the green trees, where foliage glittered with the diamond dew drops. Birds were soaring on free wing, filling the sunny air with melody. A calm settled on the young man's spirit as he retired from the window. His eyes fell upon a small Bible—the last gift of his dying mother, her only and yet priceless legacy.

Summers opened it and read, as was his wont, a portion of the Scriptures. The influence of those sacred words affected and subdued him. He knelt and prayed long and fervently, and as he rose from his devotions, it seemed as if the morning air, that lifted his dark curls from his forehead, was impregnated with blessings.

Dressing himself, and still clasping the treasure of yesterday close to his breast, he took his hat and stick, and went forth in the direction of the Belden manor house. His pace, though as rapid, was very different from that which bore him from the mansion on the preceding day. His step was firm and elastic, and the glance of his eye, though anxious, was yet fearless.

At the hall door he inquired for Mr. Belden,

and was shown into his library, where the old gentleman sat at his desk in his dressing gown, poring over a huge volume. He rose and welcomed his visitor, begging him to be seated.

"Mr. Summers," said he, "you finished that floor at such short notice that I was fearful you had slighted your work; but I find you did it in the most workmanlike manner. I suppose you would like the money for it. 'Short accounts make long friendships.'"

"I did not come for the money, sir," answered Summers, with some hesitation.

No; well, I am very glad to see you—in fact, you have saved me the trouble of calling on you. But your business before mine."

"I came to pay you money instead of to receive it, sir."

"To pay me money! On whose account? You owe me nothing."

"Rather, sir," said Summers, mustering resolution, "to restore you a sum I stole from you yesterday."

"You are mad, Gilbert. I had no money by me; I have missed none."

"And you never would have missed it. You were richer than you thought, sir."

"Explain yourself, young man."

"There, then, sir," said Summers, and while tears rushed to his eyes, he threw the purse of gold upon the table. "Take it, sir, it is yours—two hundred guineas—I have not touched one of them."

"I am yet in the dark," said the squire, gazing on the purse.

"Yesterday, in removing the flooring, sir, I found that purse, which was probably placed there by some of your ancestors many years ago."

"And you have restored it the first thing in the morning. Well, I am a little richer than I thought. But half of this certainly belongs to you as a reward for your honesty."

"Do not say so, Mr. Belden; you overwhelm me," cried Summers. "No, sir, not a farthing of that sum belongs to me. I took it with the intention of keeping it."

"That was wrong; but you meant to invest it in your business—you meant to repay me at your leisure," said the squire.

"Such were *not* my intentions, sir. I meant to employ it in speculation or gambling. I meant to leave my native place, to abandon my friends, the girl I had sworn to protect and cherish—in short, sir, I meant to be a villain."

He could say no more; his tongue refused its office; he became deadly pale, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. The squire rose and placed his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"God forbid!" said he, solemnly, "that I should condemn you. 'Judge not lest ye be judged,' said One, who spake as no mortal ever spake. No man knows of what he is capable till he has undergone temptation; and happy are those whose evil designs perish in the conception and bear no fruit. You must permit me to present you with half of this sum; I do not fear you will misuse it now."

"I cannot take it," said the young man, shuddering. "There is a spell upon that gold. Let my peace of conscience reward me for the restoration; may Heaven pardon my evil purposes."

Mr. Belden respected the young man's scruples, and forbore to press him. He did better. He soon gave him an important contract for building, and had the satisfaction of establishing him in business. The first payment of money the housewright had laboriously earned, was made in gold, of American coinage, however, but contained in the identical silk purse found in the old oaken chamber.

Summers employed it in purchasing material for a small cottage he was building on his own account. When it was finished and furnished, he waited on the good squire, in company with the fair Hannah, and after a certain ceremony performed by the magistrate, they took possession of the new house as man and wife, to the great joy of the town's people, and particularly of Zeph Rogers, the honest wheelwright.

Sometime during the honeymoon, while Mrs. Summers was setting their kitchen "to rights," she came across the portraits of the New York dandy and the New York belle.

"What shall I do with these?" she asked. Summers colored deeply; and snatching the prints, thrust them in the cooking-stove, where the fine lady and gentleman soon suffered martyrdom. Summers never wore checked pantaloons and a breastpin for a reason best known to himself, and he saw that Hannah looked as little as possible like the Broadway belle.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

CHILDHOOD.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

Like a sound of falling water,
With its music sweet and clear,
Out upon the air of morning
Ring thy silvery accents here;
Waking echoes in the forest,
Sounding through the silent glade,
Bringing joy where sadness reigneth,
Making sunlight in the shade.

Little one! the smile of Heaven
On thy earnest brow is sealed;
In thy soft eyes, pure and gentle,
Wealth of thought, yet unrevealed;
And the bud so full of promise,
Well rewarding every care,
Opes beneath thy teaching daily,
Daily growing still more fair.

Dear one! we have woven round thee
All the golden wealth of love;
And its silken chords have bound thee
With a clasp time cannot move;
As the star that shines at even,
With its calm and holy light,
Thou hast drawn my heart to heaven,
From the shadows of earth's night.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CAST-OUT EVERGREEN.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

In a tangled wild wood, there grew a luxuriant evergreen. It had taken root in the damp earth beneath a clump of dried leaves. But gradually it peeped forth, and throwing its feeble tendrils around the scattered and decayed branches which autumnal and wintry winds had thickly strewed around it, it entwined itself by such supporting embraces, until it reached a trailing length, and assumed a brilliant verdancy which made it a conspicuous beauty among the dried shrubbery and mouldering foliage which encompassed it. And there for years, it may be, it had grown unobserved. Even the bright rays of the sun but scantily and slantingly shone in upon its branching progress; for, among the majestic oaks and stately pine trees, the eclipse which fell upon the evergreen was sometimes almost total. Yet it knew no stint, no fading hue, and no rude footsteps had ever trampled upon it. In its obscurity it seemed to obey one of the great laws of nature, and silently to live on with increasing beauty and strength. At every few paces, a livid green shot out, more tender and youthful than others with whom it claimed affinity, and thus an added beauty was given by its changing colors.

But ere long footsteps are heard in this sacred forest. Over briars and brambles, amid underbrush and rubbish, the pursuit is urged, and the lovely evergreen is at length espied in the tramp. The fatal knife soon severed it from its damp root. Gently was it untwisted from its supporting holds, and through many a gap, and over many a wild and thorny bush had it extended itself. It was indeed hailed by the gleaners as a rare treasure, and carefully and faithfully was it twined in a broad receptacle, which was designed to enclose many of its kindred for the Christmas holidays were approaching, and this undying evergreen was to be woven in a chaplet as an emblem of the Christian faith.

Its destination was in a stately mansion, and its preparation was in view of scenes of festivity and joy. By maiden fingers it was rounded and arranged with more perishable wild flowers, and hung in the splendid drawing-room windows. Here was an emblem of life contrasted with a dreary prospect without; but it was a new life to the vine which had been cradled amidst alternate snows and scanty sunshine. In its new atmosphere a radiant glare of light always beamed upon it. When the setting sun would have left it in its native darkness, the brilliant artificial light shone quite as strongly upon it. And then only a frosty window-pane lent it any damp and refreshing aid to save it from decay; for, amidst the heated drawing-rooms where mirth and music were keeping time, there was no absence of a blighting heat which withered both animate and inanimate things. Yet for twenty successive holidays did this evergreen maintain its position. The wild flowers which were first put between it were long since perished, and a decaying beauty was now resting upon the evergreen. It twisted itself, and grew rusty and fading. But it had answered its purpose—it had maintained its place as long as the festive season lasted, and then the window which con-

tained it was suddenly thrown up, and the chaplet was thrown among other rubbish in the street!

As with quiet gaze I looked upon it, I too saw an emblem of worldly friendships. It was no more suggestive of Christian faith, for the place it now occupied was but an emblem of fallen greatness, of short-lived remembrances, and of cast-off beauty. And while I moralized, a little tattered beggar picked up the relic, and with her cold and benumbed fingers sought to place it around the crown of her bruised and faded bonnet. Then with a lightsome tread she made her way to yonder attic, where the puny baby tore it in pieces upon the cold hearthstone. Thus ended the cast-off evergreen!

Shall I weaken your impression, kind reader, by an analogous picture? Have you never seen the protected child growing up amidst silent influences, maturing year by year in a steady growth—the pride of parental fostering, throwing out the tendrils of affection, dreaming only of merry days, while the soft waters went murmuring by, and in their placid, unruffled flow seemed to image only the innocent thoughts and face of him who stood upon the brink of the stream? By-and-by comes a rough breeze, and the image is no longer reflected. The world has called him out of that peaceful home, and he mingles in a new and heated atmosphere. For a time he is unmindful that he has severed the root from which he drew his healthful nutriment. He plunges into the strange glare of brilliant and festive life. He lives in an excited and pestilential miasma. By slow degrees his moral principles are undermined; he is enfeebled, perhaps bloated, perchance fevered with the association. But alas, he has withered at the root, and men cast him out like the worthless evergreen!

Is it not so with the devotee at fashion's shrine? So long as with princely fortune one gives and returns the merry dance, and provides sumptuously at the festive board, is he not sought, caressed and flattered? But remove the gilded show which his ample fortune supplies; let him now buffet the fierce gales which only plunge him still deeper in the dark shades of poverty, and is he not, too, "cast off," as the evergreen?

Alas, that man should be rigid and cold with his brother, even as nature with her rough winds and fearful tornadoes, which sometimes swallow up the richest treasures. The little wild flower that grows so comely in its silent retreat, untouched by foreign hands, puts forth its tender branches and shuns the vulgar eye, content to bloom in some guardian shade. The morning and evening sun smile upon it; its honeyed blossoms scent the desert air; but the un pitying frosts of autumn leave no vestige of the flower. It came from nothing, and to nothing it has returned!

But here my analogy fails. We are born into an endless life, and if we suffer ourselves though our own misconduct to be "cast off," we cannot smother or annihilate our life; consciousness once awakened, never dies. But, if by adherence to the firm root of principle, we fearlessly tread life's thorny passages and find ourselves "cast out" in the conflict, no whirlwind or earthquake can destroy the germinating principle; for, unlike the frail duration of the flower, or the decay of the evergreen, we shall yet ripen beneath a more congenial sky, under the guardianship and sunshine of a Father's protecting love.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MY SPIRIT TURNS TO OLDEN TIMES.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

My spirit oft doth sadly turn
To the dreams of olden time,
When cherished hopes did brightly burn,
In this beating heart of mine.
For clouds have gathered dim and dark,
And tempest-tossed has been my bark;
The angry waves have dashed by me,
While sailing life's tempestuous sea;
Then is it strange that I should pore
O'er those bliss-haunted scenes of yore?

Well may the silent teardrops fall,
For I've learned a bitter truth;
Our fondest hopes as quickly pall,
As the fantasies of youth.
For friends of old, whom once I knew,
When hope enchantments round me threw,
Have bid farewell to earthly ties,
And dwell in yon cerulean skies;
Then is it strange that I should pore
O'er those bliss-haunted scenes of yore?

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO MY TAPER.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Taper! that heavenward points and burns,
An emblem of the immortal mind;
Wrapt in the mantle of high thought,
My fancy wanders unconfin'd;
While on thy wavering light I gaze,
My life a semblance is of thee;
Aspiring—transient—lonely—soon
To mingle in eternity!

Lone taper! what a chain of thoughts
In mystic links thy presence forms;
From childhood's mouths to manhood's day,
And age, with all life's calms and storms!
Attracted by thy glaring beams,
These infant eyes in wonder gazed;
And smiled in artless mirthfulness,
While thy mysterious beacon blazed.

In riper years, thy presence oft
Hath cheered the lone and midnight hour,
When round my solitary cot
The storm-fiend raged with wasting power.
On winter's chill and snowy eve,
How welcome beamed thy cheering light;
When homeward, weary, I've returned
To her, my bosom's best delight.

Around the sweet, domestic hearth,
Thy presence lends a softened spell;
Where hearts and lips in plighted love,
Whisper what words may never tell.
Domestic star of gentle ray,
I love, in solitude, to see
And mark thy useful, cheering flame
Dispense its pleasant light for me.

Marvels of thee old legends tell,
How Heaven hath given thee mystic power,
To speak of coming billets dear,
And tell of life's dark, closing hour!
To me thy rising flame imparts
A lesson solemn and divine;
When sinking—brighteasing—darkening—thou,
Expiring, tell'st such end is—mine!

THE AFRICAN AND HIS DOG.

When the devoted missionary, Robert Moffat, was in England, he told an amusing story of a poor African, who lived near one of the missionary settlements, and whose dog, by some accident, had got possession of a Testament in the native language, and torn it to pieces, devouring some of the leaves. This man came to the missionaries in great dismay, and laid his case before them. He said that the dog had been a very useful animal, and had helped to protect his property, by guarding it from wild beasts, and also in hunting and destroying them; but he feared it would be useless for the time to come. The missionaries asked him how was this?—and why should not his dog be as useful as formerly? As for the injury done, that was but an accident, and the Testament could be replaced by another copy. "That is true," said the poor man, "but still I am afraid the dog will be of no further use to me. The words of the New Testament are full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them, it is not likely that he will hunt or fight for me any more."—*Missionary Incidents.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

PERFECT HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

All are seeking happiness, they are seeking perfect bliss,
But never will they find it in a world of care like this;
It dwells not on this earth, 't is too drear a resting-place,
Its joys are transient things, they come and go in haste.

Then seek not in the land where the fragrant orange blows,
Where the balmy air is laden with the perfume of the rose;
Where all seems bright and smiling, where no ray of death
Might fall,
To o'er shade a beaming future with a gloomy funeral pall.

Yet earthly bliss is fleeting, this world is not our all,
Our pulses now are beating, but soon stern death will call;
O may we list the summons, and be prepared to go
To the land of bliss immortal, beyond all earthly woe.

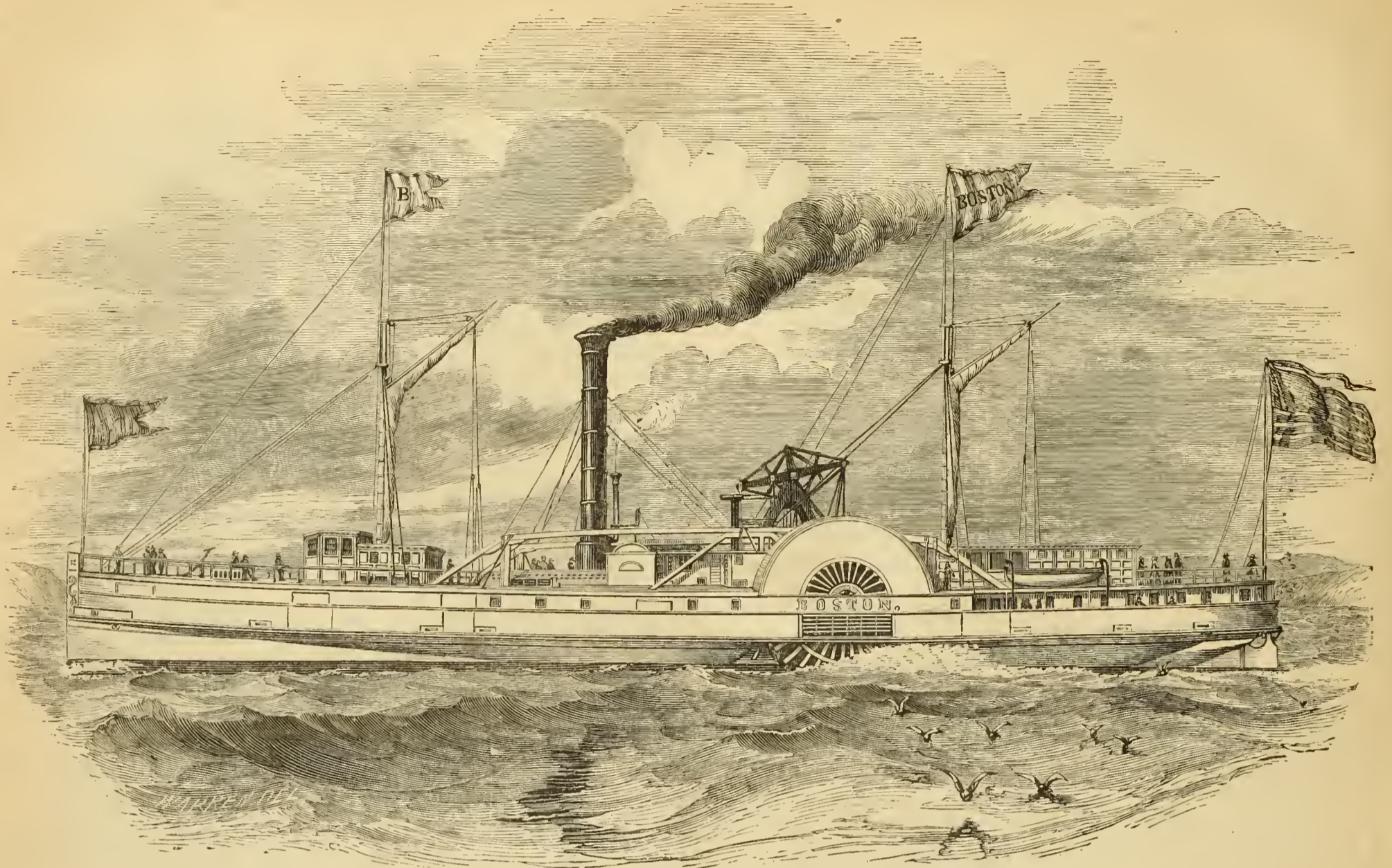
In heaven is perfect happiness, by Jesus' hand 't is given,
Then seek it not on earth, 't is found alone in heaven;
Mid realms where sin ne'er enters there's bliss forevermore,
There perfect happiness is found when life on earth is o'er.

THE SEA CLIMATE.

The sea climate is very equable; it is also moist, and the sky often cloudy and rainy in the high latitudes. The land climate is excessive, with violent changes, generally dry, and the sky usually clear. It follows that the astronomical climate—that which is dependent on the latitude—is greatly modified by the presence or absence of the sea; and the distribution of the heat through the year, for any place whatever, depends in no small degree on its proximity to, or its distance from, the ocean, and the consequent prevalence of the winds which blow from it.—*Guyot's Earth and Man.*

The human heart is full
Of love, that must be given,
However checked, estranged and chilled,
To something under heaven.

Mrs. Norton.



VIEW OF THE EASTERN STEAMER "BOSTON."

STEAMER BOSTON.

This fine vessel, a view of which is given above, is 630 tons burthen, 225 feet long, 28 feet broad, and 10 1-2 feet deep, and is built in an exceedingly strong and substantial manner, of the very best materials. She is coppered with heavy cold-rolled copper. Her engines are from the manufactory of Messrs. T. F. Secor & Co., New York, and are finished in the very best manner, with all the modern improvements. The Boston's accommodations for passengers are convenient and commodious; while at the same time, in point of elegance of finish, they will compare favorably with those of any boat which has ever been placed upon the eastern routes from this city. In the gentlemen's cabin she has 157 berths, which look the very pattern of neatness; the ladies' cabin has forty-two berths, fitted up in splendid style. In the rear of this cabin is a dressing room, with mirrors, arrangements for washing, etc., all upon the most improved plans. Besides the above, there are twenty state-rooms, including two "bridal state-rooms," each one of which is well lighted and ventilated, and wears an air of comfort sufficient to quiet all forebodings of that pest of steamboat-travelling to the fair sex—sea-sickness. The Boston was built in New York, in 1850, by Wm. H. Brown, for and under the superinten-

dence of Capt. Menemon Sanford, expressly for the outside route between this city and Bangor. Especial attention was paid in her construction to make her a good sea-boat, and the severe ordeal through which she has several times passed on her passages to and from the eastward, furnishes ample evidence that this object has been satisfactorily attained. The Boston is commanded by Capt. Thomas B. Sanford, who is well known, in New York, here, and at the eastward, as a popular steamboat commander. Her agent is Mr. Charles J. Dow, who has long been connected with steamers upon the eastern route. She leaves Foster's wharf every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock. We commend this fine boat to the attention and inspection of our eastern friends, and congratulate them upon the improved facilities which she affords them for communication with our city.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man—no romance here, with haughty eyes, Apollo lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain, almost gross, bag checked, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion; a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the northern part of Eng-

land, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident, and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his; spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances playing ideally within the same; rather hopeless looking, which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty! His townsfolk rose in mob round him, for threatening to shorten labor—to shorten wages—so that he had to fly, with broken washpots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife too, as I learn, rebelled: burned his wooden model of his spinning-wheel, resolute that he should stick to his razors rather—for which, however he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. O, reader, what a historical phenomenon is that bag-checked, pot-bellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber! French revolutions were a-brewing; to resist the same in any measure, imperial Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton, and thus keep her in the ascendant.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A HAPPY HOME.

The first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else, conjuring up their dislikes, they add fuel to their prejudices and animosities forever afterwards.

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed:

"Pull the line."

She pulled it at his request, as far as she could. He cried:

"Pull it over."

"I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," still shouted the whimsical husband.

But vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held the opposite end. But when he came round, and they pulled at the same end, it came over with great ease.

"There!" as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we both pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together! It will be so with us through life!

In this illustration, homely as it may be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There needs union of action, sweetness of spirit and great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle. Home is no unmixed paradise of sweets; the elements of peace and true happiness are there, and so, too, are the elements of discord and misery; and it needs only the bitter spirit of the world without, to make it a pandemonium, or the loving genius of harmony to make it the prompter of every affectionate impulse.—*Ladies' Repository.*

REPRESENTATION OF SILVER PLATE.

Herewith we present a representation of a portion of the silver plate designed and executed by Stebbins & Co., New York, for the Messrs. Leland Brothers, of the Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway. The design is as singularly unique and tasteful, as anything could well be imagined; and reflects the highest credit upon the skill of the enterprising house that originated it. The silver ware for the entire establishment—which has been ordered at a cost of fourteen thousand dollars—is to be finished after the same pattern and style. The proprietors of the Metropolitan, we learn, in the selection of the entire furniture for their establishment, have been equally lavish in expenditure—it being the determination to surpass in splendor and magnificence every other hotel in the world. Such expenditure, made upon prospective returns, would frighten any one but a millionaire. But the determination is to open an establishment which shall be the focal attraction for travellers from every part of the globe; and as much so from its novelty, as its superior advantages. The task is herculean; but from what we hear of its progress, there is little doubt of its realization. How long the Lelands will maintain their superiority, depends much upon the tact and skill with which they manage their mammoth establishment. Think of a thousand guests being elegantly accommodated in a single hotel!



PLATE TO BE USED AT THE NEW METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MISS KIMBERLY.

Our readers will remember that a few weeks since we presented in these columns a very fine picture of Miss Kimberly, in the character of *Isabella* in the "Fatal Marriage." Our artist has again depicted this gifted lady as she appears in her public readings from Shakspeare. Miss Kimberly is already too well known to our readers and the public as an artist, to require any elaborate notice from our pen, more especially as we have so lately spoken of her professional career in detail. The likeness we give herewith is by our artist, *Mr Rowse*, and is a very perfect affair, preserving most faithfully the expression and contour of form and features.

BARK-BOUND TREES.

Some over-wise people have an idea that when a tree gets mossy and bark bound—the latter but another form for the want of growth and weakness, consequent upon neglected cultivation—it is only necessary to slit the bark up and down the stem with a jack-knife, and it will at once spread out and grow. This is sheer nonsense. Dig about and cultivate the roots, and the bark will take care of itself, with a scraping off of the moss, and a washing of the stem with ley or soap suds, or chamber slops, which last is quite as good. The increased flow of the sap, induced by a liberal feeding of the roots, will do its own bursting of the "hide bound" bark, which is simply its enfeebled condition as a consequence of its poverty of root. No one thinks of turning out a bony, half-starved calf in the spring in the clover field, with the skin on its sides all split through with a knife in order to add to its growth. And this last proposition is quite as sensible and philosophical as the other. Nature takes care of itself in those particulars. Sap in trees is what blood is to animals. Its vigorous flow reaches every part of its composition, and gives to each its proper play and function. We can show frequent instances of a decrepid, shrivelled branch, by the throwing open and manuring of the roots, and a thorough pruning of the top, increased from an inch to two inches diameter in a single season; and without assistance as it grew, bursting and throwing off its old contracted bark as freely as the growth of a vigorous asparagus shoot would develop itself during a warm shower in May. —*American Agriculturist.*



MISS E. KIMBERLY, AS A SHAKSPEARIAN READER.

N. JERSEY LUNATIC ASYLUM.
Below we give a fine view of this noble institution. Of late years much has been done for the unfortunate class of our fellow beings for whom this and kindred institutions are designed. Under kind and gentle treatment, many a one, in whom the light of reason had become obscured, or rendered well nigh extinct, has recovered, and gone forth into life again to mingle in the daily duties and socialities of the world. We rejoice in every new advance made in medical science that mitigates human suffering, and hail the establishment and perpetuity of institutions of this character, which have for their object the cure or relief of the dreaded disease of insanity. This building compares favorably with edifices of a similar character in the other parts of the country. The whole length of the front is 465 feet; depth of the three centre buildings, 85 feet; depth of end buildings, 60 feet: depth of each ward, 36 feet. There are now 191 patients in it, and it is only intended to accommodate 200. The centre building is four stories high. The first, being the steward's apartments, kitchens and store-rooms. The second, the public offices, parlors, etc. The third, the superintendent's private rooms and the chapel. The fourth, bed rooms. The tanks for supplying water occupy the dome. The wings are three stories high, and are similarly arranged, except the first story of those adjoining the centre, which are arranged for various domestic offices and bed rooms. The first story of the extended wings is divided, and appropriately fitted for the accommodation of the most excited and violent classes of each sex. Where the first and extended wings overlap, they are carried up a story higher, forming a small department for convalescents, or those desiring more private apartments. A bill was introduced into the legislature to erect two additional wings on each end of the building, to be 130 feet in length, and to correspond with the present building. These contemplated wings were intended for the reception of the more excited patients, in order to remove them as far as possible from those who were partially recovered. These, it is contemplated, can be finished at a cost of \$35,000, which, when finished, will make the whole length of the building 725 feet. But the legislature saw proper not to pass it, so the matter remains as it was before.



VIEW OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, AT TRENTON.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

IS IT TRUE!

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

Bestow you yet a lingering thought, kind friends,
And does remembrance ever turn to me?
That thought is music, and the tone it sends,
Thrills through the heart Eolian melody.
'Tis sweet to be remembered, and we flee
Fondly away to those who cherish yet
A kindly feeling, and a kindlier plea
That we, the absent ones, will not forget.

To sympathetic words the full heart bounds,
And throbs responsive to the generous tone
That tells us, though we wander earth's wide rounds,
In joy or sorrow, we are not alone.
For memories, o'er us with their angel wings
Are hovering, and the volume tale they tell,
Bids joy come welling from its fountain springs,
And drives the starting teardrop to its cell.

'Tis sweet to be remembered—words are ought,
And only mock us with their poverty;
The soul's unfathomed depths in vain are sought,
And lean we on the word-staff wearily.
Poor broken reed! would that some vision kind,
Sailing adown from out yon stary sky,
For onward thoughts true spirit words would find
As tributes to a breathing memory.

'Tis sweet to be remembered—I can greet
The waiting earth-worm with a joyous smile;
And the chill tomb would only be more sweet,
That I within your memories live the while.
'Tis sweet to be remembered—when you kneel
And plead for blessings from the Three in One;
On heaven's gate impress a triple seal,
Link me, and thee, and the Eternal Throne!

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

NEILNARGE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

A HAPPY man was Barney O'Leary. He lived years ago, long before the last bitter drop—the blighting of the potato crop—had filled the cup of Irish poverty. In Barney's time the peasantry were comparatively prosperous, and he, in particular, seemed born under a lucky star. None of the neighboring farms bore comparison with his well-cultivated acres; and the loads of well cut turf, which were yearly brought from his inexhaustible bog, would have made the hearts of the poor cinder scrapers of our great cities leap for joy. And then the neatly thatched cottage, with its convenient outbuildings, and above all, the seven fine cows—Barney's especial boast and pride. Surely such an establishment needed a mistress; and it was a marvel to the country round that no bright-eyed little Kathleen, no gentle Mary, or patient Bridget, had yet become the presiding genius of the envied spot.

But Barney was a prudent man, and could keep his own counsel, as well as if he had been born in Yankee land. He had his reasons for not being in haste to marry, and when the proper time arrived, the bright-eyed little Kathleen was found. All would have gone on swimmingly, and a merry wedding there would have been, had not the little damsel—with a forethought beyond her years, while she gave her blushing consent—laid down certain conditions, to which Barney found it difficult to accede.

Not a drop of liquor must henceforth cross his lips. Kathleen had seen and felt the evils of intemperance in her father's house, and the man whom she would wed must swear on the holy crucifix to abstain from the fatal cup.

"But, Kathleen, my darlint," remonstrated the afflicted lover, "will ye not allow a poor fellow a cheerful glass in the harvest? Indade, and it would be cruel in ye to say that, when I am toiling in the fields for your sake, that ye may be as grand as any lady in the land, not a drop of the comfort must cross my lips. Sure ye were never thirsty, my honey."

"That's where you are mistaken, Barney O'Leary—but can ye not drink what will not make a beast of yourself? Will I not come to the field myself with the sweet buttermilk from the churn? And if that is not enough for ye, is there a lass in the country who can brew a better cask of beer than your own Kathleen?"

"That is just the truth, and the words sound sweetly from those cherry red lips," exclaimed Barney, gazing with admiration upon the animated countenance of the fair speaker; "and yet, my darlint, I cannot be after promising that never a drop of Irish whiskey will I taste again. Why the good people under ground themselves take it. Did ye never hear of Neilnarge and

his whiskey bottle? And there is Father O'Brien. Does he not take a drop of the crathur to comfort his heart when he stands by the bed of the sick and the dying? Sure and ye may trust your own Barney, when the priest and the fairies tell ye that it is needful."

"I will trust no man living, Barney; and it is strange that a reasonable man like yourself does not know your own failings better. Were ye not picked out of the ditch last Hallow Eve night, and carried to your own home, like a drunken fool as ye were? The priest can do as he likes, he has more sense than a poor crathur like you; and as to the fairies, ye will never prosper if ye do not stop talking lightly of the good folks. That is another bad habit of your own."

"And little harm it has ever done me, Kathleen. Indade, it is the truth, that I care not the snap of my finger for Neilnarge and all his crew, and yet there is not a more prosperous man this side of Dublin. O, Kathleen, my honey, think of the snug little house, and the fine fields of potatoes, and the seven cows, as great beauties as yer eyes ever rested on. A jewel of a husband ye will get when ye take your own Barney. Sure you will give me leave to speak to the priest."

"Not without the promise," replied the impersuasive maiden; "nor then either, unless you will quit talking of those above you. Have you not seen the great white rock on the barren moor, where Neilnarge dwells with his fairy band?"

"Many a time I have seen the rock, but never a bit of a fairy around it. The old wives say that fire will draw the little folks out; and if ye like, my darlint, I will kindle a fine turf fire around the rock, and if the wee king himself appears, I will drink his health in a glass of the rare old Irish whiskey."

"Och, Barney, are ye not afraid to talk in this way? You would sing another tune if you found yourself fornest the king's majesty. But I will stand no longer prating with you. My spinning-wheel is idle, and you should be at your work."

"And ye will not give me leave to buy the wedding-gear," urged her lover, still detaining her. In troth, there is not another lass in the country who would not jump at my offer."

"Take them, then, if you please," replied his cruel mistress. "I have told you the truth, Barney O'Leary. The man who would have Kathleen for his bride, must bid farewell to the whiskey bottle."

Thus saying, the little damsel disappeared from Barney's view with such marvellous celerity that, had he not caught a glimpse of her blue kirtle in a neighboring thicket, he might almost have imagined that she claimed kindred with the invisible beings, in whom she placed so firm a faith. He did not attempt to follow her, however, but musing upon her words, returned to his daily duties.

Time passed on, and Barney, although still a strong advocate for the virtues of the real old Irish whiskey, found it impossible to abandon all hope of the fair Kathleen, and after a long struggle, agreed to accede to her terms, and take the required oath. But alas for the perversity of womankind! Fears lest her lover, thus unwillingly compelled to do what his conscience did not prompt, should, at some future day, forfeit his word thus sacredly pledged, were now vivid in Kathleen's mind, and she proposed to Barney that he should try the effect of three months' abstinence, held by no other pledge than his affection for her. If this had power to restrain him for that length of time, he might then venture to kiss the crucifix, and repeat his vow.

It was no use to try to resist the pertinacious maiden, and, as usual, Barney yielded. The whiskey bottle remained undisturbed upon a shelf, the ale house missed its accustomed guest, and the merry boys for many a mile round gazed with wonder upon the altered mien of Barney O'Leary, who, even upon a fair-day, was seen pursuing his daily occupations with steady step and undiminished industry.

And now the time of trial had nearly passed, and the day was fast approaching when Barney could claim his promised bride.

"It is the happy man I am this night," he exclaimed, as he again sat by the side of his little Kathleen. "One week more, my darlint, and ye will be your own Barney's bride. Ye may break the old whiskey bottle now if ye like. Barney cares for it now no more. One kiss from those pretty lips is comfort enough for a poor fellow like myself."

As he spoke, he enforced his words with a vigorous smack, which was rather more gently returned, while Kathleen responded in her most persuasive tones:

"But you will not be after going to Dublin the morrow, dear Barney. What if it is St. Patrick's day? Blessings on his memory. Will ye not keep it at home, with your own Kathleen? A merry day we will have of it, and a blithe dance in the evening beside. Surely ye would not like to have me take another partner but yourself."

"I will be home before nightfall, sweet Kathleen. Old Dobbin is a fast trotter. Surely you will not begrudge me one day's pleasure, and a sight of his honor's excellency, the governor himself. I know what is troubling your little head. Ye are afraid to trust your Barney among the boys on St. Patrick's Day. Now shame on ye, my darlint, to be after doubting me when near three months have passed since a drop of the liquor has crossed my lips."

"I do not doubt ye, Barney, but it is a wild place this Dublin is on St. Patrick's day; and if your own head is clear, you will find many a one who will pick a quarrel with you for nothing at all, and you will come home with a black eye and a broken nose for our wedding."

"Never fear me, Kathleen. Ere the shadows fall, Barney will stand at your side ready for the merry dance, with a face as smooth as your own, barring the whiskers."

Half convinced, Kathleen yielded to her lover's arguments, and ere the morning dawned, Barney was on his way to the great city. But many a weary mile lay between, and the bad road was trying to the patience of old Dobbin, if not to that of his master. All difficulties were at length surmounted, however, and leaving his horse at an inn on the outskirts of the town, Barney joined the crowd, who seemed pressing forward to one particular part of the city. Presently a tremendous cheer from every voice announced that they had reached the castle, and looking towards the spot where every eye seemed turned, Barney beheld the cause of all this commotion.

In an open window over the colonnade, smiling and bowing at a tremendous rate, stood a gentleman, who looked as if his nourishment from the time that he was born had been confined exclusively to saffron cakes. A broad blue ribbon, from which depended the insignia of his rank, was visible beneath the velvet collar of his plain dark frock coat, and a brilliant star glittered upon his breast, in close and honorable companionship with which, appeared a shamrock, which might have caused the largest sized "Flat Dutch" cabbage to hide its diminished head in very shame. When this respectable herb was duly distinguished by the crowd, and discovered to be actually and bona fide their national emblem, it is probable that there could not have been found a dozen individuals among them who would not have suffered themselves to be kicked within an inch of their lives by the illustrious gentleman with the saffron-colored countenance.

As it was, a succession of the most rapturous shouts issued from the respective and respectable lungs of every man, woman and child there present; in return for which, the distinguished personage in the window forthwith, and in the kindest manner which it is possible to conceive, proceeded to favor them with a view of his exceedingly white and dazzling teeth, and to perform sol-ly for their gratification, and by no means for the purpose of displaying his own graces, a series of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," which, as a matter of course, only called forth additional expressions of admiration. "Long life to yer honor's glory!" "The blessings of St. Patrick on yer majesty's lordship!" "Hurroo yer sows! look at the shamrock!" "The light of heaven on yer path, my lord lieutenant, jewel!" "Amin, I pray God." "Och, please yer honor's riverance, don't be smiling that way, or sorra bit of myself can see you; my eyes is dazzled intirely with them teeth."

This last delicate morsel of hyperbole was the sally of a half-naked fellow, stationed sufficiently near the window to admit of his excellency's hearing the words; and certainly if their poor author's eyes had been dazzled before, they must now have been struck perfectly sightless by the increased brilliancy of the smiles that, in due appreciation of his compliment, were levelled at the spot where he stood.

At this moment the attraction at the window was considerably increased by the appearance of

a very pretty, good tempered looking woman, with a slight tendency to *embonpoint* in her figure. She wore fair hair in plain Madonna bands, its only ornament being a small coronet of emeralds, and in the bosom of her white satin dress was tastefully placed a luxuriant shamrock. If the shouts were loud before, I'll leave it to my readers to imagine what they became when the lady, advancing to the front of the windows, removed it from her bosom, and holding it forward for a moment, smilingly raised it to her lips, bending her head slowly in a graceful courtesy. In a second, thousands of hats and headpieces of every description, shot up like rockets into the air, and one wild impetuous yell burst simultaneously from every lip, while, on the impulse of the moment, hundreds of poor wretches actually danced and jumped about in the ecstacy of their delight.

"Hurroo! Why don't ye shout, yer sows? Only look at her—look at her—see that!" "More power to you, my ladyship, and may ye never see death, barrin' in the bed of glory." "Och, but it's her that's the beauty!" "Take care, my ladyship, yer honor, there's a thief of a sparrow goin' to pick yer lips; arrah, bad luck to him, but it's fond of cherries, he is!" "Holy Mary, my lord lieutenant, 'tis you that's the happy man intirely; them diamonds in your coat isn't worth a thraneen toards the jewel you have beside you to wear in your heart!" "That I may never, but I'd die happy if I could jist get one shake hands with her." "You shake hands with her! You! Well, if that doesn't flog the Danes! She wouldn't touch you with a pair of tongs!"

Such exclamations were heard everywhere throughout the castle yard, until the band, which, during the continuation of the scene, had been inflicting fresh indignities on that much desecrated piece of music, the national anthem, suddenly changed it, and struck up "St. Patrick's Day in the morning." Then commenced the fun in right earnest. Hats, caps, and even shoes, flew through the air, scattering in many places lively tokens of the people's joy. Young gentlemen inserted two fingers between their teeth, thereby forming a very delightful musical instrument, upon which they performed, in a most thrilling manner, sundry bars of popular airs; adding considerably to the melody of the same, by elaborate variations, occasionally accompanied by vocal representations of dogs in extreme agony, or the still sweeter notes of the feline species. Men shouted, women screamed, children squaled, and his excellency displayed his utter contempt for that antiquated proverb, which says: "You shouldn't show your teeth when you can't bite."

In the midst of the wild excitement of this scene, no wonder that poor Barney soon lost all remembrance of his Kathleen and the required pledge of abstinence which was to ensure his future happiness. His throat was dry with hurraing. The whiskey bottle was passed around that the enthusiastic multitude might gain new strength for the expression of their joy, and Barney was not the man to refuse the proffered draught. He drank long and deep; and being now somewhat unaccustomed to liquor, its effects were soon visible in his demeanor. As Kathleen had predicted, there was plenty of fighting during the day, and when, with a dim recollection that he was to be at home about nightfall, Barney took his way to the inn where he had left his horse, the whiskers were by no means the only thing that marred the smoothness of his countenance. A black eye and sundry frightful-looking bruises showed plainly the occupation in which he had been engaged, and were, to say the least, not very ornamental to one who, ere another week had passed, was to claim the hand of the pretty little Kathleen.

But Barney thought not of the effect his appearance might produce on his fair mistress. He was in the most exuberant spirits; and as he mounted his faithful steed, and carefully deposited a freshly filled bottle of the "rare old crathur" in his capacious coat pocket, he waved the remains of his hat in the air, and with three hearty cheers, bade farewell to the good city of Dublin, proceeding at a brisk trot in the direction of his native village.

The moon was high in the heavens when he reached the desolate moor, about a mile from his own home. There stood the huge white rock, to which we have before referred, rearing its proud form above all the surrounding objects. A bright thought seized upon Barney's excited brain.

"And sure," he exclaimed, "if there's a night in the year when the fairies should be dancing, it is on this blessed eve; and as sure as my name is Barney O'Leary, I will join them in that same spree, and Neilnaarge himself will pledge me in the rare old Irish whiskey. That will be something to tell my jewel of a Kathleen, if she blames a poor lad for taking a drop of the crathur on St. Patrick's day. Sure she will be after excusing me when I tell her that his little majesty himself took a glass in my company."

Thus saying, Barney alighted from his horse, and securing him at a little distance, advanced to the rock and carefully reconnoitered the premises, bowing at the same time with mock humility, and exclaiming in a stentorian voice:

"Will your majesty's riverance and your merry band please to come forth? 'Tis Barney O'Leary has come to join yer dance this blessed night, with a bottle of as good old whiskey as ye would wish to taste, in his pocket. Faith and I will treat ye to a glass."

There was no response to Barney's eloquent appeal, save the sighing of the wind and the hooting of an owl; and he paused for a moment, at a loss how to effect his object.

"The little folks shall not escape me so aisy," he said, at length. "I am determined to dance with them this night, if there's one in the rock. I will see if the fire will draw them out."

No sooner said than done. In a few moments Barney had collected a large pile of dry fagots, which he piled around the rock, and drawing a tinder box from his pocket soon succeeded in kindling a fire which, on any other night would have alarmed the neighboring villagers, but on this memorable evening, bonfires were common and excited little attention. While engaged in this manner, Barney had taken repeated draughts from the whiskey bottle, and was now capering before the crackling blaze, calling upon the fairies to come forth and see how a mortal man could bate them at the jig and fling.

Of what further transpired we have no record, for beyond this period Barney could remember nothing. It was his belief that he was suddenly overpowered by a host of invisible enemies, who threw him upon his horse and transported him to his own home. At any rate this was where he found himself on the following morning, with an aching head and a heavy heart, for the follies of yesterday were now vivid in his mind, and he feared to meet the bright eye of Kathleen. Sadly he crept to the barn to fodder his cattle, but what was his horror and astonishment, upon finding that his seven fine cows—the very pride of his heart and the envy of the country round—were missing. No trace of them could be found; and after a long and weary search, Barney returned once more to his barn to bewail his loss, when a sympathizing neighbor, to whom he had related his troubles, exclaimed:

"As sure as ye are a living man, Barney O'Leary, Neilnaarge has yer cows. Were ye not after telling me of yer folly last evening?—and is not this a fine revenge for the same?"

Struck with the remark, Barney hastily proceeded to the moor. There lay the blackened remains of his pile of fagots, while, in the midst, the rock stood unharmed, and pictured in bold relief upon its front were the forms of the seven cows, with the figure of a little old man answering to the description which the old wives gave of Neilnaarge, following them with a small whip brandished in his hand.

It was too much for poor Barney. His beautiful cows transformed to stone, and placed upon the rock, as a perpetual memento of his shame and folly.

He turned from the fatal spot, and years passed away before he was again seen among his fellow-men. Some said that he dwelt like a hermit among the mountains, others that he had gone to lands beyond the seas. His well-conducted farm remained neglected for several years, and was at length appropriated by a distant relative. Kathleen found consolation for her early disappointment, and became the wife of one who could more easily withstand the temptation of the whiskey bottle; and the name of Barney O'Leary was seldom mentioned, save when passing the great white rock where the figures of the cows were still distinctly visible.

Many years after, an aged man was seen hovering around the place, gazing sadly upon the forms of the poor animals, and was heard to count them several times in succession, repeating in melancholy tones: 'Yes, just seven; not one spared to comfort the heart of poor Barney.'

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BLIGHTED PROSPECTS.

BY ROBERT O. STAPLES.

Behold her haggard features now,
And then compare with other days;
That brow thus marked by grief and care,
With one that's lit by hope's sheen ray;
No longer now the joyous smile
Of mirth and happiness doth play
Around those finely chiselled lips,
But misery lingereth there for aye.

Those golden locks are silvered o'er,
And pallid is the brow of youth;
Misery, death and black despair
Have hence assumed the place of truth;
The infant cradled in her arms,
The little ones around her knee,
Each tells the tale of endless woe,
And speaks a father's infamy.

Where sleeps he now with whom she launched
Upon life's fierce, tempestuous wave?
Go ask them, where? they'll whisper you,
Within the wretched drunkard's grave!
The hopes of other days have gone,
And clouded is the moral sky
Where love and truth resplendent shone,
Like stars which brightly beam on high.

The cot beside yon gurgling stream,
Where lave the waters on the shore;
And gently bend the tall, proud trees,
Before the vine-secluded door;
Where flowers spring and brightly bloom,
And incense-laden winds sigh low—
Was once her home, ere sorrow came
And stamped its image on her brow.

THE OLD POYDRAS SOCK SELLER.

A strange old man is he, who may be seen any day, be it cold or hot, in the neighborhood of the Poydras Market, with a bundle of socks in his hand, or on the banquette beside him. Selling socks is now his only business, yet time was when it was not so. Of the multifarious mutations of human life, that old man has experienced more than mortal's share. See how he mutters to himself, and smiles, half insanely, as he praises his wares to his real or pretended customers! One eye is closed, and the lid is swollen, and the face of the sock seller is covered with scars. These are traces left on the old man's face by assassin burglars, who, some two years ago, robbed him of his goods, and left him as one dead, in his house, in Circus Street. It was long before this old man recovered, and when he did, his intellect was a wreck, and nothing save his business habits were left to save him from total insanity. Since then he has followed the business of selling socks.

But it were unjust to the old man to give so imperfect an abstract of his history. Let us roll back the tide of time a quarter of a century, and a tall, fine-looking gentleman may be observed walking down Broadway, in New York. Fair ladies ogle him as he passes, and feel flattered when he smiles upon them. And is it strange? for the smiler of that day is a wholesale merchant of princely fortune! After that, changes came. The merchant, broken in fortune, removed to New Orleans, and his remains may now be found in the muttering sock seller of the Poydras Market. There is a strange tale of love connected with the old man, but that we cannot now give.—*N. O. Picayune.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BEAUTY.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

'Tis not the fairness of the brow,
Nor brightness of the eye;
Nor yet the cheek, whose radiant glow
Can with carnation vie,
That has a power to chain my gaze,
Or hold it in control;
The beauty that I most admire,
Shines spotless from the soul.

The beauty of the form and face
Last only in our prime;
The charms that centre in the soul
Will never wane with time;
The radiance from that inner shrine,
That lights the thoughtful eye,
Will chain for hours my earnest gaze,
Its charms can never die.

ART OF SWIMMING.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking (or rather of walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.—*Scientific American.*

WATERLOO THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, was strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume, and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living amidst its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled, as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. * * * In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and traillieur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with Green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. * * * On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was covered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Family Herald.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

I think of thee when all is hushed
In night's serene repose,
When round the overwearied earth
The shadowy curtains close;
But most my spirit dwells on thee
When it is wrapped in gloom,
And wishes for the hour when we
Shall meet beyond the tomb.
And as I turn my thoughts to thee
When silence reigns around,
And conjure up thy fantasy
When darkness is profound;
As then I seem to see thy face
Upon me sweetly smile,
And in thy soft, seraphic grace,
Am blest a little while;
So, when the heavens are bright to thee,
And earth is dark and lone;
And thou to thy bright home canst flee,
Nor hear the sufferer's moan;
Then look upon the dark, cold earth,
Where I must longer stay,
And pity me for all the clouds
That darken o'er my day!
And pray that soon, from doubt and care,
My soul may seek the skies;
And, blest forevermore with thee,
Through all the spheres arise.

BERMUDA FEMALES.

N. P. Willis, in one of his late letters from Bermuda, says:—"Here every female is trained, from childhood, to carry burthens upon the head. From a tea cup to a water pail, everything is placed on a small cushion at the top of the skull. The absolute erectness of figure necessary to keep the weight where it can best be supported by the spine, the nice balance of gait to poise it without being steadied by the hands, the throwing forward of the chest with the posture and effort that are demanded, and measured action of the hips, and the deliberateness with which all turning round or looking aside must be done, combine to form an habitual demeanor and gait of peculiar loftiness and stateliness. A prouder-looking procession than the market-women, as they go with their baskets on their heads across the square below our veranda, could not be found in the world. They look incapable of being surprised into a quick movement; and are, without exception, queenly of mien—though it come, strangely enough, from carrying the burthens of the slave."

And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.—*Pope.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE OLD LOG BRIDGE.

BY EVA LESLIE.

O 't was ever a favorite haunt of mine in my childhood's golden hours,
To wander there by the old log bridge, and gather the fragrant flowers;
The lily and the violet, which grew by the rivulet's side,
Where I'd hear the birds singing their evening songs at the hour of eventide.

Yes, that old log bridge, I remember it well, in that little shady grove,
It was a lonely, though beautiful spot, where the humming-bird loved to rove;
And I'd often sit by the rivulet's side, on that old and mossy stone,
And a charming sound to my listening ear was the little streamlet's tone.

And often when on my way to school, I would sit on that mossy seat,
And drink of the pure and sparkling rill which glided at my feet;
Of that little murmuring streamlet where the merry sunbeams played
Through many a hole in the old log bridge in that little forest glade.

That old log bridge, I remember it well, with ivy and moss o'ergrown,
And that little murmuring streamlet, with its sweetly echoing tone;
But years have passed since I viewed those scenes, those joyous scenes of yore,
And though the murmuring rill is there yet, the bridge is seen no more.

FRUITS OF EARLY RISING.

The preface to the last volume of Rev. J. Barnes's "Notes," which has just appeared mentions a fact which is worthy of being remembered by those who are accustomed to excuse themselves from the performance of any great and useful work for the "want of time." Dr. Barnes has published in all sixteen volumes of biblical "Notes," during the composition of which he has had the charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia; and yet he has not suffered his authorial labors to infringe upon the duties of the pastoral office. These sixteen volumes, he informs us, "have all been written before nine o'clock in the morning, and are the fruits of the habit of rising between four and five o'clock." From the first, he has made it an invariable rule to cease writing precisely at nine o'clock; and now he finds his formidable task accomplished, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been permitted to send forth more than 250,000 volumes of commentary on the New Testament, and that probably a greater number has been published abroad. All this has been accomplished in hours which the majority of men waste in bed, in idle listlessness, or in getting ready for the labors of the day.—*New England Farmer.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SONG.

BY T. H. INGALLS.

Blandly are the breezes blowing,
Set thy care-worn spirit free;
Fleety are the waters flowing,
Cease thy toil, whatever it be.
Earth is lightness, earth is brightness,
Come thou to the fields with me.

Early birds are sweetly singing,
With their mates in yonder grove;
Spring-time flowers from earth are springing,
Nature overflows with love.
Ever gladly, never sadly,
Let our spirits soar above.

Let us wander forth, and listen
To the psalm nature pours;
Seest thou not the dewdrops glisten
On the grass and on the flowers?
O what pleasures, O what treasures,
In the joyous spring are ours.

Books and folios are forsaken,
Glad we go to hail the spring;
All our fiercer feelings waken,
As the song the spring doth sing.
Grief-disarming, passion-charming,
Let us lie to hail the spring.

A TOUCHING CUSTOM.

There exists at Lhassa a touching custom, which we were in some sort jealous of finding among infidels. In the evening, as soon as the light declines, the Thibetan men, women and children cease from all business, and assemble in the principal parts of the city, and in the public squares. As soon as the groups are formed, every one sits down on the ground, and begins slowly to chant his prayers in an under tone; and the religious concert produces an immense and solemn harmony throughout the city, powerfully affecting to the soul! The first time we heard it, we could not help making a sorrowful comparison between this Pagan town, where all prayer is common, and the cities of Europe, where people would blush to make the signs of the cross in public.—*Hue's Travels in Tartary.*

Let the business of others alone, and attend to your own.

CROWN, SEAL, ETC., OF FAUSTIN I.

All our readers know that Soulouque, the chief magistrate of Hayti, has assumed the imperial purple, and with it the name of Faustin I, and has created a numerous nobility around him. The solemn and imposing scene of crowning the emperor and empress in the cathedral, by Archbishop Manthoul, on the 18th of April, took place in the presence of all the dignity and wealth of the empire. After the crowning of the imperial pair, the solemn benediction and imposition of hands, according to the rites of the Popish Church, the procession formed and moved towards the palace. The coronation of Napoleon was outshone in the cost and splendor of the crown, its jewels glittering like stars in the firmament, and the number of nobles and marshals far outnumbered those who danced attendance at St. Cloud; and it is very doubtful if Louis Napoleon's coronation will exceed that of Faustin I. The coronation of the emperor and empress of Hayti was delayed a long while, till the regalia, furniture of the palace, etc., could be procured from Paris. The engraving represents the imperial seal, insignia and crown. These are the workmanship of M. Rouvenat, of the firm of Christophe & Rouvenat. This house has filled a vast number of foreign orders, and sent roynl insignia, votive swords, and gala jewels to Constantinople, Egypt, and the cities of South America. The queen of Madagascar wears a crown of their manufacture. Fond-Calalou, the subject of the second engraving, is a favorite retreat of the emperor, a delicious nest embowered in high palm-trees, in the midst of the severe and volcanic scenery of Jacmel. It is here that his majesty, surrounded by a circle of his most intimate friends, seeks, from time to time, a temporary relaxation from the oppressive cares of state. This engraving is quite interesting from the fact that it is from a drawing by an artist of color, a Haytien, M. de Leogane, who is not only an admirable draughtsman, but a meritorious sculptor, and a man of great taste and refinement. We have read some of his letters, written in a pure and polished style. He is one of the ornaments of the court of Faustin, which also possesses its poet, in the person of the Duke de Segrelier, who has written some very delightful verses. So that the Haytien court is not without its men of letters and art.

In his coronation his sable majesty has rather stolen the march on his illustrious compeer in France, who has not yet declared the empire, but is unquestionably awaiting the favorable juncture to seat himself upon the throne of "my uncle."

GOD BLESS YOU.

As we journeyed on, a trifling incident occurred, which very favorably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field laborers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features

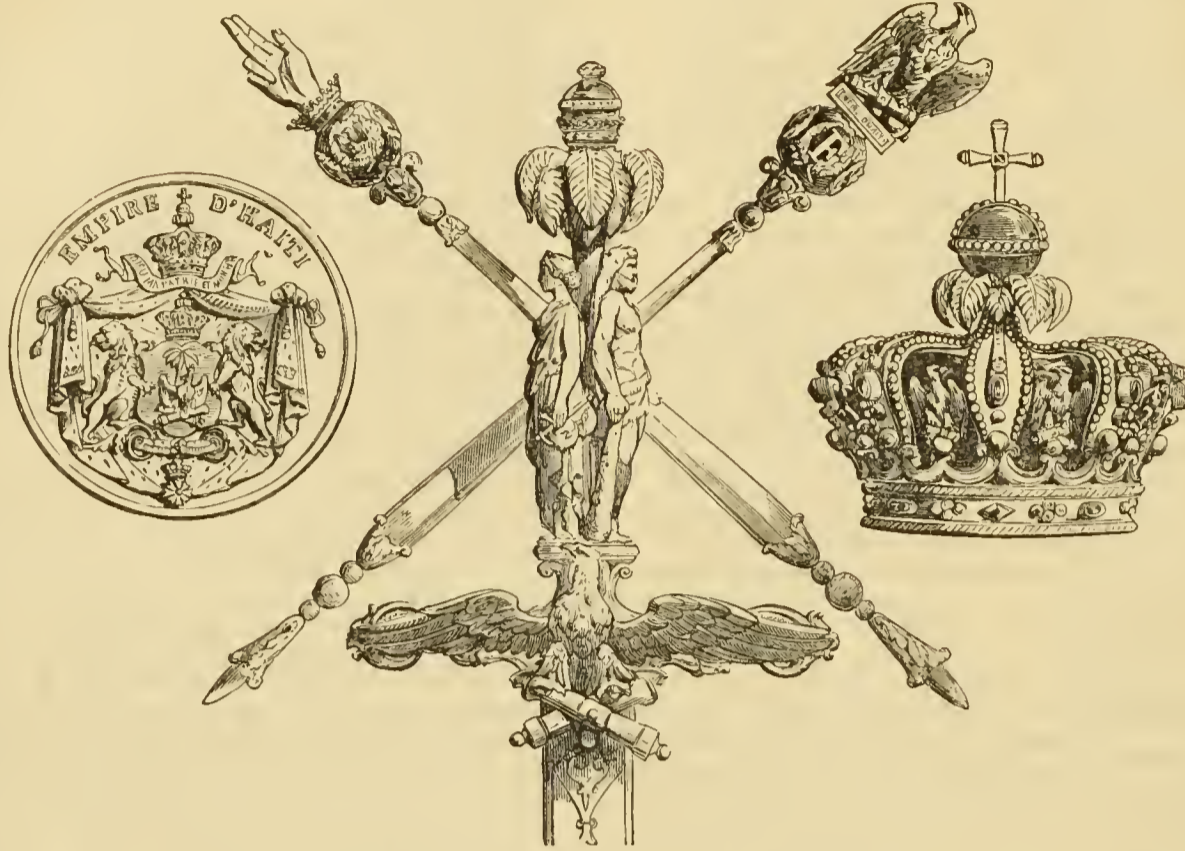
KOSSUTH AND HIS CAUSE.

The cause of absolutism on the continent of Europe, is the cause of religious persecution. The tyrants whose overthrow is sought by Kossuth, are the men who obstruct or prohibit altogether the circulation of God's Word, who imprison or banish humble and godly disciples of Christ, for no crime save that of worshipping God according to their construction of his laws, who break up prayer meetings, and even invade the sanctity of domestic life, to hunt out those who do not conform to State churches. They

MADAME PFEIFFER IN ICELAND.

From the age of ten years, Madame Pfeiffer tells us, she had a passion for travelling, and a particular desire to visit Iceland. Her desire has been gratified. In the year 1845, she left Vienna, unattended as usual, and found her way, after various perils, to the island of her hopes. She had formed a high opinion of the Icelanders from the writings of travellers, conceiving them to be exempt from the vices of European society, and to abound in all the patriarchal virtues. How far her previous impressions were confirmed, may be learned from the few facts which we select from the interesting volume in which she relates her adventures:—The houses of the higher classes in Iceland are arranged precisely in the ordinary European style—mahogany furniture, mirrors, sofas, etc. In the capital she found six piano fortes. The huts of the peasantry are, in external appearance, like natural hillocks. "small, low, made of lava blocks, filled in with dirt and covered with grass." Within they are filthy beyond possibility of description. The Icelandic ladies are more stiff and formal towards strangers than any whom Madame Pfeiffer had ever before met, and by no means inclined to hospitality. Persons of large fortune and great naturalists—well furnished with money and presents—are the only persons likely to be well received in Icelandic society. The men are of a medium height, generally very ugly, the women less so. The peasantry have a great many children, most of whom die in infancy, because, instead of being nursed by their mothers, they are brought up upon the most unwholesome kinds of food. There is not a carriage of any description in Iceland, nor a road upon which one could be used. The clergy receive from ninety-six cents to ninety-six dollars per annum, in addition to a house, a few fields and some cattle, which are furnished by the government. The people suffer more from heat than cold. When the thermometer is at seventy, no one will work; and in the midst of the harvest they wait till the evening before they begin the labors of the day.

The women wear no ornaments, but all are comfortably clad. Every one can read; and nearly all write, though there is but one school in the island. The father of the family is usually the sole instructor of his children. Books, mostly of a religious character, are seen in every house. Their religion is the Lutheran. The churches are extremely small, and are used for storing provisions, tools and clothing, and are generally appropriated as night quarters to a traveller. Madame Pfeiffer usually slept in a church during the whole of her solitary tour.—*Hume Journal.*



SEAL, INSIGNIA AND CROWN OF THE EMPEROR FAUSTIN I.

of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and, as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression, "Vaga vel con Dios" (Go with you God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil.—*Warren's Morocco.*

are the men who stand directly across the path of the world's progress. While the gospel of Jesus Christ proclaims the equality of man before God, and by regenerating, and enlightening, and guiding each, would raise all to a higher plane of life and happiness, these men practically affirm that the world was made for the few, that to that few the many are to minister, and neither education nor religion shall be permitted to change this order of things. It is a battle against God and man—against truth and righteousness—against the sublime designs of Christianity and the happiness of the race.—*Reflector.*



VIEW OF FOND-CALALOU, A COUNTRY HOUSE OF THE EMPEROR FAUSTIN I, OF HAYTI.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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 "The Fast Young Man," a story, by Miss SARAH M. HOWE.
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ILLUSTRATIONS.

We shall present an admirable and very perfect picture, by our artist, Mr. Wade, representing the beautiful Dutch Frigate Prince of Orange, now on a visit to this country.

A very beautiful oriental picture representing a Mosque at Jerusalem. Characteristic of the East.

A historical picture of a most vivid character, representing a French scene, at Paris, during the famous Reign of Terror, entitled the Summons at the Prison of Saint Lazaro.

Also an admirable engraving, entitled Chancellor de L'Hopital, during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

A fine picture, entitled an Incident of Mountain Life. One which will tell its own story to the readers of the Pictorial.

A very excellent and original likeness of Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge, by our artist, Mr. Rowse.

Also an admirable original drawing of Washington's Head Quarters, at Cambridge, being the house now occupied by Professor Longfellow. By our artist, Mr. Malory, taken on the spot.

An original view of that time-worn and very interesting structure, the old Swedes' Church, Southwark, Philadelphia. Taken on the spot, by our artist, Mr. Divereaux.

A capital likeness of the brothers Meade, daguerrotypists, Broadway, New York—to whom we are often indebted for accurate likenesses, etc.

A fac simile of the famous Michigan Block of Native Copper, designed for the Washington Monument, with its Ornaments and Mottoes. An interesting subject, drawn by our artist, Mr. Wade.

A fine picture of the well known Swallow Cave, at Nahant, Lynn. A spot of notice among travellers to this famous peninsula.

A picture of Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Mass. A most delightful summer retreat.

A very large and splendid picture of an Irish battle scene, representing the Irish monarch, Brian Boru, as he appeared in the Battle of Clontarf, engaged in mortal combat with the Danish invaders. A picture covering an entire page of our paper.

A DIAMOND WEDDING.

At Sollingen (Prussia on the Rhine), lately, a rare and touching ceremony took place at the Church of Sebastian. Mr. and Mrs. S— celebrated their diamond marriage—that is, the seventy-fifth anniversary of their union, which, according to custom on such occasions, was blessed anew by the curate of the parish. Thirty-one of their direct descendants were present. The old gentleman is yet hale and vigorous at the age of 95, the old lady, but ten years younger, also enjoys excellent health. The king has directed that the great golden medal for civil merit be presented to Mr. S—.

SPLINTERS.

Charlotte Cushman has played her farewell engagement on the American stage.

The French have resolved to have a Glass Palace and a World's Fair at Paris.

Iron omnibusses are now running in all parts of London, and regarded as an improvement.

Cherries, strawberries, and all the early fruits, are now for sale in our market.

Madame Anna Thillon has been quite as popular in New York as she was in Boston.

A man in Roxbury had so natural a picture of a hen that it laid in his drawer a week.

Martin Waterman, a gambler, hung himself in Baltimore, and rid the world of a knave.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, is now in London, studying music with Garcia.

Mr. Neafie, the American tragedian, has been performing an engagement at Buffalo.

The Cuban authorities are offering fresh insults to American citizens constantly.

Mrs. Mowatt had a real benefit given to her by her Boston friends lately.

An Irish woman threw her infant into the water from one of the New York ferry boats.

The Ravens have taken the Howard Athenæum for a short summer season.

PAINTING.

The origin of painting would seem to date almost as far back as the birth of the human race, for it is conjectured that the first attempts at the expression of ideas was not by writing, but by the more or less accurate delineation of corporeal objects. Authors differ as to the exact date of pictorial representations, however. Some assign it to the time of the siege of Troy; while Pliny tells us, with a tone of incredulity, that the Egyptians boasted of having discovered the art six thousand years before the Greeks. The Chinese undoubtedly practised painting at a very early period, but with this ingenious and facile people, it has never risen to the dignity of art. Occasional elaborate imitations of nature we find among the works of their painters, but they are sadly deficient in effect, character, vigor, and most particularly in perspective.

In Greece, painting early flourished, and rapidly rose from the germ to the flower and the fruit. "Greek art had her infancy; but the graces rocked the cradle, and love taught her to speak. If ever legend deserved our belief, the amorous tale of the Corinthian maid, who traced the shade of her departing lover by the secret lamp, appeals to our sympathy to grant it." The first step in art was a simple shaded outline, similar to those known under the name of *silhouettes*. The next step was to outline figures with a few simple descriptive lines within the outline. Afterwards came the *monochrome*, or painting in a single color; and thus step by step did the art of painting work its way towards perfection.

None of the paintings of the ancient Greek school, none of the works of Apollodorus, of Parrhasius, of Apelles, or Timanthes have descended to our day; but we can form some idea of their power from the impressions recorded in the works of antiquity. They seem to have united vigor, grace and ideal beauty, truth and exquisite drawing; and we may reasonably suppose, from the perfection of Greek conception, that the sister art must have kept pace with it. Painting flourished to a considerable degree in Rome, but fell with the fortunes of her imperial destiny. It was revived by Cimabue, a Florentine artist of noble descent, in the middle of the thirteenth century. In 1410 a Flemish painter, John Van Eyck, invented the art of painting in oil, which was soon taught to the Italian painters, and from the time of its discovery we note rapid advances in the art of painting.

Massaccio, a native of Tuscany, gave a great impulse to the art. Leonardo da Vinci raised it yet higher. This great man was noted for his almost universal genius; for, besides being a painter, he was an admirable sculptor and architect, a skilful musician, an excellent poet, expert in anatomy and chemistry, and well versed in all branches of mathematics. Michael Angelo, the great master of painting, commenced his career at the close of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century, Raphael added new glory to the art he practised. Titian, one of the founders of the Venetian school, excelled in splendor and harmony of color. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the three Carracci founded a famous school of art at Bologna. After about the middle of this century, the art of painting began to rapidly decline in Italy. The Germans, Dutch, and English have cultivated painting with great success, while France has produced but few eminent artists.

Of painting in this country we have a right to conceive warm hopes from the works our artists have already produced. In the highest range of art Washington Allston has produced pictures not surpassed by those of any artist who has flourished since the decline of painting in Italy. Benjamin West, also, carried the fame of American art abroad, while the productions of Copley, Stuart, and Inman deserve to hang beside those of Reynolds, Lawrence, and Vandyke. The art is now cultivated with great furor by a host of aspirants, and the public taste for it seems to be thoroughly awakened.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.—This is the title of the largest, handsomest, best printed, and most interesting weekly paper we have had the pleasure of inspecting. It is printed in quarto form, on the finest satin surfaced paper, and contains a number of choice engravings in every number. It is equal, if not superior, to the celebrated "London Illustrated News." We cannot conceive how such a magnificent sheet can be afforded for the low price of \$4 00 a year.—*Camden Phenix*.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Those acquainted with the art of wood engraving can bear testimony to the excellence of this department of the Pictorial.

SPANISH DEFINITION OF MILD PUNISHMENT.—Eight years labor in chains.

BINDING THE PICTORIAL.

Those persons who preserve the "Pictorials," and bind them every six months, will, in two or three years, possess some half a dozen superb volumes of tales, sketches, and elegant illustrations, forming a rare and beautiful illumined pictorial record of the times, that will be exceedingly valuable and interesting. Our subscribers begin to realize this, and are collecting the back numbers that they have lost or injured, and still keep our bindery constantly employed in binding volume first. To prepare for binding volume second on the 1st of July, we have already been obliged to enlarge the bindery department nearly double its former size and number of employees; and the second volume will be still better bound than the first, besides presenting throughout great improvements, as we have been able to learn more and more by experimenting in printing engravings on wood, an art never attempted to any great extent in this country before. Persons desiring volume first can still be supplied at any of the periodical depots, or at our office of publication, where a choice of styles in the binding can be made, and the complete volume had in gilt, with gilt edges, sides and back, and an illumined title-page and index, for the sum of three dollars.

CASPAR HAUSER.

The recent death of the weak and faithless Arch-Duke Leopold, of Baden, has naturally revived in the English papers the sad story of Caspar Hauser. Duke Ludwig, the half brother of Leopold, is supposed by some to have been the author of this cruel wrong—the child being believed to be the son of his elder brother, Duke Charles, by Stephanie, niece of Josephine,—which son suddenly disappeared. Caspar Hauser, it will be remembered, was at last murdered by some unknown person; thus closing a dark catalogue of suffering with a violent death. Cruelty to full grown men and women is a crime of crimson dye, but the sacrifice of an unoffending child—by stunting its physical, intellectual and religious growth—appears to us of almost as hideous a hue as that sin which, it is said, "shall never be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in the world to come."

THE POPE.

A correspondent of the Tribune, at Rome, finds the geography of Pio Nono somewhat at fault, in a brief interview: "The other day, and without our desire or request, came a summons to the Pope, and accordingly we had an audience at the Vatican. He was very affable and pleasant, and has an attractiveness of face and manner which shows a good heart. Poor Pio Nono! He took snuff constantly, dropping it on his white dress; and after informing me that steamers could go from New York to Liverpool in fifteen days, inquired whether they stopped for coal on their passage. He also announced to me that Boston was the greatest city in America; therefore, you see, that that question is settled forever."

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This elegant weekly has gone on improving since its commencement, in the most rapid and perfect manner, until it now presents a specimen of art and literature highly creditable to our city and the country. It was thought that wood cut printing could not be done to advantage in this country, but the Pictorial will compare favorably with any European illustrated paper that is published. The numbers from week to week are a brilliant record of the times in pictorial form, and few persons of taste will be without it. So says the Boston Daily Times—we say ditto.—*Bangor Democrat*.

IMPROVEMENTS.—We have some highly attractive improvements in view for the coming volume of the Pictorial, which commences on the first of July. This will be volume third, and will far exceed in beauty its predecessors. Subscribe early, to ensure the volume complete.

THE NEW NATIONAL.—It is said that Leonard, the Tremont Street auctioneer, will be the lessee of the new National Theatre. He is an enterprising man.

OREGON.—Our Oregon papers speak of that country as very prosperous. The rush of emigrants is large. Oregon bids fair to be a populous and wealthy section of the Republic.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This is, without doubt, one of the best literary journals in the United States. Its contributors are persons of the highest talent, and their productions are of the most learned that we have in the literary world.—*Independent Dollar News*.

NEW HOTEL.—A new and splendid hotel is to be built at Chelsea Beach, and furnished with appointments for a first rate watering place.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. J. J. Baker to Miss H. P. Titcomb.
 By Rev. Dr. Peabody, Hon. Edward T. B. Twistleton, of London, to Miss Ellen Dwight.
 By Rev. Mr. Streetor, Mr. Ja's H. Clark to Miss Eleanor Cottrell; Mr. Aaron Wheeler to Miss Sarah B. Rogers.
 By Rev. Mr. Harlow, Mr. Henry Holmes to Miss Betsey S. Winsor.
 By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Jonathan K. Blood to Miss Caroline Lunt, both of Cambridge.
 By Rev. Dr. Young, Mr. Robert Roberts to Miss Helen M. Brown.
 At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bent, of N. Bedford, Dr. A. H. Blanchard, of Sherburne, to Miss Eunice A. Hooper.
 At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, D. A. Kimball, Esq., cashier of Waltham Bank, to Miss Martha K. Cushing.
 At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Mr. William A. Webber, of Beverly, to Miss Lucy A. Hutchinson.
 At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Brannan, Mr. Gilbert E. Hood, of Thetford Academy, Vt., to Miss Frances E. Herrick.
 At Lowell, Mr. Thomas Payson, of Dorchester, to Miss Malinda P. Blake.
 At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Case, Mr. Charles H. Loring, U. S. N., to Miss Ruth D. Malbon.
 At Plymouth, Rev. Frederick A. Fiske, of Ashburnham, to Mrs. Rebecca J. Haskell.
 At New Bedford, Mr. Henry T. Bates to Miss Mary A. Allen; Mr. Antoine De Plato to Miss Ann Smith.
 At Pittsfield, Col. George T. M. Davis, of New York, to Mrs. Eunice P. Day.

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 At Washington, D. C., William S. Derrick, Esq.

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Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SEA BIRD.

WRITTEN WHILE AT SEA.

BY KENNETH SINCLAIR.

'T is evening—all is hushed around,
The zephyrs sigh with gentle sound,
The moon is beaming in the sky,
Bright stars the night watch keep,
While there comes on the deep
The sea bird's cry, quick flitting by.

Mark how she flies with anxious haste,
So swiftly o'er the watery waste,
To seek her nest on some far shore,
As yet to man unknown;
Some barren isle and lone,
A place secure since days of yore.

Through all the livelong day she'll roam
O'er the wide waters, far from home;
Of diving 'neath the billow's crest,
To find some scanty food,
To rear her little brood,
That in the nest securely rest.

But when the day-god sinks to sleep,
Within the caverns of the deep,
By instinct taught she speeds away
Toward that distant home;
Skims lightly o'er the foam,
Where mermaids play amid the spray.

And soon that friendly shore will reach,
And light upon the shell-strewn beach
Of that far isle and desolate,
Where grows the green sea-weed,
Or wave-cast fruit or seed,
Where faithful mate and young await.

In peace she'll nestle safely there,
Where ne'er the fowler's subtle snare,
Or leaden hail has yet distressed,
Or e'er been seen or heard,
To fright the timorous bird,
Whose young brood rest beneath her breast.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE CAVALRY OFFICER:

—OR—

THE WHITE SATIN DOMINO.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

The period of Napoleon's career, when at its zenith, is full of romantic adventures as connected with the history of the officers' lives that served under the great captain. He was quick to observe merit, and prompt to reward it, and this it was that made his followers so devoted to him, and so anxious to distinguish themselves by prowess in battle, and strict soldierly conduct in the emperor's service.

Colonel Eugene Merville was an attaché of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession, and brave as a lion. Though very handsome, and of fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the line of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sabre; and his last promotion from major of cavalry was for a gallant deed which transpired on the battle-field beneath the emperor's own eye. Murat, that prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had not led him to acquire before.

It was the carnival season, in Paris, and young Merville found himself at the masked ball in the French Opera House. Better adapted in his taste to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully, and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her. Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French; was witty, fanciful, and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accom-

pany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess."

"You would perhaps be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not."

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions; and in short is as miserable as a lover can well be, thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel, on foot, a figure muffled to the very ears stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would indeed!" replied the officer, hastily.

"How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the young soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself." But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into a house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the domino just as he had met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he had thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know then that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you carry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

"How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life."

"O cruel, cruel suspense!"

"You demur."

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunctions as I promised."

"If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away again as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been; his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, that gayest of all European capitals, about the time that Napoleon is planning to marry the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa. The

young colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino, had doubtless made him more susceptible than before. At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Waldorff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion, and yet the distance that he maintains. The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great, that, though he felt he really loved the young baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and it was sacred!

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel—his evil genius!

Well, time rolls on; he is to return in a few days; it is once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and what wonder fills his brain, when about the middle of the evening the white domino steals before him, in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?"

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying a hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a neighboring saloon.

"Most truly in act, but alas, I fear not in heart!"

"Indeed."

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is this that you thus love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldorff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise; here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise!" said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldorff!

"Ah, it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me, after all," exclaimed the young soldier, as he pressed her to his heart.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave to him her wealth, title, and everything!

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the arch-duchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made Colonel Eugene Merville at once General of Division.

A PLEASANT PLAYMATE.

Two Indian children, a boy and girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Aures, in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon, when a jaguar issued from the forest and approached the children, gambolling round them, sometimes concealing itself among the long grass, and again springing forward with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the side of the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and blood flowed with violence; the little girl then took up the branch of a tree, and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians hearing the cries of the children, ran up, and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself.—*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.*

Some falls are means the happier to rise.—*Shakspeare.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MUSIC.

BY ANNIE MOTT.

Sweet music, heaven-born music,
Whose soul-inspiring strains
Lift the poor wearied heart awhile
From earth and all its pains,
We own thy sway.

Sweet music, whose life-giving sounds
Thrill through the inmost soul;
And wake the answering chords of song,
That o'er our features roll
In sweetest harmony.

There's music in the passing breeze
That stirs the trees and flowers;
And fans the wasted form of age,
Bereft of all its powers
By time's stern hand.

There's music in the ocean's roar,
Music floats through the air
In pure and touching melodies,
Like angels hovering near,
To lead the thoughts to heaven.

But ah! there's music sweeter far,
More soothing to the heart,
In the voices of the loved and dear,
That solace can impart
In sorrow's hour.

JASMIN, THE BARBER-POET.

There is a feature, however, about these recitations which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. His last entertainment before I saw him was given in one of the Pyrenean cities (I forgot which), and produced 2000 francs. Every sou of this went to the public charities; Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps overstrained, but certainly exalted chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the south of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his daily bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no poetaster. One would be puzzled to find a similar instance of perfect and absolute disinterestedness in the roll of minstrels, from Homer downwards; and, to tell the truth, there does seem a spice of Quixotism mingling with and tinging the pure fervor of the enthusiast. Certain it is, that the Troubadours of yore, upon whose model Jasmin professes to found his poetry, were by no means so scrupulous. "Largesse" was a very prominent word in their vocabulary; and it really seems difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for a man refusing to live upon the exercise of the finer gifts of his intellect, and throwing himself for his bread upon the daily performance of mere mechanical drudgery.—*Claret and Olives.*

CORK.

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing from whence come those useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries in Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no effectual substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made collins of cork, which being spread on the inside with resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the seventeenth century, cement being used until then for that purpose.—*History of the Arts.*

ARMADILLO.

A recent arrival at Baltimore, from South America, brought as a passenger an armadillo—an animal rarely seen in our country. The animal is protected by a crust resembling bone, covering the head, neck, back, flanks and tail—the throat, breast and belly are not so covered. The shell is composed of several pieces, joined together with a skin, which allows it to act freely. They are described by naturalists as innocent, harmless animals, eating melons, potatoes, roots, etc. They walk briskly, but do not run or climb. The armadillo is a native of South America, never having been discovered, we believe, in any other country.—*N. Y. Post.*

KOSUTH'S FAMILY.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says of the family of Kossuth, that "it having been found impossible to establish a case against Mesdames Meszlenyi and Ruttkay, they have been liberated, and are now residing in the Hotel National, in the Leopoldstadt. The Austrian government has at length come to the conclusion that nothing is to be gained by detaining Kossuth's relations here, and accordingly the whole family—some seventeen persons—will be permitted to quit the country on the 1st of May. As people here can never do anything with a good grace, difficulties have been raised about the servants who were willing to go with the emigrants. The authorities insist on the Kossuth family emigrating alone, which, in our opinion, is most unreasonable, as there are four females and eleven children of the party. Justice requires that it should be stated that Kossuth's sisters were kindly treated during their imprisonment, and that their mother's letters to them were daily delivered after having been read by the authorities, to whose safe keeping they were entrusted. The old lady admonished her children to take courage and to remain firm, "as the sun must rise at last, be the night ever so dark and long." As Madame Kossuth and her family will not be permitted to come here, they will meet with Mesdames Meszlenyi and Ruttkay somewhere on the road to Bodenbach."

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

Many years since it is stated a gipsy saved the life of one of the young ladies of the house of Buckinghamshire, who was thrown from her pony, and was being dragged along by one of her feet remaining in the stirrup. For this heroic act of one of the race, the promise was given that the wanderers should never, thereafter, be disturbed in their vocation within the boundary of the Buckinghamshire domains; and the privilege accorded is said to be so sacredly respected, that, though great numbers avail themselves of it, none are ever molested, and Nocton is a kind of sanctuary where the tribe can rest without being disturbed by apprehension of the constable.

A NOVEL PERFORMANCE.

At the Frederick-William College of Berlin, the "Antigone" of Sophocles is to be performed in the original Greek, and with the music of Mendelssohn. The costumes are to be rigidly classical; a theatre, after the manner of the ancients, is to be erected, and the Court is expected to witness the show. The Athenæum asks, "Who is to warrant a modern orchestra as forming part of a Sophocles' 'first night' and how is the chorus to be taught the true pronunciation?"

A MECHANIC'S COLLEGE.—The Scientific American states that a Convention of Mechanics is about to be held in Rochester, N. Y., to take measures for the establishment of a people's college, to be entirely free from sectional influences. The object of the college is a complete and thorough education for the sons and daughters of our workingmen—men of toil. Practical mechanics, in combination with science, are to be thoroughly drilled into the students.

SUNDAY-OBSERVING HENS.—A lady communicates to an English paper a remarkable fact respecting two bantam hens in her possession. She declares that, for eighteen months, each hen has laid an egg every day in the week except on Sunday. On no occasion has either of them failed to do its duty on week days, or forgotten to intermit its exertions on Sundays, during all that period. What an example to reprobate man!

WINTHROP HOUSE.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald pays this house a high and deserved welcome. It is one of the best in New England, not to say the whole country.

APPOINTMENT.—Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., has been recently appointed Professor of Biblical Literature in Andover Seminary, and has accepted the appointment.

A GOOD MAXIM.—Speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

VETOED.—Governor Boutwell has returned the Liquor Bill to the Senate, with a message stating his objections to it.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Sinclair plays in Cincinnati next October. Omnibuses have just been introduced into the city of Nashville, Tenn.
W. V. Wallace is engaged in composing a new opera in Cincinnati.
James Daly fell dead in Pittsburgh, lately. Cause—rum.
The office of sheriff for New York city and county is said to yield an income to Mr. Carnley, the occupant, of nearly \$100,000 per annum.

Charles Terry, said to be a citizen of Vermont, has been arrested at Jonesville, Va., charged with advising several slaves to abscond.

The number of deaths in New Jersey in 1851, was 4235. Consumption carried off 712, and dysentery 314.

Two companies in Delaware have offered the State a bonus of \$90,000 for a lottery grant for ten years.

It is estimated that one thousand German emigrants have settled in Cincinnati within the last sixty days.

Between three and six millions of dollars worth of lumber are now yearly manufactured in Northern Pennsylvania.

Congress proposes to remove the rocks from the mouth of the Mississippi River, which obstruct navigation.

A pen which has an inkstand in the handle, from which the ink flows to the nib as fast as necessary for some hours, has been invented.

Joseph Creame who was shot in Baltimore, on the 13th ult., by an injured father, has left Baltimore, accompanied by his bride. The father still vows vengeance.

The Lutherans of Illinois are making arrangements to establish a College and Theological Seminary at Springfield, for which \$37,000 have already been secured.

Among the dead letters sent to Washington from Northampton post-office, the last quarter, about one hundred were addressed to Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with the postage unpaid.

The bridge built at Darien, Ga., for the Panama Railroad Company, to span the river Chagres, has been completed, and will soon be shipped to Aspinwall city.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company have made a further purchase of 40,000 tons of iron rails, at a low price—one half cash, and the other half in bonds at par.

The Albany Atlas says there is a negro in jail in Troy, named Woodin, arrested in Lansingburg on a charge of grand larceny, who has two white women after him, each claiming to be his wife.

Mr. Edwin Moffat died at Plattsville, Wisconsin, recently, from the effects of chloroform, administered previous to an operation to reduce a fracture of his leg.

The entire front of a large brick warehouse on Market Street, Chicago, belonging to C. M. Reed, fell into the street on May 12. The store was filled with grain.

It is stated that the subscriptions to the New York Crystal Palace amount to \$30,000 so far; \$200,000 are required before the exhibition can commence.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, formerly matron of the female prison at Sing Sing, and the projector of the female expedition to the golden land, is married and settled in San Francisco.

Judge Green, of the First District Court, New York, has decided that boarding-house keepers have no right to detain the trunks and clothing of their boarders for non-payment of board.

William Johnson, a shabby genteel elderly man, has been convicted in the U. S. Court, at New York, of uttering counterfeit coin. He had been a church member for many years.

The Maryland House of Delegates have passed a bill prohibiting the circulation of notes of a less denomination than \$50, and it is now the law.

The girl who threw her child out of the cars last winter, has been sentenced by Judge Sawyer to the state prison for life. She pleaded guilty.—*Nashua Gazette.*

At the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Convention in Dedham, a few days since, Garrison introduced resolves, which were passed, denouncing Kossuth, "the great Hungarian outlaw."

A census of the city of Newburyport gives the number of inhabitants as 12,680, 1279 of whom live on Merrimack Street. There are 113 in the Alms House not included in the above.

The Alexandria Gazette says: "Most of the fisheries on the Potomac have closed operations for the season. Small supplies continue to be received from some of the landings. The fishing season has been a fair average one."

Mr. Lewis Morse, of Springfield, Ohio, lately deceased, has left \$70,000 to be expended in the promotion of the cause of popular education. The legacy to take effect after the decease of his widow.

The four story brick building, 129 Court Street, Brooklyn, was totally consumed by fire on Saturday week. It was occupied by about forty families, many of whom are in great distress. Loss \$10,000.

Rev. Mr. Greene, formerly a Methodist minister in Cincinnati, was sentenced at Philadelphia, on the 15th ult., to twenty-one months imprisonment on two bills of indictment for swindling, to which he had pleaded guilty.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Duke of Wellington is 83 years of age. Louis Napoleon was born April 20, 1808. He is now in his 45th year.

The Austrians were defeated by the Turks in 1737, at Banjaluka.

The union between England and Scotland took place on the 1st of May, 1707.

The French Academy offers a prize of 4000 francs for the best essay on "Political Eloquence in England."

De Meyer, the *Jupiter Tonans* of pianists, is at Paris, and will retire in a short time from public life.

Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, is to have a monument at length, 50,000 francs having been appropriated for the purpose.

One proof of the popularity of the play entitled "The Corsican Brothers," is, that it has been burlesqued at several of the London theatres.

At her last levee, Victoria wore a head-dress, of which the most striking feature was a wreath of blackberries and diamonds.

Gorgey, the Hungarian traitor, has a work in press in England, entitled "My life and Acts in the years 1848 and 1849," which will doubtless give a new version.

It is reported that an English frigate has lately visited one of the Japanese Islands, and every attention and kindness had been shown to the captain and crew.

King Oscar, of Sweden, has again adjourned his coronation as King of Norway till next year, when the ceremony will take place in the Cathedral of Tronvem.

The Prince of Wales, a youngster about twelve years old, costs two hundred thousand dollars a year. He derives his income from the duchy of Cornwall, which is managed for him by trustees.

The Rev. Mr. Peel, pastor of a country parish in England, recently caused a tombstone to be removed from the churchyard, and broken up, because the full amount of the fee, claimed by him for permitting it to be placed there, had not been paid!

It is announced in one of the London papers that Mr. Macanley is preparing a new edition of the two volumes of his "History of England," already issued, and that his publisher has called in all the copies of the first edition to which he can get access.

Miss Counts, who is probably the richest single woman in the world, is giving a series of banquets at her mansion in London, on a magnificent scale. The number of guests varies from six hundred to a thousand, "composed of the leading members of the fashionable world."

Sands of Gold.

—Better get into the right path late than never.

—Happiness is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

—It is human to err, but diabolical to persevere in error.

—We live in two worlds—a natural and a spiritual one.

—Heart makes the home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

—What so diffuses and creates happiness as an abundance of sunshine?

—Who fights with passions and overcomes them is endued with the best virtue.

—Simplicity and modesty are amongst the most engaging qualities of every superior mind.

—Showing a good example to-day to the rising generation, by refusing to partake of anything stronger than water.

—It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.

—It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse, but it is a part of badness not to grow better.

—Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

—Nothing can be a real blessing or curse to the soul that is not made its own by appropriation.

—The storms of adversity are wholesome, though like snow storms, their drifts are not always seen.

—The purest joy we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

—When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

—Every man cherishes in his heart some object—some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to his fellow-mortals—unknown to all, save his God.

—A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put in the drudgery.

—A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love; there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or flower garden.

Joker's Olio.

What is a poor man to do, who has no virtues? Why, make a *virtue* of necessity, of course.

If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them—"You are 'small potatoes!'" "We may be 'small potatoes,'" said one of them, "but we are *sweet* ones!"

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a gentleman, who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant, said, "John, either you or I must quit this house." "Very well, sir," said John, "where will your honor be ganging to?"

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said, "Is't what I came here for, you mane? Arrah, by the powers! you may be sure that it wasn't for *want*, for I had plenty of that at home."

A person advertises in one of the papers for a helpmate for life; he wants one who shall be a companion of his heart, his hand, and lot. "How large is the lot?" asked the candidate for the situation in another paper.

A carpenter in Stoke's Croft, Bristol, recently offered, in a printed handbill, "a bag of shavings," as a reward to any one who would capture his runaway apprentice. The fugitive was netted at the value set upon him.

"What would our wives say, if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a "down east" schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph, I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

There may be seen, at the present time, in Alfreton, a placard from a tailor, who, in calling the attention of the public to the fact that he intends commencing a clothes club, assures all who may favor him by becoming members, of having "*good charges and a very moderate article.*"

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a cory, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "O, excellently!" answered the servant, "we live on very friendly terms; every morning we beat each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be beaten, and I keep mine on."

VOLUME FIRST

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WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS.

The annexed engraving is a correct view of Washington's Head Quarters at Newburg. The view is looking toward the south-west, showing the front to the Hudson River. It is substantially built of stone, and is about 102 years old. The house has been in possession of the Hasbrouck family until recently, when it was purchased by the State of New York as a relic. Lady Washington was a resident here in the summer of 1783. The principal room contains seven doors, and only one window, which window looks out on the Hudson. The fire-place is large enough to roast an ox. It was while this place was the head quarters of Washington, in March, 1783, that the famous "Newburg letters," designed to excite the army to mutiny, were anonymously addressed to them by some of the officers, and which Washington, by his great influence, nobly quelled and defeated. Here the American army was disbanded June 23d, 1783.

The village of Newburg itself is pleasantly situated, well built, and flourishing, and commands a delightful view of the Hudson and the Highlands. It contains a bank, a very respectable and flourishing academy, and houses of worship for Presbyterians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists. The academy contains a valuable library, and an excellent collection of maps, mathematical apparatus, etc. The principal streets are paved, and the village is well supplied with excellent water. The courts for the county are held alternately at Newburg and Goshen. The village has considerable shipping; and the town has extensive manufactures, and is very valuable for the purposes of agriculture.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

Below we give a fine picture representing the business of manufacturing this staple product of some of our New England States. In the spring of the year, the good people of Western Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire are in the midst of their sugar crop season, and a right merry one too it is, in many inland towns, upon the mountain side, where few holidays in the whole year can offer more real pleasure. The governor's proclamation for the annual Fast is frequently forgotten, and the day is generally spent by the young people in the sugar orchard. The excitement and effects of this happy season are thus described by a Burlington, Vt., correspondent of the Boston Atlas: "At this season of the year sugar orchards become places of much resort, especially for those who love the sweet things of life. In this village parties are frequently formed, who take a trip to some sugar orchard in an adjacent town, and there regale their palates with maple molasses. These maple sugar manufactories are generally located in romantic spots—in some beautiful valley or on some delightful hill-side, where the air is pure and invigorating, and the landscape views enchanting and picturesque. Vermont contains

thousands of such delightful retreats; and at this season of the year, when the crystal waters of the brooks are released from their frozen bands and come leaping down the mountain sides, waking the beautiful trout from his winter's sleep, and filling the valleys and groves with sweet music, it is pleasant to visit these sugar orchards, drink sap, lap maple molasses, and make love. Make love! Ah! thereby hangs a tale. Let the Vermont ladies beware; for in such places they may fall in love, while they would not dream of such a thing in their quiet homes. The delicious saccharine qualities of maple molasses, presented to the swelling lips of a beautiful lass by the hand of a smiling swain, has a wonderfully softening effect upon the head, and creates a pleasant dreamy sensation through all the nervous system, especially when it is powerfully aided by romantic wood-

land scenes, and the music of a thousand cascades. And young gentlemen, too, may need a word of caution on such occasions, and under the pressure of such peculiar circumstances. An able English writer said, many years ago, when human nature was just what it is now, that it was dangerous for a Benedict to select a wife in a ball-room, when her disposition was sweetened by the music of the violin. But what are the streaming notes of the fiddle, in sweetening the female heart, when compared with the luxury of maple molasses? But a word to the wise is sufficient; we will not follow out the comparison." Indeed there are no more joyous seasons than these festive scenes that serve as occasions to bring together the "good country folks and the lads and lasses," while the cool bracing air gives zest to the labor of preparing the delicious sweets.



GEN. WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS, AT NEWBURG, N. Y.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

Most modern forms of salutation and civility are derived from chivalry, or at least from war, and they all betoken some difference, as from a conquered person to the conqueror; just as in private life we still continue to sign ourselves the very humble servants of our correspondent. The uncovered head was simply the head unarmed; the helmet being removed, the party was at mercy. So the hand ungloved was the hand un-gaunted; and to this day it is an incivility to shake hands with gloves on. Shaking hands itself was but a token of truce, in which the parties took hold each of the other's weapon hand, to make sure against treachery. So also a gentleman's bow is but an offer of the neck to the stroke of the adversary; so the lady's curtesy is but the form of going on her knees for mercy. The general principle is marked, as it ought naturally to be, still more strongly in the case of military salutes. Why is a discharge of guns a salute? Because it leaves the guns empty, and at the mercy of the opponent. And this is so true that the saluting with blank cartridge is a modern invention. Formerly, salutes were fired by discharging the cannon balls, and there have been instances in which the compliment has been nearly fatal to the visitor whom it meant to honor. When the officer salutes, he points the drawn sword to the ground; and the salute of the troops is, even at this day, called "presenting arms"—that is, presenting them to be taken. There are several other details, both of social and military salutation, of all countries, which might be produced; but I have said enough to indicate the principle.—Notes and Queries.

SITTING FOR ONE'S PICTURE.

The late Mr. Opic used to remark that the most sensible people made the best sitters; and I incline to his opinion, especially as I myself am an excellent siter. Indeed, it seems to me a piece of mere impertinence not to sit still as one can in these circumstances. I put the best face I can on the matter, as well out of respect to the artist as to myself. I appear on my trial in the court of physiognomy, and am as anxious to make good certain ideas I have of myself, as if I were playing a part on a stage. I have no notion how people go to sleep, who are sitting for their pictures. It is an evident sign of want of thought and of internal resources. There are some individuals, all whose ideas are in their hands and feet; make them sit still, and you put a stop to the machine altogether. The volatile spirit of quicksilver in them turns to a *caput mortuum*. Children are particularly sensible of this constraint, from their thoughtlessness and liveliness. It is the next thing with them to wearing the fool's cap at school; yet they are proud of having their pictures taken, ask when they are to sit again, and are mightily pleased when they are done. Charles the First's children seem to have been good sitters, and the great dog sits like a lord chancellor.—Hazlitt.



PROCESS OF THE MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR, IN VERMONT.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

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THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, FRIGATE.

Below we give a view of this fine vessel as she recently appeared lying at anchor off the Battery, New York, where she was visited by crowds who were attracted thither to see and admire her size and general proportions. Invitations were politely forwarded by Mr. Zimmerman, the Consul-General of the Netherlands, to many persons and gentlemen connected with the press to visit this beautiful frigate; and the following record of her appearance and belongings we copy from a description given in a New York paper. "With the exception of a small quarter deck, the upper deck, as well as the lower, presents an unbroken walk, lined on each side with guns—thirty-two pounders, and capable of carrying a ball upwards of two thousand yards. They are fired by percussion caps, by means of a brass hammer attached to a cord in the seaman's hand. The advantage of this plan over the old system, in certainty of explosion and resistance to damp, is obvious. At the after part of the upper deck, and under the quarter deck, are deposited an immense number of pistols, cutlasses, boarding pikes, and other small arms, ranged round the sides in the form of stars and other devices; and two fine guns mounted like field pieces, which could be brought to bear on

any desired point with facility. The second deck was lined with thirty-two pounders, and some guns of a greater calibre than those on the first deck, and also fired by percussion caps. Contiguous to these guns were balls, grape shot, powder charges in differently colored bags, varying in weight, cutlasses, bayonets—all ready for immediate use, and in admirable order. From the main and fore parts of this deck are suspended, at night, the hammocks of the men; down the centre are placed the clothes store, and on each side are ranged seats and conveniences for "messing." The cooking apparatus in the fore part is on an extensive scale, and the extreme cleanliness that pervades the whole is most striking. Also, a school, comprising about a dozen boys, at a desk, hard at work with their slates and pencils. Upon going aft, we entered the midshipmen's room, in which some half dozen "middies" were seated at a table, enjoying the true life of a "middy," according to Captain Marryat's notion, and passed into the officers' room, which was well furnished; and having exchanged courtesies with some of these gallant gentlemen, we proceeded into the captain's cabin, a unique little apartment, elegantly fitted up with all the adjuncts and comforts of a drawing-room—sofas, tables, chairs, mirrors, carpets, etc., and

a portrait of the previous captain. These cabins were divided by partitions, which, in action, are removed, so as to afford an uninterrupted line; the guns in the captain's cabin were painted in imitation of white porcelain. On the third deck there are no guns, the fore part being appropriated to a hospital and a medicine room, which was replete with all the materials of a regular city drug store; behind this, and further ahead, was the stowage room, which contained a good assortment of books—religious, scientific, medical, and educational. This deck was also strung with hammocks, and the sides lined with small arms, and abounded in departments containing balls, grape shot, chain shot, canister shot, powder bags, and grappling irons, fishing hooks, nails, and carpenter's tools—all ready for use at a moment's notice. Under the fore part of this deck was the chief powder magazine, containing some thousands of pounds of powder, and which is entirely under water, so that no shot from an enemy could possibly reach it, and it is also surrounded by the sail rooms as a further preventive. Over this magazine is posted a sentinel day and night, to prevent the approach of lights or fire, or iron or steel implements. A little further aft, adjacent to this magazine, and also beneath this deck, are immense fresh water re-

servoirs, capable of containing an ample supply of water for 500 men for the space of 100 days. In the main part of this deck, is erected a brass fire-engine, with hose of various lengths and sizes; and adjacent, on the opposite side, is a water cock, which, when turned, emits sea-water to an extent capable of sinking the ship to any degree, and thereby extinguishing fire. Higher up is a gigantic engine and a series of pumps and conduit pipes, for the ejection of water from the ship. Further on, and under us, was another powder magazine, guarded, like the former, by a sentinel. Adjacent was a long row of large tin canisters, containing bomb shells, all marked and ready for immediate use, and adapted to every variation of distance. We now re-ascended to the first deck. The officers, attired in blue frock coats with gold epaulets, and naval blue caps, with gold band, were pacing the deck; and the men, of whom we did not observe more than a hundred, were variously employed in "scouring" up and in fixing the rigging. They were attired in blue jackets, white trowsers, and black sailor's hats, and are fine, noble-looking fellows. The ship is a rapid sailer, about the size of one of the Collins steamers, and is admitted to be one of the finest ships in the Dutch navy. Her complement is 482 men, and she carries sixty guns."



THE DUTCH FRIGATE "PRINCE OF ORANGE," IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUIINED ABBEY:
 —OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.
 A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK CHABERT—THE PLOT.

WE would respectfully invite the reader to follow us to a spot where the sweet brier and the white thorn are growing; to cross with us a moor where the black moss is seen at every step; where the fen-cress is creeping; where the sedgy grass is rankest. Tread lightly, for the ground is soft and yielding, and there is water beneath, perchance. We clamber over an enclosure, and are now where the earth is firmer. We cross the enclosure and gain a growth of furze upon its farthest border. Making our way through the furze in the best manner we can, we suddenly emerge, with our garments somewhat torn, and our hands lacerated, into an open space hemmed in by chestnut trees. As it is near sunset, the place looks quite dark and sombre. Directly before us, at the base of the hill, stands a mean looking hut.

A man and a woman are seated upon a blanket, which is spread upon the ground before a blazing fire. They are both gypsies, and in the prime of life. The man has a sinister face, and his beard is long and dirty. His clothes are the worse for wear, and are equalled only in filth and raggedness by those upon the person of his spouse. The face of the latter, though rather sullen in its expression, is not entirely destitute of comeliness. Gentle reader, permit us to introduce Dick Chabert, and his wife, Maria—real chips of the old block, and proud of the distinction of being what they are—gypsies in every sense of the word. There are no tricks but that they understand, and have practised. They can cheat and rob you while talking to you in the most friendly manner—calling you "pretty lady," and "fine gentleman."

Having thus briefly described these characters, we will return to the proper tense, and proceed with our narrative in usual style.

"Are you likely to make much out of this new job?" asked Maria, turning to Dick.

"What a question to ask of Dick Chabert," he replied, gruffly. "Did I ever do a person's dirty work for nothing?"

"I know you have done a great many ugly things," was the response.

"Old Hepsy has got gold, and she pays, and is willing to pay," said Chabert.

"And so has the lord of Hardwick got gold."

"I have handled some of it, and shall handle more. Jack Lynd is to be put out of the way, you know."

"Yes. But what has he done?"

"He affronted the lord of Hardwick in some way, I don't know how exactly, but he's got to be quieted."

"There's more than one who wishes him no good. Hepsy Herne hates him, and has threatened his life."

"She never forgives an injury, whether real or imaginary. She's a she-wolf; all brimstone and fire!"

"One thing I would like to know," said the woman, earnestly. "Why does she hate Cora so much. She was always a still, peaceable, pretty maiden, never doing any harm to anybody."

"I suspect there's a great secret there, which we shan't be likely to know about very soon. Did you ever notice how fair her skin is?"

"Of course; everybody that sees her notices that. Gipsy blood isn't wont to be so white."

"There's but little of the blood of the Romany there. Any person of common sense might mistrust that."

"You have traced her out, then, and found her?"

"Yes, I have followed her to her covert, and a nice place she has got into. She has thrown off the gipsy toggerly altogether, and is quite another person. She always had winning ways with her, and she's become a great favorite with the Waldrons. But what is more strange than all, young Frederick of Glenburn has been making love to her."

"Do you know this to be true?" asked the woman.

"Certainly I do. I saw the young lord meet her in a meadow, where he told her a very fine story that made her faint."

"She was always handsome enough to turn anybody's head," added Maria, thoughtfully.

At that moment there was a heavy rap upon the door.

"Come in," growled Chabert. The door was pushed open, and the lord of Hardwick entered. He paused on the threshold when he saw Maria.

"You can speak before her," said Chabert. "She's discreet, and wont leak."

"Have you considered my proposition?" asked Hardwick.

"I have, your lordship. You may consider the job as good as done. His days are numbered, and they are less than seven, all told."

"By steel, or drug?"

"By the drug—not all at once—not too sudden; but by degrees—by inches, as if it were by the hand of some strange disease. It is slow and sure."

"Tell me when it is all over," added Hardwick, with a shudder.

"Yes, your lordship."

"There is one more thing I would have done. Do you ever lift your hand against one of your own people?"

"Never!" exclaimed Chabert.

"Even lions, tigers, and venomous reptiles do not prey upon their own kind," said Maria.

"Then you can do nothing for me in that direction. Well, let it pass. Forget that I mentioned the subject. But as for the other one—"

"Jack Lynd," suggested Chabert.

"You comprehend," proceeded Hardwick. "Don't do things at the halves; and play me no tricks."

"Bless your honor's honor, no," said Maria, quickly. "We are poor but honest people, and wouldn't wrong you for the world. We wouldn't hurt a fly, unless he was troublesome."

"You can depend on us," added Chabert.

Hardwick threw some golden coin upon the floor and left the hut.

"They call us bad people," said Maria, suddenly. "They say that we lie and cheat, and poison cattle; but how are they better than we? Does not that fine lord come to us to get his enemies put out of the way? Yes, and he is worse than we are, for he would have his own people poisoned like dogs, and we never do that. We do not kill each other; our laws are sacredly observed. O the gentile! may he die some violent death, and may his body remain unburied!"

"Here comes old Hepsy," said Chabert. The hag entered.

"I have been walking this way and that, and tramping up and down, east and west, north and south," she muttered.

"How fares it with you?" asked Chabert.

"My lucky star is not in the ascendant. I haven't found the runaway."

"Then I have been more successful than you," said the other.

"He has been heard of in different places, but

Hepsy's eyes sparkled with joy. "Have you found her?" she asked, laying her hand nervously upon Chabert's arm.

The latter answered in the affirmative. "Ila! ha! ha!" laughed the sorceress. "The fates relent. I grow young again. You are worth your weight in gold, Chabert. But I will pay you—O yes, I will pay you. Now tell me all about it."

The gipsy now proceeded to describe the manner in which he had found the retreat of Cora, which was more by accident than otherwise.

"Now," said the hag, when he had finished, "I will tell you what we must do. Cora must be taken from the people she is with. She must disappear under such circumstances that they will never wish to see her pretty face and eyes again. We must lurk about the house; we must watch our time; we must steal silver and gold, or other valuables, and when they are missing, Cora must be missing also. The theft must fall on her. It will spread all over the country like wildfire; reach the ears of Frederick of Glenburn, and make him feel that he has been cruelly deceived and cheated in the seemingly innocent little maiden that he had loved so tenderly. The Waldrons will be grieved, mortified, and offended. Their little angel will sink suddenly into a thieving gipsy, ungrateful, and not to be trusted."

"That'll fall rather hard on Cora, wont it?" asked Chabert.

"What if it does, man!" exclaimed Hepsy.

"If it is a proper question, I'd like to know what makes you hate her so?"

"It was a part of our agreement that you should ask no questions. But I will say this much and no more: I have reasons enough for what I do. I know more than you—I know a long history of wrongs and abuses which you know nothing about, and I am having my revenge. Let that satisfy you. But if you should play me false in any way, I will afflict you with dire diseases, and worry you with aches and pains to the extent of my art."

"Never fear, Hepsy; let us finish our plans."

A long conversation now ensued, in which the scheme to ruin Cora was perfected, and seemed to be wanting in none of its parts.

"What is to be shall be, and fate will have it so," said Hepsy. "Last night, while my witch-cauldron was seething over the fire, the promise was repeated:

Two shall be lost, and one be saved,
 And the enslaver be enslaved."

The hag turned to go, laughing and shaking her stick.

"Why do you feel interested in Isadore of Dunalstein?" asked Maria, abruptly.

"You shall know all in good time—"

When that which seems to be, is not,
 And that which was shall be forgot,"

said the sorceress.

"I do not understand you," replied Maria.

"This riddle read, it shall be plain
 That gain is loss, and loss is gain,"

departed Hepsy, and without making further reply, departed in her usual manner.

"She's a strange old body," said the gipsy's wife. "She's always muttering about Margaret and revenge, when she thinks nobody hears her. Who Margaret was, what relation she was to Hepsy, how she was wronged, and who wronged her, I don't know."

"And you wont be likely to for many a long day to come," rejoined Chabert. "The old witch never tells her secrets, and she's got some that hang pretty heavy on her mind. The remembrance of this Margaret troubles her night and day. Somebody will suffer yet on her account; ay, and some fine lords too."

"About this girl, Cora," resumed Maria. "She intends her some dreadful evil. Yes, I can see it in every flash of her eye, and every motion of her lips. And there is Isadore; another mystery! Why does she watch Hardwick day after day, and hate him more and more the more she sees him, if it isn't because she feels an interest in Isadore of Dunalstein, and that he has been the cause of her disappearance. There is something wonderful in all this, Chabert."

"Something to excite the curiosity of woman," retorted the other, facetiously.

"And of the men, too, for that manner. But tell me, if you have heard nothing more of the bold highwayman that freed Frederick of Glenburn of his money?"

"He has been heard of in different places, but

can't be taken. The troopers have been after him, but he gave them all the slip, leaped hedges and ditches, and was soon beyond their reach. He has the reckless daring of a gipsy, and the liberality of a prince, or a Robin Hood. What he takes from the rich they say he gives to the poor. There are many of the poor peasants who wouldn't mind fighting for him."

"It's very singular that he should give away what he risks his neck to obtain," said Maria. "He is very handsome, too."

"Yes, only surpassed in beauty by Joseph Abershaw. But I am wasting much time. I must be thinking about this Jack Lynd, and send him on the long tramp upon a strange road that has no back tracks. Every man's fortune, you know, is written in a book, and we are obliged to do just what is written. All that happens is not accident, but design. Or, as Hepsy says, 'what is to be will be.' So I will go to fulfil my destiny and Jack's."

Before closing this chapter, we will remark that Dunalstein's servant, Jemmy Jacques, went to sleep numberless times, dreamed many extraordinary dreams, and consulted the profound sage, Artemidoras, very often; but he failed to throw any light upon the fate of Isadore.

It was in vain, that in his sleeping fancies he extracted teeth with the kitchen tongs, flew a kite with a cable, made love to the cooks, whom he hated, fell up stairs and was kicked down by his master, and finally, saw a hand beckoning him away to some spot that he hadn't the most distant conception of. "All signs failed," and he made everybody at the castle miserable and unhappy by his dreams. Under these circumstances the melancholy Jacques became an object of general aversion and distrust, received countless cuffs from his master, and much ridicule and abuse from his fellow-servants.

He read, conversed, walked, and hunted with

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the proud daughter of Lockwood, but could not forget the mild, sweet face of Cora. The anxious fathers were proud of the young people, and earnestly hoped that all would happen according to their wishes. It finally came to be well understood, by both Frederick and Eleanor, what was expected of them, viz., that they should fall in love with each other. The consequence was, that Eleanor grew bashful and reserved, and Frederick became unsocial and confused when they were together.

But Glenburn and Lockwood were content to let things take their own course, never once doubting the result; often congratulating each other on the advantages of such an alliance.

"Talk up to her, my boy; don't lose a fine opportunity," said Frederick's father, one morning, when the two young people were about to set out upon a short excursion on horseback. Our hero colored, but made no reply. The graceful figures of Eleanor and Frederick had scarcely swept out of sight, when Hepsy Herne was seen advancing towards the castle.

"What have we here?" said Lockwood, as the hag drew near.

"That's some of the trampers," replied Glenburn.

"She looks like a witch," added the former.

"And I am!" exclaimed Hepsy, fiercely, who had overheard the remark. "Go home, lord of Lockwood; your coming is useless. The fair Eleanor will never wed Frederick of Glenburn."

"Who has said it?" asked Glenburn, quickly.

"The fates," said the sorceress.

"The fates lie, then!" cried Glenburn.

"Hush! old man. The fates never lie!"

"Go on, witch of Endor," added Lockwood.

"Disgorge all your venom."

"You came here, thinking there would be love-making, a match, and a wedding; but you might have spared your time and labor; there'll be neither. Ha! ha! ha! No, no—neither the one nor the other. So mount your horse, call your lackeys, and ride away with your daughter."

"What mean you, hag?"

"Frederick of Glenburn loves already. O yes, he loves, and has loved wisely. Ha! ha! very wisely!"

"Listen, sorceress!" cried Glenburn, angrily. "If you lie to me I will have you beaten with whips, and locked up in the darkest dungeon of the castle."

"Beaten with whips! Hepsy Herne beaten with whips! Attempt it, if you dare. I defy you. I could throw you both from the battlements of the castle with my own hands."

"Do not provoke her," said Lockwood; "allow her to tell her story. I dare say she has learned it well."

"You will know it as well as I," added Hepsy. "It won't be a secret long. All your tenants and vassals will hear the particulars ere a week expires."

"If you really know anything concerning this matter, speak out," continued Lockwood.

"It's a base fabrication!" exclaimed Glenburn, impatiently.

"I will declare it once more, that you may hear plainly, and understand. Frederick of Glenburn loves a gipsy maiden."

"And who?" asked Glenburn, contemptuously.

"My daughter," returned Hepsy, with a sneer.

"A precious creature she must be if she looks like her mother," said Lockwood, with a low laugh.

"Laugh on, my lord; but she is fair, and was dutiful, till Frederick of Glenburn crossed her path and poured his honeyed words into her ear. But now she has left me, and I am alone in my old age."

"Where has she gone?" asked Lockwood.

"With him, Heaven knows where! But he has provided a place for her somewhere, no doubt."

"What do you think of this?" said the lord of Lockwood, turning to Glenburn.

"If he has deceived the old hag's daughter, who is to blame? She should have kept her out of his way. As to his loving her, why of course it is all nonsense. He knows better. He is a Glenburn, and too proud to fix his affections on one so far below him."

"I differ with you. It seems to me that there is something serious in this."

"My lord of Lockwood, a son of mine would not dare—"

"Nonsense, Glenburn! Young people dare do what they please."

"Do you know what I would do in such a case, my lord?"

"Certainly not."

"I would *disinherit* him," said Glenburn, emphatically.

"You will consent to a marriage with my daughter?" added Hepsy, with a hollow, mocking laugh.

"Begone!" cried Glenburn, furiously.

"Are you still incredulous?" asked the hag.

"Yes!" thundered Glenburn.

"I will go on, then. This Cora—this dutiful child of mine! this prop of my old age! is now enjoying herself at a cottage, where she wants for nothing, through the liberality of your son. And not long ago, in a pleasant meadow, where the flowers were blooming, and the sun shining, and the birds singing, this good, kind, gallant Frederick met my runaway girl, and sitting down beside her on a green hillock, took her hand and told her a fine story, which made her silly heart glad, and almost stopped its beatings in a swoon."

"Take away this woman!" cried Glenburn, in a towering passion.

"It will be a pleasant subject for you to think of," added Hepsy.

"So this ends all our grand scheming," said Lockwood, with a disdainful curl of the lip.

"Not so," replied Glenburn. "I am yet master in my own house."

"And think you I would force my daughter upon one who is insensible to her worth and beauty? No, no, my lord of Glenburn."

"But all this talk remains to be proved. It may turn out to be all a fabrication."

"Ask the young lord Frederick if it be false?" said the hag.

"I congratulate you, my lord, upon your son's choice. It certainly shows a remarkable taste, to refuse Eleanor of Lockwood and take a gipsy trumper—the descendant of a race of thieves and vagabonds! I say I congratulate you!"

"My lord of Lockwood, you are hard upon me. I beg of you to suspend your judgment until I have spoken with my son."

"So be it—speak with him, and let us know at once how the case stands, that I may take my daughter and return to Lockwood."

"My good friend and lord of Lockwood, I trust when you return to your castle, the young people will have been betrothed, and the settlement fixed upon."

When Frederick returned, a private interview took place between him and his father. They were closeted a long time together. The old lord's voice was heard pitched on a very high and angry key. When Frederick came forth he was pale and excited. He went first to his own room, paced it some moments in great perturbation, then rushed from the castle, saddled his favorite horse, and was about to ride away, when he saw the figure of Eleanor approaching. He paused, as she seemed anxious to address him.

"My father has informed me what passed this morning in our absence between the lord of Glenburn, himself, and a wild gipsy woman. Believe me, sir, I sympathize with you in the painfully embarrassing situation in which you are placed. I perceive that something unpleasant has passed between you and your father. Do nothing rashly; and do not believe for a moment that I have been a party to my father's views, or knew the object of this visit," said Eleanor.

"I am very grateful to you, Miss Lockwood, for your sympathy and good wishes. If my heart had not been previously occupied, I feel that I might have loved you; and even now it might be dangerous to my peace to linger near you much longer. Forgive me, if I have been wanting in gallantry, and believe my fault unintentional. Above all, pardon this rude leave-taking. I go forth to return no more," replied Frederick.

"Pansa, sir, before acting thus decidedly. Your father may relent," added Eleanor.

"No, fair lady, he will not soon change his mind. It is better that I go forth," answered our hero.

Eleanor of Lockwood paused, and then asked timidly:

"Is this young gipsy girl so fair, then?"

"When I say that she is as fair as yourself, I pay her the greatest compliment that lies in my power," replied Frederick, gently taking the hand of his charming friend.

"I regret your misfortunes, and would serve you if I could. At parting receive my best wishes. When it is in the power of Eleanor of

Lockwood to do you a favor, it will not be withheld, or ungraciously bestowed."

"I believe it, lady. Heaven bless you; adieu."

Frederick of Glenburn pressed the hand of Eleanor, bowed low, and galloped furiously from the paternal castle—a wanderer—an outcast.

He checked his speed for an instant, and cast one sad look behind him. He beheld his sister, Angeline, standing at a window weeping. He waved his hand towards her, and rode on more wretched than before, for the sight of his sister's grief had touched him.

How changed was his condition since morning. He was then heir to the wealth and titles of the lord of Glenburn, and thus by courtesy called; now he was as reduced in fortune as the poorest of his father's tenants. He had fixed upon no particular purpose, and it was immaterial to him which way he went. After he had left the castle in the distance, and its venerable towers were no longer visible, he suffered the reins to fall loosely upon his horse's neck, and was carried forward, scarcely conscious that he was in motion, so busy was his mind with the late events which had produced such an important change in his worldly fortunes.

The sun waned in the heavens, and finally sunk below the western horizon. Darkness fell like a sable curtain upon the earth. Frederick aroused himself a little. Where should he pass the night? In the open air? His father's tenants would gladly offer a bed to the "young lord," but he shrank from the thought of being dependent upon them even for a single night.

The mild face of the moon appeared in the skies, and shed a feeble light upon Frederick's way. He looked about him to learn where he might be. The first object that met his sight was the wall of a ruined abbey. The moss and the ivy were creeping over the timbers of the decaying fabric.

"I could not find a better place!" exclaimed our hero—"a spot more in keeping with my feelings."

He dismounted, relieved his horse of saddle and bridle, and turned him into the court, where the grass was growing luxuriantly.

"Mournful ruins! you remind me of my own crumbling fortunes," added Frederick. "This were but a poor home for me yesterday, but a fitting one for me to-night. Welcome, friendly ruins! You shall serve my purpose as well as a gilded palace."

"And so your fortunes have changed?" said a voice near him. Frederick started, and beheld emerging from the shadow of the ruins a tall and commanding figure. "The world, young sir, is full of change," added the voice. "You cannot tell to-day what will happen to-morrow."

"Very true," replied Frederick.

"So you are unhappy," continued the figure, who now stood with folded arms not far from Glenburn. "Your good father has doubtless discovered your partiality to the poor gipsy girl."

"What! whom have we here!" exclaimed Frederick, not a little astonished at what he heard.

"One who knows you—one who likes you better than he does your noble father—one who does not hate you though you bear the name of Glenburn. Look at me and see if we have ever met before."

The stranger approached, and Frederick looked into his face.

"Yes," said Frederick, bitterly, "we have met. You robbed me on the moor."

"Your memory is good. I borrowed your father's rent."

"Borrowed?"

"Yes, and I now return it to you. In this bag you will find every sixpence I took from you," replied the highwayman, placing a heavy bag in Frederick's hand, which the latter recognized as that which had been taken from him on the moor.

"This is passing strange. What means it?" asked our hero.

"It means simply that I would serve you, as I would do all the unfortunate and unhappy. You now, it would seem, have no home, and it were hard for one who has never known a want, to be houseless and without money. The gold which I have restored may do you much good, and before it is gone, let us hope that your father will forget his anger, and entreat you to return and bless his old age."

"I have met with many curious adventures, but this is the most curious of all. That a common highwayman can express such sentiments and act so generously, surprises me beyond measure."

"The world we inhabit, young sir, is full of strange things. We must learn to be surprised at nothing that transpires. What is to be will be."

"So says Hepsy Herne," said Frederick.

"Few persons, I believe," resumed Raymond, "are as bad as they are represented. If we could read the motives of the most notorious persons, we should oftener frame excuses for their actions."

"No doubt."

"The maiden whom you love is fair, and possessed of virtues rarely found in those of her station. It is very possible that you may not regret that you fixed your thoughts upon her. As I have said, people are not always what they seem. Who can foresee what this same poor maiden may one day be?"

"Sir, whoever you are, your words interest me. Speak on."

"You have acted nobly," resumed Raymond, "and in a manner that has proved your claims to the friendship of those who love noble acts. Your conduct has made me your friend for life. Cheer up your heart, Frederick of Glenburn; we shall yet meet under more happy auspices. From out the deep darkness of the present a faint light is shining, one day to become a radiant lamp to shine upon your pathway."

"Singular being," said Frederick.

"Never despair, is a brave motto, and I would recommend it to you," added Raymond.

"By one expression you made use of, I perceive that you know that mysterious woman called Hepsy Herne," continued our hero, more and more interested.

"Yes, I know her well. A poor, crazed soul, who broods continually over the imaginary wrongs of the past. She hates Cora, and seeks her ruin."

"But why, if she is her daughter, should she hate her?" asked Frederick, earnestly.

"Therein lies a mystery. There is a possibility of her being the child of some other person."

"I have often had such thoughts. It is by no means improbable. She is as unlike her as she can possibly be. Heaven grant that it prove so."

"I am trying to untwist a tangled skein," said Raymond, "and for your sake and Cora's I will persevere, whatever discouragements I may encounter. There are two, in a particular manner, that are objects of Hepsy's hatred, Cora and the lord of Dunalstein."

"The lord of Dunalstein is not a bad man," answered Frederick, thoughtfully. "He has many generous qualities, which I have often coveted."

"I believe you are right, but I have thought differently. Things have been whispered in my ears, which time will ere long prove to be either true or false; I trust and hope the latter."

"I have known him from childhood," resumed Frederick, "and know no ill of him. His deeds of charity are often spoken of among the poor. It is true that I have heard my father say that there was a time when his name was somewhat aspersed; but that was long ago."

"And to that very incident in his life I have referred. A new light has within a few weeks streamed in upon my brain in relation to a most important subject. But time, the great solver of problems, will eventually set all right. Follow me, and I will show you where you may pass the night in some comfort."

Our hero followed his strange companion into the abbey, and to an apartment in which there was a liberal quantity of dry straw.

"I have passed more than one night here," said Raymond. "It is but a rude bed to one unaccustomed to hardship, but far better than none."

Frederick thanked him for his kindness in suitable terms.

"I must leave you now," added Raymond. "Perhaps I may return before morning. With these words the highwayman left the abbey, leaving our hero lost in a whirl of wild thought."

He stretched himself upon the humble couch of straw. Hours passed on, but sleep refused to visit his eyelids. He was too much excited by the stirring events of the day to slumber. He accordingly arose and descended to the open air. His horse was still feeding in the court, and greeted his appearance with a low neigh of recognition.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The just is clearly to be seen,
Not in the world, but in the gap between;
Manner is all in all, whatever is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense and wit.—*Cowper.*

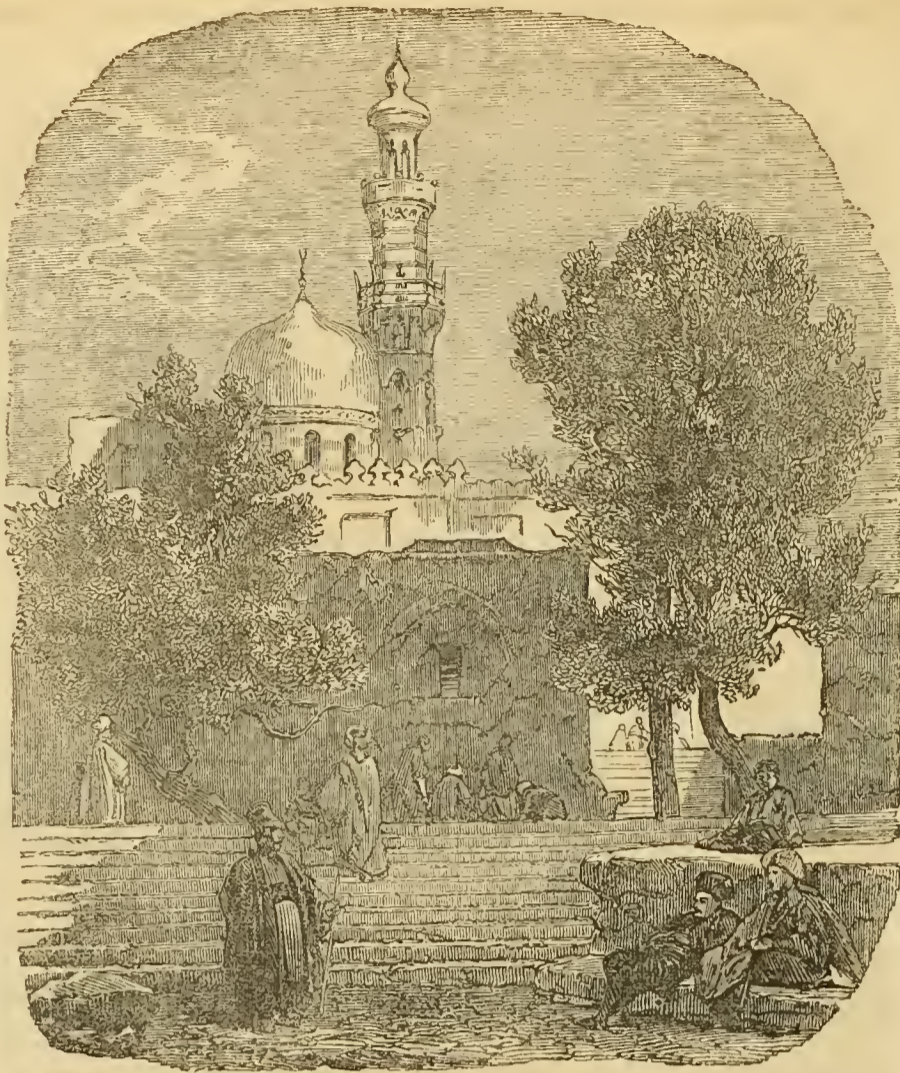
A MOSQUE AT JERUSALEM.

One of the most striking features of Oriental countries, is the peculiar grace and character of their religious edifices. The mosque of the Mussulman is as strongly individualized as the gothic church of the Christian. The mosque represented in the engraving, though not of great extent, may be taken as a type of this class of buildings. The massive foundation, the broad steps by which the worshippers ascend, the umbrageous trees, flourishing in all the luxuriance of an eastern clime, and adding the charm of nature to the grace of art, and the fanciful battlements, the crescent curved dome, and towering above all, the graceful minaret piercing the blue sky, from whose poised battlement the musical voice of the mnezzin proclaims the hour of prayer, the indolent figures of the proud Orientals clustered at its base, these make up a scene of striking and peculiar character, redolent of "the clime of the east, the land of the sun."

REIGN OF TERROR.

SUMMONS OF THE LAST VICTIMS AT THE PRISON OF SAINT LAZARE.

The artist has here presented us an historical scene of deep and thrilling interest. Who has not read the story of the great French revolution of the last century? During that portentous convulsion the eyes of the friends of liberty throughout the world were fondly turned on France. The example of this country in throwing off the yoke of Great Britain had inspired the patriots of France, and it seemed, at one time, as if that beautiful country were destined to be regenerated and disenthralled, and through her the rest of Europe emancipated, and a new and glorious era opened in the history of mankind. Princes, nobles, many of the clergy, nearly all the men of letters and science, united to reform the enormous abuses, and assuage the awful misery under which the French nation groaned. The destruction of the Bastille by the people of Paris sent a thrill of exultation throughout the world. The liberal party of England and free America sympathized warmly with the revolutionists. But these hopes were of brief duration—the execution of the king of France, and of his unfortunate queen, and the horrible excesses perpetrated by the revolutionary tribunal, who deluged France in blood, sparing neither age, sex nor innocence, revolted and sickened the whole Christian world. Although the Reign of Terror, justly so called, was brief, it filled the country with death, desolation and mourning. To belong to the better classes, to be virtuous, to be pious, was enough to excite the suspicion of the monsters who had risen to power; was enough to secure a passport to prison—and from the prison to the guillotine there was but one step. The power of life and death was wielded by three monsters in human shape, Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. The first was always speaking of virtue, religion and patriotism, while he signed the death-warrants of his victims without a shudder or a scruple. Couthon, a paralytic, with his lower limbs crippled, affected great gentleness and tenderness of heart. He always carried a little spaniel about with him. One day when a lady, who had come to implore the life of a friend, was turning away in despair at the rejection of her suit, she happened to tread upon the dog, when Couthon exclaimed, "what! madame! have you no feeling?" St. Just, the third of the triumvirate, was a monster of ferocity. They were supported by the troops of Gen. Henriot, a drunken ruffian, raised to his rank from the dregs of society. As Robespierre felt his influence waning, and saw that his sanguinary acts began to be regarded with horror, he increased the number of sentences, hoping to overawe all opposition by the vastness of his crimes. In Paris the executions were now multiplied to such a degree that eighty persons were frequently conveyed in the same vehicle to the place where they suffered. To cite the names of all the illustrious victims who fell, would far exceed our limits, and at the same time present too horrid a picture of human depravity. It is satisfactory to know that the dreadful trio came to a terrible end. The engraving below represents one of the closing scenes of the reign of terror. The door



VIEW OF A MOSQUE, AT JERUSALEM.

of the vast hall in which a mass of prisoners are crowded together has just opened to admit the messenger of the criminal tribunal, who enters, followed by men armed with sabres and revolutionary pikes. On the threshold of the prison, in the midst of a threatening crowd, the Princess de Chimay is being dragged towards the fatal car, and is turning to bid a last farewell to her friends and companions in misfortune. She is followed by the Marquis de Montalembert, and Rougeot de Monterif, the life-guardsmen, who are advancing towards the grating. In front, and in the centre, Andre Chenier, the poet, is negligently seated in a straw chair, seemingly absorbed in a dreamy reverie. At his left, young Mademoiselle de Coigny throws herself in terror at the feet of the venerable Bishop Saint Simon. Further to the right of the spectator, the countess of Narbonne-Pelet is seated, and standing beside her is the princess of Monaco, whose name has just been called by the messengers of the tribunal, and who is just pointed out by the man who leans against a pillar. On the other side, the most striking figure is that of the Marchioness Colbert de Maulevrier. Her head is covered by a coif, and she is sitting, resigned and patient, with a rosary in her hands, calmly awaiting the termination of this agonizing scene. The only person who stoops to useless prayer and entreaty, is Madame Leroy, a young and celebrated actress of the French Theatre. At the extreme left of the engraving is a group formed by Captain Ancanne, who is pressing the hand of his fainting wife, and receiving the farewell caresses of his daughter. The design of the picture is by Charles Mueller.

I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan: "take it home, and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and in a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favorite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again; but when they came to the door they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been there in the meantime, and carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get his old cobbler to broil a beefsteak for him, and take their dinner together.—*Hashitt.*



LAST SUMMONS OF THE VICTIMS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR, AT THE PRISON OF SAINT LAZARE.

CHANCELLOR DE L'HOPITAL

DURING THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

St. Bartholomew's Day is a festival of the Roman Catholic church, celebrated on the 24th of August. In the year 1572, Charles IX, king of France, impelled thereto by the queen-mother, resolved, upon the anniversary, to massacre all the Huguenots, or Protestants of Paris. At a given signal, the tocsin was rung in the church of St. Germain l'Anxerros, and the Catholic party, being previously apprized and instructed, commenced the wholesale butchery of their opponents. The massacre extended throughout the kingdom, and the number of victims amounted to at least 30,000. The Chancellor Michael de l'Hopital was deprived of his high functions about 1569. "I am," he wrote to Catherine de Medicis, the queen-mother, "more than sixty-five years old; I have a wife, a daughter, a son-in-law, and nine grand-children already—a train of aged servitors whom I cannot allow to die of hunger without disloyalty, and a tower of my residence is crumbling to pieces. In these circumstances, if your majesty, under the pressure of state exigencies, believes in your inability to aid me, I will endure it all with patience—it will be neither tedious nor difficult at my age." At the time of the massacre, the chancellor was living in his chateau de Vigny, situated in the environs of Etampes. He was surrounded by his whole family, except his daughter, Madame de l'Hopital, who was then in Paris, and who was saved by the Duke de Guise's widow. A populace drunk with fanatical fury surrounded his house. His laboring men were seized and bound. He thought his last hour had arrived, and resigned himself, without an effort, to his fate. His servants desired to arm themselves and repel the murderers. "No," said he. "And if the small door is not large enough for their entrance, open the large one and give them a free passage." In the meanwhile, a small band of horsemen were seen from the chateau de Vigny approaching it at full gallop. Were they defenders or assassins? In those terrible days everything and every one was looked on with surprise and dread. The secret, however, was soon disclosed. The horsemen reached the castle, drove back the aggressors, and announced themselves as a safeguard sent by the queen. They assured the chancellor that he had nothing to fear, and that even his former zeal for the heretics was pardoned. "I was not aware," was the calm reply of the chancellor, "that I had deserved either death or pardon. The resigned and venerable countenance of this great man, and the calmness of his attitude, is well contrasted in the engraving, in the terror, distress and helplessness of the group by whom he is surrounded, and the whole scene is a truthful record of a highly interesting event.

AN INCIDENT OF MOUNTAIN LIFE.

This pleasing picture, like every work of true art, tells its own story. Night is setting in among the snowy mountains, cold, dark and stormy. A female peasant, accompanied by her children, one an infant, and the other a young girl, has lost her way, and weary with wandering, fatigued and hopeless, has sunk upon the snow. Already that drowsiness is creeping over her senses, that indifference gaining possession of her mind, which are the sure precursors of a sleep that knows no waking. But at this critical moment the daughter discovers that they are saved, and rousing her mother, she points eagerly to a distant mountain gorge whence two men are hastening to their assistance, preceded by their dogs, whose keen scent and intelligence have probably detected the sufferers and guided their masters to the spot. The wandering family, and the imagination follows them to some comfortable dwelling, where their wants are provided for, and whence their sufferings will be looked back to only as a dismal dream.

GORGEY, THE TRAITOR.

To say that he is *hated* in Hungary, is to express feebly the feelings of the nation towards him. The concentrated bitterness of the people, trodden into the very ground by the oppressor, is poured forth on the man to whom they intrusted all, and who betrayed them. I give one instance, in an occurrence which happened this spring, in Kiagenfurt. Two *honveds*—common soldiers—were returning from the regiment in Italy, in which they had been drafted, to their homes, on furlough. They had just money enough to be able to reach Kiagenfurt; and there, were utterly at a loss what to do; in a strange town, stripped of everything, and without any means of raising money. Though it sorely offended their Hungarian pride, they at last resolved to beg. One said that he could not begin; and the other offered to commence, by trying in a coffee-house, near by. The very first gentleman whom he asked gave him several silver *zwanzigers*. Surprised at such overflowing generosity, he went out and showed his gains to his comrade, and told him to go in and try, for if he had as good luck, their begging would be at an end. The other went in, and came out soon, joyfully, with his *zwanzigers*. They were counting their gains, when a waiter happening to step out, asked them if they knew who had been so generous to them. "No," they said. "That is Gorgey, the Hungarian general." Both the soldiers rose up, strode into the coffee-house, dashed the money on the table before Gorgey. "Scoundrel! we rather die of hunger than take a krentzer from you!" and then left the coffee-house. The affair was soon noised about in the hotel, and a handsome purse was made up for the two beggared soldiers. —*Brace's Hungary.*



CHANCELLOR DE L'HOPITAL, DURING THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE USES OF HISTORY.

History as we call it—men for ever read in vain! Poring with microscopic eye over the symbols in which it is written, they are heedless of the great facts expressed by them. Instead of collecting evidence bearing upon the all-important question—What are the laws that determine national success or failure, stability or revolution?—they gossip about state intrigues, sieges and battles, court scandal, the crimes of nobles, the quarrels of parties, the births, deaths, and marriages of kings, and other like trifles. Minutes, pettifogging details, the vanity and frippery of bygone times, the mere decorations of the web of existence, they examine, analyze, and learnedly descant upon; yet they are blind to those stern realities which each age shrouds in its superficial tissue of events—those terrible truths which glare out upon us from the gloom of the past. From the successive strata of our historical deposits, they diligently gather all the highly-colored fragments, pounce upon everything that is curious and sparkling, and chuckle like children over their glittering acquisitions; meanwhile the rich veins of wisdom that ramify amidst this worthless debris, are utterly neglected. Cumbersome volumes of rubbish are accumulated, whilst those masses of rich ore are untouched. —*Social Statics.*



AN INCIDENT OF MOUNTAIN LIFE.

ACCUMULATION.

To become fonder of accumulation than of expenditure, is the first step towards wealth. An agriculturist will receive a few grains of an improved species of corn, which he will not eat, but will plant them and re-plant the product from year to year, till his few grains become hundreds of bushels. Money is increasable by analogous processes, and success is within the power of every man who shall attain to ordinary longevity. If a man at the age of twenty years can save 26 cents every working day, and annually invest the aggregate at compound legal 7 per cent. interest, he will, at the age of seventy, possess \$32,000. Many men who resort to life insurance, can save several times twenty-six cents daily, and thus accumulate several times the above sum, long before the age of seventy. Nearly all large fortunes are the result of such accumulations. Hence, the men who amass great fortunes are usually those only who live long. The last few years of Girard's and Astor's lives increased their wealth more than scores of early years. To be in haste to become rich by a few great operations, is a direct road to eventual poverty. We cannot, however, command long life, but we can approximate thereto by commencing early the process of accumulation—an elongation by extending backward being as efficacious as an elongation forward. Every hundred dollars expended by a man at the age of twenty years, is an expenditure of what, at our legal rate of interest, would, by compounding it annually, become \$3,000, should he live to the age of seventy. This lesson is taught practically by savings banks, and well counteracts the fatal notions of the young, that old age is the period for accumulation, and youth the period for expenditure. —*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

A JEREMY DIDDLEY.

He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy-sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. That wasn't much. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret, and he asked no more. He was a mere child in the world, but he didn't cry for the moon. He said to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer—only let Harold Skimpole live!"

"It's only you, the generous creatures, whom I envy," said Mr. Skimpole, addressing us, his new friends, in an impersonal manner. "I envy you your power of doing what you do. It is what I should revel in, myself. I don't feel any vulgar gratitude to you. I almost feel as if you ought to be grateful to me, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity. I know you like it. For anything I can tell, I may have come into the world expressly for the purpose of increasing your stock of happiness. I may have been born to be a benefactor to you, by sometimes giving you an opportunity of assisting me in my little perplexities. Why should I regret my incapacity for details and worldly affairs, when it leads to such pleasant consequences? I don't regret it therefore. —*Bleak House.*

COLLEGE LIFE.

It was said by James the First, that if he were not a king, he would fain be a fellow of a college; I am rather curious to know where he got his idea of the blessedness of that condition; certainly it was not from the knowledge of the truth, nor from observation of the thing itself; even in the matter of study I believe that very few of his majesty's subjects are so little addicted to it as these same fellows. A man who has bestowed half his life in mastering the classics or mathematics shuts himself up very commonly in his stronghold; he is unwilling to venture forth from it and prove himself in the open field, where he is conscious of his weakness. He has got together a heap of symbols—mere counters—and with these he calculates most dotingly; but the substance of these shadows, the sterling gold of the intellect, coin current through the realm, he is as far as ever from acquiring; all his wealth is in paper—paper, like bad scrip, marked with a high nominal amount, but of no value either in use or exchange, repudiated in real traffic. He cannot condescend to become a child, and learn rudiments; he meddles not with matters wherein men of a very ordinary rate have twenty times his strength, without a tithe of his reputation. —*Self-Formation.*

THE LION'S FEAR OF MAN.

Lichtenstein says the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching on the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. If one meets a lion, his only safety is to stand still, though the animal crouches to make his spring; that spring will not be hazarded if the man remain motionless, and look steadily in his eyes. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him—lies down—again retreats, till getting by degrees quite out of the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste. —*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

JASPER CLAYTON:

—OR—

THE SPY OF FORT MOULTRIE.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

BY E. CURTISS DINE, U. S. N.

They fought like brave men long and well,
They piled the gory field with slain—
They conquered.—Marco Bozarris.

DURING the struggle of our then infant country with her gigantic adversary—a struggle which resulted in our independence, and all the blessings that have since sprung from it—there was no city where firmer and braver hearts opposed the encroachments of a foreign foe than Charleston, the pride of "the green palmetto State." There, indeed, might have been found a stern and unflinching band, ever ready to battle against wrong and oppression, in whatever form it chanced to make its appearance; there the cannon of liberty uttered forth their loudest peals; and there fell many a ruthless invader, pierced by the deadly rifle's unerring aim.

At the period of which we are writing, on a little island at the entrance of Charleston harbor—an island which in honor of the gallant Sullivan had been given his name—stood Fort Moultrie, a structure reared by the sons of freedom to prevent the ingress of a foreign foe. It was composed of palmetto logs planted vertically in the ground, something in the manner that the Parisian barricades are wont to be constructed by the Red Republicans, and those who are opposed to government, in whatever shape it may make its appearance, and was deemed by many but a frail defence against the tremendous power which it was well known would be brought to bear against it, should the British commander-in-chief decide to make a demonstration against the city.

The command of this little fortress had been confided to Col. Moultrie, a brave and judicious officer, who, to many fine qualities of head and heart, united all the suasion and finesse of the ancient settlers of that flourishing colony; and no one could have been selected better calculated to do honor to the important trust confided to his care than he.

Within the enclosure of this palmetto fortress, a number of strong buildings had been erected, as quarters for the officers and soldiers who were placed there to defend it, and on the extreme right of this line of dwellings was the house of the colonel in command. It was a plain, rude structure, built of palmetto logs, and furnished in the humblest style; but still, within those rough walls, was a generous hospitality, and society at once refined and elegant. For, clinging with devotional tenacity to the fortunes of that brave and accomplished soldier, was a charming wife, and still more charming daughter, the sweet Emille—the pride and boast of Charleston.

Emille Moultrie, at the time to which we refer, was in her eighteenth year—a fair, sweet, rosy-complexioned creature, with dark, languishing blue eyes, teeth as white and even as pearls, a form at once athletic and finely developed, and with long dark hair, which habitually hung in a shower of ringlets down over her snowy shoulders, finely contrasting with the alabaster purity of her skin. But it was not now so much the beauty, as the goodness and the winning grace and playfulness of Emille Moultrie, that captivated the hearts of many sensitive youth, and sent them to her presence to plead their suits in vain. And yet, although it had been her unpleasant lot thus to dismiss the attentions of at least a score of pretenders, it was always done with so much of affability, so much of kindly regard and good wishes towards the discarded, that it left them all her friends—true warm-hearted friends, although they were well aware, from the firmness of her manner, that they never could hope to be her lovers.

I will not pretend to say that all were thus summarily dealt with, who sought to win the regards of the bright Emille. Were I to do this, I should say that which a regard for truth induces me to leave unsaid, and I must therefore inform the sympathizing reader that there was one who had occasionally ventured to speak to the young lady in words somewhat warmer than those of mere friendship; and instead of dismissing him for his temerity, she had listened to his words, and that, too, as though they were not entirely unpleasant to her—if the deepened

flush upon her smooth round cheek, the tender drooping of the softly fringed eye, and the heaving of the full bust, could be regarded as a criterion of her feelings. Some people even went so far as to report that the colonel's fair daughter was in love with the brave and handsome Henry St. Clair; but as we do not profess to any great share of penetration in regard to such matters, we shall not venture an opinion, but leave the reader to put whatever construction upon her conduct may be thought advisable.

Henry St. Clair was the son of a very wealthy merchant of Charleston, who had reared him in luxury and comfort. He had returned from England, where he had been sent to complete his education a little before the opening of the war upon the plains of Lexington, and feeling a warm interest in the welfare of his country, he at once raised a company of troops in his native city, placed himself at their head, and offered his services to the Continental Congress then in session at Philadelphia. These services were, as a matter of course, gladly accepted, and he was at once sent off with his command, to join the army of Washington, whose name, even then, was ringing over the whole of this widely extended continent.

After battling manfully in his country's cause, and undergoing the usual vicissitudes incident to a life in time of war, Captain St. Clair, at the time of the opening of our tale, found himself stationed with the remnant of his gallant band—thinned by battle and disease to half its original numbers, but never disgraced by a desertion—under the command of Colonel Moultrie, and destined for the defence of his native town.

When Henry St. Clair had taken his departure for the mother country, a few years previous to the Revolution, in order to finish his studies at the ancient university of Cambridge, he had left Emille Moultrie a child—playful and precocious, it is true, but still a child. It had been his delight to hold her upon his knee and prattle to her of what he expected to behold in that far-off storied land, for which he was so soon to leave his native shores, and also of the pretty things he intended to bring her when he should return.

But when at length St. Clair did return to America, after a lapse of many long years, and sought out the house of Colonel Moultrie, he had nothing to tell Emille of his adventures, nothing to present to her—but sat with open mouth, gazing upon the bright vision which suddenly swept before him, as the door of the drawing-room was thrown open, and she seated herself by his side. He could scarcely realize that the finely-developed young lady, whose charms had expanded into such womanly proportions, could be none other than his little friend Emille; and he sat for some time, almost stupefied, gazing upon her without uttering a word, and striving to recall to his remembrance the long, long years which had rolled away since he had left his native home.

And yet that fair young lady was none other than Emille. Time works wonders, as he moves along upon his dusty track towards eternity; and in this case, his breath had expanded what was, at the time of St. Clair's departure, a half open bud, into a gorgeous flower, sweet as the rose that blossoms in the lonely wilderness.

By degrees, as the astonishment of Henry St. Clair subsided, he became more talkative, and he soon found to his delight that it was not only the person of Emille that had improved, but that her mind had undergone a similar enlargement, and that her judgment upon all subjects which he saw fit to broach, was matured to an extent which he had seldom found in woman. The conversation turning upon his adventures abroad, he at once launched into a glowing description of the wonders he had beheld, to which Emille listened with the deepest attention, and it was not until the city clock had tolled the hour of midnight, that St. Clair took his departure from the dwelling of Colonel Moultrie.

From that time an intimacy sprang up between these two young persons, or rather the intimacy which had existed was renewed, and they were almost constantly in each other's society, until, as we before said, upon the breaking out of the Revolution, St. Clair, with the entire approbation of Emille—for the fire of liberty burnt brightly on the altar of her heart—placed himself at the head of a gallant corps, and started off to defend his native land.

The young couple had corresponded regularly during their separation, and it may well be sup-

posed that both were delighted when Captain St. Clair was ordered with the remnant of his company, to report to Colonel Moultrie for duty in the defence of Charleston.

Again the intimacy which had been in a measure broken off, was renewed, for Captain St. Clair was quartered in a building but a short distance from that occupied by the colonel and his family, and as a natural consequence, the young people were much of the time together, much to the chagrin and disappointment of many of the young men of the city, who thus saw all their hopes frustrated, and their plans for the possession of Emille nipped in the bud.

About this time rumors began to be rife about the city and surrounding country, that an attack upon South Carolina was meditated, and that Charleston was the point to which the expedition was to take its way. No certain intelligence, it is true, had reached the inhabitants of the contemplated scheme, but it was known to the inhabitants that a large fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, was busily engaged watering and taking in provisions at the North, and many did not hesitate to avouch that the baronet had certainly decided to favor the Carolinians with a visit.

The alarm, in consequence of this rumor, was very great in and about Charleston. Many left the city, carrying with them all their valuables; and many more crossed over to Sullivan's Island, and placed themselves under the command of the gallant Moultrie, resolved to defend to the utmost, their town from the invasion of a foreign foe.

It was a fine bright morning, and all was life and bustle within the little fort upon Sullivan's Island. Troops were drawn up with military precision within the palmetto enclosure, performing the different evolutions pertaining to their profession, and the sound of the drum and fife rose merrily upon the balmy air. Colonel Moultrie was seated in one of the apartments of the quarters allotted him, busily engaged in overhauling some letters which he had just received from the Continental Congress, and too intent upon his employment to notice what was going on in another part of the room. Or perhaps he did not care to know; at any rate, he kept his eyes steadily upon the letters before him, never once looking up, for if he had, he could scarcely have failed to notice that his fair daughter Emille was placed in rather an equivocal position there in his very presence, and but a few feet removed from the table at which he was engaged. The truth is, young St. Clair had just stealthily entered the apartment, and passing the colonel with noiseless step he had sought the side of Emille, and by some means her hand had found its way into his, and a softly whispered conversation was going on between them.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the gallant colonel, as he finished the perusal of a document in which he had apparently been deeply interested, "if Old Parker isn't going to pay us a visit, after all. It seems by this letter that there can be no mistake about it. His ships sailed some days ago, and it is the general impression at the North, that the baronet intends to honor us with his presence. Well, the gossips in the city were not so far out of the way after all. But, hallo! what's all this?" turning his good-humored face towards the blushing Emille, and the confused captain, "young St. Clair, as I live! How the deuce did you get in here without my seeing you, and what are you grasping the hand of Emille so tenaciously for? One would think you were afraid she would escape to the enemy and give information of our weak points. But I suppose, captain, that you have your weak points, as well as the fort, and that an enemy has stolen in and taken possession of the fortress. Is it not so, now, you scapegrace?"

"Well, colonel," replied the young officer, "I must confess that the outposts have been a little unguarded at times, and that taking advantage of it, a most dangerous foe has entered; but then you know that was before the war actually broke out, and I had not yet closed the gates."

"Ah, I understand you, you young rogue! But that excuse shall not avail you, sir. As you have allowed the enemy to steal a march upon you and enter your fortress while you were sleeping, I shall compel you, as a punishment, to support that foe during all your natural life, and that will be a severe ordeal, I make no doubt."

"Not so severe as you might imagine, colonel," replied the captain, gaily.

"We shall see, sir—we shall see," added the other, with mock gravity, "but what says Emille? Is she willing that you should thus harbor an enemy? She used to be very patriotic."

But Emille had left the room. Just at this instant, an orderly opened the door, and looked in.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the colonel, in that short, abrupt manner, common to military men.

"A young man, sir, wishes to see you on important business," replied the soldier, respectfully touching his cap.

"What does he want?"

"He did not make known his business to me, sir—he merely requested to see you, sir."

"Well, show him in."

A moment later, and the door again swung upon its hinges, giving entrance to a stout-built man some thirty years of age, to judge from his appearance, who advanced towards the colonel and bowed low and obsequiously, as if anxious to conciliate him by a display of his urbanity and politeness. But Moultrie, although a gentleman born, was of the old school, which disdains idle forms and ceremonies, and prefers coming at once to the point without unnecessary flummery.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" he inquired, in a tone of voice but a little less stern than that which he had just assumed towards his orderly.

"I am anxious to join your forces, sir, and assist in defending the city, if you will accept of my poor services," replied the stranger, with another low bow.

"Ah, where do you come from, my man?"

"I am a resident of Savannah, sir, which city I left some ten days ago, in order to come on here and have a hand in the fight, if there is to be one."

"Who do you know in Savannah?" inquired Moultrie.

"O, almost everybody. I was born there, sir."

"And have lived there all your days, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"What street did you reside in?"

"In Pitcairn Street, sir," replied the new comer, with some hesitation.

"Hum! Pitcairn Street! Now I know you are deceiving me, and I don't believe that you were ever in Savannah in your life. I am as well acquainted with that city as I am with my own face, and I happen to know that there is no such street there."

The stranger appeared confused, and stammered out something in the way of an explanation, but Moultrie cut him short with

"Well, it don't matter whether you were born in Savannah, or in some other place. You say you wish to join the garrison. You have strong hands, at any rate, and can make your services useful; so just go down to the adjutant's office and tell him it is my order for him to enlist you."

"Thank you, sir," replied the stranger, and immediately took his departure, apparently not a little gratified to escape the keen glance that had been bent upon him for the last few moments.

"That fellow's a spy, colonel, you may depend upon it," said St. Clair, as the individual left the apartment.

"No, I think not, captain. I believe that he has run away to escape the consequences of some crime he has committed, and does not care to have the place of his residence known. At any rate, he's a stout, able fellow; and men, you know, are scarce with us. However, St. Clair, it will be well enough to keep an eye upon his movements. We cannot be too cautious in these troublesome times."

"I'll watch his movements, you may depend," replied the young officer, and rising to his feet, took his departure from the quarters of his commander.

In the meantime, the stranger, accompanied by the orderly, repaired to the office of the adjutant, and enrolled his name upon the books as Jasper Clayton; after which he was assigned quarters in the building occupied by the Charleston Volunteers, and took up his abode among the hardy and patriotic soldiers, who comprised that valuable corps.

For some reason, from the very first, the volunteers did not seem to like their new comrade. He was morose and sullen; and, instead of spending his leisure hours in the barracks, he

used to stroll about the fortifications, narrowly watching and examining everything peculiar in their construction. This inquisitiveness was noticed by many of the soldiers, as well as by Captain St. Clair, who had, according to his promise to Colonel Moultrie, kept a sharp eye upon all his movements, and became almost convinced that he was a spy. These thoughts, however, the young officer did not impart to any person, and a considerable portion of his time being spent in the society of Emille, it afforded the new volunteer ample opportunity to carry out his plans, whatever they were, with but little danger of discovery, for none, save the captain, suspected he was aught beside what he seemed.

In the meantime, Clayton, who was frequently placed as a sentinel upon a post near the quarters of the colonel, had espied Emille, and her rare beauty had inflamed his desires to the highest pitch. This passion grew each day more ardent, until at length, it came to occupy all his thoughts and wishes. He watched her every movement, and it was not long ere he discovered that St. Clair was the favored suitor, at which his wrath burst forth into a torrent of imprecations, and he swore to possess her, or perish in the attempt.

A dark, gloomy night had settled down upon the fortress and the adjacent town, and the heavy rain descended in frequent showers, pattering upon the house-tops and drenching the poor sentinels, who could not leave their posts, to the very skin. Captain St. Clair chanced to be the officer of the day—a duty which devolves upon every one below the commander in his regular turn, and as such, it became his duty to visit the sentinels occasionally during the night, in order to ascertain if they are watchful and alert in the performance of their duties. On the night in question, the young officer having equipped himself, left his quarters and proceeded along the line of sentinels, being challenged by each in his turn, giving the countersign; and after some remarks in order to satisfy himself as to the safety of the post, passing on to another. He had passed in this manner most of the sentinels, and was drawing near the open gateway leading down to the waters of the harbor, when a loud clear hail from the soldier on post at that important point, brought him to a sudden pause.

"Who comes there?" hailed the stern voice of the soldier, as he brought his piece to a port across his body, and stood grimly regarding the advancing figure of St. Clair.

"Officer of the day," quickly replied the captain, still advancing.

"Halt, officer of the day, and give the countersign!" exclaimed the sentinel; and then, in a low tone, added, "By Heavens, 'tis him! Now for the execution of my plan!"

The officer of the day slowly advanced until he had reached within a few feet of the sentinel, when he paused and uttered the single word, "Moultrie."

"Countersign's correct," gruffly replied the soldier, "pass, officer of the day."

St. Clair was about to pass out of the gate in order to see that everything was right in the neighborhood of the wharf, when the sentinel, who was none other than Jasper Clayton, suddenly gave him a tremendous blow over the head with the clubbed end of his musket, which caused him to sink senseless and bleeding upon the ground. Then, with desperate haste, the soldier disrobed the captain of his outer garments, and exchanged them for his own, throwing them in a pile upon the inanimate form of the officer, after which he took his way along the chain of sentinels towards the quarters of Colonel Moultrie, answering the hails in every case by giving the countersign—which of course he knew—and being mistaken for the officer of the day, whose garb he had assumed.

In a small, but neatly furnished bed-room opening from the parlor of Colonel Moultrie's house, the fair Emille was slumbering in conscious innocence, while dreams, bright and rosy, as a gaily-tinted sunset cloud, hovered around her pillow, and called a smile and heightened color to her soft, young cheek. Suddenly, however, a stealthy step by her bed side awakened her, and by a light, which she had left burning when she retired for the night, she beheld the figure of a man in the apartment. Her first thought was, that it was St. Clair, and she was about to open her lips to chide him for thus stealing into her sleeping apartment, when she was struck speechless with dismay and apprehension, on beholding the features of a stranger

dressed in the well-known habiliments of her lover, whom she feared had been murdered and robbed. But the intruder gave her but little time for reflection, for drawing his sword, he pointed it at her bosom, and said, in a low, determined voice, that snake-like came hissing from between his teeth:

"Dare to utter but *one word* above your breath, and I'll plunge this weapon through your body. Get up instantly, put on your clothing and follow me, and remember, the first movement on your part to create an alarm, and you are a dead woman!"

Stupefied by the suddenness of the whole transaction, and rendered speechless by terror, the poor girl arose, dressed herself in silence, and followed the monster from the house.

The same challenging from the sentinels which has been before described, again took place, Clayton answering to the hail, "Officer of the day and company," and giving the correct countersign, as he passed with his terrified and almost fainting captive. The sentinels thought it somewhat strange to see the supposed Captain St. Clair and a female passing through the fort at that hour of the night; but the correct countersign had been given them, and it was not their province to inquire into the matter. This, Clayton well knew, and hurried onward through the gate, where the insensible form of the captain was still lying, and which he took care to prevent Emille from seeing, by placing a bandage over her eyes just before they came to the spot. At length, having reached the small wharf, he placed his captive in the stern of a small boat lying there, jumped in himself, cut the painter or rope by which she was made fast, and without uttering a syllable seized upon a pair of sculls and commenced urging the boat out of the harbor, and over the bar towards the open sea!

In the meantime the guard had been relieved, and when the officer and his party came to the water-gate, they found it deserted by the sentinel; and on making a search, St. Clair was discovered in an insensible state, and at once carried to his quarters, where the surgeon of the fort was quickly in attendance, and by applying proper remedies, had the satisfaction of beholding his patient restored to consciousness, when he quickly gave him a detailed account of all that had occurred.

The next morning, everything was in a buzz of excitement within the precincts of Fort Moultrie. The colonel was in the utmost distress for the loss of his beloved daughter, and poor St. Clair was almost beside himself with grief and despair. Everybody now knew the real character of the volunteer, and many a wiseacre shook his head and exclaimed: "I told you how it would be—I told you how it would be!"

But all this did not bring back the spy, nor could any clue as to his whereabouts be discovered. The boat he had caused to be towed over to the fort wharf, by a loyalist after dark, so that nobody within the fortress could guess by what means he had managed to escape. The general impression, however, was that he had attempted to swim away from the island, together with the colonel's daughter, and that they had both perished. This, in fact, was the most reasonable conclusion that could be arrived at in the absence of a knowledge of all the circumstances; and at length the bereaved father and the disconsolate lover came to the sad conviction that they should never behold their darling Emille again.

In the meantime how fared it with Jasper Clayton and his unhappy captive? We before stated that when he had cast off from the fort wharf, he had pulled directly for the open sea. To one unacquainted with his views, this would have seemed a desperate undertaking, thus to put to sea in a light pleasure-boat; but we shall soon see that he knew well enough what he was about, and that all his plans had been well matured.

After crossing the bar, Clayton continued to give way for an hour or more, when he raised a mast that had been lying in the bottom of the boat, and hoisting a sail, kept her away right before the wind. He now took occasion to tell Emille that she had nothing to fear from him, that he should offer her no further violence, but that she was destined to become his wife.

"Who and what are you—in Heaven's name?" inquired the poor girl, in a tone of agonizing entreaty.

"You'll know all that, in due season, young lady," replied Clayton, in a milder tone than he

had before assumed, "and in the meantime don't have any fears for your personal safety. I will not harm you, if you do not compel me to by your prudery and your folly."

"Heaven protect me, and have mercy upon me!" exclaimed the poor girl; and sinking back into the boat, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

The wind was blowing freshly off the land, and Clayton continued to stand before it for two or three hours, after which he hauled aft his sheets and hauled on the wind, heading towards a long point of land making out into the sea, and looming up solemnly through the night air. Clayton, having by the aid of a match lighted a lantern, now often consulted a small compass which he carried in his pocket, and seemed to be shaping his course for some point which he previously had in view; for his features wore a look of anxiety, and he kept gazing off into the darkness, as if on the lookout for some object which he was anxious to gain.

At last the gray streaks of dawn began to light up the ocean, and as the red sun suddenly wheeled up out of the far stretching waste of waters, a brig was descried hove to, but a little distance from the boat, which was now heading directly for her. Clayton evidently knew what he was about, well enough, for he did not betray the least surprise at the circumstance of a vessel—which Emille could now see by her tier of guns was a man-of-war—being hove to in that position, but on the contrary, steered directly for her, and soon came alongside.

To the surprise of Miss Moultrie the approach of the frail boat was honored by the sharp shrill whistle of the boatswain, and by several side boys appearing at the gangway, and standing uncovered as Clayton ascended the side; and after helping her up the ladder, took her hand and conducted her aft to where a young man, dressed in the rich uniform of the royal navy, was standing.

"You are welcome back, Captain Clayton," said the young man, bowing obsequiously, "but have you accomplished your mission, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I've found out all their weak points, and have brought off a little bird here to keep me company through life," replied Clayton, pointing to Emille.

"Yes, sir; I'm very glad to hear it. But how did you manage it, sir?"

"Well, when you landed me from the brig, off the end of that point yonder, you know I told you to keep the brig hove to, just out of sight of land, until my return to take the command of her again."

"Yes sir, and I've obeyed your orders."

"To the letter, sir. Well, I at once proceeded to the fort, and enlisted as a volunteer, and after obtaining all the information in my power, the night being dark and stormy, and knowing that I was to be on post from ten o'clock till midnight, I made arrangements with a loyalist to bring me over a boat and make her fast to a wharf near the gate, so that I might escape in her. Well, sir, just before twelve o'clock, the officer of the day, a Captain St. Clair went the rounds of the sentinels, and when he came to me, I struck him over the head, knocked him down, took off his clothes and put them on myself, and what was more, proceeded to the quarters of the colonel and carried off the captain's intended bride, whom I had taken a fancy to, and whom I will now introduce to you as Mrs. Captain Clayton that is to be."

The young lieutenant cast a glance upon the shrinking form of Emille and then replied:

"You have done the business nobly, sir, and killed two birds with one stone. You have found out the secrets of the rebels, and secured to yourself a young and lovely bride. Sir Peter Parker could not have selected a more trusty agent, and he will appreciate your services at their full value, there is no doubt. But is it not about time that the admiral made his appearance?"

"Yes sir, we may expect to see the squadron hourly. Have a good lookout kept, sir, while I go below with the lady and have some breakfast, and should anything occur, inform me immediately."

Saying this, Captain Clayton descended to his cabin, followed by Emille, who perceiving that she was in the hands of the Philistines, resolved to keep up good spirits and trust to the chapter of accidents to effect her delivery.

The reader by this time, no doubt, has become aware of all the mystery connected with the appearance of Jasper Clayton at Sullivan's Island, and is prepared to learn the final issue of his

adventures. He had not been many moments below, ere both he and Emille were startled from the breakfast table by the intelligence that the fleet of Sir Peter Parker had hove in sight, and was standing down towards the brig.

When the squadron had arrived within a short distance of Clayton's vessel, that worthy personage called away his boat, went on board Sir Peter Parker's flag-ship, and at once laid before him a statement of everything connected with his visit to the American fort, and informed the admiral of all its weak points, and where it would be the safest place to commence the attack. Sir Peter was much pleased with the zeal which his spy had manifested in ferreting out the secrets of the fortress, and ordered Captain Clayton to go ahead with his brig and pilot in the squadron.

It was a fine bright day when the British fleet, led by the brig-of-war, came gallantly down before the wind, and crossing the bar, came to an anchor with springs on their cables but a little distance from Fort Moultrie.

Sir Peter Parker now commenced a most vigorous cannonade on the little fortress, but he was met by a spirit and determination on the part of the Americans which he had little bargained for. The fort, which was armed with very heavy guns, kept up such a tremendous fire upon the ships of war, that many of them were completely disabled; while the palmetto logs, of which the breastworks were composed, seemed to suffer but little damage.

At length, after losing a large number of men, and having his vessels completely riddled by the shot from the fort, Sir Peter concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, so he got sail upon such of his ships as were still manageable and stood away to sea, not a little mortified by the result of his conflict, and still more annoyed that he was compelled to leave behind him as prizes to the enemy two of the vessels of his squadron.

One of these was the *Cæsar*, the brig-of-war commanded by Clayton, the spy, who was now thrown into the hands of Moultrie. Early in the action his brig had been dismantled and rendered unmanageable, and such was the haste evinced by the admiral to escape from the galling and destructive fire that was being poured upon him, that he would not stop to take the dismantled vessels in tow.

Shortly after the action was over, Colonel Moultrie sent Captain St. Clair, who was now recovered from the effects of the blow he had received, on board the brig to take possession of her as a prize. But what was the surprise of the young officer, on ascending her side, to behold in the person of her commander, Jasper Clayton, the volunteer! He, together with all his crew, were quickly ironed and taken on shore to the fort, where they were kept in close confinement. Clayton himself was brought before a court martial, and being convicted as a spy, was hanged in the presence of all the garrison, Captain St. Clair, much against his will, acting as provost-martial upon the occasion.

Emille—the sweet Emille, was found by St. Clair concealed in the hold of the brig, where she had repaired for safety at the commencement of the action, and was quickly taken on shore and restored to the arms of her father. A few days later, she was led a blushing and beautiful bride from the altar of one of the Charleston churches, upon which occasion there was not a happier man on the whole continent of America than young St. Clair. We shall leave our readers to guess *why* the gallant captain was so happy, and so close our tale.

LOOKING-GLASSES FOR BIRDS.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says:—"The following plan is perfectly efficacious for scaring birds from fruit and other produce. One of my servants having by chance broken a looking-glass, it occurred to me that the broken pieces, suspended by a string, so as to turn freely in every direction, would give the appearance of something moving about, which would alarm the birds. I accordingly tried the plan, and found that no bird, not even the most fool hardy of them, dare come near. They had attacked my peas; on suspending a few bits of looking glass amongst them, the marauders left the place. The tom-tits attacked my sckel pears, to which they seem very partial. A bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were then much damaged, before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I had before tried many plans, but never found any so effectual as the above."

There's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,
As also at the race and country balls.—*Dillon*.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

We find in "Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America" the following sketch of the life of Mr. Longfellow, a very accurate likeness of whom is presented by our artist herewith, as also a very fine view of his residence in Cambridge. Mr. Longfellow was born in the city of Portland, in Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. When fourteen years of age he entered Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1825. He soon after commenced the study of the law, but being appointed Professor of Modern Languages in the college in which he was educated, he in 1826 sailed for Europe to prepare himself for the duties of his office, and passed three years and a half visiting or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. When he returned he entered upon the labors of instruction, and in 1831 was married. The professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College was made vacant, in 1835, by the resignation of Mr. Ticknor. Mr. Longfellow, being elected his successor, resigned his place in Brunswick, and went a second time to Europe, to make himself more thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of his studies in the northern nations. He passed the summer in Denmark and Sweden; the autumn and winter in Germany—losing in that period his wife, who died suddenly at Heidelberg—and the following spring and summer in the Tyrol and Switzerland. He returned to the United States in October, 1836, and immediately entered upon his duties at Cambridge, where he has resided ever since, except during a visit to Europe for the restoration of his health, in 1842. The first collection of his poems was published in 1839, under the title of "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student, a Play," in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844, and a complete edition of his poetical writings, excepting some early effusions and the lyrical pieces on slavery, in a large octavo volume, illustrated with engravings by J. Cheney, from original pictures by Huntington, in 1845. Longfellow's most considerable poem is the "Children of the Lord's Supper," translated from the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, a venerable bishop of the Lutheran church, and the most illustrious poet of northern Europe. The rendition of the "Children of the Last Supper" was among the most difficult tasks to be undertaken, as spondaic words, necessary in the construction of hexameters, and common in the Greek, Latin and Swedish, are so rare in the English language. "The Skeleton in Armor" is the longest and most unique of his original poems. The Copenhagen antiquaries attribute

the erection of a round tower at Newport, in Rhode Island, to the Scandinavians of the twelfth century. A few years ago a skeleton in complete armor was exhumed in the vicinity of the tower. These facts are the groundwork of the story. From a suggestion of Mr. Griswold, that a series of volumes embracing specimens of the poetry and prose of different countries would be valuable and popular, Mr. Longfellow was induced to prepare "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and in the summer of 1845 he gave to the press the most comprehensive, complete, and

accurate review of the poetry of the continental nations that has ever appeared in any language. Of all our poets Longfellow best deserves the title of artist. He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. This tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success. There is an aptitude, a gracefulness, and vivid beauty, in many of his stanzas, which at once impress the memory and win the ear and heart. There

is in the tone of his poetry little passion, but much quiet earnestness. It is not so much the power of the instrument, as the skill with which it is managed, that excites our sympathy. His acquaintance with foreign literature has been of great advantage, by rendering him familiar with all the delicate capacities of language, from the grand symphonic roll of the Northern tongue to the "soft, bastard Latin" of the South. His ideas and metaphors are often very striking and poetical; but there is no affluence of imagery, or wonderful glow of emotion, such as take us captive in Byron or Shelley; the claim of Longfellow consists rather in the wise and tasteful use of his materials than in their richness or originality. He has done much for the art of poetry in this country by his example, and in this respect may claim the praise which all good critics of English poetry have bestowed on Gray and Collins. The spirit of Longfellow's muse is altogether unexceptionable in a moral point of view. He illustrates the gentler themes of song, and pleads for justice, humanity, and particularly the beautiful, with a poet's deep conviction of their eternal claims upon the instinctive recognition of the man.

The picture below represents the building improved as a residence by Professor Longfellow, which, in July, 1775, was occupied by General Washington, as his head quarters, while the revolutionary army was stationed in the vicinity of Boston. It is an edifice even more elegant and spacious than its fellows, standing at a little distance from the street, surrounded with shrubbery and stately elms. At this mansion and at Winter Hill, in Somerville, Washington passed most of his time, after taking command of the Continental army, until the evacuation of Boston, in the following spring. The mansion stands upon the upper of two terraces, which are ascended each by five stone steps. At each front of the house is a lofty elm—mere saplings when Washington beheld them, but now stately and patriarchal in appearance. Other elms, with flowers and shrubbery, beautify the grounds around it; while within iconoclastic innovation has not been allowed to enter with its mallet and trowel, to mar the work of the ancient builder, and to cover with the vulgar stucco of modern art the carved cornices and panelled wainscots that first enriched it. There might be given a long list of eminent persons whose former presence in those spacious rooms adds interest to retrospection, but they are elsewhere identified with scenes more personal and important. Messrs. TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS of this city are the publishers of Mr. Longfellow's complete works, where all his productions may be obtained.



PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS, AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., THE RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.



This time-worn structure, of which we give above a fine representation, was erected in the year 1700, by the Swedes, who, at that period, lived in great numbers along the banks of the Delaware, occupying the farms from Philadelphia as far down as Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. At the latter city there is a venerable structure, built in 1698, two years previous to the erection of the one here represented, and of precisely the same appearance. Both churches are objects of interest to the citizens of both cities, and are so prominent as relics of the times gone by, that strangers are almost invariably taken to them as worthy of especial notice. The Swedes, it will be remembered by the student versed in the earliest history of our country, had settled along the Delaware prior to the landing of Penn, and lived according to the manners and customs of the fatherland, speaking the Swedish language and owning allegiance to the monarch of Sweden. The site, subsequently named Philadelphia by William Penn, was known to the early settlers by the Indian name of *Weccawoc*, at which spot they put up a place of worship in 1646, which afterwards was left for one built in 1677, and that gave place to the present one in 1700. For more than half a century the service was performed in the Swedish language, and the pastors were appointed by the king of Sweden from among the clergy at home, and sent over to America. Jenny Lind attended service at this church while in Philadelphia, and the above drawing was sketched from a daguerreotype of the building taken by Mr. Richards, of Philadelphia, expressly for her, and which she accepted as a token from his hands. Our country is fast becoming noted for the elegance of its sacred structures, as well as other public buildings; and we argue from this a growing spirit of refinement, a more full appreciation of

art, and an advanced stage of civilization. Let not the Turk, who rears his heaven-pointing minarets towards the blue ether, outdo the Christian in the solemn richness of his holy fanes. Not that we think the Almighty may be any more devoutly worshipped in cathedral aisles than in the open paths of the mighty forest; but still we do regard with interest the erection of such temples as are ornamental as well as useful.

THE BROTHERS MEADE.

The Brothers Meade have been too long well known and appreciated both in this and foreign countries to require any very extended eulogium upon their character and merits. Their works speak for themselves. Commencing, as most of our operators have done, in a humble way, they occupied a small room in Downs's Buildings, in the city of Albany, in the year 1842. In 1843 they removed into the Albany Exchange. Their exertions were crowned with success, and upon their arrival in New York, they established one of the most agreeable resorts to which the lovers of art could wish to retire. The brothers, ambitious to excel in the art to which they had devoted themselves, spared no pains or expense in rendering their collection of pictures equal to any others taken; and with the name and fame of Daguerre fresh and warm in each heart, they went forward with untiring energy in the glorious work. They not only imitated the improvements of others, but they succeeded in making other improvements themselves, which have become very popular. The first was a great improvement in the chemically colored background patented by Chapman, for which they were awarded a medal by the American Institute. From 1842 to 1843, the Meade Brothers practised with eminent success in different towns and cities of the United States, and had permanent establishments in Buffalo and Saratoga Springs, all of which they have since sold out, together with their Albany establishment, and are now permanently located at 233 Broadway, New York, where they have been nearly two years practising with their usual success. We cannot better give an idea of the extent of their reputation, than by quoting the following from the Albany Express: "Their reputation extended, and now their name is heard in every place in the Union, and in many places in the Old World, where they have visited, or where the art is known." In 1847 and 1848, Henry Meade went to Europe, and travelled through all the principal cities of England, France and Germany. Few will believe that this art, of only a few years existence, has grown to be of so much importance. In 1848, after the return of Henry, Charles R. Meade visited Europe for the same purpose as



THE BROTHERS MEADE, DAGUERREOTYPISTS, NEW YORK.

his brother. The most important business accomplished by Charles, was his taking the portrait of Daguerre, the inventor, which was obtained with the greatest difficulty. He visited him at his chateau, Brie Surmarne, and it was through the influence of Madame Daguerre that he was at last successful. They now possess the only daguerreotypes of Daguerre in this country; as he has always objected to sitting, and until this time, had steadily refused. There is a fine lithograph of him published by D'Avignon, New York. Mr. Meade also took some fine views in Europe. In 1846 they sent views of Niagara Falls in elegant frames to the king of the French and the emperor of Russia, for which they received presents and complimentary letters. These letters were published at the time all over the United States. There are many plans, we are told, which they have in operation, that will tend to elevate them still higher. In fact they are constantly doing, and a great portion of their success may be attributed to original ideas, and an enterprising liberal spirit. They forwarded by the St. Lawrence, twenty-four splendid daguerreotypes, elegantly framed, for exhibition at the World's Fair, London, which were among the most splendid and perfect daguerreotypes ever exhibited. Four of the pictures were peculiarly appropriate for the fair of all nations. They represented the four quarters of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The first represented by a beautiful group, surrounded by the arts, the second by an Asiatic in costume, on a divan, cross-legged, with pipe, etc., the third by two negroes naked, excepting a tunic from the waist to the knees, the fourth by a group of Indians. They have been much admired, and have attracted the attention of all true lovers of art. The brothers employ in their establishment ten assistants, and have a collection of nearly one thousand pictures, to which they are constantly making additions. It may be truly said that they occupy an enviable position. Young, and of pleasing and agreeable manners, they have many friends, and few enemies, and their talent as artists in their profession has won for them a very high character and standing.

MICHIGAN BLOCK.

Herewith we give a fac-simile representation of a beautiful gift from Michigan, for the Washington Monument, consisting of a massive block of copper, weighing upwards of 2100 pounds. It is three feet long, nineteen inches wide, and eight inches thick. On the surface embossed on plates of pure native silver, one fourth of an inch thick, is an inscription in these words:

"MICHIGAN:

AN EMBLEM OF HER TRUST IN THE UNION."

The coat of arms of the State, beautifully wrought and standing in bold relief, are also engraved upon it, in connection with the motto, "*Si quis peninsulae anconam circumspice.*" In one corner, engraved in the copper, are the words: "Native copper and silver from Lake Superior, 2100 pounds." The vein of silver running through it greatly adds to the effect. Both the copper and the silver are from the famous Cliff Mine on Lake Superior, and were presented to the State for this purpose by the "Pittsburgh and Boston Company," owning said mine, and by the State polished and fitted for its destination, as a portion of the Washington Monument now in progress at the Federal City. We have seen many larger—much larger masses of native copper, but none more beautiful than this. Through its polished face, specks of native silver imbedded in the copper are frequently visible, with larger and more abundant specks of crystallized quartz, while the primal ruggedness of the mass is not wholly polished away, and the five other sides are left rough and craggy as nature formed them. The block will be a very unique addition to the column which commemorates the father of his country, and doubtless will be an object of curiosity to all who behold it.



THE MICHIGAN BLOCK OF COPPER FOR THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ECHOES.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

It was evening, and the moonlight was sleeping on the breast
Of the ocean's glassy bosom, for the waves had sunk to rest;
And our little boat was drifting as carelessly and free,
As if no angry surges were sleeping 'neath the sea.

So silent and so thoughtful seemed the mellow evening air,
You might deem the deepest solitude had found a refuge there;
And the household lights that glimmered in the distance dim and far,
Each wore a look as peaceful as the blessed evening star.

Then a glad voice rang out merrily, and floating far away,
The light, unmeaning accents were borne across the bay;
But the breath which God had given might not thus be spent in vain,
And a watchful spirit caught the sound and bore it back again.

Then another and another, in the hollow distance woke,
And in clear and silvery accents each word the trio spoke;
So truthfully resembled the language and the sound,
That a trinity of spirits seemed hovering around.

But the boat was gliding onward, and its motion broke the spell,
For the truthful echo voices refused to say farewell;

But it left the sad impression deeply graven on the heart,
That of all earth's gifts the loveliest are the soonest to depart.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

"HALLOO, Jack, how d'ye do?" exclaimed Joe Lawrence, accompanying the salutation with a tremendous slap upon his friend's shoulder, as he overtook him in the street one pleasant afternoon. "It seems to me you look rather down in the mouth somehow or other. What's the matter?"

"I don't feel very good-natured just now, Joe," returned the other, in *not* the pleasantest tone in the world; "and that savagerous slap upon my shoulder hasn't made me any pleasanter, I assure you."

"Hasn't it though, my dear Jack?" answered Joe, with provoking good humor; "perhaps another might have a better effect."

"I can inform you that it wouldn't," replied Jack, frowning. "But what do you want of me now?"

"O, nothing," returned the good-humored fellow; "but if you're in want of anything, I should like to know it, and perhaps I can put you in rather better spirits."

"You're a good natured dog, Joe," replied the other, "and I'll tell you all about the matter. The first thing is, I've got to have a horse to go down to my uncle's to-morrow."

"Well."

"And I'm in a pretty dilemma, for I can't get one in the city that suits me."

"Why in the name of wonder is that?"

"I haven't got any money, and can't raise a cent anyhow."

"Why, Jack Vining, are you a fool?" exclaimed Joe, looking at his companion in surprise. "Haven't you been a *fast young man* long enough to know how to get a capital nag without paying a cent? I believe you are crazy, Jack, or you never would have thought of such a thing as *paying* for a horse, in any other way than by promises, which you haven't any intention of fulfilling."

"I tell you what, Joe," returned the other, not exactly pleased by his friend's words, "promises won't do any longer. There isn't a stable-keeper in Boston but what knows Jack Vining, and knows his promises aint worth a farthing. So you see horses are somewhat scarce when I happen to want one. Old Haskell, whose little colt is my particular favorite, for she's a regular 2.40 nag, just informed me that I couldn't have her again without I paid in advance for using her. It's confounded provoking to be out of money!"

"I know that to be a fact from experience," returned Joe, laughing. "It's excessively inconvenient to be known as a 'gentleman with pockets to let.' But how are you going to get out of the dilemma?"

"Perhaps you've got money enough just now to help me out. I want the horse to go to old uncle Martin's with, and you know the old fellow is rich, and I am quite sure I can wheedle

him out of a few double ten bills, and then you shall be paid capitally. Do you happen to have any change just now?"

"Only a couple of three cent pieces and a counterfeit five dollar bill."

"Can't we make the counterfeit go anyhow?"

"I guess we can. It's getting a little dark now, and is just the time to try. And here's just the place, too, for the old fool that waits on customers don't know a counterfeit from a good one. Let's step in and try our luck."

In a few moments the two friends emerged from the small shop which they had entered with the intention of changing the counterfeit, and, from the highly pleased expression of their countenance, we suppose they have succeeded, of course. At any rate, the next morning, old Haskell's smart black pony was harnessed into an elegant buggy, and Mr. Jack Vining drove off with her in the very best of spirits.

Joe Lawrence and Jack Vining were two as "fast young men" as could be found in the pleasant "city of notions." They dined at the hotels, drank champagne, puffed cigars, drove fast horses, flirted with the pretty girls, and paid the tailor, as they did everybody else, in promises which they hadn't any idea at all of fulfilling. They wore standing collars, a gold watch and chain, patent leather boots, and always dressed in the very latest fashion, which, added to their splendid dark hair and magnificent moustache, made them known among the young ladies as "dashing young fellows." Joe, who had a small stock of "the needful," left him by a good-natured old father, cut a grand flourish for a time; but it didn't last long; and he soon bore the name of "gentleman with pockets to let," as well as the rest of his companions.

But Jack Vining, though as fast a young man as any of them, was considered as of rather more consequence than the rest, as he was possessed of that very convenient relation—a rich old uncle, to replenish his pockets when cash and credit both became rather scarce. But it took all of Jack's ingenuity, and required complete exercise of his excellent talent for telling fibs, to convince the old gentleman that "he'd been very unfortunate lately; only wanted to borrow the money for a little while; would pay it very soon." But the old uncle, not knowing anything that disputed Jack's statement, generally believed him; and the cunning nephew "went his way rejoicing." This time, however, the old fellow began to feel a little suspicious that Jack was rather a fast young man. But to learn the result of the matter we shall take the trouble to tell you what passed between the two clever friends when they met the following day. Jack was in high spirits, and, to give our humble opinion, we guess he had been successful.

"I tell you what, Joe," said our hero, as he slipped his arm within that of his friend, and sauntered very leisurely down the street, "I believe this is the last I shall get of old Martin."

"Why, what's to pay now?" exclaimed Joe, a little surprised.

"It's just like this," returned Jack, good-humoredly. "He begins to suspect that I'm a 'fast young man,' and that I'm not always as sober as I am when I go down to make him a visit occasionally."

"I don't see why he should."

"Well, when I went down there yesterday, he didn't seem quite so glad to see me as usual. I told him what I wanted; he was very anxious to know what I was going to do with the money. I told him a very smooth story, of course, yet he didn't seem quite satisfied. He was very anxious to know if the fine looking horse I drove was mine; and, thinking it was the best way to answer, I told him it was. 'Well, my boy,' said the provoking old fellow, 'you can sell that horse, and then you can get along without borrowing any more of me.' This was a poser; and it took all my logic to convince him that I could not spare my horse on any account. At last, by talking until my throat was as dry as a tin trumpet, and telling a great many confounded lies, I managed to get about a hundred dollars out of the old fellow."

"No more than that?"

"No."

"Didn't have so good luck as you expected, did you?"

"Not quite. But I've got to make it last as long as possible, for the old fellow vows I sha'n't have any more."

"That is bad."

"Yes, rather; but I've got an idea in my head that, I think, will make up for it."

"Indeed!"

"You know old Barker, the cashier of — bank?"

"Yes; well."

"He's a very rich man."

"Yes."

"And has only one daughter."

"But she's uglier than sin, ten times!"

"I know it; but she's an heiress! that's what I want, Joe. I'm desperately in love with the old man's money!"

"Pshaw! nonsense! would you marry that ugly wench, Jack Vining?"

"Yes, sir-ree!"

"You're a bigger fool than I thought you were, Jack, if you mean what you say."

"Well, I do mean just that, exactly. I shall marry Miss Angeline Barker, if I can get her consent and the old gentleman's. I've been to visit her several times already, and she seems to regard me very favorably, and I think I can get her consent, certain. I'm a pretty good-looking young fellow, aint I, Joe?"

"Good-looking, Jack!" cried Joe; "you're the handsomest chap in Boston!" (but the fellow knew he lied;) "and to marry—"

"I tell you, Joe," exclaimed Vining, "my old uncle has determined I shall have no more of his money, and I see no other way to work it than to marry some heiress. I shall not take my wife out much, so it will make but little difference whether she is handsome or not. Miss Angeline Barker is very wealthy, and she's so ugly that nobody but a fortune-hunter will marry her; and as I am, as you say, my good friend, 'the handsomest chap in the city,' she'll be very glad to make a conquest of me."

"I have no doubt of that," returned Joe, ironically; "and you'll make a *splendid* conquest if you succeed in winning Angeline Barker."

The friends soon separated,—Jack highly elated with his future prospects, and Joe thinking "Jack was a fool anyhow."

Days passed. Jack Vining had "popped the question" to Miss Angeline Barker, and had been, of course, accepted. Mr. Barker, not being able to see far enough into the millstone to perceive that the very nice young gentleman was in love with his money instead of his daughter, (for, be it known, Miss Angeline was excessively ugly,) was very much pleased at the match; and the wedding was set for an early day. In the meantime, our fast young man enjoyed himself very well; and to all of his companions, save Joe Lawrence, his intended marriage was a profound secret.

It was a very pleasant day, a short time after these "events" transpired, that our hero was walking down Tremont Street with his fair intended, Miss Angeline, leaning upon his arm, bent upon a "shopping" excursion. Jack looked a little perplexed, for he had but one solitary quarter in his pocket, and by Angeline's remarks, he had begun to suspect that "shopping" was rather expensive business, and the bill for that day, certain, would be "prodigious."

"Only see those beautiful ribbons," said Miss Angeline, stopping before one of the splendid show-cases, and gazing through the window at them; "I must have some, Jack. I don't want more than twelve dollars worth."

Jack was about to think that "twelve dollars worth" was rather outrageous, when he felt a hand laid somewhat heavily upon his shoulder, and turning round, he beheld a ferocious looking, sandy-whiskered fellow, who said gruffly:

"You're Mr. Jack Vining, aint you?"

"Mr. Vining, at your service," answered our fast young man, blandly.

"Very well, Mr. Vining," said sandy whiskers, "I want you to go with me."

"Where?" faltered Jack, beginning to suspect that sandy whiskers was a constable.

"O, you'll find out pretty soon," was the reply; "see here!" and he held up a writ for the arrest of Mr. Jack Vining, all duly signed by the proper authorities.

Poor Jack was in a tight place, and he felt the importance of the matter prodigiously!

"Tell Berry to call at No. 26, — street, to-morrow, and I'll pay him," said Jack, desperately.

"It can't be done, my dear fellow," replied sandy whiskers, with a grin. "You've got to go with me, so give up the gal and come along."

Jack turned as pale as a ghost, but managed to mutter something like "couldn't, nohow."

"You're my prisoner, Mr. Vining," said another voice, and Jack's shoulder was saluted with another savagerous slap. The fast young

man turned round; another writ was thrust in his face by a second sandy-whiskered constable. This was too bad!

"What on airth is the matter?" exclaimed Miss Angeline Barker, gazing first at one of the new comers, then at the other, and finally at poor Vining.

"It's just this, my charming gal," said sandy whiskers number first, with a curious squint at the lady. "You see that Mr. Jack Vining is indebted to Mr. Berry, the tailor, for a little outside of two hundred dollars, and as our nice young chap here don't seem inclined to pay in anything but promises, which he gives in a very plentiful quantity, I'm agoing to jug him till he takes a notion to fork over."

"I guess you're a little mistaken there," said sandy whiskers number second; "I'll take the trouble to jug him, if you please. He owes Mr. Timothy Wiggins a little outside of *three* hundred, and that gentleman has ordered me to shut up Mr. Vining on his account; and as the sum for which he is indebted to Mr. Wiggins is rather the largest, I think you will consent to give the prisoner into my hands."

"No, I sha'n't, for I clapped hands on the feller first," stoutly replied sandy whiskers number first, "and you may go to grass with Mr. Timothy Wiggins and all, for anything that I care!"

"O dear, O dear! I shall faint!" cried Miss Angeline Barker, slipping her arm from Jack's, and "making tracks" towards home with a velocity that did not look much like fainting.

"This is a pretty muss," thought our fast young man. "A constable holding fast to one arm, and another determined not to give up the other shoulder. And I have lost old Barker's money with his daughter, for I never will show myself there again. By Jupiter, Jehu, and all the rest of the saints! this is one of the most savagerous musses I ever saw kicked up in all creation! And these sandy-whiskered chaps are getting rather personal, I should think. They'll kick up a row about the matter yet."

"Did you say I lied?" thundered sandy whiskers number first, in answer to some rather doubtful remark of sandy whiskers number second; "I'll make you see stars afore sundown, if you did!"

"You talk rather loud for an honest fellow," answered the constable who was holding on to the collar of Jack's coat, who happened to be sandy whiskers number second, "and you get mad a little too quick for an honest fellow, I should think."

In something less than half a minute Jack's arm was free again, and not a great while after, his collar also. Our hero, finding himself free, did not wait to be told twice, but cut and run like "a streak of greased lightning." The sandy-whiskered gentlemen were too much intent upon making each other see stars, to trouble themselves about their prisoner, and Jack was out of sight before either thought of him.

He had just turned down into another street, and thinking he was safe, slackened his speed, when his ears caught the words:

"Dat's de feller! It's him dat gib me do counterfeit!"

"Halloo! stop a minute, my pretty fellow!" thundered a powerful voice, and another clumsy hand was laid upon poor Jack's shoulder. "You are the chap that passed that counterfeit five dollar bill at sambo's shop a day or two ago, aint you?"

These words fell like a thunderbolt upon the ears of our fast young man. Joe had been cunning enough to compel Jack to pass the counterfeit; and the negro, whose skull was not quite so thick as the young gentleman thought for, determined to have the fellow caught, if possible. He recognized Jack instantly; and that unfortunate young personage, who had just escaped from the power of those terrible sandy-whiskered constables, was marched off under the care of the officer. 'Twas too bad, wasn't it, reader!

Our hero was "jugged;" and while meditating over the matter in prison, he determined, if he ever got out, to leave Boston in less than no time. And he did. He was soon released, but has not been seen in the city since. We heard, a short time since, that he was in New York playing the fast young man as perfectly as ever; but as we considered the source from which we received the news as rather doubtful, we can give no reliable information of the present whereabouts of our FAST YOUNG MAN.

There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer every hazard;
The fearful are the falling.—Mrs. Hale.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

A SONG.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLES.

The ivy clings tightest
When the forest is gray,
And the blossoms are brightest
In the hedge by the way.

The flowers bloom sweetest
In the niche in the wall;
And the hours seem the fleetest
That the day-dreams recall.

That love is the purest
Which is loving alone,
And that faith is the surest
Which is nearest the throne.

That heart is the lightest
Which fair virtue adorns;
And that hope is the brightest
Which is circled with thorns.

Those friends are the dearest
Who extend us their aid,
And who stand by the nearest
When our hopes slowly fade.

That heart is the purest
Which is chastened in youth,
And its footsteps are surest
In the pathway of truth.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE UGLY MAN.

BY UNCLE TOBY.

DAME NATURE seems to have amused herself once in a while by producing such ugly looking men as to render their physiognomy an everlasting trouble and continued source of annoyance to them; faces so repulsive to look upon that the strongest kind of looking-glasses would run a pretty smart chance of being cracked from top to bottom in attempting to reflect them. It was one of this sort, who, having adopted the profession of an actor, was performing upon the stage one night at a minor theatre in the metropolis, when one of the courtiers referring to him, and addressing the throne, says:

"Behold, my lord, he changes countenance!"

"For Heaven's sake," says a voice from the pit, "let him do it, any change will be for the better!"

The roar that convulsed the audience as they appreciated the point of the joke may be easily imagined.

There are some well authenticated cases "out west," of men being so excessively ugly as to be able to *grin the bark off a tree!* and of others who have frightened prairie wolves to death by looking at them. Dan Marble tells of a man in Kentucky who was so ugly that he exhibited himself for two bits a sight, and that the State lunatic asylum contained *fourteen* persons he had frightened to insanity by attempting to look *kind* at them!

For the truth of this last story we have Dan's own words.

The most unfortunate specimen of this *genus homo* must have been the man who lived near Puttsville, Va., and who was so very particularly and remarkably ugly that all metallic substances capable of *reflection* would rust if he looked at them. He is said to have lived on soup made of dried tobacco leaves and gravel stones, and to have been as poor as a hatched, with a nose almost as sharp. His name was Lewis Hammond, though the neighbors always called him *Handsome* Lewis. You should have seen this man: red hair growing down on to his eyebrows, terrific grizzly beard, protruding teeth, a hair lip, cross-eyed, partially hump-backed, and lame. Lewis was a great sportsman, however, notwithstanding his infirmities, and was almost constantly out hunting in the woods.

One day Lewis was thus engaged in the woods, about five miles back of Puttsville, when he suddenly came upon a most remarkable object, that at first sight he thought to be a *rhinoceros*, but which at a second view appeared to be a *little* in form like a human being.

"Halloo!" shouted Lewis.

"Halloo back again," said a gruff voice.

"O, yer a human, are ye?"

"Rather calculate I was *meant* for one."

"Well, what yer doin' there?"

"Loadin' my gun."

"What fur? there aint a bit of game."

"I know that," said the other, aiming at Lewis!

"Look here, stranger, it may be fun for you to take sight in that ere way," said Lewis, "but I kinder guess that tew can play at that game.

Jest you wait till I can load my gun, will ye?"

"No, I wont wait a minit."

"What dew you want to shoot me for?"

"'Cause you are so orful ugly."

"Well, I like *that*," said Lewis, laughing.

"Like what?"

"Fur you to call me ugly."

"I suppose yer call yerself handsome, don't ye?"

"Why, not *exactly*, stranger; but look here; if you *sincerely* think I'm any *uglier* than you are, for Heaven's sake fire; I don't want to live any longer, that's all!"

We came away just at that time.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY D. C. RICHMAN.

Come back, ye absent spirits, come;
My heart is cheerless now;
Dim shadows gather o'er my soul,
And gloom is on my brow.

Come back, ye friends of happier days,
With all your soothing power;
Come cheer me with one beaming smile,
Beguide one weary hour.

Come with the tender song I love,
O, breathe its plaintive strain;
'Twill lull each dark and troubled thought,
And make me blest again!

Come with the kind and gentle words
I listened to of yore;
Their music lingers near me still,
But O the dream is o'er!

Friends of the past! come back—come back!
For ah, this heart is lone;
And mourns "the light of other days,"
Now sadly "dimmed and gone."

Ah, why should friends thus ever part!
Why should the ties be riven,
That bind together kindred hearts,
And make of earth a heaven!

OUR COUNTRY.

In 1792 the corner stone of the present Capitol at Washington was laid. At that time, General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of government was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years afterwards, namely, on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the building was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods. The comparison shows the rapid strides our country is making, and, judging from the results which the last half century has accomplished, the year 1900 will present an aggregate of population, manufactures and resources absolutely astounding.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our white population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 137,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 409,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were \$21,000,000, now they are \$178,000,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000,000, now they are \$151,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have eight thousand five hundred miles of railroads.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of this prosperity, is to love, fear, and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.—*Lancasterian, Pa.*

THE ANIMALS OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Those who ramble amidst the beautiful scenery of Torquay, who gaze with admiration on the bold outlines of the Cheddar Cliffs, or survey the fen district of Cambridgeshire, will find it difficult to believe that in former ages these spots were ravaged by bears surpassing in size the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or the polar bear of the arctic regions; yet the abundant remains found in Kent Hole, Torquay, and Banwell Caves, together with those preserved in one Woodwardian Museum, at Cambridge, uncontestedly prove that such was the case. Grand, indeed, was the Fauna of the British Isles in those early days. Lions—the true old British lions—as large again as the biggest African species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants, of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now exist in Africa or Ceylon, roamed here in herds; at least two species of rhinoceros forced their way through the primeval forest; the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami as bulky and with as great tusks as those of Africa.—*Zoological Notes and Anecdotes.*

PERSONAL PREACHING.

"Sir," said a lady, one fine Sunday, to a clergyman, just after the morning service was concluded, "Sir, I hope that you will not preach that sermon again."

"Why not, madam?"

"It was so very personal."

"Indeed! What part of it?"

"O, that part about worldly-mindedness and covetousness."

"But how could that be personal—the remarks were general enough?"

"You may not have intended to apply it personally, but the congregation will."

"To whom, madam?"

"Why, to me."

The lady and clergyman parted, but not very cordially, as she could not extort from him a promise "never to preach against worldly-mindedness any more." A week passed over, and, on the Sunday following, the same clergyman preached on the subject of "providing all things honest," etc.; his text occurring in the services of the day, which generally guided him in the selection of his subjects. In this sermon (thought he) there is surely nothing to rouse the feelings of the lady who complained of the former discourse; but on the following morning, as he was fetching his letters from the post-office, he encountered the lady's coachman.

"If you please," said John, touching his hat, "if you please, sir, I can explain all about the hats."

"Explain all about the hats, John! I don't understand you."

"Why, sir, the hats as you preached about yesterday."

"The hats that I preached about yesterday?"

"Yes, I quite understood you."

"That's more than I can do as to you, John; pray explain yourself."

"Why, sir, you see, mistress and me has had a row about the livery hats; and me, sir, and the butler and the footman, sir, felt quite sure as how mistress had set you to preach to us."

"Well, John, call at my place on your way home."

John did so, and the sermon was produced and read to him.

"Yes, that's it, sir."

"Well, now look at the outside of that sermon, and you will see that it was written twelve years ago; and the reason that it was preached yesterday was, because the text came in course of the service. I knew nothing about your quarrel, and your mistress has not spoken to me since the Sunday before last."

John professed himself satisfied.

"I see, John, that hats will sometimes fit as well as caps; good morning to you."—*Family Herald.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

HOPE.

BY JOHN F. JEFFERSON.

See! through the clouds that roll in wrath,
You little star benignant peep;
To light along their trackless path,
The wanderers of the stormy deep.

And thus, O Hope, thy lovely form,
In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be
The star that looks through cloud and storm,
Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
Full many a brighter beam we meet;
'Tis when the tempest hovers there,
Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow with the sun's decline,
Like faithful friends will disappear;
Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,
When all is wail and lonely here.

And though Aurora's stealing gleam
May wake a morning of delight;
'Tis only thy enchanting beam
Will smile amid affliction's night.

ICELANDIC PEASANTRY.

The Icelandic peasantry are lazy to the last conceivable degree, revoltingly dirty in their persons and habits, very curious, devoid of all notions of delicacy and propriety, thoroughly selfish and mercenary. "No power on earth can divert an Icelander from his accustomed ways." They think no scenes in any country can equal in beauty some of their valleys which chance to have a little green grass and a few stunted trees. The universal mode of salutation, at meeting and parting, is a loud kiss. The peasant kisses the daughters of the magistrate, and they kiss him in return. The pastor is also kissed on Sunday after service, by all his flock. In short, a kiss in Iceland is equivalent to our hand-shaking; yet the people are all honest. There is no prison on the island; there are no criminals, no locks, bolts or bars; though drunkenness is a very common vice.—*Home Journal.*

EDINBURGH REVIEW KICKED OUT.

The late Earl of Buchan, not a stupid, but a very vain and foolish man, made the door of his house in George street be opened, and the Cavallos number be laid down on the innermost part of the floor of his lobby; and then, after all this preparation, his lordship, personally, *kicked* the book out to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden into the mud; which he had no doubt must be the fate of the whole work—after this open proof of his high disapprobation.—*Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN WEDGER.

BY AUGUSTA EATON.

Why mourn ye for the loved and dead?

His star, on earth, is set. Nought breaks his slumbers now,

He sleeps in peace. The summer zephyrs breathe a silent prayer

Above the sleeper's head. A year has scarce passed by,
One short year, since three were taken from a happy home,
And laid beneath the sod. Death had marked his prey,
And waited not for time to close a mother's sorrowing springs,

Ere another gem was laid before its God;
But thou, O Heaven, calm that mother's grief,
Brothers, sisters, all who chose to weep. Death is a certain doom;

A few short months, at most a few short years,
And all are shrouded in the tomb.

Oft when each tranquil eye was closed in sleep,
He, the departed, gave forth a gentle lay;

That voice no more shall echo o'er the earth,
But mingle with that choir above,

Where all is everlasting day.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO SCIENCE.

Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters in Italy, conceived a friendship for a young pupil, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course which he should mark out for him, however wearisome it might seem. Upon the pupil answering in the affirmative, Porpora noted, upon a single page of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending, the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, &c., in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with *trills, groups, appoggiatures*, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and scholar during an entire year, and the year following was also devoted to it. When the third year commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, the fifth followed, and always the same eternal page. The sixth year found them at the same task; but the master added to it some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and lastly, in declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still in the elements, was much surprised when his master said to him, "Go, my son; you have nothing more to learn; you are the first singer of Italy and of the world." He spoke the truth, for this singer was Caffarelli.—*Fetis's History of Music.*

IK MARVEL'S PORTRAIT.

Ik Marvel is decidedly good looking. He is slightly above the average height; in form inclining to the slender. He is of a graceful, though not commanding figure. His face is full—call it fat, if you will—and fair, and pale. He "wears" his black hair *a la Dickens*, longish and jauntily; and his black whiskers, *a la Bulwer*, luxuriant and "all the way round." Imperial and mustache are happily wanting. The finest feature of his face is that one which is most prominent in a profile. It is large and beautifully formed. He may be twenty eight, thirty—possibly thirty-five—years of age. But there is a bright, winning, kindly look in his pale countenance, that gives him a more youthful aspect than, perhaps, he is entitled to. Distant reader, Ik Marvel looks very much as you would naturally expect the author of the "Reveries" to look. There is a little—a very little—but still a little of the dandy in his appearance. He buttons his dark frock-coat in the careless mode, by one or two buttons, which shows his figure to advantage, and allows his white handkerchief to nestle rather conspicuously in his bosom. But he looks like a gentleman and like an author; and he is both.—*Home Journal.*

SISTERLY AFFECTION.

As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings and jealousies that, alas for poor human nature! are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or, at all events, should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, because it cannot interfere with self—nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish blots that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.—*Anon.*

ECONOMY OF NATURE.

How beautifully does the law of proportion run through all the handiworks of God! Those things which are most useful, we everywhere find the most common. How cheap is steam, that mighty agency! It is but water, the most plentiful material given to man. Suppose our iron mines were exchanged for gold mines, and *vice versa*, could thousands of the precious metal compensate the world for the loss of iron? What could make good the loss mankind would suffer, were our immense and unexplored fields of coal to be changed into diamonds? We can eat bread without butter, but butter without bread would be a very poor diet.—*Studies of Nature.*

—God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor—misery.—*Bryant.*



BRIAN BORU, AT THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Cook's Boy," an old Sailor's Yarn, by STEVANUS COBB, JR.
 "Florence Day, or the Orphan Niece," a story, by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE
 "An Incident of Adventure," by D. J. SPRAGUE
 "Ruth Whitfield, a Heart-History," a story, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "The Sisters' Separation," verses, by J. ALFORD.
 "The Early Ties of Love," lines, by J. H. BUTLER.
 "Morning," verses, by W. T. SEYMOUR.
 "Bell of Aberdeen," lines, by JOHN RUSSELL.
 "Memory's Vespers," verses, by ELLEN L. CHANDLER.
 "Truth," lines, by EDWARD ASHTON.
 "Echo," verses, by C. H. STEWART.
 "May you die with your Kindred," by OLIVER OBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very beautiful picture, by our artist, Mr. Warren, representing the late Fire, in Charlestown, and the Burning of the Ship Bell Rock, while lying at the wharf.

A view of the Penryn Slate Quarries, in Wales. A very interesting and truthful picture.

A picture of an old Convent of the Franciscans, at Alexandria, Egypt. Finely drawn and executed.

A very excellent engraving of the rich Service of Silver presented to the Hon. N. P. Banks, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by the members, without distinction of party. By our artist, Mr. Manning.

Also a very fine likeness of Mr. Banks, taken from life, by our artist, Mr. Rowse. An admirable picture.

A large and superbly-executed engraving, by our artist, Mr. Devereaux, representing the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on Schuykill Fifth, near Race Street, Philadelphia.

A lifelike picture of a Slave Felucca, lately taken on the Coast of Africa, after having, for months, eluded the vigilance of the cruisers of the coast.

A fine picture of a Dust or Sand Storm, in the Punjab. A most terrific sort of hurricane.

A very accurate and truthful picture of the well known Fybil's Cove, Hoboken. Drawn on the spot, by our artist, Mr. Wade.

A view of the extensive Coffin Dam, erected at Oswego, N. Y., taken by our artist, Mr. Manning.

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR.

We see by the New York papers that the project of erecting a proper building for the purpose of holding a world's fair in New York, is well received, and that money enough has been already subscribed to ensure the successful completion of the building. The enterprise cannot fail to be of great benefit to New York; and the hotel keepers alone could afford to erect the building out of their own purses for the sake of the profit they will derive from the exhibition. It will draw a vast number of moneyed foreigners to this country.

SPLINTERS.

..... The citizens of Savannah are about to erect a monument to Pulaski.
 Mrs. Mowatt is to play an engagement at Cincinnati. She's queen of the drama.
 Grace Greenwood has gone to Europe to travel and write letters home.
 Daniel Webster received \$10,000 as his share of the published edition of his works.
 The good people of Ipswich, Mass., are about to establish a rural cemetery.
 Mr. Murdoch has been filling a highly successful engagement in Philadelphia.
 Look out for the dogs; they are running mad in great numbers this year.
 Horace Deane hung himself in New York. He was low spirited from dyspepsia.
 Mr. Forest has been performing to crowded houses in Washington city.
 In South Hadley, Joel Preston lately dug sixteen young foxes out of one hole.
 There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little.
 Madame Celeste has been playing a farewell engagement in New York city.
 It is said that Kossuth realized nearly \$40,000 "material aid" in Massachusetts.
 There are fifty-three banks in Connecticut with a capital of over \$12,000,000.
 Kate Hayes, the Irish songstress, was remarkably successful in the Canadas.
 The Shah of Persia is 22 years of age, and one of the handsomest men in the empire.
 Efforts are being made to get the Maine liquor law through the Canadian parliament.

A BATTLE SCENE.

We present on page 380 a large and superb engraving of an ancient battle scene, representing Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf, Ireland. It shows the venerable Irish monarch engaged in mortal conflict with the Danish invaders of his country. Thomas Moore thus relates the story of the fight: "Having arranged his order of battle, the veteran monarch went himself among the troops, accompanied only by his son Morrough; and, addressing them all, from the highest to the lowest, conjured them to summon up their utmost strength against the base confederacy of pirates now before them. Fearing lest their confidence in their own good fortune might be diminished, by missing from among them so many of these brave Dalcassians who stood, in all emergencies, the brunt of the conflict, he explained to them the importance of the service on which that active corps had been detached, and the salutary effects it would produce in weakening and diverting the enemy's force. Then, reverting to the crimes and enormities of the Danes throughout the long period of their tyranny over Ireland, he reminded them how constantly and cruelly these swarms of foreign barbarians had employed themselves in murdering the native kings and chieftains, in spreading conflagration through all their castles and holy houses, laying prostrate the churches of God, and plundering and violating the rich shrines of the saints. 'The blessed Trinity,' he then exclaimed, in a loud and solemn voice, 'hath at length looked down upon our sufferings, and ended you with the power and the courage, this day, to extirpate forever the tyranny of the Danes over Ireland; thus punishing them for their innumerable crimes and sacrileges by the avenging power of the sword.' On saying these words, he exhibited in his left hand a bloody crucifix, while in his right he waved triumphantly his sword; and then exclaiming: 'Was it not on this day that Christ himself suffered death for you?' gave the signal for action." The battle lasted, without pause or breathing, from sunrise till dusk of evening, when the Irish drove their foes from the field.

A NEW DRESS THROUGHOUT.
FOR THE FLAG.

The immense edition which we print of the Flag of our Union renders it absolutely necessary for us to renew our type twice to the year; and on the first of July we shall, therefore, appear before our readers and the public in an entire new dress from top to toe, and at the same time shall don a very elegant new head, drawn for us by Devereaux, and also supply each of our departments with new and expressive designs.

Since the Flag was first started, to the present hour, we have never enjoyed so extended a circulation as at present; and to deserve this, we are resolved to spare no pains, and shall commence in the first number of July—being the last half volume—a fine original story by Dr. J. H. Robinson, entitled:—"THE LONE STAR: OR, THE TEXAN BRAVO. A Tale of the Southwest."

It is a story, the scenes of which are laid in Texas, relating to the most stirring events of its exciting history, and cannot fail to please our readers. In short, the Flag shall be made fully equal to the spirit of the times we live in, and shall wave on as gallantly as ever.

CONSISTENCY.—N. P. Willis says of the natives of St. Thomas, W. I., that he saw negro ladies who wore jewels which were worth \$300, and whose chemises were trimmed with costly laces, promenading the streets with feet entirely bare.

MINISTERIAL.—Boston has been thronged with clergymen attending the various conferences of the different denominations lately held here.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.—They are talking of a new opera house in New York. We have one fast completing in Boston.

THE NEW VOLUME.—Subscribe early for the new volume, to ensure it complete.

MUSICAL.—Ole Bull delighted the Bostonians, as of yore, with his violin, lately.

FAILED.—The sugar crop of St. Thomas, West Indies.

A FINE PICTURE.—The battle scene on page 380, is well worthy notice.

NEW VOLUME AND IMPROVEMENTS.

VOLUME III.

Two numbers more will complete the second volume of the Pictorial, when we shall commence volume third in a style of elegance and perfection which we have not before equalled. To this end we have had our artists and manufacturers engaged for many weeks, to produce for us, first, a superb, new and beautiful illuminated head, which will be the finest piece of wood work ever printed in this country, besides a series of original engravings, surpassing our best efforts heretofore. In addition to this, we shall don an entire new suit of type from head line to imprint, embracing every department of the paper, and otherwise beautifying and improving the pages of the Pictorial.

We have added to our corps of artists, which now embrace the best talent in America; and our readers may be assured that the remarkable improvements we have made from month to month will still continue, until we send them weekly a paper approaching as near as possible to perfection. Every department of our extensive establishment is now under one roof, and our personal supervision; and nothing is permitted to be executed except in the very best and most perfect manner.

We shall commence in the first number of the new volume a fine original novelette, by an old favorite—the popular novelette writer, Lieutenant Murray; a story which our readers will be sure to like, and which will alone be worth the price of the volume. It is upon a military theme, and the scenes are laid in Cuba and Spain. The story is entitled "THE HEART'S SECRET: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER—a story of love and the low latitudes." It was written expressly for the Pictorial, upon which the author's services are solely engaged.

The price of the paper will remain as at present—\$2 per volume, of six months, or \$4 a year; ten cents per single copy.

PRESSES FOR SALE.

As we desire to make room for double cylinder presses, in order to print the immense edition of our Pictorial with more expedition, we wish to sell the two Taylor Cylinder Presses now in use at this office. The cost of these presses was over \$2700 each; but they will be sold at a great bargain, as we want the room they occupy. They are almost new, in perfect running order, and are capable of some 1500 good impressions to the hour. The beds of the presses are of the largest size, measuring 44 by 56 inches each. This affords an unusual and excellent opportunity for any persons who desire a press or presses, to supply themselves at a rate far below the intrinsic value of the article.

MR. THRASHER.—This gentleman, who has so lately undergone the hardships of a Spanish prison, having been arrested and condemned unheard in Cuba, and sent home to Spain for punishment, called on us a day or two since. Our government should demand of Spain that she forthwith restore the property of this American citizen, which was confiscated without just cause.

A GOOD SIGN.—It is a touching and beautiful fact, says Mr. Brace, in his "Hungary in 1851," that more Bibles have been sold within these last two years, since the revolution in Hungary, than for any time during the last twenty years, when, too, as is the case now, the mass of the people are almost beggared by the losses of the revolution, and by Austrian extortion.

AMERICAN CLIPPERS.—An English paper says, that the secret of the quick trips made by the American clippers is to be found in the advantage the captains possess in a more full knowledge of the winds and currents of the oceans.

A TUSSE.—Col. Greene, of the Boston Post, saw "a summer breeze wrestling with an overcoat lined with red flannel, recently. The trial commenced at 10 A. M., and was decided at 12 M.,—the overcoat was thrown."

TIME-KEEPERS.—The best "time-keepers" in this world are those who borrow watches or lend money. Chronometers don't begin with them.

EXPLOSIONS.—Cheap engineers and rum-drinking are said to be the causes of the innumerable explosions on the Western waters.

THE BLACK SWAN has faded out!



MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. Peter Donald to Miss Margaret Lenox Ring.
 By Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. Alfred Williams to Miss S. Jennie Taft.
 By Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. H. P. Cushing to Miss H. Maria Peirce.
 By William Palfrey, Esq., Mr. Thomas Watson to Miss Elizabeth Work.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Caldwell, Mr. William J. Coolidge to Miss Mary Jane Hesketh.
 At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Talbot, Mr. D. Webster Bullard to Miss Martha F. Curtis.
 At West Cambridge, by Rev. J. Banvard, Mr. Harvey H. Bacon to Miss Elizabeth Rich.
 At Salem, Mr. James Paul, of Elliot, Me., to Miss Sarah A. Rogers, of Newbury, Mass.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Edward P. Beeman to Miss Louisa M. Mudgett.
 At Framingham, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Charles J. Power to Miss Catherine F. Coolidge.
 At Newburyport, Mr. Charles Garland to Miss Sophia Jenness, both of Rye, N. H.
 At Northampton, Mr. Charles S. Benjamin to Miss Jane W. Butler.
 At Ludlow, by J. M. Hubbard, Esq., Mr. William Martin to Miss Frances Mary Chandler.
 At Portland, Me., by Rev. Dr. Carruthers, Mr. Eben Corey to Miss Elizabeth H. Sawyer.
 At New York, by Rev. Dr. Cutler, Mr. James F. Towle to Miss Jane McClure, of Brooklyn.



DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Mary Pamela Wise, 36; Albert C. Metcalf, 8; Mrs. Sarah H. Wood; Henry Farnham, B-q., 78; Mrs. Ruth Bradshaw, 92; Miss Elmira Davenport, 53; Mrs. Julia H. True, 35; Mrs. Mary Dewhurst, 84.
 At Charlestown, Mr. Jonas Lakin, 76.
 At Chelsea, Mr. Nathan F. Barnard, 19.
 At Watertown, William Sawyer, Esq., 45; Susan Ellen, eldest daughter of the above, 15.
 At Woburn, Mr. John N. Colcord, 59.
 At Lexington, Mrs. Emily A. Noab, of Salem, 26.
 At Manchester, Mr. Aaron Crafts, 49.
 At Lowell, Mrs. Rebecca T. Hanks, 31.
 At Worcester, Mr. William Rice, 33.
 At Fitchburg, Mrs. Maria P. Jaquith, 26.
 At Leominster, Mr. Daniel Harris, 78.
 At Gardner, Otis Greenwood, 15.
 At Edgartown, Mrs. Harriette M. Bayles, 27.
 At Holmes's Hole, Mr. Isaac Winslow, 82.
 At Pittsfield, Capt. Clement Ray, 61.
 At Plainfield, Miss Martha Hallcock, 55.
 At Providence, Mr. William Wilkinson, 32.
 At Newport, Mr. Daniel Peckham, 94.
 At Tiverton, R. I., Mr. Oliver Chase, 82.
 At Portland, Me., Mr. Solomon D. Atwood, 26.
 At Springwater, N. Y., John W. Nixon, of Dorchester.
 At Rochester, Hon. John Langdon, 72.
 At St. Louis, Louis Henry Clay, son of Mr. J. Deming.
 At West Baton Rouge, La., Col. James H. Dakin.
 At Aux Cayes, Capt. David Alexander, 60.
 At Rio Janeiro, Mr. William G. Baker.

A SPLENDID PICTORIAL,

LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Drawing-Room Companion,

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

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[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE FAIRIES' POOL.

VISITED BY THE AUTHOR IN THE SUMMER OF 1849.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

In the heart of the wood there's a silent pool,
Where the cattle come to drink;
And there falleth a shadow, green and cool,
From the trees on its sedgey brink;
And squirrels dart along
Through the intertwining leaves,
And the cuckoo trills his song,
And her nest the blackbird weaves;
And golden sunbeams look
On the quiet greensward down,
A gleam of light in many a nook,
Flinging over the mosses brown.

And beside this pool the fairies come,
When the midnight shadows fall:
When the stars shine out from their azure home,
And beam through the tree-tops tall
When a flood of silver light
Mantles the dewy earth,
And strains of music rise,
That seem not of mortal birth;
Then a band of fairy forms
All joyously gather here,
With steps that might outstrip
The flight of startled deer.

Then little voices are faintly heard,
Like the tones of a tiny bell;
And music-sounding laughter seems
Of mirthful sprites to tell;
And in the grassy ring
A midnight feast is spread,
And they linger till the lark takes wing,
And the starry hours have fled;
Then, in the greenwood haunts,
Their revels all are o'er,
And till the twilight fall,
The fairies come no more.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE
OLD MAN AND THE PIRATE.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

EARLY in the month of August, 1811, a good sized brig started from Boston, bound for New Orleans. On board there was an old man, named Adam Wirt, who went out for the purpose of seeking an only son, who, he had learned, was somewhere on the coast of the Mexican Gulf. Adam Wirt was wealthy, but for years he had been alone to dwell amid its glitter. When the old man had taken a second wife to his home, his son, Landon, stepped from beneath his father's roof, and swore that so long as the step mother lived he would not cross its threshold again. That second wife was now dead, and feeling sad in his loneliness, the old man resolved to seek his child.

The brig made good weather, and for several days nothing occurred to break the monotony of the voyage; but, at length, one pleasant morning, one of the lookouts reported a sail to the southward and eastward. The wind was from the east, and the brig had it slightly abaft the beam, as her course lay south-south-west. Capt. Poole brought his glass from the cabin, and after gazing upon the stranger some ten minutes, he made her out to be a schooner standing directly towards them.

"Where do you think she's bound?" asked old Adam Wirt, as he heard the captain's report.

"Couldn't say yet," returned the captain, again levelling his glass upon the stranger. "I can tell you better after watching her a spell."

Fifteen minutes more passed, and at the end of that time Capt. Poole lowered his glass, and while a slight tremor shook his frame he uttered:

"The schooner is falling off."

"And what of that?" asked the old man, who had not failed to notice the captain's manner.

"What of it? why, simply that the fellow is bound for this brig."

"Wants to speak us, I suppose," said Wirt.

"Very likely," returned the captain, as he turned to take a look at the compass, and then cast his eyes aloft; and again turning to the old man he continued: "You need be under no needless alarm, sir; but, in all probability, that schooner is a pirate!"

"A pirate!" iterated Adam Wirt, while his face assumed a livid hue. "Then what in heaven's name shall we do?"

"We shall have to make the best of it; for of two things we may rest assured: we can neither run away from him, nor fight him. Look! his deck is crowded with men."

The brig's crew had by this time become aware of the nature of the schooner, and, as may be supposed, they felt anything but comfortable under the conviction thus arrived at. The brig was quite heavily loaded, and at best she was but an unpromising sailor; while the schooner, with the wind full upon her quarter, came dashing along at a furious rate. A consultation was held upon the quarter-deck, and it was at length agreed upon that the brig should be kept on her course, and if ordered by the pirate to heave-to, that they would do so at once, and offer no resistance, which, if offered at all, could only render their position worse.

In an hour and a half the pirate had come up to within a quarter of a mile, and fired a gun to windward, and in a few moments afterwards the brig was laying-to with her main-topsail to the mast. The crew watched the schooner as she began to round-to, and though they could not repress an instinctive dread, yet they felt almost confident that no violence would be used so long as they showed no resistance; nor in this were they disappointed, for as the schooner ranged alongside, and the pirates began to flock on board, no signs of murderous intent were manifested.

The pirate captain was the first to board the brig. He was a young man, in the prime of life, and next to follow him was a fair-haired, handsome youth, who seemed to hang upon his commander's steps with a strange mixture of devotion and fear.

"Do you command this vessel?" asked the pirate leader of Capt. Poole.

"Yes, sir," replied Poole.

"Then, of course, you will have no objections to my overhauling your cargo, sir," said the pirate, with a slight smile, "for you may have some articles to which I might take a fancy."

"If I am not mistaken," returned Capt. Poole, "you will need no permission from me, for I am unable to resist."

"You show your good judgment, at least; and if you will lead the way, I will take a look in at your cabin first."

As the pirate captain thus spoke, he turned towards the companion-way, and was just upon the point of starting for the cabin, when his eye caught the form of old Adam Wirt, and at the sight he started back as though he had seen a spirit from the other world. The old man, too, seemed equally startled, for as he gazed into the face of the pirate, a fearful tremor shook his frame, and he grasped the rail for support. The buccaneer gazed a moment into the working features before him, and then stepping forward and laying his hand tremblingly upon the old man's arm, he said:

"Tell me, old man, from whence you come. Tell me what name you bear."

"Men call me Adam Wirt," replied the old man, half recoiling from the touch that rested upon him.

"Great God, *my father!*" broke from the pirate captain's lips, and he would have fallen upon the old man's bosom had he not put forth his hand as if to keep him off.

"*Thy father!*" repeated old Wirt, moving back from where he stood. "No, no; I am *not* thy father. O God! once thou mightest have been my boy; once I gazed with a parent's pride upon your features, and once I called thee *son!* But, but—O heavens! is this a dream? My boy a pirate!"

"Father," still urged the pirate, following with a slow step the old man's backward movement, "own me as thy son, and thou shalt—"

"No! Away, thou blood-thirsty man! I know thee not. O God! and is it thus I find my boy?"

"Listen to me one moment, my father," exclaimed the pirate chief, in a tone and manner little in keeping with his vocation. "These hands are not stained with a drop of blood; and save where the red flag of proud England has waved, I have not till the present time intruded upon another deck than my own. But now, though I have gold in my lockers, I am in want of bread; yet I will leave thee to go in peace. You shall receive no further trouble from me."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and the deepest agony dwelt in his bosom; and while thus he stood, the pirate captain ordered his men to return to their own vessel. The gentle youth, who had followed his chief on board the brig, at this moment approached the spot where Adam Wirt stood, and clasping both the old man's hands in his own, he said:

"O, kind sir, if you are that man's father, speak to him one kind word! Smile upon him,

and own him as your son. One word from you may reclaim him from all his errors."

"Boy," uttered the old man, as he gazed upon the pure and almost heavenly features that were turned so earnestly towards him, "you know not what you ask. I have left my home in search for my son, but such as I find him I will never own him. Back again will I go, and alone will I travel my weary way through life."

"O, sir, think once more!" urged the youth, seeming to hang his every hope upon the result of his plea. "One fond greeting from his father may yet reclaim him. Speak it; O speak it!"

"Never, never!" uttered Adam Wirt, as he pushed the suppliant from him.

"Then the duty must still rest with me," sadly murmured the youth, as he turned away from the spot. "The father may cast him off, but I cannot."

"Frank," at this moment exclaimed the pirate captain, "come here. The grapplings are already cast off, and we must haste away. Not a thing here have I molested, and I shall leave with a lighter heart. Come."

As the pirate chieftain spoke, the youth followed him quickly on board the schooner, and in a few moments afterwards, the brig was again on her way, unmolested.

Old Adam Wirt returned to his home in Boston, but that home was darker and more gloomy than ever. He had left it in search of his son—he had found that son; but he had left him the chief in command beneath a rover's flag. But gradually, like some dim spirit arising from the cloudy mists of conscience, arose the earnest appeals of that son, and also the prayers of that gentle youth who had urged a father's pardon for him. As these thoughts crowded themselves upon the old man's mind, he could not but feel that he might have saved his boy. The continued memory of the scene on the deck of that brig softened his heart, but the feeling only made him more miserable.

* * * * *

The morning of the twenty-eighth of August, 1812, dawned upon the city of Boston, and ere the sun went down on that day, ten thousand hearts were filled with joy and national pride. On that memorable day the United States frigate Constitution, under command of the brave Hull, entered the harbor of Boston, after her glorious victory over the bullying frigate *Guerriere*. The wharves and the adjacent streets were crowded with the enthusiastic people, and as the battle-scarred heroes walked up from the landing, they were everywhere hailed with the loudest acclamations of thanks and joy.

Not far from the landing, to which the first boat from the victorious frigate was hauled up, stood old Adam Wirt. He had heard of the ship's arrival, and, with his American heart overrunning with patriotic impulses, he had dragged his feeble steps down to the water to bestow his meed of praise upon his country's heroes. One after another of the officers passed by; and while old Adam was swinging his hat in the air, he felt a light touch upon his arm, and as he turned, his eye rested upon the form of the fair youth of the pirate schooner.

"Ha! what wouldst thou with me?" uttered the old man, slightly trembling at the memory thus started up.

"Look, look—look there, sir!" said the youth, in an earnest tone and manner, at the same time pointing to a party of seamen who were coming up. "See that wounded man,—he who halts in his walk. Do you not hear the shouts that greet him? A braver heart, or a more effective arm, was not to be found on the decks of our frigate. He fought nobly for his country, and he has sealed his devotion by some of his best blood."

Adam Wirt stopped not to hear more, for in the person of the patriot thus pointed out he had recognized his own son, and springing quickly forward, he caught the wounded seaman in his arms.

Those who stood around saw this meeting, and they knew that the aged father was blessing his hero son. Louder swelled the shouts of joy, and many a parent there wished that such pleasure might be his. None, save the aged father and the gentle youth, knew of the stain that had once blotted the sailor's name, and in *their* bosoms all was forgotten, all forgiven—for upon the altar of his country's liberty he had offered atonement for his crime, and his heart had thrown off all shackles but those of love, virtue, and honor. * * * * *

"And now, my son, that all is forgotten, tell me whence came your noble resolves!" said old

Wirt, as he sat in his own dwelling, with his son by his side.

"Wait one moment," returned the young man, while a peculiar expression rested upon his countenance. "Wait till the faithful companion of my wayward days comes back to us."

"You mean the youth?"

"Ha! here—here comes my friend, my saviour, my angel of mercy!"

As the sailor spoke, a lovely female entered the room. Her eyes were sparkling with a happy light, and a bright smile of joy irradiated her features. The young man sprang from his chair and caught her in his arms, and after imprinting a warm kiss upon the brow of the fair being, he turned to his father and said:

"Father, here is the being who saved your son to virtue—my own dear wife!"

"Your *wife!*" ejaculated the old man, starting from his chair, and gazing earnestly upon the beautiful features before him. "Surely I have seen that face before."

"Yes, father," said the female, laying her hand upon the old man's shoulder and gazing affectionately up into his face. "I once pleaded for your son on the deck of the boarded brig. Then I was the first to point him out to you as his country's devoted son."

"And you and the fair-haired youth are the same?"

"Yes, father," said the son, "she is indeed the same. With a love and devotion that knows no cooling, this gentle being has followed me through the varied scenes of the last six years, and ever has she striven to make me what I now am. God bless her and protect her!"

Old Adam Wirt was happy, and for many years he lived to enjoy the sweet companionship of his son's fair wife; while that son, with a fervent devotion, fought bravely for his country, till Peace once more spread her bright mantle over the homes of America.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FAREWELL.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

How varied the thoughts which my bosom now swell,
As fain I would utter that sad word "farewell;"
Fond memories come thronging afresh o'er my heart,
When I, from the friends I have loved must depart;
Then chide not my weakness, nor smile at my grief,
For a tear oft will bring to the sad heart relief.

The withering leaf, and the fast fading rose,
To man a brief lesson of frailty disclose;
Soon the rude blasts of autumn sweep chillingly by,
Around us, all shorn of their beauty, they lie.
And thus it is ever—our happiest hours
Are short-lived and transient, they fade with the flowers;
All pleasures terrestrial are marked with decay,
And life's but a dream that will soon pass away.

As the sun oft reflects on the far distant cloud,
Suffusing with radiance its dark murky shroud;
So the "finger of hope" now points out the way
To a region of bliss, where ne'er felt is decay.
There rivers of pleasure unceasingly flow,
And hushed is each accent of sorrow and woe;
There, with spirits congenial, we ever shall dwell,
And never more utter that sad word "farewell."

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN?

Christians sometimes look far away to heaven. But that rest is not far off. The clouds that hide the shining world are thin; they are transient, and soon will obscure no more. The journey may end this hour; one short step may place the Christian in the world of light. One dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes, and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful and eternal, succeeds it. A pang may be felt for a moment, and then it flies away forever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory ensues. How soon, O, how soon, the Christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears! Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces! how holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home our heavenly Father is fitting for his children, and not feel his soul athirst for its enjoyment and employments? Well, these delights, the happy clime, those ever-verdant plains, are not far distant.—*Dr. Barnes.*

MARKS OF THE GENTLEMAN.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say for the honor of our species there are men, in every throb of whose heart there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.—*Anon.*

LAKE SUPERIOR.

There are few persons in this country, still fewer in the old world, who have anything like an adequate conception of the immense extent of this "big drink,"—as they say out West. To the lakes of Europe, it bears the same relation in size which the Mississippi and Missouri bear to European rivers; the lakes of England, Scotland, and Switzerland, are mere puddles in comparison with this leviathan. The length of Lake Superior, says an exchange, is about 500 miles. Its greatest breadth 190 miles. Its circumference is about 1700 miles, or about half the distance from New York to Liverpool. Lake Superior is the most western of the great chain of lakes which discharge their waters in the St. Lawrence. Its depth is 900 feet, while its height above the Atlantic is put down at nearly 700 feet. To show still farther the magnitude of this glorious lake, we would state that it contains a single island almost as large as Scotland—while it has several as large as the States of Rhode Island and Delaware. Lake Superior is the recipient of some thirty rivers.

A NOVEL IDEA.

An extensive steam water craft is now building at Cincinnati. It is intended for the equestrian company of Spalding & Rogers. The cabin will be constructed for the purpose of equestrianism. It will contain two tiers of boxes, the first fitted up with arm-chairs, and will be made capable of seating two thousand five hundred persons. The dimensions are two hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty beam; the cost, \$45,000. A contract has also been entered into for a chime of bells, twenty in number, which will be placed upon the boat, as the means of dispensing sweet sounds to the denizens of the woods, towns, villages, hamlets and cities of the river banks. In connection with the "Palace," a little steamer, thirty-six feet long, seven feet beam, called the "Humming Bird," is building. She is destined as the advertising and agency medium of the huge palace.

CAPTURE OF PIRATES.

The English brig "Orestes," Com. Hawker, recently arrived at Portsmouth, England, from the Cape of Good Hope. During her cruise, she has captured two prizes in the Mozambique Channel. The last capture, says the Nautical Standard, was a fine Spanish pirate, having 50 dare-devils for the crew, and a most ugly twenty-four pounder swivel amidships, which would have done awful execution could it have been worked against the "Orestes" when chasing her, but owing to bad weather, the pirates had stowed it below, and in their desire to get away, did not waste time in the endeavor to mount it. This was the sort of piratical slaver, which stood thirty-nine shot being fired into her from the "Orestes," without bringing to, notwithstanding she got hugged so closely by her captor that musketry could be fired into her.

RIVER NILE.

Bayard Taylor, writing 2000 miles from the mouth of the Nile—whose unknown source he is anxious to discover—says, that its current there is as broad, as strong, and as deep, as at Cairo, and that he is even there no nearer the mystery of its origin. He is confident that when its hidden fountains shall at last be reached, and the problem of twenty centuries solved, the entire length of the Nile will be found to be not less than four thousand miles, and he will then rank its name with the Mississippi and the Amazon, a sublime trinity of streams.

TOO BAD.—The Boston Post says, that a man moved to Hampshire, and remained three weeks, during which time it rained hard every day; on the morning of the twenty-first day he met a neighbor, who remarked that the skies looked as though "a storm was going to set in," whereupon the discouraged emigrant packed up and floated back to his old home.

A DANDY.—A specimen of the human family that passes for a man among women, and for a woman among men.

MARITIME.—Could anything be finer or more life-like than the Dutch man-of-war, "Prince of Orange," on the first page of the present number?

SUCH IS LIFE.—He has most friends who is most independent of them.

BINDING.—Preserve your numbers for binding.

Wayside Gatherings.

That virtue which parleys is near a surrender. Pants, procured on tick, are considered "breeches of trust!"

Omnibusses have just been introduced into the city of Nashville, Tenn.

Cincinnati has now twelve daily papers—eight in English and four in German.

We know of an idiot worth \$100,000—yet there are other fools worth more.

A coffin (said an Irishman) is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

Visitors are already beginning to arrive at Newport in considerable numbers.

The man who attempted to smoke a pipe of brandy, is troubled with dizziness of the brain.

The expenses of the public schools of Philadelphia, for the present year, are estimated at \$435,938.

A woman and two children in Bath, Me., were burned to death by the destruction of a house in that place.

There have been born, at Mount Vernon, thirty girls, but not one male—a most remarkable circumstance.

Several cases of cholera have occurred at St. Joseph, Mo., among the emigrants. Five cases proved fatal.

The moment a man is unfit to manage his own business that moment he takes to managing the affairs of the nation.

The Central Ohio Railroad Company have just put thirty-one miles of their road, from Zanesville eastward, under contract.

An essayist, after enlarging in full and glowing terms on the advantages of giving charcoal to sheep, observed, in closing, "we have tried it."

If N. P. Willis is not a "duck of a man," he would, if he should visit a certain editor's office in New York, probably be *Webb footed*.

The area of the Japanese empire is said to be 266,600 square miles, which makes it larger than France and England put together.

Dr. Johnson once said, that a gentleman could not be guilty of a greater piece of impertinence, than to be continually asking questions.

Miss Mitford, the authoress, is now represented as a gray-haired woman, going cheerfully about with a spaniel and a walking staff.

Ole Bull has resolved to make America his home. He thinks that American cats afford as good fiddle strings as any of the feline breed.

George A. Davidson, constable of Delaware city, Delaware, was murdered lately by a negro, whom he was conducting to prison.

The figure-head and portion of a wreck, believed to be those of the "President," have been east on shore on one of the West India Islands.

Mr. Whitten, a fireman, was crushed to death between a car and engine on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, in Danville.

A man named Robert Wilson has been arrested at Cincinnati, with \$950 in counterfeit Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky bank notes on his person.

The U. S. troops have been found inefficient to quell the Indian outrages in New Mexico. Cause—want of proper mounting and management.

The horse shoers of New York city have struck for an increase of wages. They demand fourteen shillings a day, their present wages being nine dollars a week.

Advices from the California mines are very favorable. A piece of pure gold had been found near Sonora, weighing 306 ounces, the largest specimen yet found.

The stockholders of the Globe Cotton Mills in Newburyport, are making an effort to establish the concern on a firm footing, by creating new stock and reducing the old.

A list of 52 names appears in the New York Evening Post, as each subscribing \$500 towards the equestrian statue of Washington, making \$26,000.

A letter from Iowa city, dated May 7, says: The spring season is very backward, wet and cold, but winter wheat on the ground never looked finer.

The Lantern settles the important question of where h'eggs come from. They come from Hen-gland. *Sich* is the English language, as spoken by ye cockney.

Why is a boy in a passion like the richest millionaire in the world? Of course, you "guv it up"—well, then, because he is a *wroth child*, (Rothschild.)

The liquor shops in Charlestown have been ordered to be shut up at 10 o'clock every night in the week, and to remain closed on the Sabbath, or licenses will be revoked.

It has been ascertained by a census just concluded in Lowell, that there are, in that city, 5707 children between the ages of 5 and 15 years.

In the U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Sprague presiding, Russell W. Benjamin was arraigned on an indictment for stealing from the United States mail, and pleading guilty, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Dedham jail.

There are excellent gunners in Bradford, Vt. Mr. S. W. Merrill and Mr. Wm. P. Abbott each shot a duck with a rifle at the distance of sixty-nine rods. Mr. Joseph H. Peters shot at a six inch ring, at the distance of ninety-two rods, and hit within the circle.

Foreign Miscellany.

Rumor says that Lord Glengall will supersede Earl Dalhousie as Governor-General of India.

The marriage of the Emperor of Austria with the Princess Sidonia, of Saxony, is shortly to take place.

On Sunday, April 25th, twenty-four persons renounced Catholicism in the Church of St. Paul, Bermondsey, London.

The yacht Titiana, which sailed a match with the America, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 5th ult., while at anchor at Cowes.

Colonel Rawlinson, it is said, has opened out the entire place of sepulture of the kings and queens of Assyria.

In a recent work, entitled "Pomology," no fewer than nine hundred and forty-two kinds of apples are now cultivated in Great Britain.

Twelve thousand dollars worth of sky rockets, with golden rain, were recently blown up at mid-day, at the National fire-works at Vincennes, France.

An English writer represents the whole American people as standing behind one long counter, from Maine to Texas, trading against the rest of the world.

A company has been formed in London for the manufacture of printing type from wire. It is said that it will last sixty times as long as common type, and cost less.

In every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is, roundly, 2,362,000.

It is proposed in London to convert the Crystal Palace into a glass tower, 1000 feet in height, and a plan and drawing of the new idea is given in the London Builder.

The woolen manufacturers of England are alarmed at the prospects of a deficiency in the supplies of Australian wool, caused by the flight of the shepherds to the gold mines.

Two destructive accidents have happened in the Welsh collieries. The first was an explosion of fire damp, by which eighty persons perished. The other was the flooding of a pit, by which twenty-eight were drowned.

In the short space of seven years, the number of horses in New South Wales has increased by more than seventy thousand, being upwards of two-fold. The increase in horned cattle has been about one-third.

The Leeds Intelligencer directs attention to an advertisement in its columns, offering prizes of five, three and two pounds for the three best essays "on the most desirable plan of supplying innocent and elevating recreation for the working classes."

Sands of Gold.

—Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

—The vicious reproving vice is like the raven chiding blackness.

—Strong passions work wonders, when there is a greater strength of reason to curb them.

—Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

—Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a sear-mark to thy passion.

—The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamt of, and a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

—It is time that architects learned that the first object to be attained in the erection of a public building is, utility, and beauty itself, in art, is only utility perfected.

—Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

—To mourn for the dead, is to mourn for the lost casket when you still retain the jewel it held. The memories of the dead one's virtues are the jewel, and the cold clay but the casket.

—To become a great man, you must study great men. A horse that lives on hay could not get up an oat trot, if it were to save his soul. It's by coming in contact with magnets that magnets are made.

—The passions may be humored till they become our master, as the horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

—Caius Marius said he valued not what men could say of him, for, if they spoke true, they must needs speak honorably of him; if otherwise, his life and his manners should be their confutation.

—To pursue trifles is the lot of humanity; and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment.

—A drunkard cursing the moon—a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach—or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever but heartless and unimaginative critic often makes of the works of genius.

Joker's Olio.

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

Why are crows the most sensible of birds? Because they never complain without *caus*.

"Look at Plymouth Rock," said an eloquent stump orator in Mississippi, "down there in old *Virginny*, and weep!"

Is the king of Japan a colored gentleman? Distinctly; who has not seen his escutcheon in the store windows, and his title—"Warranted Japan black king."

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat, or a new pair of boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

"What is the best attitude for self-defence?" said a pupil, (putting on the gloves) to a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the significant reply.

A young man without money is like a steam-boat without fuel. He can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon of a cloudy night. He can't shine.

An old writer said that when cannons were introduced as negotiators, the canons of the church were useless—that the world was governed first by *nitrum*, and then by *nitrum*—first by St. Peter, and then by Salt Petre.

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft, loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage. "Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard." "Cook a *board*, do you!" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

A commercial traveller, passing through Westonzoyland, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsqrdere," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "Agues were cured here."

Mr. Landor—the man whose mother called him Savage—says that "domestic affection can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics, than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets. In a politician, the whole creature is factitious, if he ever speaks as before, he either speaks from memory or invention."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

SWALLOWS' CAVE AT NAHANT.

One of the earliest watering places in the United States, and one that longest held its popularity, was Nahant; and even to this day, it is the summer resort of large numbers of Southern people, as well as the denizens from our neighborhood. Many of our citizens own delightful cottages here, which form their summer homes; though the tide of travel and fashion has set for years towards New York and other well known places. There are many natural advantages that Nahant possesses over any other place in this country, that must always render it popular, and ensure for it a good reliable amount of business. It is very evident that this delightful and salubrious summer retreat is not properly appreciated, highly as it is estimated by the thousands who annually visit it. But a transient visit—while the steamboat stops at the landing—cannot afford a correct or adequate idea of Nahant, its beauties, wonders and luxuries. It requires a week, or perhaps a whole season, to see Nahant, as it should be seen, to be fully appreciated. Not a week of fine weather, for better is it by far that it should be interspersed with a storm or two. Nahant needs to be seen under all its aspects—under the darkening cloud, amidst the roaring ocean, whitened by the foaming billows, and illuminated by the flashing lightning, as well as in the broad sunshine of noon, when the blue and beautiful ocean is spread out to the eye, until sky and sea forms a common line, when the breathing south wind comes softly over the water, and cools the feverish temple with its balmy air. There are many natural curiosities on the peninsula that attract the eye and interest of the visitor. Among them are Swallows' Cave, Pulpit Rock, Spouting Horn, Natural Bridge, etc. The first of these we have illustrated herewith. The Swallows' Cave is a passage under a high cliff on the west side of Nahant, a few rods south of the steamboat wharf. It is easily accessible, is from six to twenty feet high, and from ten to fourteen feet in breadth, extending about seventy feet, opening to the water. It can only be entered at low tide, and the sea sometimes rushes into it with a great noise. The swallows have built their nests in the upper part of this cavern, on ledges or notches in the rocks. The walk or flooring is rather uneven, but may nevertheless be entered by ladies with perfect ease and safety at a suitable time of tide. Passing through this cave, you may ascend by climbing over the rocks to the height above, without returning the way you descend to the opening. The Pulpit Rock alluded to above, is a great curiosity. It stands off the south end of Nahant, not far from the Swallows' Cave. It is an immense square block of rock, about thirty feet high, having a square open space at top, resembling in shape, an easy chair, which is called the pulpit. It is difficult to reach the top by climbing, the sides are so perpendicular. In storms the waves dash over this rock in great force, the wind driving the spray like rain all around, for some distance.



THE SWALLOWS' CAVE, AT NAHANT, LYNN, MASS.

HARMONY GROVE, FRAMINGHAM.

The fine picture given by our artist below represents Harmony Grove and Lake, on the Framingham Branch Railroad, a very beautiful resort for picnic parties. The house and grounds are kept in the best possible manner by the proprietor, Henry D. Howard, Esq., who gives his constant personal attention to the premises. Several improvements have been made to the buildings during the present season, thus affording superior accommodations to parties visiting the grove. The grounds have been enlarged, and now comprise an area of more than fifteen acres, fitted up in the most convenient manner, with seats, swings, etc. A most beautiful and perfect natural amphitheatre is situated between the house and lake, fitted up with an elevated platform for speakers, and with seats in front sufficient to accommodate an audience of a thousand persons. Several new row-boats, made in the most substantial manner, have been added to the lake, affording ample accommodations for rowing. A fine opportunity is also afforded to indulge in the old-fashioned sport of "Round Ball," "Cricket," etc., there being a large plot of ground adjoining the Grove. Parties desiring a day of pleasant recreation among woodland and lake scenery, cannot probably find a spot better adapted to the purpose than Harmony Grove.

HUNGARIAN HOSPITALITY.

After a pleasant stay in this village, I left it in my course over to the Hungarian Plain, and was conveyed in the carriage of the gentleman I was visiting, on to the next village. Every person whom I visited in this neighborhood, whether he was the country clergyman, or a college professor, or a private gentleman, always insisted on my staying with him; in fact, to do anything else seemed almost to be considered a want of courtesy. No one, with good letters of introduction in Inner Hungary, ever goes to a hotel. I may say here, that such was the universal hospitality towards me, as an American, that while in Hungary, except naturally in Pesth, I did not lodge in a hotel more than once, or pay a penny for vehicles. Wherever I visited, it was with difficulty I could get away. I always stayed days where I meant to stay hours. They said it was an old device of Hungarian hospitality, if the guest seemed obstinately bent on going, to slip out and take off the wheels of his wagon, and oblige him to remain! And that less than three days' visit was an insult to your host! This, it should be remembered, was no especial courtesy to me. It is the habit of the people. I had often heard before of this hospitality. I experienced more of it, because people always remembered our American hospitality to the Hungarian exiles in their distress and poverty.—*Brace's Hungary.*

A FIRST MORNING IN FRANCE.

The morning comes—I don't know a pleasanter feeling than that of walking with the sun shining on objects quite new, and—although you may have made the voyage a dozen times—quite strange. Mr. X. and you occupy a very light bed, which has a tall canopy of red "poreale;" the windows are smartly draped with cheap gaudy calicoes and muslins, there are little mean strips of carpet about the tiled floor of the room, and yet all seems as gay and as comfortable as may be—the sun shines brighter than you have seen it for a year, the sky is a thousand times bluer, and what a cheery clatter of shrill quick French voices comes up from the courtyard under the windows! Bells are jangling; a family, mayhap, is going to Paris, en poste, and wondrous is the jabber of the postilion, the courier, the inn-waiters, and the lookers-on. The landlord calls out for "Quatre biftecks aux pommes, pour le trentetrois."—O, my countrymen, I love your tastes and your ways!—the chambermaid is laughing, and says: "Finissez donc, Monsieur Pierre!"—(what can they be about?)—a fat Englishman has opened his window violently, and says: "Dee dong, garcong, vooly voo me donny lo sho, ou vooly voo pah?" He has been ringing for half an hour—the last energetic appeal succeeds, and shortly he is enabled to descend to the coffee-room, where, with three hot rolls, grilled ham, cold fowl, and four boiled eggs, he makes, what he calls, his first French breakfast, with all sorts of John Bullish execrations on Monsieur Crapeau for his tardiness in meeting his wants.—*Thackeray's Paris Sketch-Book.*



VIEW OF HARMONY GROVE, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

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LARGE FIRE AT CHARLESTOWN.

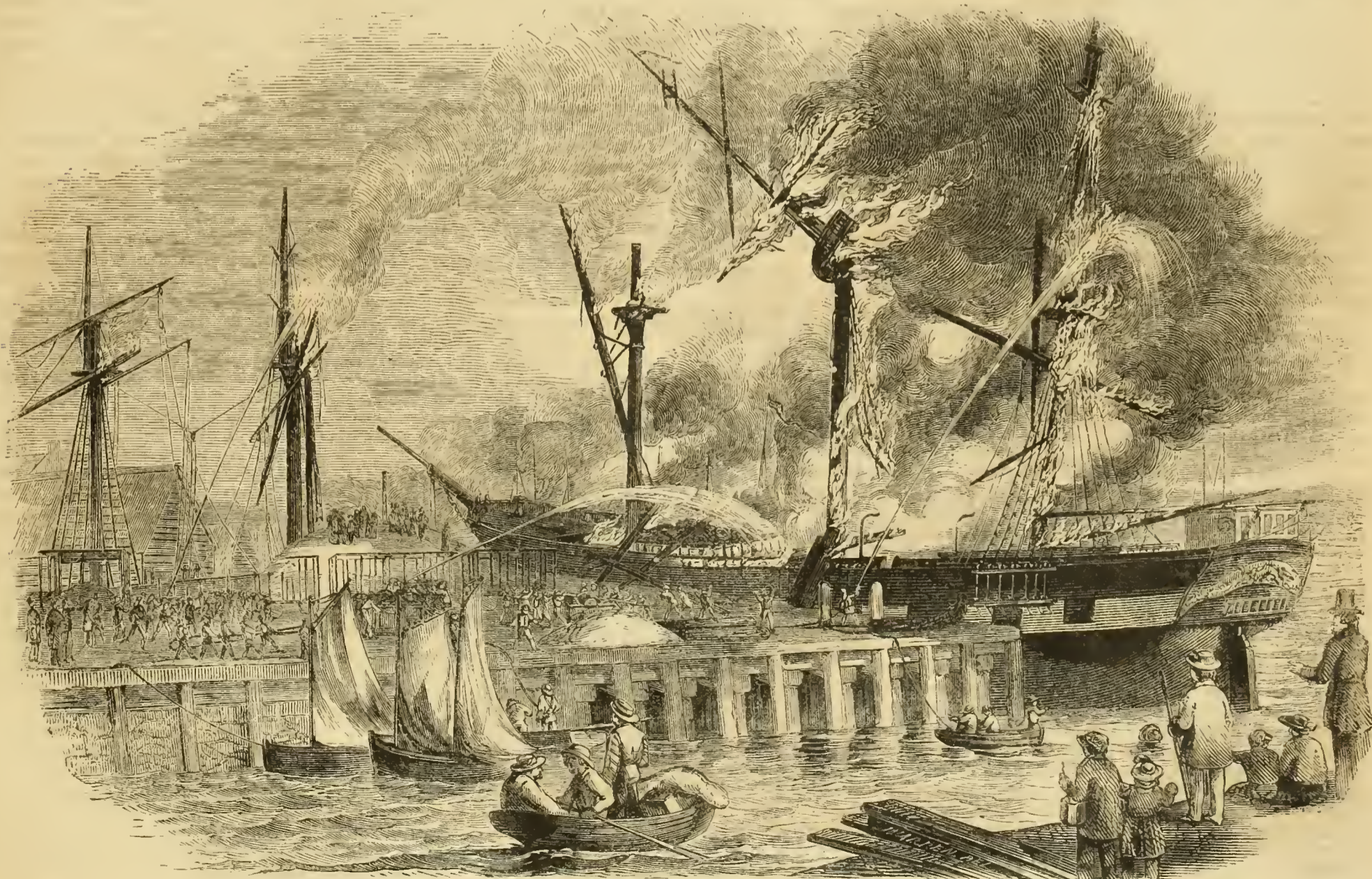
A fire broke out, a few mornings since, at about 5-1-4 o'clock, in a wooden building on Gray's wharf, Charlestown, owned by Russell, Harrington & Co., ice merchants, used for storing shavings, saw-dust, etc., for packing ice. Owing to the combustible nature of the materials, the fire spread with great rapidity, and at once set fire to the ship "Bell Rock," of about 800 tons, laying alongside. In less than five minutes, the rigging, sails, etc., were enveloped in flames; and before the least available aid could be procured, everything above deck was destroyed. Our artist, called to the spot by the alarm bells, applied himself to sketching the scene at the height of the conflagration; and other eye-witnesses have pronounced the picture which we present, thus taken on the spot, a most lifelike and exact presentment of the exciting scene. There are few sights to be conceived of more grand and imposing than a ship on fire.—The tall masts towering towards the sky in seeming giant strength one moment, and the

next tottering and trembling beneath the ravages of the fearful destroyer. The flames serpent-like creeping steadily with forked tongue to the very topmast head; now pausing for a moment to prey more heartily upon the canvass in the ropes upon the yards; and now bursting upwards again, and creeping hither and thither upon tarred ropes and painted spars, cracking and hissing like mad. This is a picture of the burning of a ship in dock, where every facility is offered for escape for crew or passengers; but if this strikes us with terror, and if such a catastrophe may be called a fearful one, how much more terrible it is when *at sea*, far out of sight of land and of all succor, surrounded only by the vast expanse of waters, upon which, perhaps, to trust in a small and frail boat the lives of all on board. If the "Bell Rock" was foreordained to be thus burned, we rejoice that it has been her fortune to meet with such an accident in port. As it was, the disaster was attended with much danger to those on board, as communication with the wharf was quite cut off; and during the fore-

noon, one man was killed by a falling mast. Heretofore she has been running between this port and Liverpool as an emigrant packet ship, and formed one of the Train line of packets; but having been sold to make way for larger and faster vessels, she has now gone into a different trade, and the hands of new owners. The fire from the "Bell Rock" extended to the British brig "Ann & Maria," from Stockton, England, lying at the same wharf. Before aid could be rendered, all except her fore lower rigging was destroyed, together with a portion of the deck and its contents. The damage is estimated at \$6000. The "Bell Rock" is owned by S. S. Stone, John Hathaway, and Capt. Pendleton, of Boston. Her damage is estimated at \$15,000. Four cars on the wharf, belonging to the Fitchburg Company, and loaded with ice, were nearly burned. The shells remaining are there, from the somewhat incombustible nature of the loading. Those who witnessed the scene, which we have depicted below, will bear testimony to its truthfulness.

GERMANS AT THE WATERING PLACES.

No people on the face of the earth all summer long enjoy themselves like the Germans in their gay capitals; but autumn, and the great climacteric of the year is reached. The whole nation is astir. Not a man or woman can rest long.—Every one must fly in quest of change, and pleasure, and health. The whole population is like one huge hive of bees at the point of swarming. Every one must have his autumn tour. He must visit the watering places, and drink, and bathe. He must traverse the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube. He must climb the mountains of Switzerland, or the Tyrol.—Steamers are everywhere loaded to sinking; inns are full to suffocation; landlords stand shaking their heads, gabbling German, French, English, Italian and Russian, and bowing away disconsolate travellers and dusty carriages from their doors. Railway trains are enormous in length; and smoking and talking are going on in them, astonishing to the stranger. Every watering place is full. Meeting in the early morning, and drinking of the sulphurous or effervescing water in the Kur-saal, or holding a five o'clock gossip in the warm baths; making drives to the neighboring castles and scenery; the parade, the splendid conversation house, the ball, the reunion, in an evening,—thus it goes at the watering places.—Howitt.



VIEW OF THE FIRE AT CHARLESTOWN, AND THE BURNING OF THE SHIP "BELL ROCK."

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
—OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.
A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

He passed on beyond the confines of the abbey. The moon was now shining brightly, and the stars also lent their gentle radiance to the night. Frederick paced to and fro with abstracted air. A low moan reached his ear. He paused and listened. It was again repeated, and he hastened towards the spot whence it came. He found a man lying senseless upon the earth. He knelt beside him, examined his face, and recognized Jack Lynd. Beside him lay a bottle which was half full of some kind of liquor. The sufferer looked up with a wild, unmeaning stare.

"Fair play," he murmured. "None o' that! none o' that, I tell you!"

"Poor fellow," said Frederick. "Jack, do you not know me?" he asked, kindly.

"Mind, or I shall hit hard," was the half indistinct response.

Without farther loss of time our hero raised the poor fellow in his arms, carried him to the abbey, and laid him upon the straw. All that he could do he did cheerfully. He placed him in an easy position, rubbed his hands, and took off his own coat and threw it over him. While thus engaged, to his great joy Raymond entered. He appeared somewhat surprised to see Jack; but after examining him attentively, seemed to understand the case very well. With the point of his dagger he opened a vein, and took several ounces of blood. He then gave him some dark colored mixture from a vial. The effects of this treatment were soon obvious. The patient began to revive, and to talk more fluently about what he would do to his enemies, by whom he imagined himself surrounded. He requested that all might be done fairly, and that he might not be hit after he was down. Before long his thoughts became more connected; he began to notice Glenburn and Raymond, and to recall, though imperfectly, the transactions of the last twelve hours.

His first glance of recognition fell upon Frederick, then he turned his inquiring eyes upon Raymond, who was bending over him. He made a strong effort to collect his scattered thoughts, and wondered why the two persons who were performing kind offices for him should be together.

"He comes to himself," said Raymond, "and seems astonished at seeing us together. As you are probably aware, he exerted himself generously to save you from being robbed on the moor."

"Yes," replied Frederick. "He waited my return in the oak dingle until midnight, and then made the best of his way to the castle, to learn, greatly to his chagrin, that I had not escaped the danger."

"He regards me probably with feelings far from friendly," added the highwayman.

"I drank from your bottle," said Jack, faintly.

"I remember," answered Raymond. "You became very sick, and finally unconscious, after we parted, I suspect."

"I was very near my death," said Jack; "but was befriended by a kind monk, and restored."

"There was no death in the potion, my friend; it was not designed to kill, but to render you incapable of going further on your way. The unpleasant symptoms would have passed without the aid of medicines, but would have left you feeling quite weak and enervated."

"What for did you do it?" asked Jack, mournfully.

"If it had not been so, our young lord of

Glenburn here would not have been robbed, and I should not have had the pleasure of restoring to him his own at a time when he needs it so much. But cease to question me, and think as well of me as you can. Time may prove me something more than a mere highwayman."

"I owe you a stunner," said Jack, with a sigh, "but I can't hold up my fighters now."

"You have had a very narrow escape from death," added Raymond. "Upon examining the contents of the bottle that was found beside you, I find that it contains a slow but deadly poison."

"It has made me very miserable since night before last," replied Jack. Then removing a dirty handkerchief from his head, he pointed to a wound near his left temple. "At first I thought it was occasioned by this ugly knock which I got from your horse's hoofs, when you went over me with such a *rush*."

Raymond smiled.

"You drank, probably, to ease the pain," he remarked.

"Yes," answered Jack, "and it had a werry queer effect upon me." Our pugilistic friend then proceeded to describe, as well as he could, the sensations produced by the narcotic which he had unconsciously swallowed. How it had exhilarated him, and then left him weak; how he had slept all night beneath a tree; how he had drank again on the following morning and experienced the same sensations; how he had staggered on until he could go no further, and sank down upon the spot where he had been found by Glenburn.

"It is evident," observed Raymond, "that some person seeks your life, and mingled some noxious drug in the contents of your bottle."

Jack Lynd was now sufficiently recovered to be placed upon Glenburn's horse, and conveyed to the inn by him, while Raymond remained concealed at the ruins.

CHAPTER XV.

CORA—SUDDEN REVERSE—A WANDERER ONCE MORE.

WE left Cora happy in being beloved by Frederick of Glenburn. When she returned to the cottage after the scene in the meadow, which we described in another chapter, her face was irradiated by a smile such as was seldom or never before seen upon her lips. But by degrees a fear crept into her heart. She reflected upon the difference of rank which interposed like an impassable barrier between her and the object who had won her young affections.

Could he wed her? Would not such a step, even if he contemplated it, involve him in numberless difficulties? He had acknowledged to her that his father was proud, and fond of indulging in dreams of a splendid connection for his son. The more Cora thought of this matter, the more she was convinced that her air-castles must fall to the ground, and that she must sink back to her former and legitimate condition; to be unloved, or to be loved only by one who was her equal, and no more.

Under such circumstances it was not strange that she shed many tears, and gave way to a pensive melancholy which colored even her sleep with mournful pictures. It was in vain that the sympathizing Mary strove to cheer her; her words were lost; they fell without the desired effect upon the ears of the gipsy girl.

She met Frederick of Glenburn again in that green meadow. He breathed once more the

words which she loved to hear. She laid the secret doubts and forebodings of her trusting heart bare before him. He felt the force and justice of her artless reasoning, but solemnly vowed in the sight of Heaven that he would never forsake her, or cease to love her as she deserved to be loved.

Although these gentle and welcome assurances cheered the heart of Cora, she did not give herself up wholly to the fond illusion. She saw, with prophetic vision, the precipice upon which both were standing, and shuddered at the prospect which the future presented to her view.

It was a bright day upon the first of July; that genial month in which vegetation assumes so pleasant an aspect. Cora left her cottage home for a walk, according to a custom which she had recently formed. It was natural that she should go towards the meadow where she had listened to the first words of love from the lips of one so dear as Frederick had become.

She strayed to the identical place where the soft declaration had been made. Nature seemed rejoicing in her beauty. The sun shed his most dazzling beams; the sweetest breezes swept over the grassy lea; the birds sang their most musical songs. The heart of our heroine was touched and melted. All objects, both inanimate and animate, bade her hope. She obeyed a mandate so much in keeping with the desires of her heart, and suffered herself to indulge in one of those delicious dreams which often shed a temporary light upon the darkest destiny.

She pictured herself the happy bride of Frederick of Glenburn. How pleasing was the portrait of the future which she drew. Hark! what did she hear? Perhaps it was the wind toying among the green leaves. But did the wind make a sound so much resembling a human footstep?

Cora arose to her feet. A well known laugh sounded in her ears, which caused the blood to curdle with horror in her veins. With a scream of terror she beheld Hepsy Herne standing near her, leaning upon her stick, with an expression of triumph upon her wrinkled visage which beggars description.

The hag advanced, after enjoying Cora's terror for a moment, and took her by the arm. Then she laughed again.

"So you are going to be a fine lady!" exclaimed Hepsy. "But you see that I have found you! O, I shall sweep away your air-castles like cobwebs! I will teach you what and who you are, and what it is to disobey me."

Cora made no answer, but stood pale and trembling.

"Hear me, and lose not a word," added the hag. "You must leave this nice place, and these good people who have befriended you. If you refuse to do so, hear what shall be the result. I will destroy the substance of those you call your benefactors. I will scatter the deadly *drao* in the mangers of their cattle, and they shall die to the last hoof; not one shall escape. I will poison the water which they drink, and they shall all sicken and perish one after another. I will—"

"In Heaven's name, cease!" cried Cora. "Change your fell purpose. Let your wrath fall only on my head. Spare those who have never done wrong to a human being in their lives."

"Then leave them!" exclaimed Hepsy. "Take what you carried there, and steal away from the cottage under cover of darkness, without a word of leave-taking or explanation. Do this, and I will not harm them nor theirs; be obstinate and fool-hardy, and I will do all I have threatened and more."

What other words could have fallen with such crushing power upon the ears of the gipsy girl! She felt their force and would have sunk to the earth, had not her overcharged heart been relieved by a flood of tears.

"What do you say?" shrieked Hepsy. "Will you go, or will you stay and be the destroyer of those who have been kind to you?"

"I will go," replied Cora, in a low, stifled voice. "I will go, and be what I have been—an unhappy wanderer."

"Tis well," added Hepsy. "In this decision you show a little wisdom. Pack up your things, and steal out silently to-night. Do you hear?"

"I do," gasped Cora.

"Don't falter when the time comes. Don't stop to weep and to repent of your resolution."

"No," said the maiden, with an effort.

"You are sure you have heard me and comprehended my meaning?" continued the hag, shaking her by the arm.

"Yes—I hear—I understand all," responded our heroine, with a shudder. "But I crave your mercy. I humbly ask for a little pity. They have been very kind to me. Let me embrace them, and say farewell."

"Not a word—not a syllable, or my threat holds good. Don't presume to try it," cried Hepsy.

Cora felt stupified. She thought she heard the sound of horrible laughter, and was conscious of no more for she knew not how long. When she recovered she was lying upon the grass, and alone.

"So fades my visions—so falls the structure which my hopes have reared," said Cora. "Tomorrow I shall be as I have been heretofore—an outcast."

With a grief-stricken heart she returned to the cottage. But her voice had lost its cheerfulness, her step its elasticity. The gentle words of Mary, instead of comforting her, added to her sorrow. The night came, and the last evening she was to pass under the roof of the Waldrons. She pleaded indisposition, and retired to her chamber early. She did not retire, but sat weeping until the family were wrapt in sleep. She then tied up the gipsy clothes which she had formerly worn in a bundle, laid several gold pieces, from the purse which Clifton had given her, upon the little table beside her bed, that the kind people might find them when they came to her room in the morning.

Before going, she crept softly into the apartment where Mary and her sister were sleeping, bent over them a moment with streaming eyes, kissed each upon the cheek, and then, choking with grief, left the house where she had spent the happiest moments of her life.

She was no longer sheltered by a friendly roof; she stood once more beneath the blue, starry vault of heaven. As she paused and looked back upon the cottage, one thought arose to cheer her desolate way—she was doing her duty by those who had given her a home—she was preserving them from the malice of a frantic woman, who scrupled at the performance of no species of wickedness, no matter how great its enormity. Cora silently invoked blessings upon those she was leaving, and then prayed that her own steps might be watched over and guided by the eye that never sleeps. She took her bundle and walked on in the quiet moonlight.

The moment that Cora left the house, Dick Chabert, who had been concealed in the garden for an hour, entered by the same door through which she had issued. When he had gained the interior of the now silent dwelling, he proceeded to open a dark lantern which he had carried beneath his coat. With noiseless steps he entered the little chamber the gipsy girl had just left. The gold pieces which she had laid so carefully upon the table, he gathered up and put into his pocket. Taking a few other articles which he found there, he sought the room where Mary and her sister were reposing. The door was slightly ajar, and he pushed it open without noise. He paused on the threshold to learn if they were sleeping. Their regular and deep respiration told him that they were. He stepped in and glanced inquisitively around the room. Several dresses belonging to the girls, and various articles of female apparel, met his view. The most valuable of these he selected and tied in a handkerchief. Upon the toilet-table he saw something which glistened as the rays of the lantern fell upon it. He advanced; it was a gold ring with letters inscribed upon the seal side. He snatched the trinket and deposited it with the gold pieces. He was turning away, when another object excited his curiosity; it was a small box. He opened it, and found that it contained a bracelet of hair with a curious golden clasp. This shared the fate of the other things.

The villain now left the room; but still urged on by his cupidity, stopped and listened at another door. He heard the ticking of a watch. He lifted the latch, glided into the apartment where Mr. Waldron and his wife were sleeping, and soon the watch was ticking in his own pocket. Satisfied with what he had done, he stole from the cottage in the same manner that he had entered it.

Great was the surprise and mortification experienced by the Waldron family in the morning, when they discovered that Cora had left them, and that many articles of value were also missing. They uttered no useless reproaches—they looked sorrowful at each other, and were silent. But the one who was most deeply grieved and shocked, was the pretty and confiding Mary. Such ingratitude and perfidy, as seemed to be

manifested on the part of Cora, quite confounded her. That she should have left them in such a strange manner, without a word of leave-taking, was hard enough to believe; but that she should have added theft was something too wicked to think of, and Mary wept many bitter tears.

"We have done our duty by her," said Mr. Waldron, when they were assembled the ensuing night for family prayers, "and I do not regret that we have befriended her. It is far better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. Let us not think too bitterly of her ingratitude, but pray that she may be led to adopt a better life."

As Mary reflected upon the subject, doubts arose in her mind in regard to Cora's guilt. The whole transaction was so much unlike her, so far as she knew her character, that it challenged belief; or, at least it did in her case. She hinted to her mother that there might possibly be some mistake about the matter; that she had perhaps fallen into the hands of her people again. But Mrs. Waldron shook her head mournfully, and observed that she feared the girl had sadly deceived them.

The second day after Cora's flight, Frederick of Glenburn stopped at the cottage door and inquired for her. Mary, who answered his summons, though she knew nothing of what had passed between him and Cora, was much embarrassed when he asked for her.

"She has left us," she stammered, at length.

"Left you?" exclaimed Frederick.

"Yes," said Mary, with a sigh.

"How? under what circumstances?" asked young Glenburn, nervously.

"O, under the most painful circumstances, sir. I had rather not tell you."

"I must know," said Frederick, anxiously. "Be good enough to inform me of the particulars at once."

"We were very much interested in her, sir. But she left us night before last without a word."

"Is that all?" added Glenburn.

"All that would interest you," said Mary.

"I wish to know every particular. Everything that relates to her is interesting to me," rejoined Frederick.

"The misguided girl took things that did not belong to her," said Mrs. Waldron, who had been attracted to the spot by hearing Cora's name mentioned.

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Frederick, sternly. Then recollecting himself, he added, "Pardon my abruptness. I simply mean what you affirm is quite impossible."

"I thank you for saying so, very much," cried Mary, joyfully. "I have thought so sometimes myself."

"Ah, sir," continued Mrs. Waldron, sadly, "the circumstances under which she left us admit of no doubt in regard to her guilt. I am grieved, sir, but not angry." Mrs. Waldron, at our hero's earnest request, related the manner in which the gipsy girl had disappeared, and how surprised and pained they had all been at the unlooked-for event.

For a short time young Glenburn was overwhelmed with what he had heard; the case seemed so plain, the evidence so conclusive against Cora. But he soon began to struggle to shake off the doubts and fears which assailed him so pitilessly. Did he not know Cora's nature better than to suspect her of so heinous a crime? Had he not seen her cruelly punished by Hepsy on account of her repugnance to dishonest practices?

"There is some double-dealing here," said Frederick, at length. "I boldly declare my belief in her innocence."

"May I ask the name of the person whom I have the honor of addressing?" asked Mrs. Waldron.

"Frederick of Glenburn, madam," he replied, bowing.

"I have heard her speak of you with tears of gratitude," added Mary. "Yes, that is the name, and she seemed to love to repeat it."

"I shall seek her in all places," said Frederick. "I will not relinquish the search until I have found her. If she is indeed innocent, the guilty shall be brought to punishment if there is justice to be obtained in the land; but if she is guilty, I will never trust a human being again."

To describe the emotions of young Glenburn as he rode away from the cottage, is a task we shall not attempt. Though disposed to believe in her entire innocence, he could not wholly repress his doubts. For her he had forfeited home, rank, and wealth and the bare possibility of her

guilt was enough to make him wretched. Guilty or not guilty, he knew how soon the report of the theft would spread from place to place; and taken in connection with his own expulsion from his ancestral home, would make a precious dish of scandal for all the gossips who had ever heard his name mentioned.

Filled with these gloomy thoughts, he retraced his way to the inn. Jack Lynd had now recovered, and gave Frederick a cheerful and hearty "Good day, my lord," as he entered. The very tones of his honest voice appeared to inspire our hero with new hope and courage. Knowing that Jack had always felt a lively interest in Cora since the day he first met her, Frederick did not hesitate to declare all that had transpired at the cottage. He listened with marked attention, and exclaimed, as soon as he had heard him to the end:

"Stun me, if I believe it!"

"Give me your hand, honest Jack; I like your spirit."

"Your lordship'll get a reg'lar stunner if you go for to say you think she's guilty. Why, bless your heart, she's as innocent as an angel. Ingratitude and thieving aint no part of her nature. She'd die sooner nor do anything half so wicked," said Jack, earnestly. Then he added, "Old Hepsy's round, you may depend on't. The four elements that she talks so much about, together with all her own elements of mischief, are at work. She's a brimstone, your lordship!"

"Mad, and full of all manner of subtlety, I know, Jack."

"She threatened me not long ago, and said I'd go down in less than a week, and if it hadn't been for your honor, I should have gone down, sure enough. But then I told her I'd manage to get up again, and I have."

"Go on, Jack."

"You know very well that she hates Cora; Heaven knows why, I don't, and she used to beat her. Now this may be all a plan of hers to punish her for running away, and to get her back again in such a way that she can't never go back to honest folks again."

"And now I remember," said Glenburn, "that she threatened me with her vengeance the last time that I met her. I protected the maiden once when she was ill-treating her, and this aroused her hatred. She knows also that I have been interested in the girl ever since I first beheld her at Forest Hill."

The more Frederick reflected upon the threatening language she had employed on various occasions, the stronger became the conviction that all the circumstances of Cora's flight were not yet known or understood. He determined to seek her wherever she might be, and in this laudable object Jack Lynd volunteered to assist him.

CHAPTER XVI.

DUNALSTEIN—THE MEETING—THE REQUEST.

WE have remarked in another chapter that the lord of Dunalstein had seen Cora when a mere girl, and being of a humane and generous disposition, had felt an interest in her welfare. But when she appeared again at Forest Hill, grown to womanhood, graceful and beautiful, timid and modest, that interest was greatly increased. He watched her as she moved quietly from place to place, while he listened to the praises which Hepsy took particular care to bestow upon her; a course of action which she was never known to pursue with any other person.

It will be seen at once (as the hag hated Cora for some reason best known to herself) that she had some studied and fixed purpose in view, as the sequel will show. A singular thought took possession of the mind of Dunalstein. He pitied the girl; she was too delicate to bear the hardship of such a life, and he formed a romantic resolution to snatch her from her lowly condition, educate and raise her to a level with himself. A Spanish nobleman had married a gipsy girl at Madrid; an Englishman of high rank had wedded a handsome gipsy girl near London; and he could have brought the subject nearer home than that. Why, then, should the idea of bettering Cora's fortunes in the manner proposed, appear preposterous.

As the reader is already aware, the matter had been talked over by Dunalstein and Hepsy Herne, and the latter had sent Cora to the castle, in order, according to a promise which she had given, that he might have an opportunity to converse with her, and if possible be made to feel a deeper interest in her. All the fairness

which she had exhibited, and all the affection which she pretended to feel for Cora while in the presence of Dunalstein, vanished the moment his back was turned; and she exulted in the most unnatural manner over the success of a scheme which she had cherished for years.

Dunalstein met Cora in her flight, and conversed with her for the first time since she had returned to Forest Hill. The result of that interview is already known. He made an important discovery, which the duplicity of the hag had hitherto prevented him from making, viz., that Cora was cruelly used and made completely wretched.

How this interview affected him has been related. He perceived at once that Hepsy was deceitful and malignant, and was carrying out some deep laid scheme. As for Cora, his interest in her was greatly increased; but he abandoned the thought which had induced him to speak to Hepsy in relation to her. He felt that he could not do her a greater wrong than mate her with one like himself. She was young, fair, and interesting, and with the advantages of wealth and education, might be made one to attract much admiration; but, as he had said, he was advanced in life, and it would be like binding the blooming rosebud in a wreath of dead and leafless flowers.

But this was not all. There was something in the tones of the maiden's voice which thrilled to his heart, and seemed to stir up an affection of a more filial nature. Dunalstein resolved to be generous without being selfish, and formed a noble resolution as he was returning to the castle, after his last interview with Hepsy Herne. He had accused her of what he then knew to be true, of ill treating Cora; but for purposes of his own he dissembled somewhat, and did not wholly discourage the scheme which seemed so pleasing to the frantic woman. Knowing, as he did, much of gipsy character, many strange doubts obtruded into his mind in regard to the real parentage of the girl.

When, therefore, he left her after the interview referred to, she still flattered herself that her plan was progressing. She was mistaken. Her sudden outburst of passion, and what Cora had told him, betrayed too much of her true character. The lord of Dunalstein resolved to protect and care for the friendless gipsy girl without hope of reward. The sudden disappearance of Isadore disconcerted his benevolent plans for the time being. Anxiety for his daughter absorbed all his thoughts. He gave himself no rest, but was continually in the saddle, scouring the country in all directions.

Truthful and honorable himself, he expected to find the same traits of character in Hardwick; hence he was egregiously deceived. Believing all that the rejected lover of Isadore whispered into his ears, he had formed a most unfavorable opinion of Joseph Abershaw and Jack Lynd. The manner in which he had accosted the latter, and menaced him, showed how much he was deceived in relation to him.

But the hints of Jack were not entirely lost. As he grew cooler, and reflected more calmly, he began to observe more closely the actions of Hardwick. He soon regretted that he had attacked Jack in such a rude fashion, but still suspected him, urged on as he was by his interested adviser.

Dunalstein resolved to seek Joseph Abershaw, and question him closely. He succeeded in finding him, for the second time, near the inn where Isadore was a prisoner. Abershaw denied the charge which Hardwick urged upon him. The latter grew insulting, and Abershaw would concede nothing. Finally the gipsy boldly accused Hardwick of the abduction of Isadore.

The exasperated lord immediately drew his sword and attacked him. Abershaw disarmed him, and galloped away to avoid bloodshed and an unequal combat. He perceived that they wished to take him, and perhaps incarcerate him in the dungeons of the castle, which event would preclude the possibility of prosecuting the search for Isadore, and unmasking the real offender.

Joseph was overtaken, as we have seen, when another fight ensued, and he was rescued from his dangerous position by a third person. We left Hardwick and Dunalstein in a former chapter moving towards the very inn which contained Isadore. Hardwick had been slightly wounded, and rode on very slowly on account of the pain which the motion gave him. He suddenly complained of faintness. Dunalstein, at his request, assisted him to dismount, calling loudly for assistance. In a few moments Conly came run-

ning towards them to learn what had happened. He ran to his master, and supported his head as he sat upon the grass. Hardwick watched a favorable opportunity and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Shall I ride for a surgeon?" asked Dunalstein.

"I think not; it is but a scratch," replied Hardwick. "A draught of good wine will put me all right. Conly, go and send a servant here with a bottle of mine host's best."

Conly hastened to do as he was bidden. Soon Boniface himself made his appearance, with a bottle and a drinking-cup. Hardwick swallowed a large quantity of wine, and professed to feel better. He was assisted to mount his horse, after a little time, and rode to the inn without difficulty. Just before they reached it, Dunalstein heard the sound of wheels in motion, and saw a carriage drive rapidly away. Immediately after that incident, Hardwick appeared to recover very fast, and he became unusually cheerful and talkative.

Dunalstein partook of refreshments, and parted with the wounded man, who said he should stay there for a day or two, until his wound was healed. The former resumed his almost hopeless search with feelings of despondency. He had been riding over the country many days, making all the exertions in his power to find Isadore, without meeting with any degree of success. He had gained no clue to her disappearance whatever. The heart of Dunalstein grew heavy within him. He was indulging in this melancholy mood, when he was met by Frederick of Glenburn, accompanied by Jack Lynd.

"I have heard," said Frederick, "of your misfortune. Allow me to express an earnest wish that you may recover your fair daughter."

"It is a friendly wish," replied Dunalstein, holding out his hand to Frederick. "But I begin to feel that my task is a hopeless one. I have yet learned nothing of her fate."

"Your lordship don't look in the right direction," said Jack. Dunalstein frowned.

"Let him speak. I will vouch for his honesty," said Frederick.

"Well, go on, sir," added Dunalstein.

"You won't believe me, and so it's no use," replied Jack, sullenly.

"If you can throw any light upon this painful subject I will gladly and gratefully listen," rejoined Dunalstein.

"You was hard upon me the other day. Stun me, if you wasn't," answered Lynd.

"I might have been. I met you under peculiar circumstances, and suspected you strongly, I'll acknowledge. I am not yet free from feelings of suspicion."

Again young Glenburn vouched for Jack's integrity.

"Hardwick made love to your daughter, and she wouldn't listen to a word of it," said Jack. "He went into a great passion, and took her roughly by the arm. I was close by, and heard what he said, and gave him a reg'lar stunner. This kind o' hurt his feelings, and made him ten times more savage than before. He threatened her the worst way, your lordship, and looked at her hard; hit me, if he didn't."

"Do you think this man's word can be relied on?" asked Dunalstein, turning to young Glenburn.

"Without hesitation, my lord," he responded.

"If this is true, sir, I have done you much injustice," added Dunalstein, addressing himself again to Jack. "I was not aware that the lord of Hardwick had been rejected by Isadore."

"He was, your lordship, and in a pretty, laughing, coquettish way, too. He hadn't no cause to be angry, but it cut him terribly; stun me, if it didn't."

"I will not at this time decide upon the importance of what you have communicated; but I will make it a subject of earnest thought," said Dunalstein. "And now," he added, "I will ask you one question, and desire you to answer it truthfully. Did you ever follow my daughter to the castle?"

"Never," replied Jack. "But I walked beside her to the castle at her request, after what I've been tellin' you took place, because she was afraid to go alone. She gave me a piece of money at the gate; and I looked all round to see if there wasn't some person near who would say something against her, so I could fight for her."

"Faith! I believe the fellow is honest!" exclaimed Dunalstein.

"What for did you strike me?" asked our fighting friend, sentimentally.

"Pardon me; I was wrong," answered the other, quickly.

"There is another one that you suspect," said Jack, "and that is Joseph Abershaw, a gipsy lad, who loves the ground she walks on, and rides night and day to find her, and don't give himself a moment's rest."

Dunalstein made no reply, but appeared very thoughtful. He conversed awhile with young Glenburn in a low voice, and Jack thought he heard Cora's name mentioned more than once. He then turned into a diverging road and went on his way, musing deeply on what he had heard. He reviewed the conduct of Hardwick for the last few months, and drew inferences which shall become apparent to the reader as we proceed. The current of his thoughts was diverted by the appearance of a horseman approaching him at an easy pace. It was the personage who has hitherto been known by the name of Raymond.

As he drew up his powerful steed beside Dunalstein, he touched his cap gracefully, and asked, with a smile, if he had the honor of addressing the lord of Dunalstein. When answered in the affirmative, he went on to say that he had doubtless met a woman by the name of Hepsy Herne. This being conceded, he said:

"Your lordship remembers the girl, Cora?"

Dunalstein replied that he did, and had felt an interest in her welfare.

"Hepsy Herne," resumed Raymond, "has certain views in regard to Cora which are not unknown to you. I believe you are of a humane and generous disposition, and sincerely wish the maiden much happiness. My object in speaking to your lordship at this time is to request that you will seem to favor the designs of Hepsy Herne. Mark me well; not that you will really favor her wishes, but that you will apparently do so. If you should chance to meet her, and she should offer to place the girl at your disposal, accept the proposition. You are a man of honor. I know you will treat kindly and gently one who may thus be thrown upon your generosity. Had I not the firmest faith in your humanity, I would not make this request."

"You are a stranger to me," said Dunalstein; "but I will respect your wishes. I have felt a strong interest in the fair yet friendless girl whom you have mentioned. Be assured that she shall suffer no wrong at my hands." Raymond bowed, and Dunalstein added, "The name of gipsy, as bad as the race are, generally, has a strange charm for me."

"May I ask if this was *always* the case?" said Raymond.

Dunalstein colored, and threw an inquiring glance at the stranger.

"For many years," he answered, and his voice had much of sadness in its tones.

"There is considerable romance connected with them as a people. Perhaps you may have heard or read that not long ago a gipsy girl appeared in the streets of Madrid, and, to employ the words of my narrator, 'like a wonderful comet.' Many of her own race were with her, but her celestial beauty eclipsed them all. She danced like a syph, and sang like an angel. All hearts were taken by storm. She was applauded to the skies, and sought after by high and low. Poets praised her in song, and the wealthy rained golden showers upon her. And finally—so goes the story—an accomplished young courtier became passionately enamored of her; and for love of her became a gitano. She proved to be the daughter of a noble corregidor, having been stolen in infancy by a gipsy hag."

"I have heard that, or a similar tale," said Dunalstein, evidently embarrassed.

"I believe incidents like this have transpired even in England, which of course have a tendency to throw an air of romance around the English gipsies, as well as the Spanish."

Raymond looked searchingly at Dunalstein while he was speaking. When he had concluded, he wished him "good day," and turned his horse's head in another direction.

But a few moments had elapsed, and the sound of the stranger's last words were still ringing in Dunalstein's ears, when two dragoons came suddenly upon him by turning a sharp angle in the road. They checked their panting horses, and inquired if he had seen a man on horseback pass that way. They described the horse as being black and of large proportions, and the rider as a man of gentlemanly appearance and commanding person. The description plainly indicated the horseman who had just left him.

Dunalstein informed them that a gentleman,

who answered very well to their description, had spoken with him, and but a few minutes had passed since he had parted company with him.

"We'll catch him!" exclaimed one of the dragoons, examining hastily the priming of his pistols.

"Of what crime is he guilty?" asked the lord of Dunalstein, very much surprised at what he heard.

"Why, sir, he's the notorious highwayman who robbed the young lord of Glenburn."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Dunalstein, and the troopers, without pausing to answer, dashed away at full speed. Dunalstein, anxious to know what the result might be, and his curiosity deeply excited with what he had heard, changed his direction, and followed them at a gallop. Very soon they came in sight of the party pursued. He was going forward at an easy pace, apparently unconscious of the imminent danger that menaced him. Suddenly he turned in his saddle; the sound of horses' feet had reached him. He stopped his horse, examined his pursuers an instant, took off his hat, waved it in knightly style, touched his steed lightly with the spur, and then swept off with a speed that soon left the dragoons far behind. Dunalstein urged his horse to the summit of a hill, and watched his course with the deepest interest, until the gallant steed had borne his rider far from danger and from sight. When the troopers returned, their horses were blown, and their sides flecked with foam and streaming with perspiration.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RING—THE PURSUIT—THE CASTLE.

AMONG those who were anxious for the fate of Isadore, none felt a deeper anxiety than Joseph Abershaw. For several days after her mysterious disappearance, he had searched the adjacent country with unremitting earnestness. His exertions proving ineffectual, he resolved to observe the movements of the lord of Hardwick. He acted up to this determination, and soon saw enough to convince him that his own suspicions and those of Hepsy were not unfounded. But Hardwick was shrewd, and not long in making the discovery that he was watched; and so managed to throw Joseph off the track very often, and cause him to carry on the search in exactly the wrong direction.

Finding himself matched with one of great cunning, our hero grew wise and more vigilant. Perceiving that he had to deal with a man of energy and determination, Hardwick resolved to move Isadore to a greater distance. He succeeded in doing so by means of Conly, as already related.

Abershaw was dogging the steps of Hardwick when the latter and Dunalstein pursued him near the inn. After escaping (by the assistance of Raymond) the danger which threatened him, Joseph had concealed himself in the adjacent forest. When it became dark he ventured to visit the inn. Hardwick had gone, as he expected. He called for refreshments, and was served by the girl who had attended Isadore. While she was serving him, a ring upon her finger attracted his attention. A second glance convinced him that he had seen it before, upon fingers more fair.

"My good girl," said Joseph, in as careless a tone as he could assume, "will you inform me where you obtained that ring?"

"Do you like it?" asked the girl, with a gratified air.

"I think I do," replied the young man.

"It was given to me by a pretty but unfortunate young lady," added the girl.

"Why unfortunate?"

"As you seem to be a nice young man, I will tell you, although I was told to say nothing about it. The lady was mad."

"Mad?"

"Yes, mad as bedlam, sir, I assure you. She was all the time talking about her father, and how she had forcibly been carried away from home. I pitied the poor, dear soul, I declare!"

"Did she mention her father's name?" asked Abershaw, with increasing earnestness.

"O yes, a number of times, and entreated me to aid her in getting back to him, when her father was near her all the time."

"With her?"

"Certainly he was; but she persisted in calling him by some other name, in spite of everything that could be said."

"Do you remember her father's name?"

"Yes, it was Dun—Dun something; I don't recollect what."

"Dunalstein?" exclaimed Abershaw.

"That was it."

"Well, what did she call the man who was with her, that you took to be her father?"

"Hard—Hard—something, but what I can't say."

"Hardwick—the lord of Hardwick," added Joseph.

"You are right, sir. She called herself Isadore, and it was her who gave me this ring which pleases you."

"Where is she—how long ago did this take place?"

"I can keep a secret, sir, when I please, as long as anybody whatsoever, but I don't mind tellin' you. She was here this very day—the poor, dear soul!"

"How long has she been gone, and which way did she go?" continued Joseph, eagerly, putting a piece of money into the girl's hand.

"Why, how nervous you are to be sure! She was taken away in a great hurry, and much against her will, and was driven towards London very fast. You ought to have seen her; I know you would have pitied her. She had splendid eyes!"

"And where was Hardwick?"

"He came in a little while afterward wounded, and said he had been insulted by an insolent varlet. After he had recovered himself somewhat, he mounted his horse and went off in the same direction."

"Foolish girl!" said Joseph, much excited. "The young lady told you the truth. Have you not heard that Isadore of Dunalstein has suddenly disappeared, and cannot be found?"

"Why, bless me, no! Dunalstein is a long way off, and only the common sort of people stop here. Then the poor, dear soul was right! Lor me!"

Joseph paid his reckoning, left the inn hastily, mounted his horse, and galloped away on the London road. The night came on dark and stormy. The clouds which had been gathering for the last hour, now discharged their torrents of rain. He entered an extensive forest, where it was with great difficulty that he could keep the road. But he was not discouraged. The thought that Isadore had passed over that road, and he was going to her assistance, was a sufficient incentive to exertion. The darkness grew more impenetrable, and Joseph abandoned all idea of guiding his horse. He gave him the rein and suffered him to go on at his own pace. He went forward in this manner for several hours.

At length the rain ceased to fall; the clouds lifted, and the moon showed her silvery face. Joseph discovered that he was no longer upon the carriage-road, but pursuing a narrow path. Still trusting to his horse, he did not change his direction. Shortly he emerged from the bridle-path, and again found himself upon a road, rough, and evidently travelled but little.

He dismounted, and upon examination perceived that a carriage had recently passed over it, for the imprint of hoofs and wheels was visible and fresh. Abershaw now moved on with renewed courage. Though the road wound through the forest in a serpentine and curious manner, it did not materially retard his speed, and he urged on his horse in order to make up for lost time. To his surprise the towers of a castle appeared in view. Fastening his horse to a tree, he now advanced on foot. The drawbridge was down, and had apparently been seldom used of late. The whole edifice gave indications of neglect and decay. It had the appearance of having been tenanted for a long time, but Joseph traced the tracks to the gate of the court, which was closed. He pressed against it, but at first it did not yield. He exerted more force, and was successful. Crossing the court with hurried steps, he reached the portals of the castle. He tried the oaken doors; they shook and trembled, the fastenings gave way, and he pushed them open. He listened, but heard no sounds to indicate the presence of a human being. All was darkness within. Abershaw groped his way along from room to room, directed only by an occasional gleam of moonlight, which found its way through the windows. He ascended flights of stairs, dusty from disuse, and traversed long corridors, the air of which was damp and heavy. As he passed on he listened a moment at each door. When he had spent much time in this manner, and began to yield to feelings of discouragement, he heard light footsteps like those of a woman. He stood with breathless attention, awaiting the recurrence of the welcome sounds. Hark! he heard them again,

and their softness assured him that they were indeed the steps of a female.

She speaks—it is the voice of Isadore! Joseph's heart beat tumultuously, and he experienced a thrill of pleasure which our feeble pen cannot describe. All his toil and watching, all his sleepless nights and unceasing vigilance were rewarded. The fair maiden, whose tones were the only melody he desired to hear, whose approving smile was worth more than all her father's estates, was at length discovered—was near him; he should be instrumental in her escape, and restoration to liberty and friends. The thought diffused the warmest emotions of joy through his frame.

"Again is hope disappointed and expectation crushed," said Isadore. "Again I am a prisoner. Alas! how long will these gloomy walls behold my sufferings and my tears? Where are those who professed to love me? Why do they not unmask the villain, and prove their devotion by setting me at liberty?"

Joseph put his mouth to the keyhole and pronounced her name in a low voice.

There was a momentary silence.

"Did some one speak?" said Isadore.

"A friend," replied Joseph.

"Who?" asked our heroine, in an agitated voice.

"Have you forgotten my voice, lady?"

"It is Joseph Abershaw," answered Isadore.

"It is, lady."

"And why are you here?"

"To save you from the persecutions of the lord of Hardwick—to restore you to your friends—to perish in your defence, if need be."

"You are very brave and generous. I shall always be grateful. O, I have suffered very much!"

"Let us hope that your sufferings are at an end. Gentle Isadore, how happy will be that moment of my existence when I have succeeded in setting you at liberty."

"But how can that desirable result be obtained? This door is strongly secured."

"I will endeavor to force it open. If I succeed in doing so, there will be no further obstacle to overcome in leaving the castle. Do you know how many persons are here to oppose our exit, if we should be discovered?"

"The lord of Hardwick and two servants; desperate fellows, who would not scruple to do the bidding of their master, even to the shedding of blood."

"I fear them not. In defending you my arm would be endowed with thrice its ordinary power. He who loves truly, shrinks not from danger and death in the service of the beloved object who has awakened a sentiment so enduring."

"Before you make any attempt to remove the barriers between us, let me ask concerning the health of my father, and how he bears up under this affliction?"

"He makes continued exertions to find you, Miss Dunalstein, and his sorrow is deep and heartfelt. His health, I believe, is but little impaired; but I regret to say that he is wholly under the influence of the lord of Hardwick, in whom he still reposes entire confidence. And this is not all; his suspicions are strongly excited against myself, and an honest, but rough personage, whom you may have seen—Jack Lynd."

"Has any personal harm been offered you?"

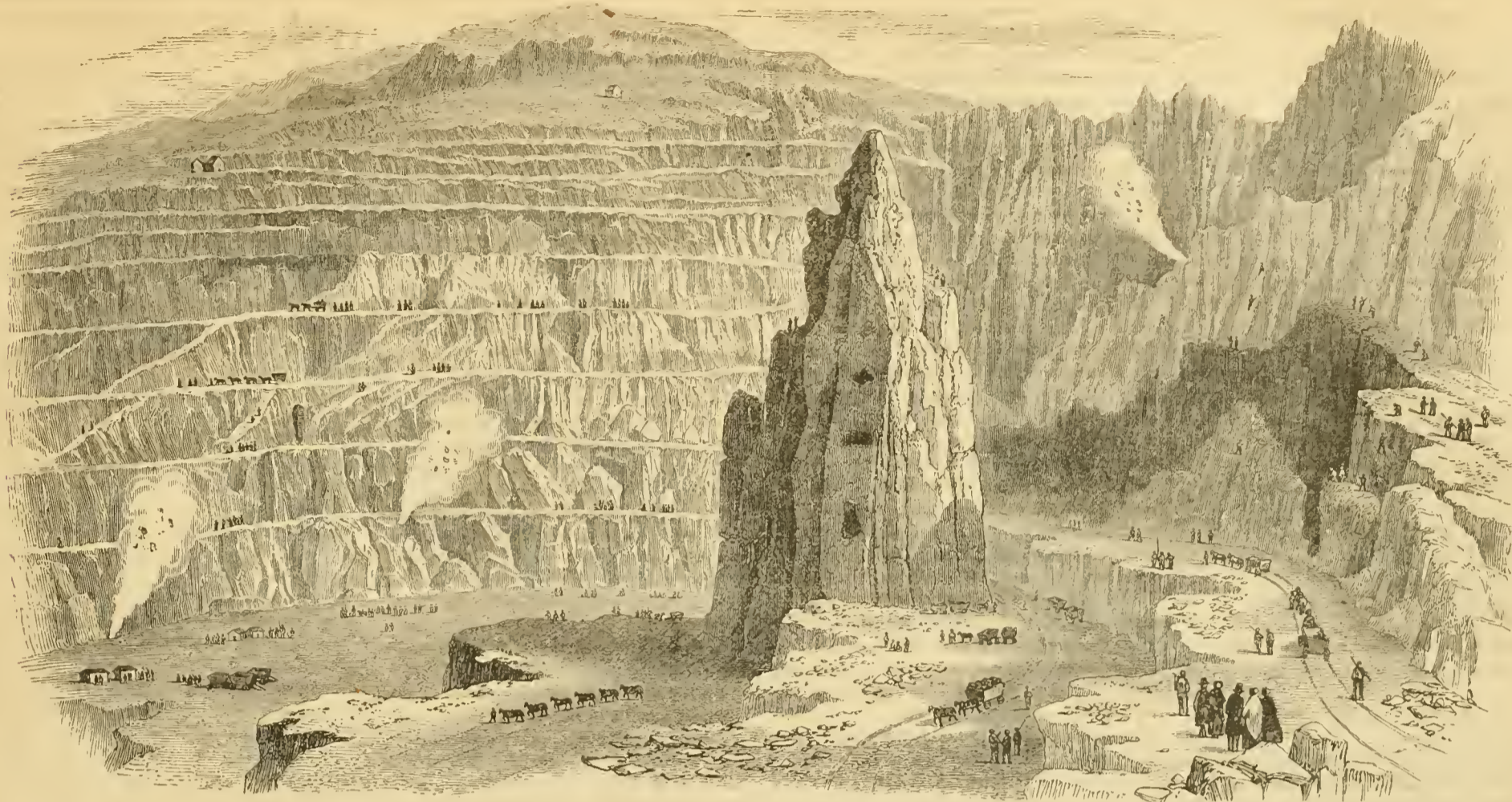
"I have been attacked, Miss Dunalstein, through the instigation of Hardwick, but not injured."

"I believe firmly in the justice of Heaven," said Isadore, "and therefore do not despair of this man's punishment. His sins are too great to remain long unobserved by that Being who has said, 'vengeance is mine; I will repay.'"

"In a few moments, perhaps, Miss Dunalstein, I may be torn from you forever. Permit me to say that whatever may be my fate, I shall not regret it, since in serving you I was doing my duty, and no more. I know that you cannot reciprocate the love which I have been so bold as to avow; your rank and your pride forbid you to do so; and I do not expect it. I am a gipsy, and in being so, am placed far below you in the eyes of your people. Fair lady, I expect no reward except the pleasure experienced in being near your person, and in knowing that I may be of service to you. Be kind enough to mark well these words, and let them sink deep into your heart."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

There's not so much danger
In a known foe, as a suspected friend.—Nabb.



VIEW OF THE PENRYHN SLATE QUARRIES, IN WALES.

PENRYHN SLATE QUARRIES IN WALES.

The above engraving presents an accurate view of the famous Slate Quarries at Penryhn, near Banjor, Wales, and the property of Col. Douglas Pennant, a member of the British parliament. They were discovered during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but not worked very effectively till the year 1782. The number of workmen was increased by the then proprietor to 600. The greatest diameter occupied by the quarries is about 3000 feet. The quarries are worked in separate stories, and each story has its railway. The slates are of excellent quality. One thousand workmen are constantly employed, and the net profit arising from the quarries is \$100,000 a year. English slate stone is far more durable than that of the continent, and is very extensively used for architectural purposes. It lasts more than a century. There is a large quarry in Angers, which occupies 3000 workmen, and yearly turns out from 120,000,000 to 130,000,000 of slates, worth very near 2,000,000 francs. In the Ardennes, the quarries of Deville and Montherme manufacture annually 25,685,000 slates. The total annual product of the French quarries has been stated at 135,029,000 slates.

ANGLING.

Like most unimaginative people, Dr. Johnson despised, or affected to despise, the art of angling. Nothing better could be expected of a gorballed pedant, the source of all whose sentiment was the tea-pot, and whose ponderous jokes only found their way to his lips under the hydraulic pressure of fifteen cups of bohea. Probably the doctor had at some time or other essayed, in his elephantine way, to cast a fly for trout or grayling, or to fish with ground bait for gudgeons, and had failed at both. Fancy that round and clumsy man attempting to beguile the shy tenants of the stream—to practise a craft which requires as much tact, strategy, and finesse as are necessary in war! Picture to yourself the "leviathan of literature" striding among the bushes on the marge of a trout brook, with the tread of a rhinoceros crashing through the underwood of an African jungle! Of course, if he ever made the experiment, it must have proved an abortion. One can imagine how the big egotist, after making a few unsuccessful casts, would dash down his rod and line in disgust—the vein of morose piety running through his animal nature barely restraining him from swearing. We have always supposed that it was after some such misadventure that the burly, surly, intellectual mastodon turned to his cur "Bozzy," and gave vent to his spleen in the words so often quoted by people who have not *nous* enough to catch a minnow: "Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string, with a fool at one end and a worm at the other." A fig for Dr. Johnson! He was a beast of brain; but his soul was not touched to fine issues. The fresh-hearted, kindly, nature-loving Izaak Walton was worth a dozen of him. In fact, we doubt hugely that there was ever yet a true angler with a cold, inhospitable heart. Your accomplished fisherman has always a benevolent look.—As he plies dexterously his taper rod and light transparent line, "where rivulets dance their wayward round," the music of the joyous waters passes into his heart, and their sparkling smile into his face. With what a sublime self-confidence he draws back the lithe rod, gives it a flourish or two, and then sends the feathered line sailing many a fathom through the air, to alight just on the edge of an eddy, or beside a root or stone where the "hermit trout" is dreamily working his bright fins, and slowly steering himself about in indolent enjoyment! When the fish is struck, how gently, how tenderly the experienced angler plays him! Knowing that the courser of the brook is tender-mouthed, he reins him lightly—guiding him hither and thither, humoring him in his impetuous leaps and dashes, and finally bringing him, with a quiet compulsion, within reach of the gaff or the landing-net. No smile is seen on Piscator's face while the struggle is going on; but when the scarlet spots flash within the meshes, or the gaff has transpierced the graceful creature behind the shoulder, then his face breaks into a blaze of triumph.—Nor is his enjoyment limited to the moment. He "fights his battles o'er again" among his "brothers of the angle," and dwells on each achievement with as much zest as if it had involved the capture of a city instead of the taking of a fish. We confess

to all the enthusiasm which should characterize a true votary of the craft; but of skill we possess only a small modicum. Nevertheless, we are preparing our tackle and flies, and putting "a certain convocation of worms" to their purgation in fresh moss, prior to a railroad rush into some *trouty* district between this and Dunkirk. Luck we hope to have, but are sure of enjoyment. The green places of the earth are very pleasant to us, and we see them but seldom. The soul gets musty, and the brain likewise, if kept too long in the close atmosphere of a city; and as our intellect and imagination require an airing, we propose to take them into the wilderness for a day or two to sweeten.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

THE URAN UTAN.

In a recent work by Mr. E. T. Thompson, there is an amusing illustration of the faculty of imitation displayed by the uran utan. An uran utan brought up by Pere Carbasson became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him. Whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still

laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, re-doubled his vociferations and actions. These the uran imitated so exactly that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, and burst out in loud and continued laughter. The father was at last made acquainted with what was going on above his head, and the uran was speedily marched out of the church, with his countenance very expressive of insulted innocence.

No one can read the following anecdote of an uran, in the possession of Mr. Copts, without allowing him a large amount of reasoning power: He was passionately fond of oranges, and Mr. Copts gave him the half of one, laying the other half aside upon the upper shelf of a press out of his sight and reach. Some time after, being reclined on a couch with his eyes closed, he noticed the uran prowling about the room, and showing that, notwithstanding his apparent inattention, the position of the orange had been narrowly watched. Anxious to see the result, Mr. Copts continued quiet, and feigned sleep. The uran cautiously approached the sofa, examined as far as he could into the somnolency of his master, then, having satisfied himself on that point, he mounted quietly, and expeditiously finished the orange, carefully concealed the peel in the grate among some paper shavings, and having again examined Mr. Copts, who still feigned sleep, Master Uran retired chuckling to his couch.—*Anecdotes of Animals.*

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

I still remember the first half hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then about twenty-six years old. She had a face and frame that would indicate fullness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of lady-like self-possession. For the rest her appearance had nothing prepossessing.—Her extreme plainness—a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids, the nasal tone of her voice—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. It is to be said, that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem for others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them. I believe I fancied her too much interested in personal history; and her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to everybody's foibles. I remember that she made me laugh more than I liked; for I was, at that time, an eager scholar of ethics, and had tasted the sweets of solitude and stoicism, and found something profane in the hours of amusing gossip into which she drew me, and when I returned to my library, had much to think of the crackling of thorns under a pot.—*R. W. Emerson.*

OLD CONVENT OF THE FRANCISCANS, AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.



OLD CONVENT OF THE FRANCISCANS AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

Christianity, driven from its birth place in the East by the incoming of a false religion enforced by the scimitar, has never ceased to struggle for its re-establishment; and the apostles of the true faith, braving privation disease and martyrdom, have sought to plant the cross beside the crescent. The Christian convent and the moslem mosque rise side by side, and the vesper hymn often mingles with the chant of the muezzin. The artist has given us a sketch of the picturesque remains of one of these old convents in the Egyptian city of Alexandria. The old monk seated on a fragment of stone, is probably instructing the child at his knee in some of the simple doctrines of the true religion, while the indolent orientals around him are heedless of his ministry. The minaret of a mosque, rising in the distance, typifies the temporary ascendancy of Mohammedanism. This, like every other form of false religion, is yet to pale before the genius of Christianity, which is destined, in its benignant mission, to girdle the globe.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES TO A MOTHER.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Mother! in thy far off home,
Thinking of thine absent one,
May some guardian angel be
Ever near, to welcome thee
With the hope, that though he roam,
God will bless and guard thy son.

When thy prayer is raised to Heaven
For his welfare, may'st thou know
That though far away from thee,
There are hearts, whose sympathy
Ever shall be truly given,
Till from here fate bids him go.

By his kind and gentle bearing,
He has won the love of all;
And whatever may betide,
While he lingers by our side,
Ever for his comfort caring,
We from Heaven would blessings call.

May thy hallowed influence ever
Guard and guide him through the strife;
And while distant far from thee,
May thy memory ever be
The quenchless star, whose light shall never
Cease to burn but with his life.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

RUTH WHITFIELD.

A HEART-HISTORY.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

It had cost her much pain and many struggles, but Ruth Whitfield at last came in sight of the old beech tree, beneath which William Britton appointed their last meeting.

She approached it with a sorrowful heart. Tears were swimming in her blue eyes, and when she dimly saw through them the old tree, around which were gathered so many dear memories, they broke from her lids, and fell to the ground at her feet.

He was not yet there, and she had half a mind to turn back again; she was so undecided, and her heart was so full of swelling grief. Scarcely knowing why, she pushed on, however, to the foot of the huge tree, and seated herself upon one of its gnarled and twisted roots.

Her bonnet was in her hand, and the profuse wealth of her auburn hair showered in golden curls over her neck and shoulders, while the setting sun braided up her unbound locks in bands of matchless beauty. A peculiar glory seemed to have settled upon her head; while her large and lustrous eyes beamed with a subdued light that could not have been altogether earthly.

She strained her gaze, now up and now down the road, but as yet desisted no one approaching. It was a lonely spot, where intruding feet would be but little likely to come. At this hour of sunset, too, the influences about it were all sombre and sad. And they stole into the heart of gentle Ruth like long shadows, not altogether dark, yet but slightly illumined with the brightness of her own thoughts. They drew her dreaming eyes to the earth, and she began to run over in her mind the past days, the golden clusters of hopes, the generous promises, and the boundless prospects. All were of happiness, and love, and truth.

A rustling in the direction of the bushes awakened her from her reverie. She looked up, and saw her lover standing beside her.

At first, she could scarcely speak, for her deep emotion. She was looking upon the face of him who was to her dearer than all others, for the last time in many years. No one would be left her to whom she could confide her secret thoughts when he was gone. All sympathies would be turned into stone, when his warm sympathies were withdrawn. Poor Ruth! Little was the wonder that her feelings almost overwhelmed her.

William Britton was but a poor boy, the son of a hard and unfeeling father. Farm work was what he thought he had had enough of. His dreams led him along to higher points, until in reality he almost touched the gilded pinnacles his ambition had erected. He was tired of what he deemed a life of drudgery. His father sought not to interest him in his labor, and never thought of the policy or necessity of such a thing as holding out promises. He said that the law itself allowed him his son's labor until he had passed his minority, and then he had no more to do with him. And this is the reasoning, cold and unfeeling as it is, of many and many a father everywhere around us.

The youth stood beneath the twisted old beech tree, a runaway. His bundle of clothes was slung upon a stick over his shoulder, and he was fully equipped for his journey. He wore a pair of stout boots upon his feet, that looked as if they must outlast even the stern stuff of which his heart, at that moment, seemed made. Yet there was a hesitation in his manner, and a want of decisiveness in his words, when he attempted to speak, that betrayed immediately the trouble that was gathering thickly about his heart. He wanted to appear only manly, and it was impossible for him to act out the deceit. His eyes fell to the ground; his lips quivered; he sat down beside Ruth, and took her hand in his own.

It was some moments before either of them could speak. Choking sensations obstructed their utterance. And when at length words came, they were spoken in low and melancholy tones, keeping a strange and musical harmony with the lull of the evening air, and yet echoing in the heart-chambers of each as loudly as if spoken by a thousand tongues.

"Ruth," said the young man, still holding her little hand between his own, "I will come back again."

"But it will be a great while first," said the artless child-girl, in reply. "The summer will all be gone; and the winter will come and go; and the spring-flowers will bloom on the hill-sides, and down the lanes, and in the woods; and another summer will come again; and another; and how many, many more! O, William, can I wait so long?"

The tender earnestness of her speech had nearly prevented his replying at all. But he rallied himself with a strong effort, and replied:

"My dear Ruth, can you not wait but a few years, when you know they will bring you such greater joys in the end? Will you not suffer this separation for so long a time, if by the means we shall both be made so much happier?"

He waited a moment to see what effect his words might have on her. She answered him only after much difficulty, while the glistening tears swam like jewels in her eyes:

"My heart is strong. It will bear much."

At this point, her convulsive sobs prevented her saying another syllable.

William wound his arm gently about her waist, and, drawing her closer still to him, kissed her pale forehead,—how pale and cold! It startled him.

He looked again into her eyes, and spake not a word for some time. Their eyes finally met.

"It is asking too much," exclaimed he. "Ruth, I will not go. I will stay. I will stay only to make you always happy."

"No, no!" replied she, her resolution opportunely coming to her aid. "Go!—go and be what you have determined to be. Do what your heart has fixed itself upon. Be happy."

"And shall you be happy too, Ruth?"

"Too happy, too happy, if I only know that you are successful in your wishes," replied the devoted girl.

He could only press her to his heart again, in return for her love thus sincerely expressed.

"In five years," said he, as he rose to his feet and gazed sorrowfully about him. "It costs me a pang, Ruth, and you a greater one; but my hopes brighten my path. It would be all dark without them. And I have your own prayers, too."

"All of them," said she.

He kissed her forehead again. He took her by her hand once more, and pressed it in a silent adieu. He could not trust himself to words.

He felt something thrust into his hand, but dared not look to see what. His heart was too full.

Casting a long and tender glance at the bride of his young heart, his own eyes filled with blinding tears, William Britton began in silence and sorrow his journey through the world; the same journey on which so many sink down, faint, and weary, and worn, by the way-side, and so many more find only disappointments enough to make them wish from their hearts they had never once started. Truly, it requires a stout heart to press forward on this journey through all the trials that environ us.

Ruth looked after him, anxiously and prayerfully, till the dense shadows received him to their embrace in the distance; and long after he had finally disappeared, her eyes were still fixed on the place where she last saw his departing form.

Then turning her head about again, she bent down beneath the great weight of her grief, and

suffered her sorrow to swell and burst in a rain of hot tears.

When this tempest had in a degree subsided, her spirit felt more calm; and she arose from her seat, forgetful that the dusky shadows were already dancing hither and thither upon the old road, and slowly pursued her way home again.

All that night she lay tossing upon her bed. She had a secret in her heart which she dreaded equally to keep and to reveal. Her sister Mary frequently asked her what gave her so much uneasiness, and why she slept so little, and tossed so much; but the replies she received were no more than subterfuges, from which the lonely heart hoped to make sufficient concealment for its bitter feelings.

She told Mary that the night was warm; and the moon was bright; and that when the wind-gusts lifted the boughs of the old elms from before the window, she could see the white head-stones that glimmered through the green of the distant churchyard. Mary tried to laugh these sombre fancies out of her sister's brain; but even so gay a creature as she was unequal to such a task. Ruth only murmured the more to herself, as if in a troubled dream.

"But you see the head-stones every night when the moon shines, do you not?" rallied her sister.

"Yes; but how much whiter they look now!" returned Ruth.

"What should make them so, pray?" persisted Mary, apparently determined to get well on the track of these phantoms, and chase them away altogether.

"It should be the moon, but it is not. I do not know what it is. But how pure, how white, how very white!"

Mary at last determined to indulge her sister in giving rein to these queer fancies, and herself fell asleep. But sleep came not near the pillow of Ruth. She watched until the gray streaks streamed up over the eastern sky, and her pillow was wet with tears. The round red sun glared like a ball of fire through the morning mist, and fell upon the wall of her room.

Mary was up early, and her voice was to be heard everywhere about the house. She seemed to Ruth even gayer than usual on that morning; but, perhaps, it was because of the contrast with the deep depression of her own spirits at that sad time. Every ringing laugh that fell on the ears of Ruth, made her, if possible, more sad than ever.

Days and weeks went slowly away. The sudden disappearance of William Britton was the topic of talk for many a week; but even that gave place at length to others equally interesting and much more new. No one knew whither or why he had gone, save only Ruth. Perhaps the secret at times burdened her sensitive heart, but still she kept it.

Never lagged time more slowly to her. How she wished she could set the old hall clock forward, far forward,—days, weeks, months, years. And then a sudden sense of the great length of time that must yet elapse before she could again behold her lover, rushed over her, and she thought she could not wait so long; she felt as if upon her seeing William immediately, depended not only her happiness, but her very life itself.

And as Ruth, day by day and week by week, grew more anxious and saddened at heart, and her countenance overspread with a still more frightful pallor, and her voice became even more soft, and melancholy, and low, there were some who thought she could not be wholly well; and others, who did not heed these alarming changes at all, the more alarming, because so insidious; and others still, who had no sympathy whatever for illy concealed sorrow, and thought she was a remarkably indolent girl, who would live long enough to know what the need of labor was. And as for Ruth herself, she bore all these mocking taunts, and insinuations, and cruel looks, as best she could; even the changed manner of her own parents at length became quite natural to her, and she thought, or tried to think, they must be right in abandoning her to coldness and chill neglect.

Weeks and months passed, but no tidings from her youthful lover. She dreamed, and prayed, and hoped; and in this little circuit all her hours ran. Mary was altogether different from her. Mary was full of life, and wore an affected gaiety about her spirits; Ruth was quiet, and thoughtful, and fearfully calm. Her heart was unmoved by the trifling objects, that each recurring day so easily excited her sister Mary to laughter or passion. Yet for all this, it was

much more crowded with deep feeling than her sister's. She seemed calm, but beneath the cover of that calm exterior, the wildest tempests of thought and feeling were oftentimes breaking.

While time was thus silently rolling away, unnoticed by all save Ruth, and almost the name itself of William Britton was forgotten by the good people the country round, a strange gentleman chanced to pass a portion of the summer season in the village, come thither for the purpose of recruiting his health and energies. He was from a distant city, and of course at first greatly delighted with the freshness and rural beauty of the locality he had the good taste to select for his temporary residence.

In person, he was of good figure, tall, manly, and attractive. His manners were easy and highly polished, while his flowing conversation betrayed a mind of no low degree of cultivation. He was, likewise, reported to be possessed of considerable wealth, and that fact had its due weight—I do not say anything more—with the mothers and maidens of the little village.

In the course of time, he had succeeded in pleasing almost everybody. There was no social or family board to which he was not heartily welcome. If there was to be celebrated a picnic party in the grove, he was the first thought of in the schedule of invitations. All convivial gatherings would have indeed been tedious without him. So it was voted by all. His flow of humor seemed inexhaustible. He made himself studiously agreeable to all. He seemed informed on all topics of immediate interest, and commanded no less the respect than the admiration of those with whom he was brought in contact.

He had seen Mary, and was pleased with her from the first. Her vivacity charmed him, so natural and easy did it appear in his eyes. She unexpectedly betrayed him into making confessions he had not foreseen, and entangled his heart with feelings of whose existence he knew tilt then just nothing. Yet Mary was not artful or designing; unless the most artless simplicity itself be such; and of this she had quite her single share. In truth, the very absence of all art in her was the highest degree of art. It is so in all other things, as well as in manners.

While Mary was thus successful in engaging the attention of the stranger to herself, Ruth was reserved, and kept out of the way altogether. Perhaps it was because of her native modesty and sensitiveness; perhaps it was on account of her sadness at thoughts of her own long-absent lover; or it may have been from both these causes combined. At all events, she studiously avoided the stranger's society, as, in fact, she had long seemed to shun that of every one else.

But even all this would not do. This very reserve, in which Ruth had wrapped all her actions, and even her character itself, only excited his curiosity; and from his curiosity sprang up a deep interest in her. Cost what it would, he determined to become acquainted with Ruth.

How this was all accomplished, I will not undertake here to say. The petty delays and perplexing disappointments that environed his entire way, were numerous and as variously overcome. It would only be a needless repetition of what has occurred a thousand times before, and of no especial interest or profit to the reader, either.

He was taking a lonely walk in the woods, one fine afternoon, toward the sunset hour, engaged intently upon the shifting thoughts that chased each other across his brain. Coming to a shaded place, scooped out between two gentle hills, he espied a female seated beneath one of the largest trees.

At first he hesitated; then, as he saw at another glance who the fair nymph was, he pushed boldly forward and accosted her:

"Good afternoon, Miss Ruth," ventured he.

She returned his civility quite gracefully, though it was impossible for her to conceal the surprise that started her on being discovered in this retreat.

The gentleman began a lively and animated conversation with her, and at length so much engaged her as to venture to sit at her feet upon the moss-carpet beneath the tree. She seemed to oppose no wish of hers to it, and he accordingly felt encouraged.

They sat there, and talked till the sun flung its long bars and rods of gold through all the woods. The western sky became red, then purple, then faintly orange, and thus, one by one, the evening tints all died out in the crowding shadows.

When they rose to their feet again, to return to the village, the heart of the stranger had been

freely and fully given to Ruth. He had asked for her love in return.

Did she give it? Had she so soon, then, forgotten her old lover,—the poor boy, William Britton?

The countenance of the stranger, as they walked slowly homeward, best answered for Ruth. It was overcast with an expression of deep anxiety, perhaps of disappointment. In any event disappointment was in his heart.

No, no; Ruth was true to the instincts of her first abiding love.

Her parents heard of her decision, and took the opportunity to upbraid her with her weakness: for such they honestly thought it was. Yet they knew nothing of the strong passion that slept, like a hidden fire, in her heart—the love for the poor runaway. They could not help wondering why the stranger should settle his fancy upon so reserved and silent a girl as Ruth, and pass by such an impersonation of vivacity and beauty as was Mary. But their wonder was all they got for their trouble. It was not for them to read the secrets of hearts, as it was for the eyes of an already infatuated lover.

The stranger, however, took a final leave of the village at length, after he had again, and still again, renewed his protestations of attachment to Ruth, each time, of course, in vain. She was not, by any means, insensible to the regard he professed; but she suffered, farther than this, his words to make no impression upon her. None were more deeply moved by her conduct than her parents. They essayed, artfully, to divert the gentleman's preferences from Ruth to Mary. And at the last, they became so much incensed at what they saw was inevitable, that they could but poorly endure even her presence with them. Their affection amounted to selfishness and pride.

And all this Ruth too well knew; and all the time, her heart was too full for utterance. To explain to her parents, would, she knew, inflame her friends still more; for they would instantly have decided, as between the stranger and the runaway, in favor of the former.

And when, too, Ruth began to think the whole matter over again calmly, and when she reflected that it was a long, long time since she had heard from William, and that ere she should hear from him again, his feelings towards her might have undergone a great change, she trembled in view of the fearful chances that might overtake her; yet there was a secret power in her truthful heart that made her strong. She did not falter; she could not hesitate, so long as that power controlled her.

After more sadness, more tears, more persecution, and after many and many a silent tryst beneath the old beech tree, where she had spoken the sorrowful syllables of farewell to her long estranged lover, her heart momentarily threw off its great weight of sorrow, and the olden smiles temporarily wreathed her face.

William Britton had returned! His entrance into the village was the occasion of much surprise and more remark. When Ruth first heard he had come, her strength failed her, and she felt as if she must faint. She withdrew to her chamber, and passed the time there in wondering how he would appear; if he looked at all as he looked when last she saw him. She tried to settle it in her mind, if he was yet as devoted to her as he once promised ever to be. And she kept wondering, and questioning, and fearing, until her mind was in almost as unnatural a state as if she had heard he would never return again at all.

They met. It was in the little parlor of Ruth's old homestead.

The joy of that meeting might be described; but the joy of Ruth's heart, at finding her lover still devoted, and confiding, and true, never.

The boy-lover had become a man. His manners and appearance had been greatly improved by his long absence, and his tastes had been much cultivated. He was, outwardly, in every respect changed.

Since his departure from home, no one had ever looked for his return, or for any favorable account from him further. They were willing to believe him dead, or worthless. A runaway, they thought, had but few chances left for him.

But he disappointed the jealous-eyed ones bitterly. He had now come back an active and influential man, already in possession of considerable money, and on the high road to an almost limitless fortune. He had embarked in business with another gentleman in the metropo-

lis, and they were successful beyond even their most sanguine hopes.

And many and many a pleasant time had the two lovers met again, down the road by the old beech tree. They sat beneath its shade upon its twisted roots, and talked in tender voices of the times that were gone by, of their separate experiences, hopes, and fears; and the future, now opening so brightly upon them. What dreamy hours were those to them!

A bright and golden morning in October had come. The sun had a genial warmth, just lapping up the heavy dews, and rolling the white and vapory mists up the hill sides.

The little parlor at the Whitfield homestead was full. The clergyman was there, likewise. There were happy smiles on all faces, and merry hearts even among those who had full reason to sorrow.

William led Ruth into the room, and both stood before the clergyman. In a few moments he pronounced them man and wife. Ruth's hope had not finally failed her.

They received the congratulations of their friends, and left for the city again at once.

The change in the feelings of Ruth's parents was quite as sudden as it was complete. Their prejudices were all routed.

They reached town safely. William Britton, on an early evening thereafter, introduced his partner to his bride, hitherto keeping it entirely a secret whence he had brought her, or who she was.

His partner was the same gentleman who had, only the same summer, offered himself to Ruth for a husband!

The surprise was great, and perhaps the chagrin was greater; so he resolved to make his own joy the greatest and most unaffected of all. Ruth was lost to him. He had but a single step left him, and that was, to marry Mary, the sister of Ruth.

This step was taken at the earliest day practicable. No one could be more surprised and gratified both than the parents, at hearing of the relation borne by the stranger to William, now the husband of Ruth; yet stranger things, as well as more joyful things, have often happened.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"MAY YOU DIE WITH YOUR KINDRED."

BY OLIVER OBER.

O God, in my own hallowed home may I die,
Away from earth's madness, away from its strife;
At peace with my God, may my soul upward fly,
At peace with mankind, may it seek its new life.

The season of promise, the season of bloom,
The birds singing sweetly their psalm of praise;
O then may I gently sink into the tomb,
A day in the spring be the last of my days.

Let green waving trees softly sigh in my ear,
The zephyr's sweet cool on my hot cheek alight;
O then, while the faint notes of angels I hear,
May earth take its dust, and my soul wing its flight.

But more than the season, the birds, and the breeze,
Affection's sweet voices be heard round my bed;
Harmless commingling with musical trees,
To chant the last requiem of peace to the dead.

Thus be my departure, and when I am gone,
May modest white flowers bloom over my grave;
And loved ones of earth seek the cypress-decked lawn,
My green sod with tears of affection to lave.

THE TEARS OF OYSTERS.

Glancing round this anatomical workshop (the oyster), we find, amongst other things, some preparations showing the nature of pearls. Examine them, and we find that there are dark and dingy pearls, just as there are handsome and ugly men; the dark pearl being found on the dark shell of the fish, the white brilliant one upon the smooth inside shell. Going further in the search, we find that the smooth, glittering lining, upon which the fish moves, is known as the *nacre*, and that it is produced by a portion of the animal called the *mantle*; and, for explanation's sake, we may add that gourmands practically know the mantle as the beard of the oyster. When living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way through the shell to disturb the smoothness so essential to its ease, the fish coats the offending substance with *nacre*, and a pearl is thus formed. The pearl is, in fact, a little globe of the smooth, glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard; yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops, real pearly tears, if he is hurt. When a beauty glides among a throng of her admirers, her hair clustering with pearls, she little thinks that her ornaments are products of pain and diseased action, endured by the most unpoetical of shell-fish.—*Leisure Hours.*

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king;
Much less make any one thine enemy.—*Herbert.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

ECHO.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

Secluded in each forest dell,
Where flowers perfume the leaf-lit air;
Where ne'er the slightest discord fell,
Echo's sweet spirit slumbers there.

Soft echo! daughter of sweet sounds,
Thy vocal shell, like dreams of yore,
Fainter and fainter still resounds,
Fraught with more sweetness than before.

At Tweedside, where reflected beams,
Dimpling in waves to re-unite,
Be thine to pour along in streams,
The shout of laughter and delight.

When morning smiles, I love to stray,
With lake and mountain stretched around,
To hear retold some wildwood lay,
In echo's sympathy of sound.

To hear some lagging huntsman's horn,
Who loves the glorious sunrise hours;
Who loves the cool and azure morn,
And mountain stream, and wildwood bowers.

When all around, above, beneath,
In heaven's own love united dwell;
Where flowerets grow to form the wreath,
Not fame's, but joy's own tide to swell.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

AN

INCIDENT OF ADVENTURE.

BY D. J. SPRAGUE.

It was on a beautiful morning in June that we again resumed our toilsome march. The sun had not climbed high above the hills, nor yet the woods ceased their echo to the notes of the morning warblers. The pearly dew still glistened on each branch and blade of grass, and adorned as with a new made coronet of gems the new born spring.

Our way lay through a tract of country most wild and picturesque. In our rear, and over which we had passed the preceding day, was a plain of surprising beauty. It was not the luxuriant plot of the Southern planter, the carefully arranged garden of the East, or the park of nobles, glistening in its artificial fountains. It was nature's own flower-bed, watered by the meanderings of a little stream, which twinkled in the light of the sun; and from the wild blossoms was exhaled a perfume fragrant as from a grove of spices.

Before us little could be seen, save as a slight eminence aided us to overlook the surrounding wood, and then was disclosed to our eyes scenery, though wanting, perhaps, in beauty, yet unsurpassed in grandeur and magnificence, and begging indeed our powers of description.

We had travelled at an unusually rapid pace. Already much of the day had flown; the sun had now passed its meridian; not a cloud dimmed the serenity of the azure sky; whilst a silence surrounded us, unbroken, save by the tread of our horses, the humming of the busy bee, and now and then the shrill whistle of our guide, or the echo of his rustic song.

My eye, ever on the alert in search of game, had wandered in vain to find a worthy mark for my rifle. We had passed through a region strangely monotonous to the sportsman delighted with the thrilling incidents of the chase. However, we proceeded but little farther, when I discovered the long wished for object. At a short distance on my right, I spied several deer with their skipping fawns, suddenly springing up and as suddenly darting through the thickets out of sight.

This was the signal for the sportsman. I felt its quickening impulse as the blood flashed through my veins. In imagination, I followed out the chase;—the whizzing of our rifle balls; the panting, struggling deer; the slaying of their warm carcasses; our return to the camp, and last, though by no means least, the thought of rich venison for supper.

I had become perfectly enthusiastic. Putting spurs to my horse, I hastened to overtake my comrades, and solicit some one of them for a companion. But to all my entreaties they were deaf, and seemed, inwardly, to smile at my very eagerness. I cared not for this; for, though they inwardly smiled, I was conscious that they, too, inwardly respected me, both as a companion and a skilful huntsman. But such time was not to be wasted in vain words. I again put spurs to my steed, and bounded away, promising to meet them before they made their night encampment.

My ideas of the direction which the deer took in their flight, were not very definite; yet I was sure I had seen them, and that it was not a delusion of my wild imagination. I wandered now here, now there, but could find no traces of them. About to abandon the hunt, yet vexed at the thoughts of returning unsuccessful to the camp, I ascended a little rise of ground. Here I immediately discovered the object of my search, quietly feeding on the plain a few rods distant, and the same flock which I had spied some hours previous. The next question was, how could I get within reach of them. They were on an open plain, and double the distance from me which my rifle would carry.

I perceived that they would soon reach the stream on the other side of the plain, and concluded there to make my attack. As silently as possible, I rode to the banks of the stream, and leaving my horse, began to wade toward them, carefully raising my head above the banks to see what progress I had made. I was now almost in front of them. Standing near the bank, though still in the water, I prepared my rifle, then waited their approach. After a moment, I fired, and brought to the ground one of the largest of the bucks. All, except the doe, instantly fled. She remained behind, which circumstance much surprised me. Now she bounds off a little distance, then, as if in frantic grief, returns to her companion; again starts up to flee, and again returns.

At the sight of such affection, and the thought of the deed which I had committed, my conscience chided me, and the tears almost suffused my eye. Motionless I stood in thought, and yet in fear; for what was I to do? I feared even to approach the dead while the unharmed exhibited such sympathy and so closely watched, as if to discover the author of the crime. I dared not move, fearful lest I should attract her attention toward me. Well did I remember my former contest with a wounded deer, and the deep cuts in my legs which I received from its sharp hoofs, my tremendous struggle and miraculous escape.

My only hope was in my skill as a marksman, and that with one unerring shot I should lay her beside her companion. Standing in almost breathless silence, I again reloaded and fired. She reeled and fell. With joy I seized my hunting-knife, and sprung to inflict another wound. But no, I sprung not; I willed to move, but moved not. I could not raise a foot. Fixed I stood as if held by some huge monster. Readily I perceived the cause of my difficulty. It was a *quicksand* on which I had been standing. I had gradually sunk into the sand, though in my intense agitation, imperceptibly, almost to the top of my hunting boots. I tried to extricate first one foot and then the other, but in vain; I was held as in a vice. Slowly and mysteriously I was being dragged down. In horror I pulled and tugged at my chains, but in vain!

I had tried every means to extricate myself. If I threw myself upon the sand, the water was just deep enough to cover my body, and I should drown in the attempt. I tried to dig the sand away with my hands, but each handful removed was instantly replaced by water. Not a twig or branch could I reach. I had already sunk almost to my loins, and now by my exertions my feet and limbs began to swell. I believed all was lost, and endeavored to calm my mind and become resigned to my fate. But a wild dizziness came over me. I could think of naught but death, as it seemed to creep, inch by inch, upon me. And now hawks, vultures and buzzards, a loathsome crew, descended; and with hideous screeches to pluck out the eyes and tear open the bodies of the deer. By watching these birds, my mind, in a measure, turned from myself, and I became more calm. I thought of my horse, and feared lest he had met the same fate. But a brighter thought flashed across my mind. I had in the morning thrown across his neck a lasso, which, if I could cast about a tree or branch, I might yet be extricated. Being slightly hitched, he would come at my call. I shouted, and soon he was by my side. I took the lasso and tied it round my waist, then round the neck and shoulders of my noble steed. Taking the reins from his neck in my hands, that I might guide him, I spoke to him, and gently he pulled. I felt at once that he had not only stopped my descent, but had raised me a little. I spoke again, and gradually he drew me out. With joy I stood on firm ground, and gratefully I mounted my deliverer. A few moments and I was upon the trail of my companions, and not a long time brought me to their encampment.



SERVICE OF PLATE PRESENTED TO HON. N. P. BANKS, BY THE MEMBERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

HON. N. P. BANKS.

In almost all countries, the public man is a fair type of his community, state, or nation. Whether he is formally elected to office, or born to it, he continues in it by virtue of being "a representative man," radically true to the spirit of those who follow, or obey, or sustain him. Hence it is, we suppose, that Carlyle says, in apologizing for his biographical histories, that "the history of the world is the biography of a few great men." Massachusetts since its settlement has, perhaps, produced more "marked men," such as are just indicated, than any territory of like size since the days of the Grecian States. Whether we look beyond the revolution, or at this side of it, their angular, strong and august lineaments stare us into steadfast and sober contemplation. They are a gallery of Rembrandts, in which, while the individuality is very apparent, the same general characteristics are brought out by the simple but powerful lines of thoughtfulness, energy, decision, and self-control. If, as Yorick says of the French, "if they have a fault, it is that they are too grave." The original of the portrait given herewith, NATHANIEL PRENTICE BANKS, JR., Speaker of the House of Representatives of this State, is a decided Massachusetts character. If he stood still in a gallery of our worthies he might be taken for one of the succession. The same deliberativeness, the same endless energy, the same high qualities of self-control, are as marked upon his young brow, and are written as plainly on his half-constructed reputation, as on any Winthrop, or Warren, or Adams, whose effigy adorns the public or private hall. Of all the young men who have come into public life, in this State, within a dozen years, he is far the most distinguishable for native qualities, such as made up our early public men. This unrivalled conquest of character may primarily be traced to the fact that he is tremendously in earnest, that he is no amateur orator, no dabbler in legislation. He has conceived a high ideal of public duty, and has always worked up to his ideal. Hence those who know Mr. Banks best, will tell you with an emphasis that means a volume, "he is a man." Mr. Banks is a native of the town of Waltham, famous for the early contingents its farmers furnished to the first battle-fields of the Revolution, and (the descent on cotton is easy) famous also as the site of the first cotton mills in New England. Banks was born there on the 30th of January, 1816, and growing up in so busy a town, he was early bred to mechanical labor. Until the age of twenty-six, he literally fulfilled the law of life given to Adam; since then "the sweat of his brow" has been caused by tilling the stubborn soil of politics. In 1842 and subsequently we find him an editor at Waltham and Lowell, and in 1848, after much previous opposition, we find him sent into the legislature from his native town. During his very first session, Waltham had a striking proof of the ability of her young representative, in the success which attended his efforts for enlarging the boundaries of the town, and on other and more general questions. We remember very vividly hearing some of his first speeches. A manly figure, an excellent voice, an easy flow of choice words, an indescribable consciousness of his sincerity, an accurate information, made up a style of speaking very effective

with an intelligent audience. On the Western stump, perhaps, there would not be play and humor enough in Banks's style, but before a New England auditory, we know no man more likely to succeed, in the best and highest sense of success. The widespread character he has won in four years of public life may be estimated from the fact, that he has been elected to every office

for which he has consented to stand. Against a powerful opposition he has been successively elected to the House and Senate, to be Speaker of the House, the last two sessions, and to preside over the Convention of his party, assembled last year at Worcester. These positions, and other more private labors connected with the committees on education, on canals and railroads, and on the

valuation of the State, one might suppose would fill up all the hours of the most systematic life. But, though in Mr. Banks's case a shower of duties fell suddenly upon him, they did not altogether take him away from his noble efforts at self-culture. In 1849 he was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts and amid all his political engagements he has contrived to make time, by untiring industry, to master the French and Spanish languages. His English reading is both extensive and well digested. In his orderly mind, as in a long prepared procession, every fact falls into its proper place, and comes up promptly to order. Few men could have entered the excited and stormy convention at Worcester, in the autumn of 1851, over which he presided, or the House of Representatives, without being struck with the ease, dignity, and abundant information of the young President. Beneath his rule were old and able men, distinguished in the State while he yet had his satchel on his back, or while the hum of the cotton mill drowned his voice. But these men were among the most eager to acknowledge the sound judgment, excellent taste, and many accomplishments of the presiding officer. From every legislative or popular body with which he was ever connected, whether caucus, or convention, or committee, Mr. Banks has received formal votes of approbation and confidence. In the vigor of early middle age, this distinguished man may look back with a just pride on his past career, so eminently successful. The congressional district in which he resides has twice nominated him for the national councils, and each time he declined. He has steadily progressed in the cultivation of his mind, and in the study of his profession, which we predict he is destined to practise with the same high and honorable success that has hitherto attended on his career. Our portrait is from a daguerreotype by Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row.

In this connection our artist has furnished us above with an engraving of the principal pieces of the superb silver tea service recently presented by the members of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to Hon. N. P. Banks. This valuable and graceful testimonial from the large and well-known establishment of Messrs. BIGELOW BROTHERS & KENNARD, of this city, is faultless in form and finish, and of exquisite design and workmanship, and from its unusually massive character combines a rare exhibition both of the useful and the beautiful. It confirms the high encomiums bestowed upon the plate from this house by the committee of judges, and which received the highest premium at the late exhibition of the Mechanic's Association in this city, in whose report the house of Messrs. Bigelow Brothers & Kennard are most handsomely and properly eulogized, as having furnished for the exhibition the most elegant assortment of plate, and to use the words of the report, "superior far to any the committee remember to have seen."



PORTRAIT OF HON. N. P. BANKS, SPEAKER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, PHILADELPHIA.

Our artist has presented us with a very fine engraving of this celebrated cathedral. This vast edifice, now in progress of construction, was commenced in September, 1846; and although each year, since that date, considerable progress has been made in the work, it is at present not more than one third advanced towards completion. The building was designed by N. Le Brun, Esq.; and the whole interior of the building—which when finished will be in the highest degree grand and magnificent—is progressing according to the original design. The plan of the edifice is that of the modern Roman cruciform churches, having in the centre a great nave. The vault over the nave and transepts will be about seventy eight feet high, cylindrical and panelled. Over the intersection of the cross vaults, there is to be a pendentive dome, one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The side aisles and the transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers. The piers support the arches on which the clerestory is built; these piers are to be richly ornamented with foliated moulding, etc.; they will be further relieved by fluted pilasters, of the Corinthian order, with enriched bases and capitals. These pilasters will support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course; over which will spring the vaulted semi-circular ceiling. The sanctuary at the east end will be fifty feet square, and the high altar, which will be exceedingly magnificent, is to be within it. The light throughout the building is mainly to be introduced through the lanterns of the

these will be an entablature and pediment, in corresponding architectural taste. On the frieze will be engraved the words "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*" (To the greater glory of God). The apex of the pediment will be surmounted by a colossal figure of the Saviour, and on the opposite angles will be the statues of two angels, in a kneeling position. The main entrance will be approached by a flight of nine steps, forty-eight feet long. Over

of these wings are also floriated niches, to contain statues of the "great fathers of the Church." The principal dome will form an imposing feature in the exterior view. It will rise to the height of two hundred and ten feet, and will be surrounded by a row of columns, thirty feet high, supporting an enriched entablature. Between these columns will be the windows to light the centre of the building. This immense dome is to be highly ornamented, both internally and externally. Its effect will impart a grandeur of appearance unequalled by any other building in the country. We have taken occasion several times to express our feelings in relation to the erecting of these "temples wherein to worship God"—these splendid fanes, that mark man's homage to his Maker, and whither with his companions he can go up in masses to do honor to the Giver of all good gifts. We shall continue from time to time to give fine original views of churches, old and new, in these pages, thinking them to form a subject of more than ordinary interest. The growing taste in the matter of architecture in this country, is one of the few strides in point of civilization that we can most heartily congratulate ourselves upon; like painting and sculpture, and the taste evinced for them, it betokens a growing good feeling in the matter of refinement and perfected art—not among the few only but the many, upon whom, after all, the main expense must ultimately fall. It is not so much the rich and indolent, as the humbly poor and industrious, who contribute to the advancement of art and civilization. It is "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" that rear monu-



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, SCHUYLKILL, FIFTH, NEAR RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

great dome, the small pendentive domes over the aisles, and large semi circular windows at the west end. The richest style of the Roman Corinthian order will prevail throughout the building. The front, on Schuylkill Fifth Street, is a beautiful design, by John Notman, Esq., of a highly decorative character, very creditable to that gentleman's taste and skill. The plan consists of a portico of four gigantic columns, sixty feet high, and six feet in diameter, finished with richly-sculptured bases and capitals; over

the central doorway will be the large west window, and over the side doors will be niches to receive the figures of the patron saints of the church, St. Peter and St. Paul. These niches, together with the doorways and the large window, will be relieved with a bold and richly executed architrave. The wings, which will be lower than the central facade, are also to be decorated with columns, pilasters and entablatures, and surmounted by towers; these towers will rise to the altitude of one hundred and ten feet. In front

ments, erect temples, and contribute to their main support. By the superb temple, which our artist has so faithfully delineated herewith, Philadelphia must ever be beautified; and strangers who visit the city of Brotherly Love, will remember it when far away, as one of the landmarks of their travels and visit to the city. One specially interesting feature all over our land, is the multitude of these spires pointing heavenward, and inviting the children of men to the inheritance beyond the skies.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE DAY:

—OR—

THE ORPHAN NIECE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was April, the month of tears and smiles, as has been said, from time immemorial. Not of sad tears, but bright and sparkling with the gilding of the ready sunbeam, and emblematic of such as some momentary petulance, or imaginary grief, rather than any real sorrow, sometimes causes to spring to the merry eye of youth, and which ere they fall are made luminous by the light springing up from the heart.

But this April had none of the tears and smiles, strictly speaking, which are supposed to be the distinctive characteristics of the month. The sky, for the most part, was veiled with dull lead-colored clouds, from which, day after day, fell rain and sleet, sometimes alternated with snow in particles damp, heavy and condensed, rather than in those graceful, airy flakes which poise themselves in the air, or float along in wavy lines like some fairy bird, ere they descend to the earth. As for the smiles of this sombre month, they bore no more resemblance to the sunshine that beams from the soft, cerulean sky through some cloud-rift, than those doubtful smiles, which for a moment may take the pucker from the thin, blue lips of a shrew, bear to those which hover round the rosy mouth of childhood.

When night came, the murky air seemed almost tangible. The wind piped louder than by day, and sometimes made a whirling sweep, so as to shake the four corners of the house, and cause every window to clatter, yet without making a single break in the clouds. No one would have known that there was a beautiful moon—at first hanging like a silver bow in the west, then gradually assuming the form of a graceful shallop—had it not been for the almanac.

But what cared I, as long as my heart was like a nest full of sunshine and flowers. I was only ten years old; and some girls of that age might have thought the old farm-house lonely, with no one to say a word to them, except a grandmother and the hired man. I knew that the time would soon come when I could make companions of the flowers and birds, and even the bees, whose hive, in the summer time, sat on a bench at the back of the house, over which a sweetbrier wove a chequered shade. I often used to sit and watch them; and when, after a visit to the orchard or clover-fields, they returned laden with honey, they neither felt nor excited fear, as they flew so near my face as to almost brush it with their wings.

I had no memory of a mother. The mild, benevolent countenance of my grandmother, bending over my pillow when the long, summer day grew dim in the first dusky shades of evening, while with a soft, pleasant voice she recited the Lord's Prayer, pausing at the close of each sentence for me to repeat it after her, is one of the first things I can remember. And when the cold, wintry nights came, and I sought repose in my little bed, how carefully she arranged the bed-clothes so as to prevent the chill air from creeping in beneath them. I seem, even now, to feel the light pressure of the hand, as she was thus engaged in her gentle and patient ministry. She seldom smiled, yet was always cheerful; and there was that in her appearance that made me know that her cheerfulness sprang from the fullness of her heart. It seemed to me like the refreshing waters of an overflowing mountain. My own heart was always strong and cheerful in her presence. As I have said, she seldom smiled; yet when I smiled or laughed outright, as careless childhood will, the light came to her deep, blue eyes, and made them look clear and starry, as if she, too, had been a child.

All my relations, except my grandmother and Aunt Myrtilla Day, lived at the west. I never had seen one of them. Aunt Myrtilla, who was the widow of my grandmother's eldest son, I saw once a year. She considered it a kind of duty to make her deceased husband's mother an annual visit. Unlike my grandmother, there was always a smile on her countenance. It seemed stereotyped there. But it was a cold, heartless smile, like the reflection of sunbeams from an iceberg. It chilled far more than it warmed. I always felt very uncomfortable in her presence, and used to slip away, whenever I could do so without attracting her notice. As, when away, I

dreaded to return, I used to spend hours in the garden among the flowers, and in a favorite spot in the shade of some elms close to the margin of a brook, whose translucent waters made music like low, sweet bells among the smooth pebbles.

I said I used to slip away, if I could do so unobserved by my aunt, for she was one of those precise persons—in her own estimation, being a perfect model of propriety—who think that girls, as soon as they are old enough to have the free use of their limbs, should be made to sit bolt upright, three hours at a time, on a hard bench, with a book, or some kind of sewing in their hands.

She soon gave me to understand that she looked upon me as an incorrigible romp. This opinion was made known to me in a kind of soft, velvety voice, the same as if she had been speaking of something which she thought very sweet and charming, and worthy of high commendation; yet with a manner that I cannot describe, and which inspired me with a fear, far more depressing than if she had spoken in accents of earnest and hearty reproof.

I believe it was her smile more than anything else which had this strange effect upon me. It made me think of the lightning which, when the air is hot and stifling, is sometimes seen after nightfall, playing upon some lurid cloud. Every visit which she made at Elm Vale, as our place of residence was called, made me more and more sensible that she had no sympathy, either with her mother-in-law or with me.

The cold, snowy April I have spoken of, was near its close, yet I had cared little for the long dreary days, as long as my grandmother's cheerful face was beaming upon me, and while with her encouraging, heart-cheering voice, she now and then spoke to me of the bright, balmy days which would soon come. The day had been the darkest, the dreariest and bleakest of all the dark, dreary and bleak days there had been during the month. In the evening, my grandmother and I sat together by a sparkling wood fire; and while she knit, I read to her some passages from Thomson's Seasons. Thomson was, at that time, my favorite author. The freshness and fullness, amounting almost to exuberance, of his descriptions, filled and satisfied my imagination. When I closed the book and looked up, I thought my grandmother's countenance looked a shade paler than usual, but it was full of a beautiful serenity. I had finished my readings from the "Seasons," with the hymn appended to them, so full of fervor and trust in the All-Wise Ruler of the universe. My grandmother repeated several passages from it, closing with the following:

"I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all you orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil, still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise!"

I thought not then it was the last evening we should ever spend together by our pleasant fireside. In the morning, as she did not rise at the early hour she generally did, I went to her room. She was very ill, and I felt that she had not long to live. She was sensible of this, and told me so, in her calm, gentle way.

"You must write to your Aunt Myrtilla, Florence," said she, "and she will come at the proper time and take you home with her."

She knew that I keenly felt the want of sympathy manifested by her daughter-in-law, either towards herself or me, and without directly adverting to it, she added:

"You know, dear Florence, she is the one you can most naturally look to, and I hope and think that she will not treat you unkindly."

"She is very unlike you," I replied, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by emotion.

An hour afterward, she said to me, that she had been reflecting on the subject, and thought, perhaps, I had better choose Mr. Weston for my guardian. Mr. Weston was our nearest neighbor; I had always liked him, and told her that I should prefer him to any person I knew. He was sent for accordingly, and as he did not object to our wishes, everything was soon arranged properly and satisfactorily.

When Aunt Myrtilla came, the silent seal of death was on my grandmother's lips. Her countenance, so mild and cheerful in life, fully realized now that "rapture of repose," alluded to by the immortal bard.

Aunt Myrtilla's features wore the same smile which I had always seen them wear; a smile which seemed to have been arrested by a kind of

moral congelation, before it had time to break out warmly and brightly, as a true smile should. In her demeanor, she was as cold and reserved as ever. There was no change except in her voice, which was softer and more velvety than heretofore. Had a person, whom I knew to be warm-hearted, cordial and sincere, possessed such a voice, it might have seemed pleasant to me. Now, it was more disagreeable, if possible, than her cold, wintry smile.

I was glad that the sun did not shine, that the flowers were not in bloom, and that the birds did not sing, the day I left my old home. It was not convenient, at the time, for me to reside in Mr. Weston's family; so, in compliance with Aunt Myrtilla's earnest request, I was to live with her a year—that is, if my guardian saw no cause for my removal.

When the moment arrived for my final departure from Elm Vale, nothing looked cheerful and encouraging, except the face of John Daly, the man my grandmother had hired to do the labor on the farm ever since I could remember. His countenance was bronzed by constant exposure to the weather, and his features were coarse; yet there was something in his smile when he gave his hand at parting, which made him look really handsome. I knew it was not a smile of joy, for he loved me as if I had been his own child, and would have given much, could I have remained where he might have had the privilege of seeing me every day. I comprehended its meaning. There was a fervent benediction in it; also eloquent entreaty for me to be strong and of good cheer. He dropped my hand suddenly, and quickly turned away, though not quite soon enough to hide a starting tear. My own eyes were wet, and I said in a voice not quite steady:

"John, if you ever have an opportunity, do come and see me."

"I will, I will," he replied, without turning round.

The stage-coach was drawn up near the front door, and the baggage, by this time, nearly secured.

"Florence," said my aunt, "this is quite too childish—this leave-taking of a hired man. I did not expect it of you; but you have not been properly trained."

As I seated myself by my aunt inside the coach, I looked out of the window, dimmed by the pattering rain. John Daly stood on the door-step. He looked sad then, but he did not know that I saw him. The next moment I heard the crack of the driver's whip, and the horses were off at a brisk trot.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at the residence of my aunt. It was a large, irregular mansion, and seemed to have been newly painted a dark lead color, to which the rain gave a kind of cold lustre, that to me looked very uncomfortable. Everything within that part of the house which I saw, was in the most exact order. The furniture was highly polished, but the gloss seemed to me harder, more slippery, and still colder than the watery lustre of the smooth painted clapboards on the outside of the mansion. I am certain that if it could have been made sentient, and gifted with the power of speech, I should have found that it would not have shone, had it not been obliged to.

Every living thing I saw had the appearance of being subjected to some unnatural restraint; as if every motion, as well as natural impulse, was repressed and borne down by a heavy, though invisible weight. I was constantly haunted by the absurd idea, that if this unseen pressure could be suddenly removed, there would be a simultaneous and joyous expansion of everything around. It appeared to me, that the ears of the gray and white kitten—which always when she walked across the floor, she kept close to her neck, as if she were about to creep through some passage so narrow as to be scarcely practicable—would resume their natural position with a jerk, and that her velvet paws—which touched the floor as stealthily as if she meditated making the pantry or dairy a confidential visit—would, all at once, pat along as fearlessly as those of the petted favorite I left at my old home. I looked at the cook, too—a round, and as I felt certain, a naturally jolly-faced cook—as she now and then smothered a laugh till she looked as black in the face as if she were going into a fit, and thought if the check to her honest mirthfulness were suddenly removed, the whole house would be filled with the ringing tones of her laughter. Even the birds, I imagined,

though the sun the next morning rose in full splendor, seemed subjected to the same influence; for they did not break out into such full sweet gushes of song as the birds used to at Elm Vale.

Child as I was, I fought hard against it; yet the same kind of influence bore upon me every day, with a power, stronger and more irresistible. My voice was low and subdued, and my gait still more so. I dared not speak, only just above a whisper; and in my walk, I was as staid and mincing, as Aunt Myrtilla herself, except at rare intervals, when I succeeded in so far throwing off my chains, as to escape for an hour to the woods and the fields. Had my aunt but seen me then, she would have been horrified, for I ran, and skipped, and jumped in a manner I should not have thought of doing, had not my sense of enjoyment at my dear bought freedom been in proportion to its rarity. I often tried my voice, too, to ascertain if it had any of its old sound, for I feared it would grow to be like Aunt Myrtilla's. I used, also, to frequently look in the brook, so as to be certain that a cold, icy smile like hers was not gradually settling upon my features.

As time passed on, I found it more and more difficult to obtain opportunity for those stolen rambles. The exactions and prohibitions of my aunt not only multiplied, but, as a natural consequence, I grew more timid, and less able to resist the paralyzing influences by which I was surrounded.

I could not now, as when I was at Elm Vale, like a bird with free and vigorous wing, suddenly break away, when the golden flood-gates of the morning opened, but trembled, hesitated and looked back irresolute, imagining that through some loop-hole or crevice, to me unknown, the eye of my aunt was fastened upon me. What was quite as bad, if I *did* venture forth, I could not throw off the weight from my spirits. They had lost their elasticity. Had there not, what to me was as an ever memorable event, happened about midsummer, I do not know but that I should have sunk into a hopeless state of fatuity. Had my mind been constituted like Ursula's, the cook's, I might, like her, have found relief by eating strawberries and cream, or some other delicacy, behind the cellar door. She tried hard to persuade me that I should feel more resigned and greatly comforted, if I would follow her example. She understood her own case, and it was not a solitary one—patience, fortitude and cheerfulness having a more intimate connection with what are called creature comforts, than many would imagine, or be willing to admit.

The event hinted at, was the unexpected arrival of a young collegian, by the name of Roland Carrington. He was Aunt Myrtilla's nephew, and she looked upon him as being so wild and lawless, as to be irreclaimable.

"I expect," said she, "to have everything turned upside down when Roland comes."

For my own part, I was never so much surprised in my life at, what appeared to me, his unprecedented audacity. At his entrance, Aunt Myrtilla rose, but stood in unbending dignity, without advancing a step to meet him. He was by no means awed, however, and seizing her hand, shook it energetically, in hopes—as he afterwards told me—for one moment to shake that everlasting simper out of her face. Instead of that, it only had the effect to make her appear more prim and reserved, and to cause every movement to be more slow and deliberate. But, though Roland's organ of reverence was well developed, what had such a paralyzing influence on me, both mentally and physically, appeared to him, as it really was, supremely ridiculous. Partly from an exuberance of spirits, and partly, as I believe, to tease her, he did not remain quiet only long enough to answer a few questions relative to his progress in his studies, which she asked in a voice of as much solemnity as if she were hearing a recitation in the old-fashioned catechism.

Roland did not submit to this without several impatient movements to break away. In less than half an hour after he had effected his release, he had roused the echoes—which, ever since my arrival, had been mute as the seven sleepers—in all the old gloomy apartments throughout the mansion.

"Now that sounds real cheerful," said Ursula, peeping into the darkened scullery, where I was putting the last polish to the knives and forks. "I do so love to have that boy come once in a while and make a little noise. It puts new life into me—does me more good than the best meal

of victuals would I ever cooked;" and under cover of the noise made by Roland's boots, she indulged in a genuine laugh, such as "doeth the heart good like a medicine."

At the time Roland arrived, I was in the room with my aunt, hemming a towel—the last of six dozen I had hemmed since I first came, to which had been added a great deal of miscellaneous sewing, besides knitting a pair of cotton stockings with clocks, to be added to the dozens and dozens of those which had been waiting to be worn ever since Aunt Myrtilia was eighteen. This she said was a great deal more proper for a girl of my age, than to be romping about, and turning things upside down. She did not tell Roland who I was; and as I expected a sharp reproof if I ventured to raise my eyes from my work, I had, as yet, no distinct idea as to his looks. I had an impression, however, that his eyes were black, and that they beamed with a light, like the warm, golden sunshine. Though I did not dare to raise my eyes to him, I am sure that he looked a good deal at me, for I felt that the light of those dark, lustrous orbs was shining upon me. His voice had a clear, silvery sound which, to my ears, was delightful. I was certain that the owner of such a voice must be noble-hearted, frank and generous. There was something in its tones which gave me courage, and there was also something in the sound of his footsteps overhead so musical and exhilarating, that, though I was aware it made me look very foolish, I could not help laughing as heartily as Ursula, as their sharp, quick resonance greeted my ears. Seeing this, Ursula laughed again, with, if possible, a better will than before. The kitten which had taken a fancy to me, and usually attended me during my daily knife-scourings in the dark scullery, took courage at this unwonted manifestation of mirthfulness, and ventured to withdraw from the spot where she usually ensconced herself—whence, at a moment's warning, she could dart away if she saw my aunt approaching—and humping up her back, rubbed against my clothes in a manner which showed that she fully sympathized with us.

Roland, I think, regarded me, at first, with no little pity and some contempt. With his fearless and independent spirit, he could not exactly understand why I should be so awed by a narrow-minded woman like Aunt Myrtilia. He did not realize that I had no friends to fall back on, as he had; and that if I offended her in a point, however slight and trivial, she had the will, as well as the power, to render my situation still more painful—that there were yet screws in the rack on which she placed me, susceptible of still another turn. Yet it was only for a very short time that he looked upon me as the stupid, spiritless creature he had at first taken me for.

"Come," said he, one fresh, sparkling morning, "leave that stuff you have been stitching at ever since I came, and I will show you my boat, and give you a sail in it round a little miniature lake that looks like a silver shield, which some Titan might have dropped from the summit of one of the craggy hills which encircle it."

The work I was engaged in doing—irreverently alluded to by him as "stuff"—was the first of a set of chair-bottoms, which I was doing in crotchet-work; for my aunt, finding that she should have some difficulty in keeping me at plain needle-work eight hours every day, unless she wished to be uncomfortably overstocked with household linen, had hit upon what she called a "good standing job," in order to keep me out of idleness.

"I cannot go," said I, in answer to his invitation, "for aunt told me to get this done by Saturday, as I have eleven more to do."

"Eleven more!" he repeated, in astonishment. "Judging by the labor you have already bestowed on this one, every spark of vitality you have left, will be worked into them before you have finished. But if you are not thoroughly wilted down, I have no doubt, if she could only find some nimble sprite who, like Puck, would 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,' that she would set you to working one in crotchet work, as you call it, 'just to keep you out of idleness.'"

"I wish I could go with you, but I must work every minute, or it will be impossible for me to get this done at the time my aunt mentioned."

I had just laid my work down to thread my needle. Roland quickly snatched it up, and running to the door, gave it a vigorous toss, lodging it, as he intended to do, among the top-most branches of an apple-tree.

"What have you done?" said I, in accents expressive of the lively sense I entertained of his rashness and temerity.

"Don't look so frightened," said he. "I have only raised a flag to wave in celebration of the hour's freedom, which I am determined you shall have. So put on your bonnet, and we will be away."

He came in at the door, near which I was sitting, and taking me by the hand, hurried me away—for just at that moment he caught a glance of Aunt Myrtilia entering the parlor door.

In spite of the crotchet work lodged in the apple-tree, and the anticipated anger of my aunt, my spirits were soon as light and buoyant as they used to be at Elm Vale. It must have been the presence of Roland that gave me so much heart; for the bright sunshine, the balmy air, and the songs of the birds, had never before had the power to make me feel as if I were at liberty to enjoy them. The ideal presence of my aunt always came in between me and them, dimming the sunshine, robbing the air of its fragrance, and turning the carol of the birds into a dirge-like wail.

A walk of fifteen minutes through green pastures and flowery wood-paths, brought us to the base of the craggy hills, which embosomed the small, translucent sheet of water alluded to by Roland. We were soon standing on its pebbly margin. Fastened to a white birch, whose glossy leaves shivered in each breath of wind, was a graceful little shallop, gently swaying to the ripples which broke on the shore, tracing, at our feet, a slight line of feathery foam.

We sailed round and across this tiny lake, and gathered the water-lilies, which were spreading their snow-white petals to the morning sun. For the time, I was fully as gay, careless and light-hearted as Roland. The ideal presence of Aunt Myrtilia was lost in the clear, luminous atmosphere floating around us. Now, I did not fear to raise my eyes to Roland's, and the bright smile which gave sweetness to a mouth of classic beauty, and which broke in warm, sunny beams from eyes which—I felt, rather than saw, were so lustrous the day of his arrival—warmed my heart, and inspired it with courage, even more, I believe, than the clear, elastic air.

"Do you know," said he, "that I did not like you much when I first came to Pine Grove?"

"Yes, I felt quite certain that you did not," I replied.

"The truth is, I thought you but little better than a mere image. I soon found I was mistaken."

He was silent a minute, and then said:

"Have you no other home? Must you live with Aunt Myrtilia?"

"I suppose I must," I replied, answering only his last question.

"Have you no guardian?"

"Yes; Mr. Weston, who lives near my old home, is my guardian."

"And is he aware, that while here, the services of a seamstress and a kitchen drudge are required of you?"

"I don't know, but I think not."

"He ought to know it, and shall. You should be at school, instead of stitching away at chair cushions and huckabuck towels."

"I know it. My grandmother meant that I should go to some good school this summer. She always told me that she had the means to give me a good education."

Roland said no more on the subject, seeing, perhaps, that it made me look grave. In a few minutes he was as gay and sprightly as ever, and running the little boat to the edge of what looked like an island—so completely did the lilies, with their large green leaves, cover the surface of the water—he gathered a handful of those just opening, and gave them to me. I have them still.

Though we spent more than an hour on the lake, when I stepped on shore I did not remember that my aunt's wrath was waxing warmer and warmer the longer I staid. Roland lingered, and I lingered with him, gathering flowers and wild strawberries, and occasionally taking a cautious peep into a bird's nest, when we knew the old bird was away. But when, at last, we concluded it was time to return, and we came in sight of the house, the old feeling of dread revived. My steps were no longer free and elastic. When we were near enough to see the impromptu flag fluttering at the top of the apple-tree, my heart died within me. I believe I should have lost the power of locomotion, if almost at the same instant I had not seen John

Daly drive up to the gate. I had never felt so glad to see anybody before in my life, and judging by his appearance, I do not doubt but that he could have said the same of me. I knew that he was an unwelcome guest to my aunt, but in the overflow of my joy I cared little for that. He had foreseen that his reception would be likely to prove a cold one, and had therefore brought his welcome with him in the shape of some early fruit and vegetables, such as my grandmother used to send her every summer. After the first joy of our meeting—I mean John's and mine—had a little subsided, I saw him regard me very earnestly, while a shade of sadness stole over his countenance.

"Florence," said he, "you are not the same girl you were at Elm Vale. You are thin and pale. I hoped to see you look bright and fresh as these roses I have brought you." And as he spoke, he took the cover from a small basket he held in his hand, and showed me, nestling among green leaves, half a dozen kinds of those roses my grandmother and I used to love to cultivate. Tears came to my eyes at sight of them. They revived a host of dear memories, clustering round my old home.

John Daly and Roland were friends at once; for the heart of each was open to the same kindly sympathies. The difference between them was only that of position, and the cultivation of the mental powers. After dinner, they walked out together; and as they stopped awhile in the shade of some trees, I could see they were in earnest conversation. When they returned, John was in much better spirits; and when at the approach of night he came and took my hand to bid me farewell, he whispered:

"Keep up a good heart—you will not have to stay here much longer."

Roland had, in the meantime, taken down "the banner" with a rake. For this I was thankful, yet a great dread fell upon me the moment John Daly was gone. I expected some kind of punishment, and tried to imagine what it would most likely be. I thought of a twenty-four hours' incarceration in some of the dark closets, or gloomy old rooms in the more remote parts of the building. But what I most dreaded, was being summoned to my aunt's private apartment, to be *admonished*; as I knew, by experience, how much enjoyment it would yield her. Fasting and solitary confinement would have been nothing to it. But I was not destined to undergo either of these punishments. The truth was—though she would not have owned it, even to herself—Aunt Myrtilia was a little afraid of Roland, and began to suspect that he disapproved of the rigorous discipline to which she had thought proper to subject me.

In about a week, Roland went home, and the old stillness and gloom settled down upon everything. I felt as if I could not live there a day longer, and I think my courage would have utterly failed me, had I not recalled what John Daly said to me at parting, and some hints to the same effect by Roland.

Aunt Myrtilia rose, as with a rebound, to more than her former grenadier stiffness, while Ursula, the kitten and myself *sunk* in the same ratio. She was more exacting than ever, and gave me to understand that I was to rise an hour earlier to make amend for my late shameful waste of time. She had, she said, full six months' work for me to do, and there would be no time for me to throw away, running about the woods and fields. I was growing thinner, paler and more low-spirited every day, when one afternoon, Mr. Weston, my guardian, arrived. His visit was entirely unexpected to my aunt, and she could not conceal that she was a good deal disconcerted.

Mr. Weston was a plain, straight forward man, and without any preliminary circumlocution, informed my aunt that he had come for the purpose of taking me away, having made arrangements to place me at a certain boarding-school, which he named. She was highly indignant, and said that "as the child's nearest connection this side of the Alleghany mountains, she thought she might, at least, have been consulted." Mr. Weston, in reply to this, merely said that he had, at first, intended to let me remain with her a year, but had since found reason to change his mind. He should spend the night with a friend, he said, and would call for me in the morning to take me to the boarding-school, which was about thirty miles distant.

* * * * *

It is now seven years since I left Aunt Myrtilia's, four of which I was at school. The time

there was not only spent profitably, but pleasantly, as I was so fortunate as to gain the good will of my schoolmates, and the approbation of my teachers.

Roland Carrington, after having graduated with the highest honors at one of our first universities, became an author, instead of a physician, as was his intention when we met at Aunt Myrtilia's, and bids fair to rank with our most celebrated literateurs. He, however, is not obliged to depend on his talents as a writer, for a livelihood, as he inherits a handsome fortune from his maternal grandfather. We are to be married in a few weeks, and he has just called on me to consult me relative to making some alterations at Elm Vale, where we intend to spend the summer months. John Daly has lived there ever since my grandmother died—his home, after the first year, having been cheered by a wife as good and thrifty as himself.

Aunt Myrtilia has changed very little, either in her deportment or personal appearance. She is a little more stately and unbending, regards herself with a little more complacency, is a little less indulgent to those subject to her control; her voice has more of a purring sound, and her smile is a little more disagreeable. She told me the morning Mr. Weston took me away, that she had a presentiment that I should prove to be an idle, worthless girl, and disgrace her and all connected with me. She hoped it would not be so, though her hope was an exceedingly faint one. Had I been suffered to remain with her, she could have checked my idle propensities.

She has never forgiven me for causing her to prove a false prophetess. I called on her once, just after I left school, and she treated me with so much coolness, that I thought it best not to repeat my visit. Roland, too, had disappointed her, and consequently incurred her displeasure. She had always been certain that he would be expelled from college, and ultimately be guilty of some crime so flagrant, as to secure him a home in the penitentiary for life.

We have, nevertheless, invited her to attend our wedding, and I have heard that she has been busy ever since, in preparing a suitable dress for the occasion.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TRUTH.

BY EDWARD ASHTON.

O Truth! eternal as the source from whence
Thou springest, and as the everlasting throne!
Thou art a native of the skies, and hence
Thou ever hast with heaven's own radiance shone.
'Tis there thou art in all thy beauty seen,
Arrayed in changeless robes, divinely fair;
Thy presence lights those fields of living green,
And scatters joy and pleasure everywhere.
Yet who can comprehend thee? Man cannot,
For though thou downward wing'st to earth thy flight,
'Tis but thy shadow that by him is caught,
From a resplendent sun a feeble light;
Thy glorious image he around may see,
Yet by his searchings cannot find out thee.
Yet still dispense around thy golden beams,
And stamp thy impress on the human mind;
That all may see the folly of those dreams,
Which to earth's fading charms are e'er confined.
And may the dim reflection that is caught
Of thee, as up thou pointest to thy source,
E'er be to them with much instruction fraught,
And lead them thither to direct their course;
That when they leave these transient scenes of earth,
They e'er may live in yonder brighter world;
Where never-ending pleasures have their birth,
And thy celestial standard ne'er is furled;
And with an angel's ken, enraptured, see
Thee as thou art, "star of eternity!"

THE POET'S WRATH.

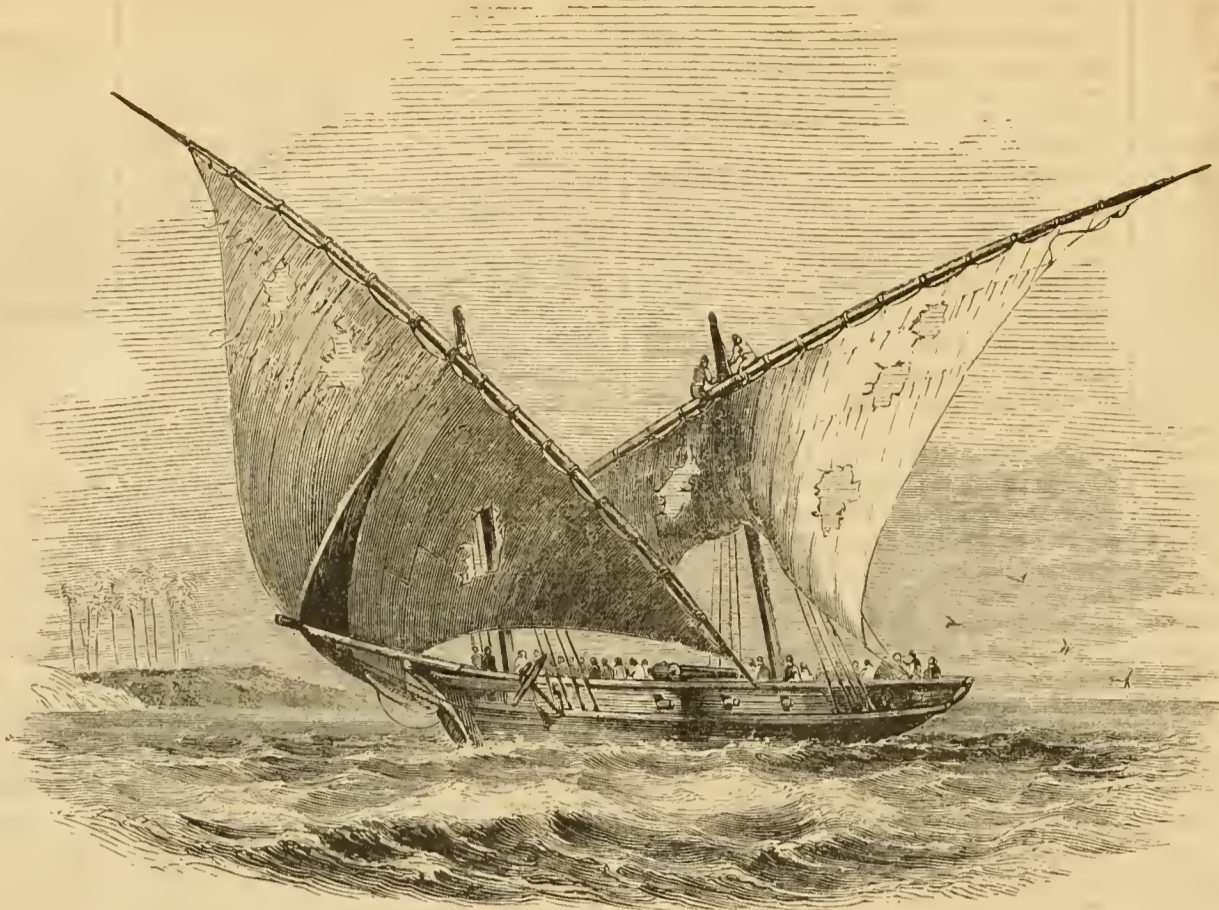
Dante on one occasion left his house after dinner, to go on some business to that of the Adimari. As he was passing by the gate of San Piero, he heard a smith who was striking his anvil, and as he worked, sang some of our poet's verses, but mutilated and with additions and alterations. Dante said nothing; but approaching the workshop where the smith kept the tools, which he used in his trade, he seized the hammer and threw it across the street, he seized the tongs and threw them likewise across the street, he seized the scales and threw them also, and so he did to many of the tools. The smith turning towards him, in a brutal manner said: "What the deuce are you about—are you mad?" Dante said: "What are you about?" "I am about my trade," said the smith, "and you spoil my tools by throwing them into the street." Says Dante: "If you do not wish me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine." "What do I spoil of yours?" asked the smith. Says Dante: "You sing songs out of my book, and not as I wrote them. I have no other trade, and you spoil it for me." The enraged smith, having no answer ready, collected his things and returned to his work; and the next time he wanted to sing, he sang of Tristram and Lancelot, and left Dante alone.—*Sachette.*

A SLAVE FELUCCA.

There is perhaps nothing that can produce a stronger excitement amongst seamen than the mention of any mysterious vessel having appeared on a particular station, especially if she is a fast sailer, and contrives repeatedly to escape the pursuit of the cruisers. A tale of diablerie is promptly attached to her history, and very few would be found to claim acquaintance with the builder. A craft of this kind has been making for herself a character of this kind upon the coast of Africa, where she was engaged, not only in the nefarious traffic for slaves, but actually kidnapping and stealing cargoes destined for others. To look at, she is just the sort of low, sneaking, serpent-like craft that sailors delight in spinning a tough yarn about, and giving to her commander a character by which it would be impossible for his own mother or anybody else to know him. The vessel which obtained this notoriety is a felucca well armed and manned with about sixty, we call them men, though the tars give them a somewhat different appellation. She hoists two large lateen sails on short stumps of masts, which spread many yards of canvass; and though chased by some of the smartest sea boats on the coast, and even a steam-vessel, contrived to get away in spite of them. She is stated to have been constructed at Barcelona, her captain to be an Englishman, and her crew a motley assemblage of all nations. More than once cold iron has passed between her and the men-of-war, on the coast of Africa. But the days of villany are short and numbered; and this saucy little felucca was at last taken by an English cruiser and destroyed. She was just the sort of craft for the business she had espoused—slight draft, high bulwarks, well armed and manned with some fifty desperadoes. Her speed is represented to have been almost fabulous, a proof of which was the fact of her so easily escaping from one of the steam frigates on the coast.

SWAMP LANDS OF ARKANSAS.

The present high stage of water in the Mississippi is demonstrating the feasibility of reclaiming the swamp lands of Arkansas. Even in the present incomplete state of the work, thousands of acres which without the levees would have been submerged, are still high and dry. There cannot be any doubt that when the entire system is finished on the scale contemplated, millions of acres of the finest lands heretofore useless on account of the periodical overflow, will be brought into cultivation—adding greatly to the productive wealth of the country. We understand from a reliable source, that the total amount of scrip issued up to this time is \$180,000. We make this statement to correct an erroneous impression which has gone abroad, that a half million of dollars worth had been put out. The sum above, covers the entire issue up to this time.—*Memphis Eagle.*



A SLAVE FELUCCA, ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

DUST STORM IN THE PUNJAB.

The scene represented below is a picture of a well known occurrence in the Punjab, where terrific storms of wind and dust frequently rage during the hot season. The instance here sketched took place not long since, at Wuzurabad, where, although in the station the sky was perfectly clear, and the air quite calm and sultry, about 4 P. M., a streak like a thin cloud was observable to the east, which, by degrees, became extended from northeast to southeast. From this appearance, those who had before witnessed a severe dust storm in this part of the world, prophesied an extremely bad one before nightfall—and their prophecy was verified to the full. In the course of half an hour the long light cloud had magnified itself into a huge column of dust, towering high into the heavens, and evidently rolling on at a terrific pace towards the cantonments; the eastern end of these it speedily enveloped in impenetrable darkness, though, at the west end, the atmosphere remained as calm and undisturbed as before. In an instant, however, without any warning, the wind rose, and blew a perfect hurricane; the sun was obscured, and it became as dark as the blackest night, the dust penetrating every crevice in the doors, and filling the house with clouds of dust. The storm continued for about three hours; but the last hour and a half with decreased force. Punjab, it will be remembered, is a nominally independent territory of Northwest Hindostan,

embracing an area of about 60,000 square miles, and containing a population of about four millions, chiefly Sikhs, Jants, Rajpoots, Hindoos, and Mussulmen. Punjab is interesting to the classical scholar, as being the theatre of Alexander the Great's Indian victories over Porus, his Indian competitor. More recently still, it has been made famous as the scene where English cupidity and aggression have been successful over the tribe of Sikhs, who had maintained their independence hitherto. The Sikhs, now the principal race in this quarter, originated as a Hindoo sect about the middle of the 15th century, and remained in a turbulent feudal condition till early in the present century. About that period, Runjeet Singh, having subdued the other Sikh chieftains, established a despotism; which, though far behind the governments of Europe, was yet far in advance of most native governments in the east. He maintained an army of about 20,000 regular infantry, drilled as Europeans, 5,000 regular cavalry and artillery, and, perhaps, 50,000 irregular horsemen, who were paid by assignments of land for military service; and by their means he made himself feared and respected by his neighbors. His government was vigorous, without being either cruel or unnecessarily severe. But since his death, which occurred in 1839, no successor adequate to the task of government has appeared; and this territory has, as usual, been incorporated with the British dominions. Nearly the

whole country of the Punjab is flat: it is in many parts fertile, especially along the banks of the larger rivers; but it also comprises some wide, sandy and barren tracts, especially between the Indus and Hydaspes. Cultivation generally increases and improves as we proceed eastward. Of the four divisions of the Punjab east of the Hydaspes, the two nearest to that river are principally depastured by herds of oxen and cattle; and that most to the east is the best cultivated. Perhaps no inland country possesses greater facilities for commerce than the Punjab, and there are few better supplied with the products of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. The wheat and barley of the plains are expended within the country; and such is the number of horses, that gram, bajree and other grains reared in a dry soil, are imported. Rice is exuberantly produced under the mountains; but it is not a diet which suits the palate of the people. The cane thrives luxuriantly, and sugar is manufactured for exportation. The smallness of its stalk is remarkable; but it is said to produce the most saccharine fluid, and is preferred to the thicker canes of India. Indigo is reared east of Lahore, and exported to the Mohammedan countries westward. A valuable oil is extracted from the *sirsya*, or sesamum plant, and used both for the lamp and culinary purposes. Excellent vegetables—such as turnips, carrots, etc., are produced everywhere; and most of the vine and fruit trees common to Europe may be seen in the mountains. The mineral resources of the Punjab

have been very imperfectly explored. A range of hills extending from the Indus and Hydaspes, formed entirely of rock-salt, furnishes an inexhaustible supply, and, being a close monopoly, contributes to enrich the ruler. It is in general use throughout the country, and most extensively exported till it meets the salt of the Sumbre Lake in Rajpootana and the East India Company's territories. There is another deposit of salt on the verge of the mountains towards Mundi, but of an inferior description. In the same vicinity, it is said, some mines of coal have been discovered; and there are also extensive mines of iron. The salt range, and the other high lands, yield alum and sulphur; and nitre is gathered in large quantities from the plains. Vegetable products are abundant only in the central parts of the country. The climate in the north, though hot in summer, is as cold in winter as that of France and Central Europe, and never sufficiently warm to mature the most valuable products of Hindostan. Rice is grown in the valleys, but in limited quantities, the usual food of the population being wheat or peas, made into a thick soup. The country abounds in cattle and horses, though the former is small and ill-conditioned, and no attention is paid to the breed of either. The salt mines are one of the most productive sources of revenue. As respects the commerce of the Punjab, the staple commodities are the Cashmere shawls, which reach India and Europe wholly through this channel.



DUST STORM IN THE PUNJAB.



FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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 "I have one Tress of Hair," verses, by Mrs. R. T. ELDEBROE.
 "Diogenes no Fool," a poem, by C. L. PORTER.
 "To a Young Poetess," lines, by GEO. CANNING HILL.
 "Lines," by W. A. FOGG.
 "Remembrance," lines, by WM. W. GIDDINGS.
 "To the Estranged," verses, by O. O. WARREN.
 "The Magdalene," lines, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.
 "Love and Affection," verses, by FINLEY JOHNSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very effective and brilliant scene, representing the Mode of catching Wild Horses on the Prairies of Texas, by our artist, Mr. Manning.

A nautical view representing that leviathan of the ocean, a Whale, attacked by its natural enemy, the Sword Fish.

A very stirring and interesting picture of the Surrender of Vera Cruz to our forces, during the late Mexican War. Giving the Grand Plaza of the city in the foreground, and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa in the distance.

A very fine series of original views, by our artist, Mr. Manning, representing Brighton Market. First, a capital picture of Wilson's New Hotel, Brighton; a very extensive and imposing building. Second, a scene from life on the road, entitled, Going to Brighton. Third, a road scene in Brighton, entitled, Driving to Market. And fourth, a very excellent fac-simile of Brighton Market, on market day, representing the Cattle, Pigs, etc.

A very excellent view of the new and beautiful library of St. Genevieve, at Paris. A fine picture.

Also a companion for the above, representing the Lecture Room or Salon of the Library.

An original and accurate likeness of the eminent Irish patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, lately escaped from Van Diemen's Land to this country. Drawn by our artist, Mr. Rowse.

A very excellent picture of Fort Hamilton, in New York harbor, by our artist, Mr. Wade. An interesting subject, and a faithful representation of this national subject.

A NEW DRESS THROUGHOUT FOR THE FLAG.

The immense edition which we print of the Flag of our Union renders it absolutely necessary for us to renew our type twice to the year; and on the first of July we shall, therefore, appear before our readers and the public in an entire new dress from top to toe, and at the same time shall don a very elegant new head, drawn for us by *Devereaux*, and also supply each of our departments with new and expressive designs.

Since the Flag was first started, to the present hour, we have never enjoyed so extended a circulation as at present; and to deserve this, we are resolved to spare no pains, and shall commence in the first number of July—being the last half volume—a fine original story by Dr. J. H. Robinson, entitled:—"THE LONE STAR: OR, THE TEXAN BRAVO.—A Tale of the South-west." It is a story the scenes of which are laid in Texas, relating to the most stirring events of its exciting history, and cannot fail to please our readers. In short, the Flag shall be made fully equal to the spirit of the times we live in, and shall wave on as gallantly as ever.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION is one of the most splendid weeklies in the world. Everything about it is superb, the paper on which it is printed is as white as snow, the pictorial illustrations in the best style of art, and the intellectual feast which it gives every week—from grave to gay—is of the highest order of literary merit. We would be pleased to show specimens to any who may desire to see it before remitting two dollars for one of the prettiest and most complete repositories of wit, humor, news, and general entertainment, that the world can boast. We consider it an indispensable inmate of every family drawing-room.—*Savannah (Tenn.) Journal.*

REJOICINGS.—The Boston Post and Daily Times "illuminated" and fired off rockets, on account of the nomination of General Pierce as the democratic candidate for the presidency.

THEY GO, ONE BY ONE.—Stephen Witt, of Dana, Mass., a revolutionary soldier, died, a few days since, aged 99 years.

NEAR THE END.—It will be observed that one more number will complete the present volume of the Pictorial.

A CONSOLATION.—The tomb, after all, is only the starting point for heaven.

MEXICO.

Colonel Dumas, in Bulwer's play of the "Lady of Lyons," remarks, "it is astonishing how much better I like a man after I have fought with him." If this principle be true, it will serve to explain the deep interest felt in our sister republic of this continent, which, under the name of Mexico, forms a portion of our southern boundary. Before the late war, we were apt to regard it as a distant region; the difficulties of travel and the infrequency of intercourse between the two states combined to keep us far more ignorant of its interior than we were of many states in the old world. With its ancient history we were more familiar than with its modern story.

But the magnificent military achievements of Scott and Taylor, with their columns of heroes, re-opened this vast and extraordinary country to our eyes and hearts. Writers of talent, attached to either wing of the army, filled our newspapers with minute details of the physical aspect and resources of the country, and the moral, political and social condition of its inhabitants. Mexico was thus brought home to us, and henceforth the name will be a household one, associated as it is with the glory, peril, adventure, suffering and triumph of our own people. The soil, baptized with American blood, hallowed by the graves of American soldiers, has become familiar as well as classic ground.

There is something of a parallel between the conquest of Mexico by Scott and that by Cortes, although there is a wide difference in the character of their exploits. The Spaniards invaded a peaceful and unoffending country, impelled solely by fanaticism and the lust of gold and conquest. Wherever they moved, desolation and ferocious cruelty marked their way. The Americans, on the other hand, commenced the war to repel the invasion of the Spaniards, and carried it into the enemy's country by way of legitimate reprisal. Our victories were unstained by cruelty, our marches unmarked by extortion and devastation. The sword and olive branch were proffered at each step, and when peace was finally accepted, the blade, drawn not without good cause, was sheathed without dishonor.

The physical features of Mexico are sufficiently striking and interesting. A large portion of its surface is a vast plateau or table land, commencing at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and stretching northerly for a distance of sixteen hundred miles, its greatest breadth being in the latitude of the city of Mexico, where it is also highest. The city of Mexico must have been, in ancient times, a place of extraordinary magnificence and splendor, far exceeding any modern city in grandeur and extent. It stood in the midst of a lake, access being had with the main land by several dikes or causeways. Floating islands, covered with fruits and flowers, gave its environs a fairy-like appearance.

The vast plain of Tenochtitlan, in the midst of which the city stood, was surrounded by a barrier of mountains, their tall summits rising, like the crest of giant sentinels, glistening in the first beams of the morning sun, and glowing in the last rays of its setting. Not the stars alone, nor yet the hand of man, lit this great city in the silent watches of the night; for far in the horizon gleamed the sudden splendors of volcanic peaks, whose spiry tongues of flames shot far up into the blue vault of heaven.

The variety of elevations found in Mexico, occasions variety of climate, and a corresponding diversity of vegetation. On the sea coast, it is hot and unhealthy; but in the higher regions, the climate is perfectly salubrious. The productions of the soil are Indian corn, wheat, sugar, indigo, various kinds of delicious fruits and various precious woods. Of its mineral wealth, it is enough to say, that the gold and silver mines annually produce twenty millions of the precious metals. And yet this fine country is in a decayed condition. A large portion of the population are poor, terribly ignorant and indolent.

The government, a nominal republic, is wretchedly administered. The treasury is bankrupt; education is universally neglected.—presenting a most striking contrast to the United States. The Spanish race will gradually be supplanted by the Anglo-Saxon, and Mexico will actually be part and parcel of this great and growing republic.

CONGRESS.—It is thought that Congress will adjourn by the 15th of August.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The political contest for the presidency has fairly commenced.

NEW VOLUME AND IMPROVEMENTS.

VOLUME III.

One number more will complete the second volume of the Pictorial, when we shall commence volume third in a style of elegance and perfection which we have not before equalled. To this end we have had our artists and manufacturers engaged for many weeks, to produce for us, first, a superb, new and beautiful illuminated head, which will be the finest piece of wood work ever printed in this country, besides a series of original engravings, surpassing our best efforts heretofore. In addition to this, we shall don an entire new suit of type from head line to imprint, embracing every department of the paper, and otherwise beautifying and improving the pages of the Pictorial.

We have added to our corps of artists, which now embrace the best talent in America; and our readers may be assured that the remarkable improvements we have made from month to month will still continue, until we send them weekly a paper approaching as near as possible to perfection. Every department of our extensive establishment is now under one roof, and our personal supervision; and nothing is permitted to be executed except in the very best and most perfect manner.

We shall commence in the first number of the new volume a fine original novelette, by an old favorite—the popular novellette writer, Lieutenant Murray; a story which our readers will be sure to like, and which will alone be worth the price of the volume. It is upon a military theme, and the scenes are laid in Cuba and Spain. The story is entitled "THE HEART'S SECRET: OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER—a story of love and the low latitudes." It was written expressly for the Pictorial, upon which the author's services are solely engaged.

The price of the paper will remain as at present—\$2 per volume, of six months, or \$4 a year; ten cents per single copy.

BEREAVEMENT.

Our readers will sympathize with us at the announcement of a severe bereavement—the loss of a venerable, dearly beloved, and respected parent. Rev. HOSEA BALLOU died in Boston, June 7th, in the 82d year of his age. Mr. Ballou died the calm, peaceful death that closes the earthly career of the righteous, and had the consoling joy of being surrounded, in his last moments, by his children and long cherished friends. After more than sixty years of ministerial labors, and a life of the most irreproachable and beautiful character, he has been gathered to his Master's bosom, in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal." His memory will long remain green in the hearts of those who have listened to the eloquence of his lips, or who have been instructed by the industrious pen he wielded.

PRESSES FOR SALE.

As we desire to make room for double cylinder presses, in order to print the immense edition of our Pictorial with more expedition, we wish to sell the two Taylor Cylinder Presses now in use at this office. The cost of these presses was over \$2700 each; but they will be sold at a great bargain, as we want the room they occupy. They are almost new, in perfect running order, and are capable of some 1500 good impressions to the hour. The beds of the presses are of the largest size, measuring 44 by 56 inches each. This affords an unusual and excellent opportunity for any persons who desire a press or presses, to supply themselves at a rate far below the intrinsic value of the article.

THE PICTORIAL AND FLAG.

As we commence the new volume of the Pictorial on the first of July, much beautified, with new type, new heading, and commencing a new novelette, and also put the Flag into an entire new dress, with new heading, a new novelette, etc., it will afford an excellent opportunity for persons who desire both papers to subscribe for them together. It will be remembered that we send the Flag and Pictorial to one address for \$5 per annum, and as the plan of both papers is entirely different, and not a line printed in one appears in the other, they form together a fund of most acceptable reading matter and amusement for the home circle.

COMING.—Kossuth's mother and family are in London, en route for America.

REMEMBER.—The "Flag" and "Pictorial" are sent to one address for \$5 per annum.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, George M. Browne, Esq., to Miss Mary Andrews.
 By Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. George W. Dillaway to Miss Lucretia C. Hunting.
 By Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. A. H. Safford to Miss Sarah R. Shuttleworth.
 By Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Joseph M. Bell to Miss Helen Olcott Choate.
 By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Alfred Miles to Miss Mary S. Favor, of Lowell.
 By William Palfrey, Esq., Mr. William Dudley to Miss Mary Ann Cox.
 At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tawnley, Mr. A. L. Hatch, of Boston, to Miss Frances A. Martin.
 At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Horace B. Davis to Miss Anna C. Stevens.
 At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Nathaniel Chase to Miss Catharine B. Gay, of Waldo, Me.
 At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Edry, Mr. Leonard Harmon to Miss Sarah A. Hillard.
 At Kingston, John M. Windsor, Esq., to Miss Sally A. Weston, both of Duxbury.
 At Wells, Me., by Rev. Mr. Goss, Mr. W. L. Gavett, of Boston, to Miss Julia A. Hobbs.
 At Portland, Me., by Rev. Dr. Carruthers, Mr. Thomas Lord, of Biddeford, to Miss Orianda H. Darling.
 At Norristown, Pa., by Rev. Mr. Stein, Mr. A. T. Markley to Miss Lizzie M. Koplun.
 At Washington, D. C., Dr. Cha's Page, U. S. A., to Miss Emily H. Carmichael, of Virginia.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Ann Hunt, 72; Miss Sophia P. Lobdell, 29; Mr. William Ivers, of Yarmouth, N. S., 32. Miss Caroline M. Pierce, 19; Mc. Samuel Moody, 69; Miss Betsey Conant, 75; Elisha Wheeler, Esq., 73; Mr. Geo. H. Phillips, 23; Rev. Hosea Ballou, 81; Miss A. F. Stanwood, 17.
 At Chelsea, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Benyon, 42.
 At Malden, Mr. William Watts, 65.
 At Watertown, Mrs. Jerusha Stone, 87.
 At Hingham, Mrs. E. Tower, 80; Miss S. W. Stowell, 16.
 At Plymouth, Mr. Salisbury Jackson, 80.
 At Essex, Mrs. Aurelia B. Story, 30.
 At Medway, Mr. Francis W. Clark, 33.
 At Ware, Mrs. Sally Cummings, 65.
 At Ludlow, Mrs. Mary Fuller, 90.
 At Springfield, Mrs. Weltha A. Crosssett, 41.
 At Lunenburg, Mrs. Sabra Hayden, 72.
 At Brocks, Me., Phineas Ashmun, Esq., 86.
 At Sabattville, Me., Jacob Hill, Esq., 68.
 At Bridgedon, Me., Mr. Ebenezer Choate, 87.
 At Providence, R. I., Thomas Whitaker, Esq., 59.
 At New London, Ct., Mr. Isaac V. H. Craunell, 91.
 At Franklin, Ct., Rev. Dr. Samuel Nott, 99.
 At New York, Mrs. Margaret Macaulay, 79.
 At Rhinebeck, N. Y., Mrs. Maria Louisa Wager, 22.
 At Coxsack, N. Y., Judge Anthony M. Van Beigen, 58.
 At Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah Miller, 65.
 At Washington, Mrs. Agnes E. Bartlett, of N York, 30.
 At Charleston, S. C., Robert L. Stewart, Esq., 54.
 At Indianapolis, Ia., Mrs. Louisa, wife of Gov. Wright.
 At Quincy, Ill., Mrs. Martha Poor Howland, 31.

A SPLENDID PICTORIAL,

—AND—
 LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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 Drawing-Room Companion,

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Its forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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* Subscriptions received at either of the above places.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MORNING.

WITH VIEWS OF THE SEA.

BY W. T. SEYMOUR.

If man can claim one hour for joy,
The pearl of all the rest;
Which comes to him without alloy,
The pure, divinely blest;
It greets him like a blessing given,
When morning's sunbeams part from heaven.

THE SEA, FROM THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.
To breathe all free and hear no sound;
To look on sky, earth, sea around;
To mark the distant outline, blue,
Which circumscribes the distant view;
To feel within the breathing heart
The struggling pulse which would depart;
And with the mind roam far and free,
And know what was, is, yet to be;
These are the thoughts which rise, to show
The limit of man's power below.

FROM THE BEACH.
To watch the swelling, foaming sea,
In all its pride and majesty;
To hear its wild and steady roar,
Its long, long echoes on the shore,
As surging up the shelving strand,
It wipes man's footprints from the sand;
Claiming its bounds without delay,
And fringing its determined sway;
To look upon its distant line,
The horizon! the space sublime,
Which seems to join the sky at last!
What is more mighty, grand and vast!

FROM THE DECK.
There is a calmness in the sea,
Which sets the prisoned mortal free;
Which lends his thoughts a soaring wing,
To find some branch on which to cling;
And high above the void around,
Heaven's olive branch of peace is found.

Here, where he learns to shun a wreck,
By looking upward from the deck,
To some true, bright and heavenly ray,
Which guides his bark's uncertain way;
Here, if his hopes will never rise
From the wide waste, to peopled skies;
If still his thoughts must grovel low,
And seek in earth's vast sea of woe
A final object for the rest
Of his worn soul! can he be blest?
Will he not, 'neath the damning wave
Of his own folly, find his grave?

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE COOK'S BOY.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

OUR ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sam's naval architecture. After the hammocks had been "piped down," a knot of old ocean's hardy sons collected beneath the topgallant forecandle, which place was their regular "forum." Old Ben Miller, our second boatswain's mate, had been quite sober and thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the occasion of it, he said that he had seen something that brought to his mind a thrilling circumstance of by-gone days. We knew there was a yarn on the tapis; and collecting about the old mate, we awaited its delivery. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and then charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commenced; and this is the yarn he spun:

"It is now fifteen years ago that I was a foremast hand on board the old ship 'Hunter.' She was from New York, and bound to India. A man by the name of Adam Warren, who was one of the owners, had taken passage, and with him were his wife and daughter. The latter was one of the sweetest, prettiest little creatures I ever saw, only about twelve years old, and as blithe as a lark. They called her Judith. O, it would have done your souls good to have seen her skipping about the deck!—now hiding in a coil of rigging; now pulling at some rope, and then clapping her little dimpled hands as she repeated the orders of the captain. Her merry laugh rang through the ship like the notes of our own native robin, and the sun seemed to be envying her her brightness. Her father was one of your business men—a right down dollar hunter, who did not seem to care for much else than the purchase and sale of his cargo; and as long as his child was well and happy, he seemed to take but little notice of her; though, I must say,

he was a kind-hearted man when you could bring it out. Judith's mother was one of your city aristocracy—a proud, overbearing woman, who seemed to think there was nobody of any consequence only herself—and the smell of tar made her sick. When she was on deck, she always kept a smelling-bottle at her nose, and I tell you the truth when I tell you that her nose was fairly cockbilled by her eternal snuffing at that same bottle.

"We had a boy on board named Luke Winship, only fourteen years old, who had been put into the galley to help the cook. He was a noble little fellow, though we had n't then exactly found it out.

"One evening, after we had entered the southern tropics, Luke was sitting upon a spar that was lashed against the galley, and Judith Warren came along and sat down by his side.

"What makes you look so sober, Luke?" she asked, in a silvery tone of real kindness.

"I was thinking, Miss Judith," returned the cook's boy; and as he spoke, he gazed into the face of the girl as though she was one whom he could almost worship.

"Do n't call me *miss*. I do n't like it, Luke. But tell me what you were thinking about. If I ever have troubles, it always does me good to tell them to somebody. Now tell me yours."

"It could n't interest you, Judith, to hear the story of a poor boy like me."

"O yes it could!" the little girl cried, clapping her hands together with much earnestness. "You were thinking of your father and mother?"

"Alas! I have none."

"No parents?"

"No!"

"Then you were thinking of your brothers and sisters?"

"I have no relations on earth, Judith!" As Luke said this, he drew his greasy sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the drops that were springing forth.

"The little girl gazed into Luke's face with a look of pity and sorrow, that seemed to make her tender heart bleed.

"Tell me your story. Come, 'do,' she said; and she laid her hand so affectionately upon the boy's arm, and looked so kindly at him, that he began to weep again.

"It is but a short story—a few words will tell it all," Luke returned, as he struggled like a giant to keep back his emotions. "My mother died when I was only four years old, and before my father had taken the mourning weed from his hat, he, too, was laid in the cold grave. They were both of them kind parents; and after my father was buried, I sat upon his grave all night long and cried. O, Judith, you do n't know what it is to lose a father or a mother! but to lose them both. Yes, you know something how you would feel. In the morning they came and took me away from the little church-yard, and a man who lived near the cottage my father had hired, gave me some breakfast.

"My parents were very poor; and after the funeral expenses were paid, there was not a cent left. I knew of no relations, I knew not that I had one on earth, and I was sent to the *almshouse*! There I staid till I was nine years old, and during that time I suffered more than words can ever tell. It was n't bodily suffering, for I had enough to eat and drink, and clothes enough to wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year; but I was n't like the other school-boys. I was a *poorhouse* child, and they shunned me. If they had done no more than this, I should have been content; but they taunted me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage. If they had known what pain their words gave me, I do n't believe they would have spoken them; but they knew not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelty of their sneers."

"Poor Luke!" murmured Judith; and when the boy looked into her face, he found that she was weeping.

"At length," he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, "an old farmer took me from the *almshouse*, and set me at work upon his farm. At first I felt thankful, but I soon found that I was worse off than before; for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hard-hearted woman, and she often beat me. That was worse than all the rest, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I staid with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse, and often, when I went

up to my little bed in the garret of the barn, did I pray that I might die before I awoke again. But I lived on, and I lived only to suffer. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer. One dark stormy night I secured a few crusts of bread, and after the folks had retired, I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I travelled on, and at length I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get a chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing. I told my story to Captain Flaton, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help, at times, thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed her dying blessing; and I can see the pallid cheek and sunken eyes of my father as he took me by the hand and made me promise that I would ever be honest and virtuous. God knows I have most faithfully kept that promise, and I always will."

"Little Judith wept as though she had herself suffered all she had heard; but she was not the only one who had heard Luke's story; for, as he closed it, Mr. Adam Warren moved carefully away from the other side of the galley, where he had been standing all the while.

"At this moment, Mrs. Warren came up from the cabin, in a terrible flurry, in search for her child.

"Where is Judith?"

"Here I am, mama."

"Mrs. Warren started forward, and saw her daughter just rising from the side of Luke.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"Luke has been telling me a story," returned the little girl, as her mother led her aft.

"Do n't you let me see you talking with that dirty boy again. It's horrible, Judith, for you to be contaminated with such low, filthy company!"

"Luke heard those words, and I could see the heaving of his bosom, and the quivering of his lip, as they fell upon his ear. He arose and went into the galley, and pulled the door to after him.

"We doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. It was in the afternoon. The old ship was under double-reefed topsails and reefed courses, with the wind blowing hard on the larboard quarter. Little Judith was on the poop, holding on upon the weather mizzen-topmast backstay. Her father was there, too, and he was gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to windward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been months in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of itself. Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay; but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let go her hold and started towards her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter; she reeled and staggered beneath the blow; Judith was dashed to leeward, and on the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry and sprang to the lee shrouds. The men gazed into the boiling surge where the broken sea was whirling in one wild vortex, but they dared not brave the mad terrors of the scene.

"O God! My child, my child!" cried the frantic father; and while yet he strained his eyes upon the place where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him, and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.

"Cut away the life-buoy!" shouted Captain Flaton. "Cut it away quick. Both of them. Down with the helm. Give them a surge to leeward. Cut away the boat-lashings. All hands on deck here. Who'll go in the boat? Spring to the head braces!"

"All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first in the stern-boat; I was the second, and five more quickly followed. We got out the oars, and then the falls were eased carefully off till the boat touched the water. We unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear, the ship's head yards were braced sharp up, the mainsail clewed up, and she was laying-to with her main-topsail aback.

"Luke struck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was surely superhuman to him, he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose and fell upon the bosoms of the long waves. Both the life buoys were driven past them—Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver, and twice his head sank beneath the surface of the running sea; but as he arose the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip, and soon they were both safe in the boat.

"We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but her husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejoiced mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.

"It was sometime before Luke recovered; but when he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was now allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; public opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.

"We anchored in the Hoogly, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day, I saw him not again. Shipmates, you noticed that man with whom I was talking on the quarter-deck, this afternoon, did n't you?"

"Yes," we all returned.

"And you noticed that splendid-looking woman by his side?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, "that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business in New York, and is up here on business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him to-morrow. 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the hand, 'I am rich, but I have never forgotten, nor broken, that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed.' And, shipmates, I do n't believe he ever has."

As the old boatswain's mate closed his yarn, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterwards we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story; but I could see that the sentiments it inculcated had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

BELL OF ABERDEEN.

BY JOHN RUSSEL.

AIR—Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.—BURNS.

Of a' the lasses e'er I saw,
And mony I hae seen;
There's none I ever loo'd ava,
Like Bell o' Aberdeen.

Of a' the kisses e'er I stole,
And mony I hae t'en;
Name sent sic raptur thro' my soul,
As Bell's o' Aberdeen.

Lang years on years hae since gane by,
And half the world atween;
Still aft this bosom heaves the sigh
For Bell o' Aberdeen.

It was na for her kists o' gowd,
For siller she had nae;
It was na her connections proud,
Plain Bell o' Aberdeen.

It was her ways, sae kind and free,
And saft, blue, meltin' een,
Her tones and looks, aye turned on me,
Kind Bell o' Aberdeen.

Had I the hale world at my choice,
From my lass to refrain;
I'd lu an instant raise my voice
For Bell o' Aberdeen.

A NOVEL DUEL.

Two young bloods of Eddyville, Kentucky, a short time since, becoming offended at some imaginary insult, a challenge was passed and accepted, as both thought nothing but blood could wash out the insult. The terms on which the challenge was accepted were these:—That they should meet at a doctor's office, and be bled until one or the other should be satisfied. They accordingly met, and the doctor opened a vein for them. They bled, until both becoming extremely weak, and looking as white as their own linen, pronounced themselves satisfied, and so ended the bloody affair.

MADAME MURAT.

This lady, says the New York Herald, left in the last steamer for France. She is the daughter of a Virginia planter, and married Prince Murat, eldest son of the king of Naples, after his arrival in this country, when he was banished from France. They settled in Florida, where he died. It is stated that Louis Napoleon sent for her, and sent \$40,000 to pay her expenses. Persigny, the fast friend of the president, and Minister of the Interior, is married to the daughter of Lucien Murat, another son of the marshal, who married the daughter of Lafitte, the great banker of Paris.

GAME BY TELEGRAPH.

The telegraph is used for a variety of useful purposes by business men; sending or countermanding orders, buying goods, selling stocks, etc. A shrewd business woman uses it in the following manner: A friend, says the New York Times, applied to a huskster-woman not long since for a brace of game of a particular description. "None to-day, sir," was the reply, "but day after to-morrow you may certainly have them for Sunday's dinner, fresh from Illinois. My agent telegraphed from Chicago, they were on the way."

MUSIC IN THE WILDERNESS.

Among the articles sent over the Erie Railroad, a few days ago, was a piano for Salt Lake, Utah Territory. The distance is about 4000 miles; the place where it is destined to go, a few years ago was inhabited only by the Indians; and a wilderness peopled with the red race and a few trappers only, has to be crossed before it is reached. The axe is the pioneer civilization; but how closely upon its tracks, in our day, follow the luxuries and refinements of civilized life. Who says the condition of humanity has not improved?

UNPARALLELED SPEED.

They are making time on the Hudson River Railroad now, that beats the speed on any of the English railways. The six o'clock train out of New York, Saturday morning, 15th ult., made the distance in three hours and one minute. The following is the running time:—From Thirty-first Street, New York, to Peckskill, 50 minutes; to Fishkill, 23 minutes; to Poughkeepsie, 20 minutes; to Rhinebeck, 20 minutes; to Hudson, 32 minutes; to Albany, 26 minutes; total 181 minutes. This is equal to about fifty miles an hour.

JAPANESE TEA-DRINKING.

We shall be pretty well acquainted with Japan and the Japanese, by the time the expedition returns, Japan paragraphs being already a feature of the newspapers. Among other things, the Japanese tea, we observe, is highly praised by former travellers, and their drinking it is peculiar. The leaves are reduced to a very fine powder, which is put into a box. The box is then offered to the guests, who take out as much as will lay on the point of a pretty large knife, stir it up till it foams, and drink it hot.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—Vessels arrived during May, \$62—foreign 253, coastwise 609; clearances, 654—foreign 250, coastwise 404. Imports of gold in May, \$139,308; silver, \$30,496. Since January 1, gold, \$522,090; silver, \$42,231. Exports since January 1, gold, \$726,300 33; silver, \$74,770.

VERY TRUE.—Somebody has written—"It is not the quantity which an author writes that makes him immortal. Two sheets of paper transmitted Persius to posterity.

AN ITEM.—The cigars smoked in any city of the United States, cost more than the bread that is eaten.

Wayside Gatherings.

Parodi gave a concert at Washington a few days ago.

All dogs now found running at large unmuzzled, in our city, are liable to decapitation.

It is said that Ole Bull intends to settle in Virginia, where he has purchased lands.

Capt. Berry, of the ship Harriet G. Bass, of Bath, died very suddenly at New Orleans.

A new ship has just been built at Brunswick, Maine, named the Roger Stewart.

The export of tea from China has exceeded by 800,000 lbs. that of last year.

Ogelvie's gin factory at Augusta, Ga., was blown down lately, and three men killed.

The city washing and bathing house has been thrown open in New York.

The Otis school-house, sold a few days since by the city, is to be converted into a Catholic church.

Miss Lois Keyes, 55 years of age, hung herself in the woods near Bernon village, Woonsocket, lately.

One of our most common and most hurtful mistakes is to suppose that we are the only person who sees this or that.

James Dickson, of Canton, Miss., has lost ten of his slaves by cholera. The deaths by cholera week before last at New Orleans were 36.

There is a story afloat that after the governor vetoed the liquor law, a subscription was started to give him a pair of horses and a carriage.

Excessive sensibility, like paralysis, produces at the same time great sensitiveness and great helplessness.

Casolani, the violincellist, was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, lately. He died of consumption, 45 years of age.

The amount of gold received at the mint during May, was \$4,300,000. Exports, \$1,957,000; leaving an excess of \$2,343,000.

Miss Clara Fisher Maeder, aged 16, daughter of Mrs. Clara Maeder, is preparing for the stage under the tutelage of her aunt, Mrs. Vernon.

The spirit rises amid gloom, as does the barometer, which foretells the coming brightness, even while clouds are yet around it.

A Mr. Thomas, of Plymouth, Mass., was divorced one morning, lately, and in the evening of the same day married again.

The sting of fate must be met as we meet a bee's; for unless we remain quiet, the sting remains behind and festers.

Poets are always best at depicting passions they do not feel; and the flowers of poetry, like those of nature, are most fully developed in an artificial atmosphere.

Joshua Kimball, a town pauper of Heniker, aged over 70, was found dead in the barn of Joseph Dow, in Hopkinton, N. H., where he had been lying several days.

John H. Haven was killed a few days since in a street affray by William Dobson, editor of the Jackson (Miss.) Star. Dobson was arrested and acquitted.

Kossuth and his companions, Pulszy, Bethlen and Nagy, return soon to England. The rest of his suite have found employment here, and will remain till events call them home.

By a hurricane at Ipswich, lately, an unoccupied building near the female seminary was torn from its foundations, and large trees were broken off or torn up by the roots.

At the election of the vestrymen in St. Michael's Church, Trenton, and Trinity Church, Princeton, N. J., women were allowed to vote. They were victorious.

The officers of the Dutch frigate say that the emperor of Japan has strengthened the fortifications of the coast, in anticipation of the arrival of a naval force from this country.

A very beautiful bonnet arrived in the Humboldt, a present from a lady of rank to Lola Montez. The crown has a wreath of artificials of very high colors.

Standing above the great cataract, Kossuth said: "Indeed Niagara surpasses my expectations. It has no word, no voice to describe it. It baffles the power of language."

There are seven trains each day, and two on Sunday, from New York to Albany. The express train "runs through in four hours," one hundred and fifty miles. The cost is \$2.60; less than two cents a mile.

The season has not yet fairly opened at Niagara. Chilly winds yet blow so freely from the cataract, that overcoats are comfortable in all outdoor exercises. Immense heaps of ice yet lie on the rocks about the falls.

Two girls by the name of Haley, Miss Thrasher and another young woman, operatives in the factory at Suncook village, New Hampshire, were drowned lately by the upsetting of a boat in which they were crossing the river.

William T., aged eight years, son of Thomas Bateman, was killed at Salem, a few days since, by an old scrubbing-broom, which he and another boy were throwing at each other. William was struck on the back of the neck and died instantly.

Hon. H. W. Ellsworth, late United States minister to Sweden, and S. J. Hale, Esq., together with a couple of other gentlemen, caught in the Peconic Bay, in two hours and five minutes, eight hundred and sixty-two porgies! some of which weighed three pounds and a half!

Foreign Miscellany.

The Kwangsi rebellion continued to be talked of at Hong Kong, March 30.

The new and splendid fish market at Billingsgate, London, was opened on the 17th May.

The Pasha of Egypt has voluntarily contributed £275,000 towards the financial relief of the Sultan.

The premium on gold is rising alarmingly at Constantinople, new coins of 100 piastres being current at 115.

Lord Brougham is building an enormous gymnasium of iron and glass, near his seat, in Westmoreland. It will resemble the crystal palace.

The long anticipated 10th of May, in France, passed over with the greatest eclat, and without the slightest disturbance.

At a ball recently given at the Tuileries, several ladies adopted the *coiffure Pompadour*, powdered wigs, etc., but the mode did not meet with great approval.

At St. Petersburg on the 9th of May the ice began to break up, but was still strong at Cronstadt, and it would be many days before navigation would open.

Mitchell, the Irish patriot, is now the lessee of a large farm in Australia, in the management of which he takes an active part. That is better than toiling over political slashes.

We deeply regret to learn that Mr. Catlin, the celebrated collector of Indian relics, whose museum has long been one of the attractions of London, is now in prison for debt.

Benedict, the composer, has returned from London, having met with the double loss of a son and wife. Vieuxtemps has resigned his place at the imperial court in St. Petersburg, and is about to reside permanently in London.

The U. S. steamship Susquehanna was at Hong Kong March 20, and on arrival of the new commodore would probably proceed to Japan, to endeavor to effect a treaty with the Japanese. The success is very doubtful indeed, says a Canton letter.

Partly to enjoy the luxury of cheap wines, and partly to avail themselves of other cheap amusements, it has long been the custom of the working classes of Paris to spend every Monday outside the barriers. Sunday they devote to their families; Monday to their comrades.

One of the commissioners of the London police has lately ordered that all constables off duty on Sunday afternoon shall attend at the various station-houses, at three o'clock, and, after their names being called, shall proceed to the nearest church in the district, to hear divine service.

Sands of Gold.

—The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.

—'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.

—The reproaches of a friend should be strictly just, and not too frequent.

—Why is it so much harder for us to submit to the future, than to the past?

—Nothing is so odious in an acquaintance, as the discovery of a defect in him.

—When man has nothing left to love, he falls in love with his very sorrow over the departed.

—True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

—The wit of some of our modern writers is like gas, which lights at a touch, and at a touch can be extinguished.

—What a wretched world is this, which three or four good or great men can reform or shake to its foundation!

—Passion is a keen observer, but a wretched reasoner. It is like the telescope, whose field is clearer the more contracted it is.

—Dean Swift said, with much truth, "It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

—You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

—Of all the impostors and calumniators in the world, we most despise those who entrench themselves behind church pews, and the sanctity of religion.

—A covetous desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential, and the taste of whose fruit is death.

—Man regards as an eternity—first the present hour—then his youth—then his life—then his century—then the duration of the earth—then that of heaven—and finally—time.

—We often speak of being settled in life—we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down a hill.

—How truly an old man said—"When I was young, I was poor; when old, I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

Joker's Olio.

When is night not night? When it's nitre.
Why is a ripe field of grain like a cross baby?
Because both want the cradle.

Why should custom-house inspectors be patient waiters? Because they are *tied* waiters.

Who eat more—the black or the white people? The white; because there are more of them.

Why is a shop-boy who robs his master like a farmer? Because he is acquainted with *tillage*.

Several members of the legislature have been here so long that they have forgotten their way home. So says the Post.

The last imported Yankeeism, according to Punch, is, that a Yankee no longer marries a young critter now, he "annexes" her.

A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for "mechanical purposes." "For what mechanical purposes?" inquired the agent. "For raising a barn," was the reply.

A Miss Gilmore, some where down east, was courted by a man whose name was Hadducks, who told her that he only wanted one *gill more* to make him a perfect fish.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions, viz., four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey; don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now."

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on a wall. "Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled. "The rest is *lacking*," said the wit.

A modern poet thus criticises some church going people:

"Attend your church," the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

The author of "A Peep at Number Five," says in that readable little book: "It is a great affair for a country girl to be married—there is so much sewing which must be done, before she can be considered ready. One would almost think it was to be Sunday ever after the event, and the shops were to be closed."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

SYBIL'S CAVE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Hoboken is beautifully situated in New Jersey, on the Hudson River, directly opposite the south end of New York City, and is, together with Staten Island, the quickest resort of the New Yorkers. You take the ferry at the foot of Barclay Street, Canal Street, or Christopher Street, and in five minutes you are in the country. Thousands visit this "paradise of Gotham," daily. The shore is wild and rocky; it is beautifully laid out into walks, promenades and parks, overshadowed by the richest foliage. It has one or two churches, several first-rate hotels, and contains a thousand or more regular inhabitants; it also possesses a very large ship yard. The whole is owned by W. L. Stevens, Esq., to whom belongs the immortality of not only making, but keeping the finest spot adjacent to any city in the world. Sybil's Cave, Hoboken, is one of the principal attractions of the place. No one visits Hoboken without seeing it. It is hewn out and excavated from a solid rock to the depth of thirty feet. In the middle is a spring of pure and sparkling water, thousands of glasses of which are sold daily in the summer, for a penny per glass. The cave was designed by the owner, W. L. Stevens, Esq. In the engraving, Hudson River and Weehawken are seen in the distance. The small building adjoining is a place for refreshments.

DOG-SELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Two ladies—friends of a near relative of my own, from whom I received this narration—while walking in Regent Street, were accosted by a man who requested them to buy a beautiful little dog, covered with long white hair, which he carried in his arms. They passing on without heeding him, he followed, and repeated his entreaties; they looked at the animal, and were at last persuaded. The man took it home for them, received his money, and left the dog in the arms of the ladies. A short time elapsed, and the dog, which had meanwhile been very quiet, in spite of a restless, bright eye, began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and as he ran about the room, exhibited some unusual movements, which rather alarmed the fair purchasers. At last, to their great dismay, the new dog ran squeaking up one of the window curtains, so that when the gentleman returned home a few minutes after, he found the ladies in consternation, and right glad to have his assistance. He vigorously seized the animal, and taking out his penknife, commenced cutting off its covering, thereby displaying a large rat to their astonished eyes, and of course to its own destruction.—*Mrs. Lee's Anecdotes of Animals.*



SYBIL'S CAVE, AT HOBOKEN, N. J.

COFFER DAM, OSWEGO, N. Y.

The picture herewith presented is a representation of an excavation made during the last winter, in the bed of the river forming the harbor at the city of Oswego. The excavation was made by means of a coffer dam, erected so as to embrace an area of about three acres, extending from the toll-bridge 700 feet down stream, upon the east bank of the Oswego River, studded with flouring mills and grain warehouses, whose machinery is driven by water power obtained from a canal running upon the bank and in rear of the mills. Upon the completion of the dam, the water was pumped out, and the enclosed

space kept clear by two patent pumps propelled by water power from the canal, and kept running night and day, while the work of excavation was going on. One thousand yards, mostly of solid rock, was taken out in about thirty days, at an expense of \$20,000, incurred by the few enterprising owners of the property directly benefited by the improvement. Where loaded vessels could not before float, eleven and twelve feet of water is obtained by the improvement, admitting the largest vessels navigating the lakes. Vessels of 350 and 400 tons now discharge and receive their cargoes up to the bridge, the highest point of the excavation, where canal boats could

scarcely pass before. The importance of the improvement will be better understood and appreciated by a glance at the vast hydraulic power of the river, and the commercial advantages and facilities of the geographical position of Oswego. The city is situated upon the southern shore of Lake Ontario, and built on both sides of Oswego river. The river forms the outlet of the Oneida, Cayuga, Seneca, and the whole family of the lakes of Central New York. The vast hydraulic power of the river, in connection with its commercial advantages, natural and artificial, are unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, on the continent. The Oswego flouring mills contain near 100 run of stones, and can manufacture 8000 barrels of flour per day. More flour is made there per annum, than at any other point in the United States. Oswego is within a few hours' sail of the Canadian ports on Lake Ontario, and forms the natural outlet to market for the vast regions lying north. She has also a direct ship navigation with the upper lakes by the Welland Canal, forming the cheapest freight channel between the East and the Great West, and will also be in the direct line of the shortest and most expeditious route of travel, on the completion of the Great Western Railroad, now building across the peninsula of Upper Canada, from Hamilton to Detroit. Oswego has also a water communication with the Hudson at Troy and Albany, by the Oswego and Erie Canal, and by railroad with Boston and New York. She has a population of 13,000, and a rapidly growing commerce; the property transhipped there in the season of 1851, amounting to over thirty millions of dollars. In short, Oswego has the elements of commercial importance, and the natural resources of a great city.

VALUE OF TIME.

Lord Brougham often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at four. Cotton Mather knew the value of time in everything, and was never willing to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study, in large letters, "Be brief." Ursines, a professor in the university of Heidelberg, wishing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in his hours of study, had written at the entrance into his library, "Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away." The learned Scaliger placed the following excellent sentence upon the door leading into his cabinet: "My time is my estate." The world owes some of its richest benefits to the economy of time.—*Horne Journal.*



VIEW OF THE COFFER DAM, AT OSWEGO, N. Y.



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF BROMFIELD
AND TREMONT STREETS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

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CATCHING WILD HORSES ON A PRAIRIE.

It is a rapturous vision to gaze upon the prairies—those “gardens of the desert;” but how few ever enjoy the luxury! Few countries are adorned with these beautiful scenes, and none more bountifully than America. In no portions of America do they exhibit more beautiful or more varied aspects than in Mexico and Texas. The prairies of Texas especially are as wonderful in their vast extent as they are peculiar in beauty and singular in fertility. The adventurous colonist, attracted by the paradisiacal scene, who is, perhaps, the first

“— of that advancing multitude,
Which soon shall fill these deserts,”

finds himself not in this great solitude alone. It is thickly peopled with myriads of gaudy insects that flutter over the flowers, with sliding reptiles, beautiful birds, graceful deer, bounding buffaloes, and numerous troops of fine and noble wild horses. The settler selects his spot; builds himself a dwelling in a shady island, and by conforming to certain requisitions of the government, becomes at once the rightful proprietor of nearly as much territory as his eye can at once

survey; and when he finds time to enclose it with substantial landmarks, he feels secure against intrusion. He plants his sugar and his cotton, and whatever else he may choose to cultivate, and the benignant climate and prolific soil shortly yield him the most abundant crop, and he reaps more than a hundred fold. The soil is easily subdued, and with little care, whole herds of cattle grow up to enliven the wide domain, where they roam throughout the year without barns and without the northern haystacks or granaries. If he wishes a horse or a drove of horses to ride, to travel, to hunt, to work, he has only to ride into the prairie, and the animals cost him only the trouble of catching them. The horses of Texas are small, run wild in numerous droves over the prairies, and are easily taken and rendered serviceable. They were probably originally introduced by the Spaniards, and are called *mustangs*. To illustrate the manner of taking these animals, is the object of the engraving presented by our artist below. The pursuer provides himself with a strong noosed cord, made of twisted strips of green hide, which, thus prepared, is called a *lasso*,

the Spanish word for a band or bond. He mounts a fleet horse, and fastens one end of his lasso to the animal, coils it in his left hand, leaving the extended noose to flourish in the air over his head. Selecting his game, he gives it chase; and as soon as he approaches the animal he intends to seize, he takes the first opportunity to whirl the lasso over his head, and immediately checks his own charger. The noose instantly contracts around the neck of the fugitive mustang, and the creature is thrown violently down, sometimes unable to move, and generally, for the moment, deprived of breath. This violent method of arrest frequently injures the poor animal, and sometimes even kills him. If he escapes, however, with his life, he becomes of great service to his master, always remembering with great respect the rude instrument of his capture, and ever afterwards yielding immediately whenever he feels the lasso upon his neck. Being thus secured, the lassoed horse is blindfolded; terrible lever jaw-breaking bits are put into his mouth, and he is mounted by a rider armed with most barbarous spurs. If the animal runs, he is spurred on to the top of his speed, until he tum-

bles down with exhaustion. Then he is turned about and spurred back again; and if he is found able to run back to the point whence he started, he is credited with having bottom enough to make a good horse; otherwise he is turned off as of little or no value. In various parts of South America, Mexico and California, this mode of catching wild horses is constantly practised at the present day, and, indeed, forms the regular business of a large class of wild and careless Spaniards, Indians and half-breeds, who eschew civilized society, and prefer to live a life of savage freedom and as their own masters. Probably some of the finest shaped and fleetest horses in the world are thus taken every year, and put to the most common manual service among our frontier settlers, and Southern and Western hunters; horses which cost nothing but the catching, and which, at the North, would bring from \$300 to \$400 each. As a sketch, our artist, while he has followed nature truthfully, has also given us below a very capital and effective picture, which our readers cannot but be pleased with, as an embodiment of stirring and hazardous adventure.



MODE OF CATCHING WILD HORSES ON THE PRAIRIES, TEXAS.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE WANDERING CALLEES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by F. GLEASON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

THE
RUINED ABBEY:
—OR—
THE GIPSIES OF FOREST HILL.
A ROMANCE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Joseph Abershaw hesitated a moment, as if unable to express all he would say. Then gathering his thoughts anew, he proceeded:

"I seek no love save that which flows spontaneously from the soul. I would neither buy yours, nor force mine upon you. No, no! there is a native pride within me that scorns such meanness. I have made this declaration, to remove any erroneous impression which you may have received. I have done, and am now ready to attempt your release from this castle at all hazards."

"Such sentiments," returned Isadore, with evident emotion, "are worthy of those occupying stations far above you in life. But I would urge you to forget a passion which must end only in disappointment to you, and perhaps in misery to both."

"The words were kindly said and kindly meant, but I shall not struggle with my passion. Through change and vicissitude I will love you the same, but will not trouble you with my unfortunate love. Locking it in my own bosom, I will love you from a respectful distance, not forgetting for a moment that it can never, never be returned."

Isadore was silent.

"But we waste time," added Joseph. "I must force open this door, if possible, as the first step towards your liberation."

But he found upon trial that this was not easily to be effected. It was in vain that he pushed against it with all his strength; the bolt would not yield, nor the wood-work give way. He was obliged to act with extreme caution, for fear of alarming Hardwick or the servants, who were in the castle. Finding that he should have to make a bold effort and hazard all upon it, he withdrew to the opposite side of the corridor and threw himself with all his force against the barrier that threatened to frustrate his laudable purpose. In this he was partially successful, but was obliged to repeat the operation. The door flew open, but the shock resounded through the lonely castle with fearful distinctness, and went echoing from room to room, and from corridor to corridor.

Abershaw sprang forward and caught the extended hand of Isadore, who was trembling between the hope of escape and the fear of discovery. Joseph whispered encouraging words, and drew her from the spot. They descended a flight of steps, reached the first landing, and were passing on, when loud outcries and hurried footsteps were heard approaching.

"We are discovered!" cried Isadore, clinging nervously to Joseph.

"Courage, courage, lady," he replied, still urging her on; but the next moment they were surrounded by Hardwick and his servants, with drawn swords.

Isadore shrieked with terror, and threw her arms about Abershaw, who thus encumbered could make no effort against his enemies, and was instantly seized without striking a blow in her defence.

"So," said Hardwick, turning to Isadore and laughing derisively, "you thought to baffle me again, but you see I have triumphed. No, gentle cousin, you cannot leave this castle without my consent, and as for your gallant knight, who has had the audacity to meddle with my affairs, I shall take the very best of care that he does not trouble me again." Then he added, addressing Conly and the other servant, "Take away

this gipsy fellow to the dungeon below, and be sure that you secure him in such a way that he cannot escape."

"I entreat you not to harm him!" cried Isadore, pale with fear.

"You plead then, for this Rommany *chab!* Ha, ha! very good! it does you credit! It is heroic, generous, laudable, and romantic."

"Speak not to him in my behalf," said Abershaw. "Let him do his worst; it is for you that I suffer, and I am content. Do not humble yourself by asking mercy of such a shameless ruffian."

"Away with him!" thundered Hardwick, in a towering passion.

"Farewell, fair maiden," added Joseph, as they dragged him away. "May Heaven soon send you relief and safety."

Abershaw had no opportunity to say more. He was soon the occupant of a dungeon, while Isadore was conducted back to her prison, which was again secured as before. It was thus that hope was raised in the heart of each, to be crushed and nearly obliterated.

The fears of Isadore were excited not for herself alone, but also for the man who had so bravely attempted her rescue. She had already experienced proofs of Hardwick's violent and unforgiving temper. She trembled to think of the danger to which Joseph was exposed, and was so unselfish as to forget, in a measure, her own perilous position.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNTOWARD FORTUNES OF CORA.

It is now time that we should return to Cora. She had, it will be remembered, left the cottage with a sorrowful heart, and was bending her footsteps she knew not whither. Knowing, as she did, that Hepsy would make good her threat, she was too conscientious to stay and bring ruin upon the Waldrons. She hurried on, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of her unnatural mother, or to feel her rough grasp upon her arm. Her apprehensions were not without foundation. She had gone but a short distance, before that voice which had become terrible to her sounded harshly in her ears.

"You have not dared disobey me this time!" exclaimed the hag. "You foolishly thought to escape me altogether, but I traced you to your covert. I am old, but I am not the weak dotard you took me for. I shall punish you—I shall pay you off—and the language of the stars, and the prophecy of the uncanny beings that control the four elements, shall be fulfilled."

Cora's heart was too full to admit of reply.

"Come," added Hepsy, "mend your pace; tramp on, and do not grow weary; for we have far to go."

In silence our heroine followed the rapid steps of the frantic woman. She was soon very tired, and before the dawn of day, declared she could go no further. It was in vain that the sorceress used threatening words; Cora was too much exhausted to proceed.

Finding it impossible for her to go forward, Hepsy informed her that they were near a ruined abbey, where shelter could be obtained. Rallying all energies, by the assistance of the hag she was enabled to reach it. She fainted from fatigue and excitement at the gate, and Hepsy taking her in her brawny arms carried her into the abbey, and to the identical chamber occupied by Isadore so recently. As she ascended the stairs with her insensible burden, she thought

she heard voices below, and so stepped more lightly.

She placed Cora upon the couch which had served one no less fair, and then upon searching about the apartment, found the iron lamp which has been mentioned before. This she succeeded in lighting, and by that time Cora had begun to revive; but she was very feeble, and her intellect somewhat disordered.

Hepsy now felt curious to examine the premises more minutely; for she was considerably surprised to find that it had been recently tenanted. She finally went into the oratory, and discovered upon the floor a musty roll of manuscript. She picked it up and put it into her capacious pocket, muttering as she did so:

"Raymond likes to read such things, and it may amuse him." She then returned to Cora, saying: "You need rest; you are too much like the fine ladies to bear fatigue. I shall leave you, to come back in a few hours."

Hepsy had already observed that a key had been left in the door. When she went out, she took particular care to turn it upon Cora, thus making her a prisoner. But the latter was at that time in no condition to heed such matters. She closed her weary eyes, and in a little while was locked in a deep and refreshing sleep, which lasted several hours. She awoke, feeling much stronger, though somewhat feverish. She was glad to find herself relieved of the society of Hepsy, but on trying the door was not a little surprised upon discovering that it was locked.

Impelled by the same feeling that had induced her to fly from the hag on a former occasion, she began to look for some means of egress. The secret panel which Isadore had found had been left partially open, and had escaped the prying eyes of Hepsy. Cora lost no time in throwing it open, and with a deep and sincere feeling of gratitude to her Heavenly Father, left the apartment, taking the precaution to close the panel behind her.

There were no further obstacles to overcome, and she descended to the court without any difficulty. Urged onward by the desire of self-preservation implanted in every human heart, and by that natural instinct found in every delicately organized mind to escape degradation and abuse, she fled from the abbey as fast as her strength would permit. While she was exerting herself to the utmost, buoyed up by the hope of escaping the tyranny of Hepsy, she was met by a monk of venerable aspect, who addressed her in tones of kindness.

She heard some friendly words, was conscious that a fellow-creature was near her, and regarding her pale face with evident interest, and then her powers of endurance gave way entirely, and she lost all further consciousness of passing events. She was sensible that her head felt hot; that her lips were dry; that the blood rushed through her frame with fearful rapidity; but knew no more than this. It was barely possible that at intervals she imagined, or had some faint idea, that she was cared for and kindly treated; but if this was the case, it was more like a strange dream than reality.

After a brief lapse of time—it might have been a day, a week, or a month, she knew not how long, she became conscious of existence, opened her eyes and saw a friendly face near her, watching her with fatherly interest; and she wept, and thanked God that there were some kind, good hearts in the world.

Our heroine had fallen into the hands of Father Manuel, an excellent monk, who delighted in deeds of charity and benevolence. He was unremitting in his attentions. An aged female also came to render good offices to Cora, and to soften, as much as possible, the hard bed of sickness. The attack, which had been violent, soon came to a crisis, took a favorable turn, and she began to recover rapidly. In a few days she was seen moving about the humble dwelling of the monk, though still looking very delicate and feeble.

Her gratitude to Father Manuel knew no bounds, and the thought that she might possibly have been a burden to him during her illness, pained her not a little.

"It has pleased Heaven," she said to him, one day, "to make you the instrument of my restoration, and I can never be sufficiently grateful. I fear I have given you much trouble, and been a sad burden to you, and the good woman who has visited me so often and administered to my wants."

"Comfort yourself, my daughter," replied the monk. "It is the chief end and aim of my holy

calling to do good to others. It has given me great pleasure to shelter and protect you during your sickness. Do not imagine for a moment that I have ever felt your presence a burden."

"The purse which I placed in your care when I first came beneath your roof, I beg of you to keep. It will make me much happier to know that you have received some reward for your fatherly kindness to a lonely and unhappy wanderer."

"No, my daughter, I cannot comply with your wish. I have already been more than compensated by Him who hath said, 'cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days it shall return.'"

Cora shed tears of gratitude, and Father Manuel resumed in a more serious voice:

"I would speak freely with you, but do not allow yourself to think, even for a single instant, that I would willingly wound your feelings. You have referred to a purse, in my keeping, which contains much gold for one in your situation to have. May I ask how you obtained it?"

"O yes! it was given to me," replied Cora, earnestly. And she added with a blush, "I can read the thought that is in your mind; you believe that because I belong to the Rommany, a race of people who encourage and love all dishonest practices, that I am like them. The thought grieves me—cuts me to the heart—but I cannot wonder at it—I cannot complain."

"I have seen Mr. Waldron, an honest man in whose family you were some time domesticated," continued the monk, with increasing seriousness. "With feelings of the deepest regret I learned from him the singular manner in which you left his house."

"And did the good man reproach me, and call me ungrateful?" asked Cora, in a voice betraying the sincerest grief.

"Unhappy girl!" exclaimed the monk, somewhat sternly. "Is ingratitude the harshest name you can apply to such a proceeding?"

"O, it seemed very wicked to him, no doubt, that I should go away in so strange a way," added our heroine, weeping.

"I would not reproach you more than what may be for your good—I would wound only to heal," said Father Manuel. "As I look upon you in your youth and beauty, and listen to the pleasing tones of your voice, and witness your seeming artlessness, I am deeply pained and perplexed. It does appear almost impossible that one like you should not respect the rights of others, and the laws which govern the possession of property, to say nothing about the claims of common gratitude and hospitality."

"I do not understand you!" exclaimed Cora, growing very pale.

"Daughter," rejoined the monk, with some severity of manner, "you cannot but comprehend my meaning. The Waldrons are much mortified and grieved. Confess to me freely, that your conscience may be more at rest. I know that to take that which belongs to another is a common thing among the gipsies; but of one like you, who seem to have no affinity to them by complexion or disposition, I have expected something better."

"Holy father! what do I hear? Of what crime am I now accused?" cried Cora, in tones of real anguish. "Where shall I fly that misfortune may not follow me? In what sequestered spot shall I find that rest which my bruised and wounded spirit needs? Great Being, who formed the over-arching skies, send to my relief the friendly hand of death!"

"The saints defend us!" exclaimed the monk, affected by the words and actions of Cora. "This sounds like the voice of innocence. But I will come to the point at once. Look at these articles!" and Father Manuel held up a watch, a ring, a bracelet, and some gold pieces. "Did you ever see these?" asked the monk, fixing his eyes compassionately upon Cora.

"I have! I have!" she rejoined, quickly; "I have seen them very often at Mr. Waldron's. The ring and bracelet belonged to Mary, and the watch to Mr. Waldron. O tell me where and how you obtained them?"

"I found them in your bundle," replied the monk, sorrowfully. "Misguided girl!"

"Merciful Heaven!" shrieked Cora, in a choked voice. "This is too much! it is one more drop in the cup of my wretchedness than I can bear. Why dost thou shun the miserable. O death? Why not end with thy friendly stroke the sorrows of the wronged and down-trodden?" The gipsy girl paused, and then resumed in the same touching tones, "It is for this, then, that

I have been reserved; it is for this that I have borne the degradation, and shame, and persecution of many long years; that I have been cruelly treated and intensely hated by a wicked woman who calls herself my mother; it is for this that I have kept my heart pure, and my conscience unsoiled by a single crime."

Cora's emotions overcame her, and she ceased speaking.

"I'll give you a reg'lar stunner if you go for to believe such a thing!" cried the hearty voice of Jack Lynd, as that personage himself kicked open the door near which he had been standing for the last fifteen minutes. "I've got 'em in quantities, sir; and if you hadn't done me a good turn once, I'd wholesale 'em to you. I'm her dog, servant, and fighter, and everything you've a mind to mention. There aint nothin' that I wouldn't do for her."

With a cry of joy Cora sprang forward, and fell fainting into Jack's honest arms.

"Jest look at her," he added, as he supported her tenderly with his rough hands. "She's all innocence and beauty, and almost a real angel. But she's been persecuted, and abused, and made unhappy, until her poor heart is breaking. Don't go for to say that she took them here things; don't let anybody go for to say it, if he's as big as a mountain. I'd fix him, stun me if I wouldn't!"

"My excellent Jack," replied the monk, "I would not wrong that poor girl for my right hand."

"Nobody shall harm her no more. I wont leave her—I'll keep allers near her, and I know one as will help me to put a stop to the deviltry of old Hepsy Herne," added Jack.

"Then you really believe her innocent!" said the monk.

"Do you want a stunner?" asked Jack.

"Certainly not," he rejoined, with a smile; "and it gives me the sincerest pleasure to know that your confidence in her is not shaken."

Cora had now recovered her consciousness, and was able to express her gratitude to Jack, which she did in suitable terms.

The next day she was placed in a carriage, much to her astonishment, and driven what seemed to her a long distance; but she felt no alarm, for Jack Lynd was with her, and his honest face was a sufficient assurance that she was safe.

Soon after her departure from the monk's dwelling, the latter was called upon to attend a dying woman, whose necessity for spiritual consolation would admit of no delay.

* * * * *

Hepsy Herne and Raymond were together. A smile of triumph was visible upon the lips of the former.

"The charm has worked well!" she exclaimed. "All has gone on as I calculated, in regard to Dunalstein and the young lord of Glenburn."

"Cora, I suppose, is at the castle," observed Raymond.

"She is, and the prophecy of the spirits of earth and air, of fire and water, is hastening to its accomplishment."

"I regret to hear it," replied the other, quite thoughtfully.

"I know it," answered Hepsy, coldly. "You have always been faint-hearted in this business; therefore I have kept some of my plans a secret, for fear you might betray me. I did not tell you about my scheme to get her away from the cottage of the Waldrons; not I; I knew too much for that."

"What scheme?" exclaimed Raymond. "I knew that she left them and is now at the castle of Dunalstein; but I know none of the particulars in regard to her leaving the cottage."

"I was too wise to tell you all. I threatened her, if she stayed longer with the cottagers, to scatter the *drav* in the mangers of the cattle, and to poison the water which the family used. O I frightened her, I can tell you! I contrived it all with Dick Chabert, and we carried it out in fine style. Perhaps you never heard that a great many things were stolen upon the night of her flight! Ha! ha! Wasn't it a singular coincidence? But I will finish my story. I conducted her to the ruined abbey, locked her in, and left her for a few hours. But she escaped mysteriously. I traced her to her new hiding place, found her dangerously sick, and strange to say, some of the missing articles were found in her bundle afterward. How do you suppose they came there?"

"This is too much!" cried Raymond. "Woman, I shall grow to hate you, and forget that

any ties of relationship bind me to you. Then you have at last succeeded in blasting the character of that unhappy girl who has been so long the object of your hatred."

"I have, and glory in the achievement. Am I not a gipsy; and do I not love the laws of my race, and despise all those not of the *blood*? You talk like a gentile, and not like a Rommany *chub*. Have you forgotten the fate of Margaret—that he left her to die in neglect, and to be persecuted by a woman as cruel as you call me?"

"No, I have not forgotten it; but time has softened the bitterness of my feelings and thrown—of late—new light upon the painful subject."

"New light on the painful subject!" repeated Hepsy, with a sneer. "Well, let me hear about it—let me see the *light*!"

"Not yet; the time is near; but I have yet more to learn, and other important discoveries to make. So be quiet; keep down the evil of your nature as much as possible. Attempt no more wickedness, and scatter your poison less plentifully."

"Poison!"

"Yes; but you failed. Jack Lynd is still living."

"You found it out, then. Well, what is to be will be. Fate must rule—everything must be as it is written in the book."

"Let us talk of another subject," continued Raymond. "I have now a key to the mystery which envelops the fate of Isadore. Joseph Abershaw has followed Hardwick, and traced him in his villany, and is doubtless a prisoner in the castle where she is retained against her will, and in violation of all principles of honor. I have sent word to Dunalstein to join me, with Jack Lynd and the young lord of Glenburn."

"It is well; let them come; I shall be ready to see the lord of Dunalstein and tell him a tale that will fill him with horror. And as for Hardwick, if he has harmed a hair of Isadore's head, he shall perish like the vile cur that he is—like the unwhipped villain that he has ever been. Old Hepsy has said it, and the planets and the fixed stars speak of sorrow and trouble to follow him without pity and without cessation."

The manner in which Raymond had traced Hardwick's movements and learned what he had relative to Hepsy was as follows. He stopped at the inn where Joseph had obtained such important information, a few moments after he had gone, and the servant girl repeated the conversation that had passed between her and the former. Early on the following morning, stimulated by the hope of serving Isadore, he had set out upon the same road.

But his efforts were not destined to be crowned with success immediately. A week elapsed before he discovered the castle which Joseph had stumbled upon by accident. He lurked about the premises until he had seen Hardwick in that vicinity, and was finally assured, by overhearing a conversation between the latter and Conly, that Isadore was a captive there, that Joseph had been taken, and that the offending parties were continually on the alert to guard against a surprise. Having possessed himself of these important facts, he had set out on his return, and meeting Hepsy near the ruined abbey, the foregoing conversation had occurred.

In order to keep up appearances, and to prevent suspicion, Hardwick visited the castle of Dunalstein as often as possible, though less frequently than before Isadore's removal from the ruined abbey. Dunalstein, had, since his last interview with Jack Lynd and Frederick of Glenburn, observed his movements with watchful eyes; but so adroit was his management that he failed to gain any proof of his guilt. When he visited the castle where Miss Dunalstein was still a captive, he did so under the pretence of business at a distance which required his attention, or of searching more thoroughly in places where he had already been, or in portions of the country more remote.

Jemmy Jacques, at this period, had more wonderful dreams than at any previous stage of his eventful life, which baffled even the profound wisdom of Artemidoras. He dreamed of fishing in a well, of swimming in a basin of water, and of sailing a ship up a rivulet, all of which signified "something unexpected," according to the best judgment he could form.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNRAVELLING OF VILLANY—THE FINALE.

A FEW days after the removal of Cora to the castle, Dunalstein received word from Raymond,

the singular personage whom he had met and parted with in such an extraordinary manner, that he had discovered Hardwick's perfidy, and could unravel the mystery of his daughter's disappearance. He was requested to meet him at the "Red Lion" at a specified time. Although he felt some serious doubts in regard to the matter, he concluded to mount his horse and comply with Raymond's wishes. When he reached the inn, Raymond was already there.

"According to your request I have ridden hither," said Dunalstein, "hoping that you may—as you have promised—throw some light upon a subject upon which I am so deeply anxious. I have met you but twice, and then not under the most favorable circumstances; once when you were pleased to speak of the gipsy maiden, Cora, and were pursued by the troopers; and the second time, when you interfered in the defence of Joseph Abershaw. You must be aware that I have heard reports greatly to your detriment, and you cannot therefore expect me to place implicit confidence in your mere assertion. I will frankly state that I have heard of you as a bold and dangerous man, setting at defiance the law and its consequences; but I will be candid and hear what you have to say, sincerely hoping that if you are possessed of any feelings of humanity, you will not attempt to deceive me in regard to a matter in which I am so much interested."

"I am aware," replied Raymond, "that I labor under some serious disadvantages in regard to the good opinions of those who know but little of my past life; yet rest assured that I have too much honor to trifle with the feelings of a father. If I have taken a man's purse, it was in fulfillment of a long meditated plan best known to myself; if ever I robbed the rich, it was to give to the poor, the starving, the naked, and not to clothe and feed myself. More than one honest peasant and day-laborer will bear witness to the truth of this statement. But I digress. For certain reasons which will soon be known to you, I have been interested in the fate of your daughter. A youth, called Joseph Abershaw, has also participated largely in this feeling, and I have good reason to believe was the first to find the place of Miss Dunalstein's captivity, and is at this moment either dead or in the power of your daughter's arch enemy and persecutor. Although he was the first to unravel the mystery, it was my good fortune to be the second to follow in his footsteps."

"Have you indeed found her?" exclaimed Dunalstein, quickly.

"I have, your lordship. Hepsy Herne suspected the true offender from the first, and by following her hints and suggestions, I have been able to detect the villain at last."

"Ah I remember that Hepsy seemed singularly agitated when I announced to her the fact of Isadore's disappearance. But do not keep me in suspense; name the offender boldly."

At that juncture the door was opened, and the lord of Hardwick entered the apartment. He glanced from one to the other inquisitively, and saluted Dunalstein in the usual manner.

"I have named him, your lordship," resumed Raymond, "and will name him again; it is Henry of Hardwick."

"Of what does the fellow accuse me?" exclaimed Hardwick, coloring, and appearing confused.

"Of forcibly abducting my daughter!" replied Dunalstein, sternly. "What do you say to the charge?"

"My lord of Dunalstein, I can scarcely believe that you are really in earnest; this is some jest—some strange humor into which you have fallen for the moment," returned Hardwick, with characteristic assurance.

"I do not jest upon such a subject as this, sir," replied Dunalstein, with dignity.

"You are probably aware, sir, that this informer is the fellow who assisted the gipsy the other day, and I pronounce him a liar, a vilifier, and more than that—a highway robber. Will you credit such a person? Is your lordship mad?"

"Let us come to the point," resumed Dunalstein with considerable severity of manner. "I begin to suspect you, and in fact have long entertained doubts of your sincerity and integrity."

"My lord, this is an insult," replied Hardwick, angrily. "I will go—I will not stay to hear you do me so much wrong, and I will be sure to send the officers of justice to arrest this Rommany *chub*." Hardwick turned to leave the room.

"Stay!" thundered Raymond. "You cannot leave; you are to go with me and where I direct."

With these words Raymond struck his foot upon the floor, and in obedience to the signal, Jack Lynd and several gipsies made their appearance to do the bidding of the first.

"Stand aside, ruffian!" cried Hardwick, as Jack stepped between him and the door.

"There's a reg'lar stunner for you!" exclaimed Jack, aiming a blow at Hardwick, which felled him to the floor like an ox stricken in the shambles.

"Raise him," said Raymond, "take his sword from him, and place him upon his horse."

This was instantly done, and two stout fellows, of whom Jack was one, took their places beside him, well mounted.

"I sent for Frederick of Glenburn, but he has not arrived, and so we will proceed without him," added Raymond.

"My lord," cried Hardwick, as soon as he could speak, "I beg of you, by the long continued friendship which has subsisted between us, and by the interest I have felt, and the exertions I have made in behalf of Isadore, that you protect me from this ruffianism."

"Speak to me no more," returned Dunalstein, bitterly. "If you are guilty of the charge preferred so boldly against you, you shall not escape with life, I assure you. No; such scheming, such duplicity, such consummate hypocrisy, shall have its due reward. A father's feelings cannot be so cruelly outraged, and dishonor brought upon his house, without demanding vengeance and justice in tones that cannot fail to be heard."

"This is a preconcerted plan to ruin me," said Hardwick.

"We shall see," replied Dunalstein.

"Don't go for to say too much," added Jack Lynd. "I have a disagreeable way of hitting folks in the eye, which wouldn't suit you. I'm the avenger of virtue, sir. I live by knockin' and stunnin', and other useful accomplishments. So move on."

The party was soon in motion. The face of the lord of Hardwick was observed to grow deadly pale when he took the London road. He said no more, but abandoned himself to his fate in sullen despair. When they came within sight of the castle, he betrayed considerable emotion.

Dunalstein's excitement increased as they drew nearer the spot where he was informed his daughter was held in durance. They reached the castle at length, and were met at the gate by Conly, and the other two servants, who attempted to escape, but were quickly captured and secured. Jack had the pleasure of giving them each a stunner, which he said made him "feel a year younger at least." Conly was now forced to lead the way to Isadore's chamber, and in a few moments she was locked in her father's arms.

There are many emotions to which the human mind is subject, which are exceedingly difficult to describe, and those experienced by the father and daughter after such a painful and mysterious separation were among the number. Before their transports of joy had subsided, Joseph Abershaw had been found in a damp and dreary dungeon, and released.

Dunalstein greeted him in the most cordial manner; but a sweet smile from Isadore was the most valued by him. While matters were thus progressing, Hardwick attempted to escape, and failing to do so, made an attempt upon his own life, and inflicted a dangerous wound in his breast, by means of a dagger which had not been taken from him. When Dunalstein descended to the court with Isadore and Joseph, he was lying upon the ground, bleeding profusely.

"Dissembling villain!" cried Dunalstein, "he deserves to die; let him lie there."

"I think we had better carry him forward," said Raymond, and accordingly he was placed upon a horse and conveyed to the inn.

Both Isadore and Joseph had suffered much from their imprisonment. The former had grown pale, and on account of the dampness of the dungeon, the latter's health had begun to suffer. The feelings of all parties as they rode towards the inn we leave to the imagination of the reader.

They had scarcely reached the "Red Lion," when old Hepsy made her appearance, looking more wild and unearthly than usual. Before noticing any one present, she ran to Isadore, kissed her hands, patted her cheeks, stroked her glossy hair, and laughed hysterically.

Raymond whispered to Dunalstein, who

touched the hag upon the shoulder and said in a peculiar tone :

"It is done—she is mine."

"Then is my vengeance complete!" cried Hepsy, triumphantly. And then catching Isadore by the arm, she added, hurriedly, "Do you not remember the riddle I read you—the rhymes which I told you contained the secret of a life? I will repeat it, for it is fulfilled.

When that which seems to be is not,
And that which was shall be forgot;
When two are lost and one is saved,
And the enslaver is enslaved;
When shame is bought and virtue sold—
Then, lady, shall thy fate be told
This riddle read, it shall be plain
That gain is loss and loss is gain.

"Yes, lord of Dunalstein, the prophecy is fulfilled, and now it is mine to read the riddle :

That which seems to be is not,

for Cora is not my daughter, but yours."

"God preserve my senses!" exclaimed the lord of Dunalstein.

"Hark!" screamed Hepsy. "Hear me out, and do not interrupt me again.

That which was shall be forgot,

and you have ceased to remember one whom you have basely wronged.

Two are lost, and one is saved,
And the enslaver is enslaved,

for you have wedded your own daughter; thus

Shame was bought, and virtue sold;

and when you gained her hand, you lost what you would give worlds to have restored—your peace of mind, and Cora's fair fame.

This riddle read, it must be plain
That gain is loss and loss is gain.

"Ha! ha! ha! Don't speak; I will go on, and have my say. I once had a sister; her name was Margaret; you enticed her from me, and many months passed before I discovered her retreat. She was at the abbey which now lies in ruins; there she learned to read, to write, and love you more tenderly than at first. You deceived and left her to die in the abbey, neglected and made miserable by the unfeeling abbess. You ceased to visit her, and before the expiration of a month was wedded to another, and had taken your wife to your castle to be its mistress. Three months after, you were called to go to foreign countries to fight the battles of your king. Your lady gave birth to a child, and died in bringing it to the light. A few days before that event, your first victim—Margaret—also became a mother. Her offspring was taken from her and placed in my care; it was then that I discovered my sister's shame, and who was her destroyer. I was informed that she died, also, in giving life to her daughter. There was a great panic at the castle when your lady expired, there being no one but servants at home. I formed a plan which I hastened to carry out. I went up to the castle, and being healthy and well spoken, was employed as a nurse to the child, for that was the place I sought. I took it away and kept it until your return from distant service, which was when the child was eight months old, as near as I can remember.

"But when I should have returned the offspring of your wife, I substituted the child of her whose life your perfidy destroyed. No one knew it—no one mistrusted it—for I had been careful to have the child but little seen by the servants, and the difference in the ages of the two could not betray me, for Isadore was small and sickly, and both resembled, in some respects, their father. I did this to avenge the wrongs of Margaret. I have succeeded. This is why I have hated Cora and loved Isadore."

"Allowing this to be true, you have failed in the great object of your vengeance," said Dunalstein, excited beyond measure, "for I have cared and provided for Isadore, and no more. No! no! the saints be praised! Your unholy purpose was not consummated; I long ago abandoned my purpose, almost as soon as it was formed, for I suspected you of some mischief. And as for Margaret—Heaven rest her spirit—I do solemnly assert before all these witnesses, that I was lawfully wedded to her, and intended after the death of my father, an event daily expected, to make her the lawful mistress of Dunalstein.

"For a time I was happy with my gipsy bride, for she was very fair and loving. We had been wedded but a short time, when returning to the abbey after an absence of three days, I learned the sad tidings with grief and amazement that she was dead and buried. The abbess told me so with her own lips, and I verily believed the tale.

"My second marriage so soon after the death of my dear Margaret, was an event produced wholly by the threats and persuasions of my father. He had set his heart upon the union, and rather than forfeit his good will and estates, I consented; for I no longer cared what my fate might be. I had lost all relish for the world. All my hopes were buried with Margaret. Soon after those hurried nuptials, I went to serve the king in distant lands, and hoped to find a grave there, but death spared me, and I lived to return, as you all know. Cora is then my daughter, and this explains why I have from the first felt such a tender interest in her welfare."

Hepsy was speechless; she gazed wildly from one to the other, as though she had heard something which she but imperfectly comprehended.

"I have a manuscript," said Raymond, with emotion, "which throws some light upon these singular developments."

"It is the same I saw at the ruined abbey," cried Isadore, much wrought upon. "And the unhappy writer was my mother."

"She was indeed your mother," added Raymond, "and this faded manuscript throws a new light upon her unhappy fate."

Dunalstein caught the manuscript, exclaiming: "Yes, these lines were traced by the hand of Margaret. I recognize the writing."

At this interesting crisis the lord of Glenburn and Father Manuel entered the apartment.

"I have been seeking you," said the latter. "A few days since I confessed a dying woman who had done you wrong."

"Her name?" asked Dunalstein, eagerly.

"She was formerly the abbess of the ruined monastery," replied the monk.

"And what did she say?" said Dunalstein.

"Her confession was for your ear alone. It were not fitting to speak of it here before this goodly company."

"If it concerns an unfortunate young woman, speak out boldly. Strange disclosures have been made within the hour."

"She confessed that she did gross wrong to the poor young lady and to you. She deceived you with a tale of her death and burial. Margaret did not die until long afterward. She became the mother of a girl, and lived two months after that event. The child was taken from her by the abbess, and confided to a gipsy woman who was some relation to its mother."

"That is true," said Hepsy, in a husky voice; "all true. The abbess told me that she had been betrayed by the lord of Dunalstein, and had died as I have stated. But everything is written in a book; what is to be will be, and fate will have it so."

"I have been endeavoring to clear up this mystery for a long time; but there were certain links in the chain wanting, in order to do away with many apparent inconsistencies," observed Raymond. "I knew that Cora was not the child of Hepsy."

"What do I hear?" cried Glenburn.

"Don't go for to fret yourself," said Jack. "There's stunning news for your lordship. Cora is the daughter of Dunalstein; knock me if she isn't!"

What has already been related was briefly explained to Glenburn, whose amazement was equalled only by his joy at hearing such tidings.

"And who are you?" asked Dunalstein of Raymond.

"I am Margaret's brother," and for a long time cherished most bitter and unforgiving feelings towards your lordship; but as years passed on, and I studied more deeply into the matter, I changed my sentiments, in a great measure. I have been abroad among the Spanish gipsies for a long period, and have but recently returned. When I found that Cora was so ill used by Hepsy, I befriended her on many occasions, and assisted to thwart her cherished project. But she knows me only by the name of Clifton. In relation to my course of life since I have been in this portion of the country, it has not been so bad as represented. I robbed Glenburn partly 'to pay off an old score,' as the saying is. Many years ago the old lord of Glenburn persecuted my people in a way that I never could forgive. But the money was restored to young Glenburn at a time when much needed. Remember, gentlemen, that I am a gipsy. The habits of the Rommany, I believe, are well known to all present."

"They are," replied Dunalstein; "but you, I perceive, are an exception to general rules. You are worthy of my friendship, and I freely offer it to you, begging you not to imagine for a mo-

ment that I ever intentionally caused your fair and lamented sister a single tear of sorrow."

"There is one kindness that you can render me, my good lord of Dunalstein, which would lay me under the deepest obligation for life."

"Speak freely," said Dunalstein.

"It concerns Joseph Abershaw. The young man is noble, and possessed of many sterling qualities. I have taken a strong interest in him of late, and partly by means of Hepsy, and partly by his own declarations, I have learned something in regard to his history. He is not precisely what he seems. He is the son of a noble lord, though his mother was a gipsy, whose only legacy was her exceeding beauty. And the strangest part of all is, that there was also a clandestine marriage like that which took place between your lordship and Margaret. His father was a brother to the present lord of Lockwood. He died in battle not long after. The marriage was never known, or hushed up by the friends of Lockwood."

"Were there witnesses present?" asked Dunalstein.

"There were; one of them has been found."

"I performed the marriage ceremony," said Father Manuel, bowing to Dunalstein, "and Joseph Abershaw, though he passes as son of the gipsy count, Jemmy Abershaw, can prove his origin, and take, if he chooses, the name of Lockwood."

"The favor I was about to ask, was that Joseph might receive the hand of Isadore as a reward for his exertions in her favor, providing the maiden will give her consent."

The heart of Joseph beat with emotion as he glanced furtively from Isadore to her father.

"I will make no objection, if Isadore has none," said Dunalstein, after a moment's hesitation. "I will not be a hard father; Isadore shall choose for herself."

Miss Dunalstein blushed deeply, and when Joseph took her hand, she did not repulse him.

"What is to be will be," said Hepsy.

"Stun me if it isn't so," added Jack, sentimentally.

Raymond now explained the circumstances under which Cora left the Waldron family, and the manner in which the missing articles had been taken, and found in Cora's bundle.

This recital, while it excited sympathy for Cora, and indignation against Hepsy, filled the heart of young Glenburn with indescribable pleasure. The former, disappointed in all her plans, and much excited by what she had heard, fell down in a fit, from which she did not recover for a long time. When she did become conscious, her intellect was more shattered than ever, and her mind never regained its former wild, masculine strength. She was often seen wandering from place to place, talking about the stars, and spirits of earth, air, fire, and water, and the accomplishment of a certain prophecy.

Glenburn was restored to his father's favor, and in due time was wedded to Cora. At about the same time, Joseph of Lockwood followed his example, and Isadore became his bride.

The lord of Hardwick finally died of his self-inflicted wound.

Cora and Isadore became the firmest of friends and the most loving of sisters. They were often seen together, conversing of the past, and laying plans for the bright future. Joseph took the name of Lockwood, and was not forgotten in his uncle's will. At the death of the latter, he fell heir to his title and wealth.

Jack Lynd followed the fortunes of Frederick, became a resident of the castle, and on the latter's wedding day, had the pleasure of exchanging a few "reg'lar stunners" with him, which he said was "werry refreshin'." Cora still remained his favorite; and he declared more than once that he should be her fighting man for life.

THE END.

SHAKSPEARE.

Voltaire had too great an intellect not to perceive the mightiness of Shakspeare, too much sense to deny it, and not heart enough to acknowledge it. Vanity was his ruling principle, but not that happy vanity which makes a man's own imaginary merit his horizon, beyond which he can see nor conceive nothing. He was keenly alive to superior excellence: he both saw and hated. * * In just the same spirit he sets Ariosto above Homer, and animadverts on the perverseness of the English, who continued to worship Shakspeare when their language could boast of a Cato. He knew well enough that he could make a better tragedy than Cato at a week's notice; while to move in the orb of Shakspeare he must have undergone a change in the inner man.—*Home Journal*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

TO A YOUNG POETESS.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

Lady, I know that we never have met,
And whether thine eyes are as black as jet,
Or like heaven's clear field of blue,
It is ever the same to a stranger like me,
Whose heart drinketh in all thy sweet melody,
As flowers drink in the still dew.

The world it hath rugged roads for us all,
And whether we proudly stand or fall,
'T will all in the end be forgot;
Yet to every one has some solace been given,
As we grope on our road from earth to heaven,
Of the heart's own wealth begot.

And thine is the gift, fair stranger, to sing
In thy soul to the sweep of the lyrical string,
And that soul—it must surely be blest;
Yet if thou wouldst know that its melodies rare,
Like summer showers, rain on the heart everywhere,
You'll find it, in my case, confessed.

In the dream-land, for thee, bloom banks of bright flowers,
And time, too, is measured by hopes—not by hours,
And love draweth life with a kiss;
May that land be as bright to thee ever as now,
No shadow upon it, no cloud on thy brow,
And thy life but a long dream of bliss.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain, curiosity led him to experiment upon a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks; such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several dances with a dog.

All this, it may be said, was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time, the results showed the power of culture in subduing natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well-known Cat's Opera, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over the animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with his hind-legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary birds, linnets and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular contra-dance. He also taught a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog.—*Journal*.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

DIOGENES NO FOOL.

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

The sage who lit a candle in the day,
And wisely peering, said, "I seek a man,"
Was not so crazy after all, for they
Are seen as rarely now as they were then.
There's any quantity of gentlemen,
You know them by their oath, and their cigar,
And cranium's emptiness; not one in ten
Is sensible as Plato's bipeds were;
Divest them of their feathers, you undo 'em,
For in their case the tailor makes the man;
Just strip the rooster, and there's nothing to 'em
They'll soon evaporate; mind must lead the van.
Then hope for the enreks, brother, when
The standard of the man is soul again!

CURE OF A SICK LION.

The veterinary art must have been rather low among the Romans, if we may judge from the following ludicrous prescription for a sick lion, given us by Pliny. "The lion is never sicke but of the peevishness of his stomache, loathing all meat; and then the way to cure him, is to ty untu him certain shee apes, which with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience, and drive him from the very indignitic of their malapert sauciness into a fit of madness, and then, so soon as he has tasted their blood, he is perfectly well again; and this is the only help."—*Zoological Anecdotes*.



ATTACK OF A WHALE BY A SWORD FISH.

EXTRAORDINARY COMBAT.

A vessel not long since arrived at London from Dublin, and the captain reported having on his passage fallen in with a whale of large dimensions, on a Sunday morning, at two o'clock, seven miles southwest of the Lizard. This monster of the deep was suffering severely at the time in an encounter with two well known enemies of his tribe—a sword-fish and a thrasher. These formidable creatures generally go together through the waters, and are reputed to be joined in a league of unrelenting enmity against the cetaceous animals. Captain Rochfort and

the crew saw the combat for about three-quarters of an hour, but being obliged to continue their voyage homewards, they had to forego the pleasure of witnessing the struggle to its close, and of taking in tow to Dublin the body of the vanquished whale, for of his being eventually worsted in the affray there was no doubt whatever. The sword-fish was seen once driving his tremendous weapon into the belly of his victim as he turned on his side in agony. The thrasher fastened on his back and gave him terrific blows, which were heard at a distance with great distinctness. The latter not having any power to

strike in the water, it was the instinctive policy of the sword-fish to make the attack from below; this causing the whale to rise above the surface, the other assailant, which was about twenty feet long, then dealt out his blows unsparingly with all the force of his lengthy frame—between them their victim must have suffered extremely; he spouted blood to an immense height, and crimsoned the sea all around to a considerable distance. Being within 200 yards of the ship, the conflict was distinctly visible. Our artist in the engraving above, has given us a fine view of this aquatic encounter between these monsters.

SURRENDER OF VERA CRUZ

The capture of Vera Cruz and the surrender of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa followed quickly upon each other. The navy and army of the United States combined their efforts to the greatest advantage and success. It will be remembered that this place, like that of Moro Castle and Gibraltar, has been counted as impregnable; and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa not but a few years since withstood a siege by the French squadron. The scene represented below is that of General Scott, as he appeared in the grand plaza, receiving the surrender in form.



SURRENDER OF VERA CRUZ—RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MEMORY'S VESPER.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

The bells are ringing the vespers,
The winds go murmuring low;
And shivering through the lindens,
As they used to, long ago;
When we stood beneath the silence,
And my arm was round her waist;
As we watched the wild-cloud armies,
Like earthly warriors haste.

But the blue eyes fondly gazing,
In the old time into mine;
And the lips that there were pressing,
Are dashed by the salt sea brine.
And she's gone to sleep in the ocean,
And the hands so thin and fair,
Are crushed on her breast like an angel's,
Who's folded them o'er in prayer.

And her golden hair is woven
With the pale and bright sea shells,
Where the running tide of ocean
O'er the amber mountain swells.
And the mermaids chanting o'er her,
Say mass for her soul's repose;
And still, with a requiem-murmur,
The great sea onward flows.

But I'm standing alone 'neath the lindens,
Where she used to stand with me;
And they've taken my love from my bosom,
And buried her down in the sea.
Ah, love! thou art sweetly sleeping,
I would I could rest with thee;
For I hear but a trembling dirge-note,
In the shiver of every tree.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE GOLDEN CLASP:

—OR THE—

YOUNG DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A DARK night had settled down over the village of L—, and a heavy rain was gradually flooding the streets. Dr. Jacob Tollman sat in his snug apartment, half buried in the cushion of his easy chair, with his slippers resting upon a high stuffed stool, while his attention seemed equally divided between a volume of anatomical plates, which he held in his hand, and the smoke that curled up from the well-filled grate near him.

"Heigh-ho!" fairly groaned the doctor, tossing his hook upon the table and starting up from his chair. "What a life is this I now lead, to be sure. Here I am, six-and-twenty, with as much business as I can attend to, and good looking, too, upon my honor; but what is all this good for? I have n't anybody to enjoy life with me—nobody to smile when I smile, unless, perchance, I fix them with a joke. I visit every sick room in town; see nothing but long faces and looks of agony; hear nothing but moans and murmurs; feel nothing but pulses and fevered brows; and then, when I return to my home, what is there for me? Nothing but my old landlady and a cold meal of victuals. It's decidedly too bad. Jake Tollman, you ought to have a wife!"

This last sentence came out with a sort of forced effect, and the young doctor almost shuddered at the thought; nor, under the circumstances, is it much to be wondered at. The fact is, Dr. Tollman was a sort of *trump card* in L—, and many parents who had marriageable daughters to dispose, were shuffling in all sorts of ways to get him into their hands. He saw this, and he could not help fearing that if he attempted to get him a wife among his acquaintances he might get "taken in the net" of some scheming mother when he least expected it. Innumerable were the cases where he had been called to visit young ladies who had the nervous headache, slight colds, or something of that sort, when he knew that his presence was only required that he might hear the dotting mamas enumerate their dear daughters' thousand virtues. Yet Jacob Tollman was not the man to live a happy bachelor's life. He longed for a home of his own—for a hearthstone over which his own big affections should preside, and about which should cluster those tender ties of sympathy and love that can only exist beneath the genial influence of true connubial felicity.

"There's Fidelity Barker," muttered the doctor. "She's pretty, and may be rich; but six separate times since I have been here has she caught cold by going to balls in ridiculously thin dresses. Then there's Matilda Maufalton

—really good-looking—wants a husband, but she's always got the nervous headache; the sight of a large fly, or a spider, sets her into hysterics. And there's—"

At this juncture the door-bell rang violently, and in a moment afterwards a ruddy-faced servant-girl poked her head in at the doctor's door.

"Wants the doctor."

"Then show him in."

"It's a woman, sir."

"A woman?" repeated Tollman.

"Yes, sir."

"Then show her in."

"A woman out on such a night as this?" continued the doctor, to himself, shivering as the sound of the cold wind and pattering rain drops fell upon his ears. "Some sick husband, I suppose. She must be an excellent wife."

His reverie was here cut short by the entrance of the applicant, and he was not a little surprised at her appearance. She could not have seen the rolling of more than nineteen years, and though that length of time had developed in her person a full degree of female loveliness, yet she looked wan and pale, and her large brilliant eyes seemed like jet-set diamonds in a bust of alabaster. Her hair hung in flowing masses over her shoulders, confined only by a well-worn hood, and from its curling ends the water was dripping in big drops. She did not shiver, nor did she seem to be aware that she was wet and cold.

"Is this the doctor?" she asked, in an earnest but yet sweet and silvery voice.

"At your service," returned Tollman, forgetting the wind and the rain in the sudden interest he experienced from the appearance of his visitor.

"My mother, sir, is very sick," she said, in a supplicating manner. "I know it is a disagreeable night for you to go out; but unless she can have assistance, I fear she will not live."

"If Jacob Tollman dares not face a storm that one like you can buffet, he would not deserve the name of man. Is it far from here?"

"You know the little cottage that stands in the lane beyond the red mill?"

"Yes. The widow Lawrence lives there."

"That is the place, sir."

"Then you must be Lydia Lawrence?"

"That is my name," returned the girl, with a slight courtesy.

"I have heard of your mother. Sit you down by the fire, and I will be ready to accompany you in a moment."

Dr. Tollman had heard of Mrs. Lawrence as an industrious widow, and as the mother of a beautiful daughter, but further than that he knew nothing of her, save that she never mingled in society, and was scarcely ever seen beyond the precincts of her humble home. It took him but a few moments to put on his boots and heavy coat, and then, taking his small medicine bags across his arm, he bade the girl follow him. In the entry he took a large umbrella, and then stepped out into the street.

The young doctor hesitated a moment ere he decided upon what he next should do. He, of course, desired that his companion should walk under the umbrella, but in order to do so she would have to take his arm, and this was to him a novel thing. He mustered up his courage, however, and politely offered the kind escort.

"I dare not trespass thus upon your kindness," Lydia returned, with faltering timidity.

Tollman caught the meaning of that tone in a moment, and feeling assured that it indicated the very fear the girl had expressed, he laid aside his own timid reserve, and finally prevailed upon her to accept his proffered arm. Her hand trembled in its new resting-place, but she seemed thankful for the kindness, nevertheless. The doctor made no attempt at conversation, for the management of his umbrella was as much as he could attend to.

The widow's cottage was nearly a mile distant from his own residence, but he reached it at length, and was ushered into one of the only two rooms that occupied the lower floor, where he found Mrs. Lawrence upon a bed.

"He has come, dear mother," exclaimed Lydia, as she hurried towards the couch.

"Then may God bless his kind heart," faintly murmured the sick woman, as she turned heavily upon her side.

Dr. Tollman felt the patient's pulse. It was somewhat hurried in its beatings, though faint and irregular.

"Have you been long sick?" he asked, as he sat down by her side, and placed his hand over the region of her heart.

"Yes, for years," she returned.

"But how long since you have been confined to your bed?"

"Three days."

The young doctor shook his head.

"Drugs will do you but little good," he said.

"Your disease must be cured by your own feelings—your own spirits. I can do somewhat to alleviate your pain, but you must drive away the sorrow-stroke from your heart, if you would recover. I tell you plainly that your heart is already greatly enlarged, and it cannot bear much more."

"Then I shall stay but little longer on earth."

"Yes, yes; you may stay much longer. What should weigh you down so? Confide to me the tale of your grief."

There was something so kind in the manner of the young man, and he seemed to feel so much sympathy for her that the sick woman really felt a relief in telling to him her story:

"It is now twelve years since my husband left me for a voyage to South America," she commenced, "and from which he never returned. After waiting a year without hearing any intelligence of him, I chanced to pick up a paper, one day, in which I saw the name of his ship mentioned. I sat down to read it, and found that the vessel had been picked up on the reefs outside of Trinidad, with her upper works burned, and her whole cargo ransacked, and the most valuable portion of it gone. She had been attacked by pirates, the crew all murdered, and then the vessel set on fire, but in all probability a heavy storm must have extinguished the flames. Can you wonder, sir, that such a shock should have left effects that may never be effaced? But that was not all. My husband had ventured his all in the speculation he was engaged in, and I was left destitute. I could not beg; and though I desired to work, yet I could not always obtain it. At length I moved to this place, and many a day have I seen roll over the heads of myself and child with not even a crumb of bread in the house. During the summer months I have supported myself by picking berries, most of which I have exchanged with the old miller for meal. But even poverty is not all. My heart sinks beneath even a greater weight than that."

The poor woman hesitated and gazed upon her fair daughter.

"I know that I am going from this scene of sorrow, and I must leave my child behind. It is a dark and dangerous world, sir, for one like her. She will have no father, no mother, no protector, and no—"

"Hush, mother dear," urged Lydia, stepping lightly to the bedside. "You will not leave me yet; and if you do, some kind hearts will surely be found to give me protection."

"That they will," almost involuntarily ejaculated the doctor, with more enthusiasm than he was aware of. "This world is not so dark as your fears would paint it. There are thousands of bright spots yet beaming upon its surface, and the great heart of humanity yet throbs with much of kindness. You have suffered, 'tis true, but O, how many are there who have suffered far more! Has not God left you a kind, true, and affectionate child, and has he not allowed you to live to see her a blessing to you? Tell me, do you not possess that which all the wealth of the Indies could not purchase in the honor of your daughter and yourself?"

"Yes, yes,—O yes!" cried the woman, as the burning words of the doctor fell upon her ears.

"Then try to feel more happy. It will do you more good than all the medicine in the world. You owe it to yourself and to your child. You shall not want. I will leave such potions as you need to night, and I will call again on the morrow with something to nourish you."

"Your words and admonitions are just, sir, and I will do what I can; but 'tis hard to overcome the feelings and impulses of the crushed heart."

Lydia Lawrence had remained standing by the bed, but her eyes fell and her cheeks flushed as she heard the physician's words, for she knew that his gaze was upon her. Yet she felt not uneasy, for there was something in what she heard that savored of an open-hearted kindness that she seldom met with, and it sent a thrill of joy to her soul.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Lawrence, as Tollman at length arose to depart, "it may be a long time ere I can pay you for your services—perhaps never. I should not have sent for you to night, but Lydia was determined to go."

"Speak not of that, madam. Let me be the first to refer again to the subject of payment."

The doctor left such directions as he thought necessary, and also such medicines as could be of any service, and bidding the widow take hope, he left the cottage. The rain still continued to fall, but Jacob Tollman heeded it not, for his mind was too full of the scenes that had passed and he was contemplating an imaginary list of kindnesses that he was going to perform for the widow. All this flowed from the pure desire he held for doing good. He was not selfish yet.

On the next day he called as he had promised, and he had the gratification of finding Mrs. Lawrence much better. She looked happier, seemed more hopeful, and conversed with much spirit.

Two days afterwards he called and found his patient asleep. Her slumber was so sweet and quiet that he would not awaken her, so he sat down in the opposite room with Lydia, with whom he entered into conversation. Though her sphere of observation had not been great, and though her means of literary attainments had been limited, yet Tollman found her mind well stored with useful knowledge; and as he gradually drew her out from her timid reserve, he discovered that she possessed all those moral and social beauties of mind that characterized her mother.

When Dr. Jacob Tollman left the cottage that day, he had contracted a regular disease of the heart, not such an one, perhaps, as had prostrated Mrs. Lawrence, nor, indeed, one that might have been deemed incurable; but, nevertheless, there was much of palpitation in that region, and he felt as he had never felt before. That night he dreamed of the cottage nymph, and the next morning he thought of her as he ate his breakfast, and the more he thought the more he became convinced that he had never seen a female like her before.

Towards evening, having attended to such patients as needed his advice, he stood at his door revolving in his mind the expediency, or, as he chose to term it, the *necessity* of visiting Mrs. Lawrence; and he had made up his mind to go, when a gentleman in a gig drove furiously up to the gate and inquired for the "doctor."

"I am the man," returned Tollman, stepping down from the door.

"Then jump into my gig and go with me. There's room enough for both of us."

"Unless the case is very urgent, you will have to dispense with my services for the present, for I was just going to fulfil a professional engagement," returned the doctor, not at all liking the idea of being cheated out of his intended visit, now that he had made up his mind to go.

"The case is just such a case as must be attended to immediately. No more nor less than a man most dead; so take your instruments and come along."

"But what is the case? Fractured skull, or broken limbs, or what? I should like to know what instruments to take."

The doctor at length made out that it might be a contusion of the skull and broken limbs both, so he prepared himself for either emergency, and got into the man's gig. It was an appeal he could not resist, but the circumstance opened his eyes a little wider to the fact that he had been deprived of a great enjoyment. His companion carried him some four miles from the village; and when he stopped, it was in front of a small inn, where a few marketmen and farmers were in the habit of congregating.

The doctor found his patient to be a middle-aged man, who had been thrown from his wagon, but though he was considerably bruised and sprained, yet no bones were broken. Tollman remained with the unfortunate man until late in the evening; and when he returned to his lodgings, it was altogether out of season for his intended visit to Mrs. Lawrence.

Mrs. Lawrence was able to be about the house. It was late in the afternoon that Dr. Jacob Tollman called at her cottage, and finding that Lydia had gone down to the pond to gather a few lilies, some of which had been able to withstand the autumnal blasts thus far, he determined to follow her. He easily found her; and arm in arm they walked slowly homeward. What they said it matters not, only that without the least apparent reason he whispered in her ear, and she trembled and shook like an aspen. She blushed, and tears ran down her cheeks, though the countenance upon which they sparkled looked neither sad nor sorrowful.

They were a very long while walking back to the cottage, and when they reached it, they both looked very happy.

"Dr. Tollman," said Mrs. Lawrence, as the former had removed his hat and taken a seat, "the first time you visited me I made some remark to you about the payment for your services, and though you then told me not to mention the subject again until you should first refer to it, yet I feel that it is my duty to give you some security. You have been the means of, perhaps, saving my life, not alone by your medical prescriptions, but by your kind attentions and hopeful assurances. I own a portion of this cottage, such as it is, still free from debt, and if you would take a deed of it as security for the sum that is due you, I should feel much easier than I do now."

The young doctor bent his eyes to the floor for a few moments, and when he raised them, there was a strange expression upon his countenance.

"Madam," he said, "I am willing to accept of security from you, but I cannot take it upon your home."

"I have nothing else, sir."

"I think you have."

"What can it be?"

"I saw you have a golden clasp. That will cover my whole bill, and—"

"But my dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Lawrence, with much tremulousness, "that was a gift from my husband, and through all my dark paths of poverty and suffering I have held it as a thing too sacred to part with."

"But I will not dispose of it," returned the doctor, "I will not sell it. I will merely keep it as security for the payment of my debt. You cannot surely object to that."

Mrs. Lawrence made no further reply, but arising from her seat, she went to a small box at the head of her bed, and took therefrom a small golden clasp. It had a setting of small pearls surmounted by a lid that opened by a spring, beneath which was a lock of hair. She handed it to the doctor, remarking as she did so:

"Take it, sir; and while you have it, you may rest assured that you hold that which is as dear to me as life itself. I give it freely, for you have saved that life through the medium of which the memento is valuable. Yet, sir, I trust you will not dispose of it, for I will redeem it, even though—"

"Say no more, madam," quickly interrupted Tollman. "I merely take the clasp as a pledge, and you shall have your own time in which to redeem it, and when you do redeem it, unless I am much mistaken, you shall be made as happy by the circumstance as I shall."

"I trust it may be so, sir."

"Indeed it shall, madam."

As the doctor spoke, he arose to take his leave. He spoke a few kind words to his patient, and then turned towards the door. Lydia followed him. There was an intelligent look in her eyes; and as she received her lover's (we can't hide the fact) parting grasp, she said:

"A strange redemption of my mother's pledge."

"Very, dearest," returned Tollman, with a meaning look; and thus saying, he started off towards the street.

"Yes. I will see that the pledge is redeemed," murmured the physician to himself, as soon as he was alone; "and such a joyful redemption. It will be the most happy period of my life."

It was sometime after dark when Jacob Tollman reached his boarding-house; and though supper was waiting for him, yet he stopped not to partake of it. He had another patient to visit that night; and ordering his carriage to the door, he awaited its arrival, and then set off upon his further business.

The next morning was calm and beautiful. The trees were clothed in their gaudy suits of autumnal tints—yellow, red, orange and brown; a few venturesome birds still remained to chant their melody through the bracing air; and the landscape was here and there dotted with the spring-time robes of lasting evergreen. Mrs. Lawrence was sitting by the fire-place, and Lydia was removing the dishes from the breakfast-table. The latter was far different in her looks from the appearance she presented when we first saw her on that stormy evening at the boarding-house of Dr. Tollman. There was a roscate glow of returning health and content in her cheeks, and from her large dark eyes there gleamed a light of joy and hope. The bare re-

turn of health to her mother might have done all this, though it must be confessed that there was a peculiar sparkle in her eye that betokened some other source of soul-sent feeling.

The table had been set back to its wonted place, the floor swept, the broom set behind the door, and Lydia was upon the point of going out to the woodshed when the sound of carriage wheels in front of the cottage arrested her attention. She looked out at the window and at once recognized the horse of Dr. Tollman. She was just going to anticipate that gentleman's rap by going to the door, when he unceremoniously entered. Lydia would have at once advanced to meet him, but she noticed that he was followed by a stranger, and she shrank back. Mrs. Lawrence heard the footsteps of the new comers, and she arose from her chair.

"Ah, my dear madam," said the young doctor, as he stepped forward and took the lady by the hand, "I have come to enable you to redeem your golden clasp. This gentleman, in consideration of former services at your hands, will do it."

As he spoke, he presented the gentleman who had accompanied him.

"I do not understand," returned Mrs. Lawrence; but she spoke no further. She gazed into the eyes of the stranger, and she saw that they were swimming with tears. She only gazed that she might see who it was that would thus redeem the golden clasp; but clasp, stranger, doctor, all were forgotten now. She recognized a pair of eyes that had beamed upon her before, the countenance to which they gave expression was dark and swarthy; but there were lines there smile-marks there, that she had not forgotten.

She did not speak, I said, but her actions revealed the emotions of her soul. She fell forward upon the bosom of him whom she had thought a stranger, and she knew that she was clasped once more to the arms of her husband!

Poor Lydia! She forgot the young doctor. There was one present who had a prior claim upon her notice; one whom she had not seen for years, but yet one who had heard her first prattle, and seen her first smile; one who had fondled her in his arms, and made glad her infancy by his loving kindness—her father! and she pillowed her head, by the side of her mother's, upon his bosom.

* * * * *

"He—he did it all," said old Walter Lawrence, pointing towards the young doctor, as soon as he got clear from his wife's arms.

"God bless you, kind sir," murmured the happy woman, laying her hand upon the doctor's arm.

"And that blessing," added the doctor, "the first I have really, heartfully received since last my mother's hand rested upon my brow, redeems your golden clasp. I knew I should get it; I knew I had found your husband, and I wanted only this clasp to convince him that I knew his wife."

As soon as the first burst of joy was over; as soon as both wife and daughter were able to listen to the old man's story, he told it, and he told it in a very few words:

"I will not pain you now," he commenced, "with an account of the cruelties and tortures I have suffered. We were attacked by pirates when we were within three days' sail of Rio Janeiro, and those who were not killed in defending the ship were sold as war captives, and sent to the diamond mines. There were hundreds of convicts and prisoners of war there, and we were classed with them without hopes of redemption. Ten long years I wore out there, and during that whole ten years, I was planning the means of escape. At length I effected my object through the aid of an American merchant, and started for my home. I found not my wife and child where I had left them, nor could I learn exactly where they had gone; but I gained a slight clue to the direction they had taken, and with a slight hope I set out in search. Only a few miles from here I was thrown out from a wagon, and so much was I bruised that I was taken up senseless and conveyed to a neighboring inn, and about the first thing I can remember after that is the presence of our young friend—the doctor. He dressed my wounds; cheered me by his kind words, and then, knowing him, from his profession, to be one who was likely to know all the families in the neighborhood, I related to him my story, and the object of my search. He gave me no direct answer then, but promised me that he would give me all the in-

formation in his power as soon as I was able to ride out. Early this morning he came and brought me the golden clasp, and then I knew he could carry me to my wife."

The old man's voice was here choked by his strong emotions of love and gratitude, and the doctor continued:

"When I first found my patient Mrs. Lawrence, and he told me his story, I was sure your husband had returned, but, considering the physical weakness of you both, I dared not run the risk of exciting hopes that might be crushed. I had seen the golden clasp you had in your possession, and from words which I heard you drop to your daughter, I knew that it was originally a present from your husband. I thought that would be the surest proof I could give him of your existence, and I gained possession of it for that purpose. The trial has fully proved its charm."

"And so you will have to go without your security, after all," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a half playful mood, as she wiped away her tears of joy.

"O, no!" returned the doctor. "If I have been the means of even shedding a single ray of sunlight across your path, you may return the deed by making my whole future on earth one bright day of happiness. You wonder!—Give me but the hand of this good girl, and you will do as I have said."

As Jacob Tollman spoke, he turned towards Lydia and opened his arms. She looked first upon her mother, then upon her father, and then she went to the arms that were waiting for her.

"You will marry a poor wife, Dr. Tollman," said the mother, as soon as she became convinced where the heart of her daughter lay.

"Has she been a poor daughter to you?" asked the young man, with a beaming look.

"No, no," quickly returned the mother. "She has been to me a mine of wealth."

"And she will make me full as rich a wife; for that love which begets the noblest of self-sacrifice, can never fail of making a pure and valuable companion."

"Then, if my husband says yes, take her."

"Ay," added the old man, "take her; but she is not so poor as might be. During the years I was planning my escape, I was not unmindful of the future. I found means to secrete a goodly store of diamonds, and I have them now safely pegged in between the soles of my boots. But gold and jewels can never add to the value of a true and virtuous wife, though they may sometimes be not very unacceptable accompaniments."

We will only add that the diamonds Mr. Lawrence had brought home with him realized quite a fortune; but Jacob Tollman never saw any valuable glitter in them when they were compared with the sweet smiles and loving looks of his fond wife. She was to him indeed "a pearl of great price."

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

I HAVE ONE TRESS OF HAIR.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

I have one tress, one little tress,
Of dark and shining hair;
But O, 'tis all the world to me,
I treasure it with care;
For it is all that's left me now
Of my sweet infant girl;
A bud of promise, far too pure
To blossom in this world.

Though she sleeps 'neath the willow tree,
I'll keep this dark brown tress;
It speaks of blissful hours to me,
Hours fraught with happiness;
When I clasped to my yearning heart
My first-born, darling child;
And felt a new, warm gush of love
Flow through my heart the while.

This little tress, this dark brown tress,
Hath called forth many a tear;
A sweet memento it hath been,
Of her I loved so dear.
No gem, however bright and fair,
Can e'er be prized by me,
So dearly as this lock of hair,
'Tis all the world to me.

A GOOD MAXIM.

The more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE MAGDALENE.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

The face was wondrous fair,
Time had not traced a single furrow there;
And yet the touching beauty of that face
Spoke truths which time might never more erase.
O, often has she heedless turned aside,
To listen to the whispering voice of pride;
And many a strong temptation wakened then,
Which might not calmly sink to rest again.
Yet think not one, so beautiful as she,
Could fall, at once, from truth and purity;
That evil passions, in one evil hour,
Could gain o'er woman's heart such dangerous power.
No! step by step the tempter led her on,
Till innocence and peace of mind were gone;
Scorned by the many, pitied by the few,
All knew her frail, but deemed her hardened too.
Draw back the veil which shrouds that face so fair,
A whole life's history is written there.
She hath drunk deep of pleasure's poisoned bowl,
In sin's dark dregs hath steeped her very soul;
Love, hatred, envy, each by turns has swayed,
And each in turn has been by her obeyed;
Until her very name became a jest,
And evil reigned triumphant in her breast;
Helpless and hopeless, fate hath done its worst,
Kindred and stranger deem her each accursed.

But see! what light is kindling in her eye!
Jesus of Nazareth is passing by!
He never felt the scorn that others feel—
Will he not listen to her sad appeal?
Calmly she mingles with the gathering crowd,
Wraps her blue mantle o'er her as a shroud;
And with that ray of hope, so faint and dim,
And less, perhaps, of faith she follows him;
The thronging multitude she heedeth not,
The wondering gaze, if seen, is soon forgot;
Her listening ear has caught one gentle strain
Of music, which shall ne'er be hushed again;
And mercy's accents, pure as breath of heaven,
Have whispered, "Peace! thy sins are all forgiven!"

O God! amidst that host of followers,
Was there one heart which rendered more than hers?
Was there one throb of gratitude more pure?
One heart of flesh more fitted to endure?
The boundless love, so passionless its trace,
Is stamped on every feature of her face;
The high resolve, which nerves her spirit now,
Is written on the pure and lofty brow;
And they shall bear her on through good and ill,
Till she her holy mission shall fulfil.
Last at the Cross her lingering footsteps stay,
First when an angel rolled the stone away;
And when his glorious message he unfurled,
She was the first to bear it to the world.

SLEEP-WALKING AND SLEEP-BATHING.

About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue Quay were much surprised at desecrating a man disporting himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the revenue boat's crew, they pushed off, and succeeded in picking him up; but strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most novel part of this adventure was, that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult and dangerous road a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swam one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.—*Chamber's Pocket Miscellany.*

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE SISTERS' SEPARATION.

BY J. ALFORD.

The sweet and soothing balm of separation's pain,
Is cherishing the hope of meeting soon again.

Farewell, dearest sisters, although we must roam,
Far, far from our parents, our friends, and our home;
How sweet 'tis to think that no space can divide
The bonds which affection and nature have tied;
Have bound round our hearts, and though scattered they lie,
All space they elude, and all parting defy.

North and south, east and west, though we diversely go,
Those bonds of affection and nature shall glow;
Though formed of young roses they're stronger than steel,
And brighter than gems all the mines can reveal;
In our bosoms the rivets are fixed to remain,
For, though distance extends, it ne'er weakens the chain.
We are each one a link, wheresoe'er our retreat,
And our parents the centre, at which we all meet.

WOMEN AS WRITERS.

Then a woman of tact and brilliancy, like me
Has an undue advantage in conversation with men. They are astonished at our instincts. They do not see where we got our knowledge; and, while they tramp on in their clumsy way, we wheel and fly, and dart hither and thither, and seize with ready eye all the weak points, like Saladin in the desert. It is quite another thing when we come to write, and, without suggestion from another mind, to declare the positive amount of thought that is in us.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.
Byron.



VIEW OF WILSON'S HOTEL, AT BRIGHTON, MASS.



GOING TO BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON HOTEL AND CATTLE MARKET.

The series of illustrations, given herewith by our artist, requires some account of Brighton and its interests. Brighton—originally a part of Cambridge—is five miles from Boston, and is, naturally, one of the pleasantest towns in Massachusetts. Its natural bend—Charles River, making a graceful and very picturesque feature in the views had of the town, is also of value for its navigation, and affords delightful sails. The chief interest, at present, in the town, is in its widely known Cattle Market, which originated during the revolutionary war, through the enterprise of Jonathan Winship, sen., who bought cattle for the army; and thus, from a limited trade, the market has become a very important feature of the business of the place. The sales for several years have amounted to between two and three millions of dollars per annum, and the number of cattle to two or three hundred thousand annually. The cattle market draws together a great number of strangers from various parts of the country, and they are provided with comforts at the finest suburban hotel in the vicinity of Boston. This hotel is kept by Mr. Wilson, and stands in the first rank of "out-of-town" hotels. It is a pleasant summer resort, and thousands prove, by their frequent visits thereto, its very great superiority to other hotels in the vicinity of Boston. Thursday is market-day, and, for several days previous, the roads are thronged with droves of cattle and sheep. Brighton was the place of residence of Peter Faneuil, the donor of "Faneuil Hall" to the town of Boston; and later, the dwelling place of Noah Worcester, the "Apostle of Peace," so called. Omnibusses run to Brighton, under the care of Mr. Wellman and the popular "Dan," affording a very pleasant ride of five miles, and through many delightful scenes—Adams, in his sketch of the towns in the vicinity of Boston, says, that among the environs of Boston, none present more varied and beautiful natural scenery than this town. As one looks down from its pleasant hills upon the wide and rich landscape which encircles him—Watertown and Newton, Brookline, Roxbury, Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, with their clustering objects of interest—he is most impressed with the contrast between the present condition of the country and its appearance as described two hundred years ago. The author of that quaint old book, 'Wonder-Working Providence,' written almost two hundred years since, could he come back now, would be sadly puzzled, we fancy, to find superlatives enough in the king's English to paint his amazement. He wrote thus of Boston and its environs: 'Invirened it is with brinish floods, saving one small istmos, which gives free access to the neighboring towns by land on the south side, on the north-west and north-east. Two constant fairs are kept for daily traffique thereunto. * * * All these [hills], like overtopping towers, keep a constant watch to see the approach of foreign dangers, being furnished with a beacon and loud babbling guns to give notice, by their redoubled echo, to all the sister towns. The chief edifice of this city-like town is crowded on the sea



ROAD SCENE IN BRIGHTON—DRIVING TO MARKET.

banks, and wharfed out with great labor and cost; the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set forth with brick tile, stone and slate, and orderly placed with seemly streets, whose continual enlargement presageth some sumptuous city. But now behold the admirable acts of Christ at this his people's landing. The hideous thickets in this place were such that wolves and bears nursed up their young from the eyes of all beholders in those very places where the streets are full of girls and boys, sporting up and down with continued concourse of people. * * * This town is the very mart of the land; Dutch, French and Portugalls come here to traffic. A part of the 'brinish floods,' which of old thus 'invironed' Boston, have been forced to retreat before the encroaching hand of civilization and art. And the numerous bridges and avenues which now stretch out as arms on all sides of our

metropolis to embrace the beautiful gardens and teeming farms, the quiet homes and tasteful and costly country seats of a large suburban population, have already more than fulfilled the above prophecy of the good old Johnson, wherein he 'presageth some sumptuous city' to come, and testify that the 'small istmos,' which, in his day, gave 'free access to the neighboring towns by land on the south side, on the south-west and north-east,' has proved quite insufficient for access now. The most agreeable of these various channels of communication, both as a pleasant drive and for the fine view afforded of Boston, as one enters, is the Western Avenue, which was opened for travel July 2, 1821. Commencing at the foot of Beacon Street, Boston, it extends, by one branch, to Brookline, and by another to Brighton—the line of which latter it meets at a distance of two and a half miles from Boston

Common. It bears the name of Beacon Street through Brighton, and is continued to Watertown." The business at Brighton has called for more extensive accommodations; and during the past season, the Cattle Fair Hotel, of which our artist has given us a fine view herewith, has been very much enlarged at a great expense. There is now a spacious public room, a large business room, and barber's room adjoining. Numerous parlors and sleeping rooms have been added, and other alterations and improvements been made. The house was planned by that celebrated architect—William Washburn, Esq., of Boston, and the work was executed by Mr. W. W. Dane, of Brighton. It is finished in modern style, and is probably the largest and most convenient public house in the vicinity of Boston, and as you approach it on either side, makes an imposing appearance. Mine host, Mr.

Wilson, is the prince of landlords, and universally popular. The principal railroad station is in Winship's Gardens, through which the Worcester railroad passes—in summer, a delightful place of resort. This road, the first ever built among us for passengers (the Quincy Railroad, the first in the country, having been used only for the transportation of stone), was opened on the first of April, 1834, through Brighton and as far as Newton. The weekly receipts at this Brighton station exceed those at any other station on the Worcester road, having amounted, some weeks, to five thousand dollars and upwards. There is another station on the same road in the eastern part of the town nearest to the city. This, from having been called the "Cambridge crossing," has sometimes deceived travellers, and led them to suppose it was in Cambridge; whereas the Charles River, a mile beyond the crossing, is the division line between the two places. Some elegant houses have been lately erected in the vicinity of this station. And, for a better understanding of the locality, it is desirable that it be known as the "East Brighton Station," rather than as the "Cambridge Crossing"—to which city the station in no wise pertains either by situation or by any facility which it could afford to the inhabitants of that place for communication with Boston.

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE

"Come, and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce, to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "God bless you, my dear!" He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear —, do not weep; for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; but I do not love you less, but God more." Such were the closing words of one of the most gifted and polished minds.—*New York Observer.*



VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED CATTLE MARKET AT BRIGHTON, MASS

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

MRS. WESTCUT'S RELATIONS.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

MR. ORVILLE WESTCUT was horn and bred in the village of Copely, beyond the precincts of which he rarely, if ever, travelled. Yet Mr. Westcut had the appearance of knowing many people abroad; and he frequently sauntered into the Copely Hotel, to examine the traveller's book, as if expecting, daily, to find familiar names among the "late arrivals"

Mr. Westcut may have designed giving such an impression to his village acquaintance; but I should judge his application to the leaves of the hotel book was rather the result of innate curiosity—a broad seam of which ran through the fine timber of the Westcut family tree. Copely is a village somewhat famous for its mineral springs and romantic scenery, which draw crowds of strangers in that direction, in the "watering season;" and Mr. Westcut's humanity inspired him with interest to know the names, and learn some facts concerning every individual who visited the village

At all events, Mr. Westcut was never more astonished in his life, than on one fine summer morning, when examining the travelling records, as usual, he met with three names as familiar to his ears as household words. In large, heavy characters, there was written: "Mr. and Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell." Then followed, in fine, precise lines: "Mariana Theresa Elroy"

Mr. Orville Westcut turned pale. Then a flush suffused his face, and perspiration started from his brows. He looked up at the landlord, with a guilty, fearful expression, and perceiving that he was not observed, glanced timidly around. The "coast"—to use a nautical idiom—"was clear." Mr. Westcut fixed his eyes upon the end of his nose, dropped his head, and glided into the street, like a thief afraid of detection.

I am not aware that Mr. Westcut—who was a highly respectable citizen—had done anything for which he had reason to feel either fear or shame. Now I can say, more positively, that no one has reason to be afraid of ghosts. Yet some people are afraid of ghosts. Those three names were like ghosts to Mr. Westcut; he was afraid of them.

"Good heavens!" he murmured, wiping the perspiration from his brow in the open air, "Mrs. Westcut's relations!—Mrs. Pinkingham Powell—Miss Mariana Theresa Elroy!—Bless me, if they should condescend to visit my wife! What on earth should we do?"

I have said these names were like ghosts to Mr. Westcut. They were worse. No ghost ever haunted an unhappy mortal as these names had, for fifteen summers and winters, haunted him. Let us glance at his matrimonial history for an explanation.

Mrs. Westcut was an Elroy—Mariana Theresa was her cousin. Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell was Mariana Theresa's sister. Now the Elroys—as Mr. Westcut piously believed—were an ancient, aristocratic race. Mr. Westcut was also conscious of everlasting obligations to Mrs. Westcut—who, as said before, was an Elroy—for honoring his family by an union with him. But there was one unpleasant circumstance, which caused Mr. Westcut frequently to regret that Mrs. Westcut was an Elroy. The connection had failed to elevate him to a level with that aristocratic race, and Mrs. Westcut had never been able wholly to forgive herself, for suffering love to bring her—an Elroy—down to a plane with the Westcuts. And from the day of their marriage—nay, from the earliest period of their acquaintance, when Virginia Elroy, appearing as a stranger in Copely, won Orville Westcut's affections—she had never ceased to dwell upon the wide distinction between their families

"Yes," said she, with a sigh, when brought to consent to become his wife, "yes, it is fate. I must sacrifice family to love!" And Orville was grateful. When they were married, she sighed again, and said:

"I should like to visit my family, if I thought they would forgive me; but they are proud—proud!"

And when the "happy pair" had become domesticated in the respectable, but by no means ancient, mansion of the Westcuts, Orville was forever haunted by the ghosts of the race of Elroys. Night and morning, they were ever present. If he had the nightmare, they were, in

some manner, concerned in it; if he was troubled with hypochondria, they were responsible. They stalked in upon him at breakfast—they overshadowed the dinner table—they were served up by Mrs. Westcut (late Elroy) at tea. He grew thin upon them. Had he been a man of weak intellect, he must inevitably have become insane. Whenever Mrs. Westcut desired a new dress, she had only to say in presence of her husband:

"O, dear! what would Mrs. Pinkingham Powell say, if she should see an Elroy in such frightful duds as I am obliged to wear?" And Orville's purse was opened. If the poor man was so unfortunate as to do anything displeasing to Virginia, she had only to say:

"O, dear! if you was a little more like Mr. Frederick Pinkingham Powell! But it is useless to talk!" And Orville exerted himself at once to conform to her beau ideal of a husband; feeling guilty, I suppose, on account of his presumption when he aspired to unite himself—a Westcut—with one of the race of Elroy.

On one occasion, Virginia, becoming disgusted with the ancient fashion of the vehicle in which the family rode to church, desired a carriage of modern style; and delicately hinting that never before had one of the name of Elroy stooped to appear in such a box, and that she felt remorse for the disgrace brought upon the family, through her, she succeeded in touching Orville's heart. A fashionable vehicle was bought—the shades of the Elroys were appeased.

After being haunted by the names of Virginia's relations for fifteen winters and summers, as said before, it is barely possible to conceive of Mr. Westcut's agitation on seeing three of them written in full in the book of the Copely Hotel! It struck Orville that he could never bear up under the indignation of these outraged relations of Mrs. Westcut. On his way home, he was driven almost to the verge of distraction with imaginary fears of a descent upon Virginia by these stately representatives of the dignity of her family name. Moreover, in his tender regard for her feelings, he dreaded to acquaint her with the danger; he shuddered to think of her humiliation, knowing that the personages she had degraded by her plebeian connection were so near, and might condescend to look in upon her, in the humble home she had chosen!

Orville crossed the threshold with a dejected air, and paused to observe Mr. Westcut—late Elroy—frying doughnuts over the kitchen fire. Belinda, the "help," was shelling peas in a corner, and laboring faithfully to pursue her work, and at the same time to keep Master Orville Elroy's mischievous hands out of the dish. Mariana Elroy was rocking Theresa Elroy—all the children were Elroys—in the cradle. Mrs. Westcut turned to place a pan of freshly fried doughnuts on the table, and saw her husband standing in the doorway. She drew herself to her full height and gave him the look of an offended queen.

"Mr. Westcut," said she, "if you stand there watching me, to exult in the thought that one of the name of Elroy has finally been brought so low as to fry her own doughnuts, you'd better be somewhere else!"

"My dear, I—I do not exult—"

"No! you pity me! Well, there is nobody to blame but myself, so I will not complain. I might have done as well as my cousin, who married Mr. Frederick Pinkingham Powell—but what's done can't be helped. I don't say I wish I had kept up the dignity of my family, like her—or like Mariana Theresa, who never married, because she could not marry beneath herself, even though she has had as good offers as her sister!"

"I sometimes almost make the wish for you," murmured Orville, desperately.

Virginia sat down the doughnuts and looked at her husband. Her face was very much flushed, either with anger or shame, or the heat incident to the frying operation. Her lips quivered, and her voice trembled as she spoke:

"Mr. Westcut! This—after the sacrifice of family I have made! You are—you are ungrateful!"

"My dear," said Orville, softening, "I meant no reproach. It is only for your sake, I sometimes think it would have been better if we had never been married. It is not pleasant for you to reflect that you have married beneath you—"

"O, I don't regret it—really!" replied Virginia earnestly, for she had an affection for her husband; and with all her faults, she possessed considerable feeling. "No, I do not; I never

did regret it, and I trust I never shall. But I can't help thinking of what Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell and Maria Theresa would say."

Orville sighed, and with perceptible agitation, led Virginia mysteriously into an adjoining room.

"My dear," said he, "prepare yourself for a surprise!"

"O, for mercy's sake, don't frighten me! What has happened?"

"Your relatives—"

"My aristocratic cousins?"

"Yes; Mr. F. Pinkingham Powell and lady, and Miss Mariana Theresa Elroy—"

"What of them?" asked Virginia, with apprehension.

"They are at the Copely Hotel!"

Mrs. Westcut uttered a faint cry, and fell, fanning herself, upon a chair.

"At the Copely Hotel?" she gasped. "Are you sure?—the Powells, and Mariana Theresa?"

Orville confessed the truth with a sort of timidity, which would have given a stranger to suppose it was something he was to blame about.

"Mercy on us!" cried the disconcerted Virginia. "But you didn't see them?"

"No; but—"

"What can have brought them here? They know I am settled here—and if it should be that they have come to visit me—"

"You need not be at home, you know!" said the sympathizing Orville. "I knew it would be a mortification for you to meet them."

"Dear me, I never thought of their coming to Copely!" faltered Virginia.

"Shall we shut up the house?"

"No, no! I think I could face them, for I have the pride of an Elroy to sustain me. But—I would rather they should not see you."

"So would I!" exclaimed Orville, from his heart.

"And if you could only manage to be about—"

"I will go anywhere you please. For, really, I am not anxious to meet the Elroys."

This announcement gave Mrs. Westcut—late Elroy—great satisfaction; and in a short time Orville had stolen away from the house by the back door, resolving to avoid his own hearth, until all danger of facing the Elroys was past.

As I have said before—or, as I should have said before, if I have not—it was a fine morning, in the summer time; and Mr. Westcut, having no work of importance to perform, took his gun and went into the woods, which were shady and extensive in Copely, thinking he could do nothing better during the day than to shoot a few squirrels for the children. The weather was warm, however, and in a little while, Orville, becoming tired of his search for game, sat down on a log, near what was called by the inhabitants of Copely, the Spring Road. He had been but a short time in this position, meditating, I suppose, on the dignity of Mrs. Westcut's relations, when, hearing voices and looking through a thicket of hazel bushes that grew by the road, he saw some persons entering the woods on foot. Orville sat still, waiting for them to pass; but instead of passing, they paused on the edge of a thicket, at the instance of a female, who complained, in a feeble voice, of being "completely tuckered out."

"Why can't you be a little more refined in your expressions?" asked another voice, in a shrill treble, peevishly.

"People can't always stop to pick their words," replied the voice that had first spoken; "specially arter comin' up sich a mighty hill as this 'ere!"

"But it is just as easy to say you are *excessively fatigued*, as to use the vulgar expression—*tuckered*," insisted the shrill voice; "and at this time in particular, when we are going to visit Jenny's relations, who are so genteel—"

"I don't know 'bout their being so very genteel, after all," interrupted a heavy base. "The landlord didn't seem to be the least might struck when I told him we was connections of the Westcuts; so on the hull, I felt kinder sorry we didn't go straight to Jenny's house last night, instead of being to the expense of putting up at the tavern jes' for sake of being genteel."

By this time, the strangers had seated themselves on the further extremity of the same log which afforded Orville a resting-place—the hazel bushes preventing his discovery—and he now, as may be supposed, had become somewhat interested in this conversation.

"I don't care what the landlord thought, or didn't think," said the shrill voice. "Jenny has

always been writing about her aristocratic husband—telling how well she has done, getting married off here in Copely—and why shouldn't we believe her?"

"Aristocratic husband!" thought Orville, overwhelmed with astonishment. "Goodness! that's me, I suppose—and I suppose these are the Elroys!"

Yet Orville could not realize the fact. He peeped through the hazel bushes, and listened to the conversation of the strangers, without being able fully to give credit to his senses. At length the truth seemed to have come forcibly upon him. His countenance brightened—he laughed with inward satisfaction.

"So, then, these are the Elroys! Real flesh and blood, after all! Well, I understand now why Mrs. Westcut didn't want me to meet them, but thought she could face their majesties! And only to think," muttered Orville, his face darkening with a mingled expression of anger and shame, "only to think, that for fifteen years I have entertained such veneration for these simple people!—for fifteen years I have trembled to hear their names! O, I can never forgive Mrs. Westcut for the deception! But I will have my revenge!"

Mr. Westcut came out of the thicket and appeared before the travellers. One was a tall, bony man, in stiff dicky, white cravat and new broadcloth, in which he did not appear to feel at ease. By his side sat a thin, prim, antique female, in rustling silk and showy ribbons. At her elbow was a similar specimen of humanity, who appeared much more at her ease, however, than the man; and much plumper, and less prim than her sister. Orville, at a glance, determined the identity of Mr. F. Pinkingham Powell, Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell, and Miss Mariana Theresa Elroy. He was saved the trouble of addressing them, as he had resolved to do, by the prim Miss Elroy, who, the moment she perceived him, inquired:

"Can you tell us if we are in the right road to the country house of Mr. Orville Westcut?"

"Orville Westcut, madam?"

"Yes, sir. We are connections of Mrs. Orville Westcut. We have come to Copely Springs for our health—we are taking a little stroll for pleasure, and understanding that the Westcuts live in this neighborhood, we thought of making them a morning call."

"If you are going that way now, I can conduct you," replied Orville. "Mr. Westcut's house lies just through the grove."

"Then you know the Westcuts?" cried Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell.

"O, perfectly well, madam. And I have heard Mrs. Westcut speak of you, I presume, hundreds—nay, thousands of times."

"And Jenny has married well, hasn't she?"

"Some folks think she has, madam; but you had better judge for yourself. At all events, Mr. Westcut will be delighted to see you in his house!"

The Elroys were already on their feet. Miss Elroy hoped they were not putting Orville to any trouble; and being assured that their guide undertook his task with pleasure, the whole party set out for Mr. Westcut's house.

Mrs. Westcut—late Elroy—had brought the frying operation and other domestic duties to a close, and was on the point of dressing for the afternoon, when Master Orville Elroy screamed at the top of his voice:

"O, look! Papa is coming through the gate with some country stragglers!"

Mrs. Westcut looked accordingly—speechless with dismay. The thin and prim Miss Mariana Theresa Elroy, she recognized at a glance. Mariana Theresa's sister, and Mariana Theresa Elroy's sister's husband, with their frightful oddities, could not be mistaken, although Mrs. Westcut had not seen them for years. Then the evident satisfaction and pride he took in marshaling the army of "stragglers" into his own house, filled his wife with painful emotions. The first thought was to retreat to her chamber, and fortify herself against the enemy; but her cruel husband cried out:

"Mrs. Westcut! here are your own blood cousins—a branch of the Elroy family! Mr. F. Pinkingham Powell, Mrs. Westcut. Mrs. F. Pinkingham Powell, Miss Mariana Theresa Elroy."

"La, cousin!" said the thin and prim lady, "how do you do? This gentleman appears to be pretty familiar with our names—I am so glad to see you, cousin!"

And the thin and prim lady, with great preci-

sion, shook hands with Virginia, kissed her, and re-introduced her companions; after which, turning to thank Orville, she requested to know his name. Mrs. Westcut, stammering with confusion, introduced Mr. Westcut.

"I wished to afford you an agreeable surprise," said Orville, appearing as awkward as he could.

"La, me!" said Miss Elroy. "This Mr. Westcut! Who would have thought it?"

Mrs. Powell said "Why Jenny!" and looked incredulous; while Mr. Powell, evidently relieved at finding his wife's cousin's husband an approachable mortal, after all he had heard, shook him heartily by the hand.

"So now come in—glad to see you!" said Orville. "Why, I've heard so much about you"—with a sly look at the disconcerted Mrs. Westcut—"that I feel acquainted with you already. I will send to the hotel for your baggage immediately, and you shall stop with us a month!"

The Elroys, although surprised, did not appear displeased to find Mr. Westcut so familiar and agreeable.

"La," said Mariana Theresa, "we'll make you as long a visit as you wish. Dear me, cousin, you are not situated exactly as we expected to find you, but you appear to be very comfortable, after all."

Mrs. Westcut, almost weeping with vexation, was unable to reply. Her only alternative was to complain of sudden dizziness—leave the Elroys to the care of her husband—and, retiring to her room, give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. Her vaunted relations were so odd—and Orville seemed to enjoy his triumph so much, that, as she afterwards confessed, "she didn't think she could live through it any way in this world!"

Yet Mrs. Westcut—late Elroy—survived. With cold-blooded cruelty, Mr. Westcut prevailed upon his wife's relations to prolong their visit day after day, until they had been a week at Copely. Each moment seemed to develop some new oddity, and Orville was filled with overflowing and unceasing delight.

Virginia, having recovered from the first shock, appeared the mildest, most humble and amiable woman in the world! Orville, having carried his triumph as far as he desired permitted the delightful visitors to depart from Copely. From the proud, fretful wife, she became the most amiable of consorts. Seldom, very seldom, did she indulge in complaints; and then her husband had only to say:

"It is too bad! It was never intended by nature that one of the name of Elroy—"

Out of compassion for Virginia's distress, Orville never went any further; he was not vindictive. He was satisfied with the change in his wife; he would not pursue his revenge too far. It was enough for him that, whenever she found fault with him, he could boast his connection, by marriage, with the aristocratic blood of Elroy.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

LINES.

BY W. A. FOGG.

Dear mother, from thy heavenly home,
O come to me once more;
And cheer me with thy words of love,
As in the days of yore.

The way is cold, and dark, and drear,
Before me, mother, now;
And a sadness rests upon my soul,
And a shadow on my brow.

And I often, often think, mother,
When I feel I am alone,
'T would be a blessed thing to make
My bed beside thine own.

To mingle my dust with thine, mother,
And have my spirit free
To rest in bright, celestial bowers,
Forevermore with thee.

But I must bide my time, mother,
Though the way is dark and drear;
This thought the darkness shall dispel,
That thou art ever near.

COMPROMISE WITH CONSCIENCE.

Old Ferdinand of Naples was addicted with a loyal addiction to the *chase aux oiseaux*; so royally, indeed, that he could not be prevailed upon to bask his diversion even on the death of his queen. He continued to potter about, therefore, his gun upon his shoulder, though he ought to have been mourning; but as a compromise to his conscience, between love of his amusement and grief for his bereavement, he told his courtiers he should shoot nothing but very little birds!

And conscience, truth and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.—Moore.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

"Two of a Trade can never agree."

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

SIMON SMITHSON was a striking illustration of the truth of this proverb. For years he had been known as "the grocer" of the thriving little village of C—. His claim to the title was undisputed, for there were none to compete with him. The Widow Brown, at one time, did undertake to keep a small supply of minor groceries at her little ale house at the corner, and Sam Price, the dealer in dry goods, made a faint attempt to unite the two branches of trade, by appropriating one part of his shop to barrels, boxes and kegs, containing divers articles in Mr. Smithson's line; but all these efforts died a natural death and Simon reigned triumphant in C—. The idea of a rival never entered his brain. The little village increased rapidly in population; new buildings of various kinds were erected, flourishing schools instituted, manufactories established, and rumor said that ere another year had passed, the railroad would pass through the town; and the wondering villagers, many of whom had passed their lives in this one spot, would soon become familiar with the wonderful powers of steam in overcoming all obstacles to travelling, and, at a comparatively trifling expense, might visit even distant parts of their native land. The prosperity of the village naturally increased the prosperity of our friend Simon. He began to show evident marks of a man who is "well to do in the world." His store was much enlarged; a smart clerk stood ready to lighten the duties of his employer, and the pleasant countenance of Mrs. Smithson was no longer seen on a busy evening, as in former times, when she weighed the tea and sugar for the poorer class of their customers, leaving her spouse at liberty to devote himself to those with better filled purses. The good lady was now quietly seated in her pleasant parlor, with her promising family around her; and on a Sunday, when they walked to church, the neighbors gazed with admiration upon the rich silk dress which Mr. Smithson brought his wife from the city, the last time he went to purchase goods, and upon the French merino frocks and prettily trimmed hats of the little girls, and the smart new overcoats for the two boys.

Then Mr. Smithson himself was no despicable figure, for he had employed a city tailor to make his last new suit, and it served as a model for all the young beaux in the village; and even Jemmy Longshears passed over the insult offered him, and condescended to call upon Mr. Smithson and beg the favor of a nearer view of the admired garments, that he might fashion the spring suits of his customers after the much approved pattern.

"So we are to have a new neighbor, I hear, friend Smithson," remarked Jonathan Freeman, as he entered the grocer's store one morning and quietly seated himself on the top of a flour barrel, at a convenient distance from the place where Simon was standing.

"Indeed, I am glad to hear it," was the reply; and visions of a new customer passed rapidly through Simon's mind. "Who is he?—much of a family?—where are they to reside?"

"Three questions at once, neighbor. But I believe I can answer them to your satisfaction. Do you recollect Jack Eastman—an old school-mate of yours, I believe?"

"True; and as clever a fellow as you would see in a day's journey. It was a sad day for me when he left the village to seek his fortune in the great world. I have quite lost sight of him of late years."

"He is to be our new neighbor," replied Freeman, with a slight smile. "He has made some money, and has concluded to settle in his native village. He has a wife and some five or six children, and I understand they have taken the new house, which is just completed, near Deacon Sparks."

"Indeed! well this is good news! I must call on Jack at once. We were old friends, as you say, and he will be a grand customer for me with his large family."

"Well, as to that, neighbor Smithson, I am rather doubtful. That is just the point on which I was going to speak. I do not wish to be the bearer of ill news; but as a friend, I thought I would step in and tell you what report says."

"Well, what does it say?" replied Simon, impatiently, for he often wearied of his neighbor's long stories.

"You know the new store on the opposite

corner, Mr. Smithson. It is said that Eastman has hired that, and is going into the grocery business on a large scale."

"Going into the grocery business!" repeated Simon, in a voice of consternation. "It cannot be possible. Surely the neighbors will represent to him the folly of the thing."

"To say the truth, friend Smithson, there are many who do not see any particular folly in it. They maintain that the increase of inhabitants renders it necessary that there should be more stores of various kinds—that it will increase the prosperity of the village, etc.

Simon's countenance expressed the most blank astonishment, as his neighbor made these suggestions; but he was wise enough to restrain the expression of his indignation, well knowing that his friend Freeman was one of those happily situated persons, who have nothing to do save to go from house to house, and give their own version of whatever has been said or done at the last visited place. He therefore coolly replied that "it was nothing to him; his reputation was well established, and it was not to be supposed that his old customers would forsake him for a new comer. Jack Eastman was welcome to try his luck. As a friend, however, he should advise him to seek a more favorable situation."

Scarcely an hour had elapsed after Mr. Freeman's departure, when a gentlemanly looking man, with a frank, open countenance, entered Mr. Smithson's store, and accosting him in the most cordial manner, begged to receive the welcome due to an old friend.

"You surely remember Jack Eastman," he exclaimed, as the cold pressure of the hand and half-averted countenance, excited a suspicion that he was unrecognized.

"It is many years since we met, and we have both changed much," was the indirect reply. "You are welcome, Mr. Eastman—but what brings you to our little village?"

"Our great village, you mean. Why, man, it will soon be a city! I never saw a more thriving place. You are a lucky man to have monopolized the grocery business for so many years—you must have made a fortune. You will not object to giving an old acquaintance a chance to try his luck now. But perhaps you have already heard that I have taken the new store on the opposite side of the way."

"I heard a report of the kind, but could hardly believe that you seriously proposed entering into competition with me. It would be a small proof of friendship to endeavor to take the bread out of my mouth, although I have little fear of the result. I am too well established in the business to be injured by a new comer."

To this contradictory speech of Simon's, Mr. Eastman replied good-humoredly:

"I have no wish to injure you, my good friend. I have been told by responsible persons that a new grocery store is much needed in this vicinity, as you actually have more business than you can attend to; and that there are many in the smaller adjacent villages, who would be glad to regard this as the centre of trade, provided other stores of various kinds could be established. The prospect seems encouraging and I hope to benefit myself without injuring any one. I called to talk over the matter with you, hoping for your friendly co-operation. Those in the same business should always help one another. There is strength in union, you know."

"Two of a trade can never agree," answered Simon, shortly. "I have neither advice nor assistance to give in the matter. I shall attend to my own business, and you must attend to yours."

"Then, good morning to you, neighbor, for the present," was the undisturbed reply. "Another day you will think better of this affair."

Weeks passed on. The new store was fairly under way, and seemed likely to claim a share of public patronage. Simon had nothing to complain of; he still had quite as much as he could do. But the very consciousness that there was a grocery on the opposite corner, was harrowing to his soul. He was no longer the same man. Although in reality as prosperous as ever, there was an indefinable fear that something was going wrong, and an unusual anxiety and irritability were visible in his whole demeanor. In vain Mr. Eastman made friendly advances

"Mr. Smithson," said a bright-eyed, curly-headed little fellow—the very image of Jack Eastman in his early days—entering Simon's store one pleasant morning, "father is very sorry to hear that your wagon broke down this morn-

ing, and he sent me over to say that his is quite at your service, as he shall not use it to-day."

"Much obliged to him, but I never borrow," was the crusty reply; and after standing a moment in the hope that something more would be said, the little lad returned.

Nothing discouraged, the friendly neighbor made another effort. For many weeks it had been almost impossible to procure any good butter, excepting at a most exorbitant price. Mr. Eastman at length luckily succeeded in purchasing two large tubs at a reasonable rate, and kindly stepped in to tell Simon of his good fortune, offering to share the prize with him; but Mr. Smithson clung to his conviction that there could be no friendship in trade, and firmly believed there must be some concealed motive in this kind offer. So Mr. Eastman kept his butter, and supplied both his own customers and Mr. Smithson's with the rare luxury. It was really surprising to see with what different feelings the two men regarded each other. If a customer expressed any dissatisfaction with a desired article, and hinted that perhaps he had better try at the other store, Simon was in a perfect fever of agitation, expressed his firm conviction that nothing of the kind could be found at Mr. Eastman's, and gave every assurance that exactly what was wanted should be forthcoming in the shortest possible time. Mr. Eastman, on the contrary, frequently suggested when showing an inferior commodity, that very likely neighbor Smithson might suit them. In this way matters went on, both parties appearing to be tolerably prosperous, until Simon was suddenly attacked with an inflammatory fever, which for many weeks confined him to his bed, and from which his recovery was, at one time, very doubtful. A good constitution and careful nursing at length prevailed; and some two months after the first attack, his devoted wife had the satisfaction of seeing him once more able to rise from his bed. As health and strength returned, his worldly cares weighed heavily on his mind. He had made no inquiries respecting his business during his sickness. When able to think at all, there had been a kind of despairing consciousness that everything must inevitably go to ruin, and he dreaded to ask any questions. Now that there was a prospect of his getting about once more, affairs must be looked into; and with a desperate resolution, he asked his wife if she had closed the store during his illness.

"Bless your heart, no," was the reply. "We have sold more than ever, I believe, for all your customers felt so much sympathy for you, that they thronged the store."

"But who has attended to the business? Wellman is as ignorant as a child in many particulars. He can keep the books well enough, but as for buying and selling, our own little boy would do as well."

"Yes, but we have another clerk—an excellent salesman; and as to the buying, one of your friends has attended to that, and, indeed, has taken charge of the whole business for you."

"But what friend has done this?" exclaimed Simon. "I had no idea that any of the neighbors knew anything of the grocery business!"

"There are not many of them that do, I reckon," responded the wife, with a wise shake of the head. "I was nearly at my wit's end the first two weeks of your sickness, but Providence raised us up a kind friend in our hour of need."

"But who is he?" asked her husband, with some impatience. "Why do you not name him? He must have been a sharp fellow to have prevented Jack Eastman from taking advantage of my situation. I expected to find that he had got all my best customers."

"Jack Eastman is the very man who has done it all. He has purchased your goods with his own money, procured you a trusty salesman, and runs in every evening to see that all goes straight. Besides this, he watched with you several nights when you knew no one, and his wife has made you I can't tell how many jellies and little dainties that I never heard of in my life."

Simon could hardly believe his ears. What! Jack Eastman, the rival grocer, whose friendly advances he had always mistrusted and rejected. Had he actually taken charge of his business for two months past, and yet the sales had been larger than formerly? Here was indeed a complete refutation of the old proverb that there is no friendship in trade.

Another week elapsed before he saw Mr. Eastman, and then the cordial pressure of the hand, with the heartfelt thanks on one side, and the sincere pleasure on the other, showed that all difference was at an end between them; and, indeed, on Mr. Eastman's part it had never existed.

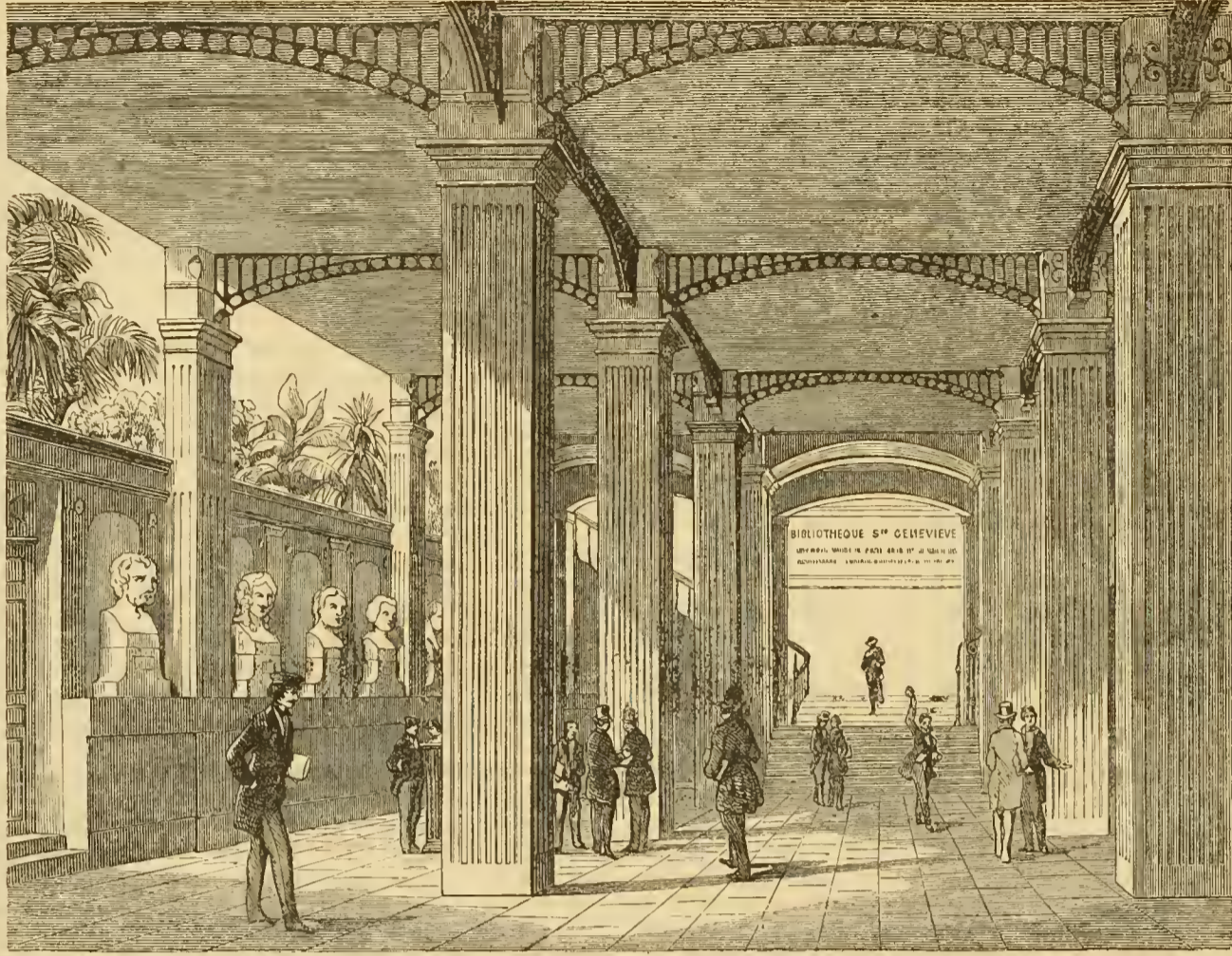
In after years the friendly grocers of C— were living witnesses that friend-ship in trade is as indispensable as in all other relations of society.

"There is strength in union," Mr. Eastman would sometimes repeat, and smilingly neighbor Smithson would reply, "Yes, two of a trade should always agree."

NEW LIBRARY

OF ST. GENEVIEVE, AT PARIS.

The building of this new and elegant library, a view of which is given in the two engravings on this page, was authorized by the French government in 1843, and has only recently been completed. The style of the building, both in exterior and interior, reflects great credit on Mr. Labrouste, the architect. In the vestibule—the roof of which is supported by square pillars along the outer wall, are busts of the following distinguished men—St. Bernard, Montaigne, Pascal, Moliere, Lafontaine, Bossuet, Massillon, Voltaire, Laplace, L'Hopital, Descartes, Poussin, P. Corneille, Racine, Fenelon, Montesquien, Rousseau, Mirabeau and Cuvier. This vestibule is lighted by two windows, and the light which falls from the top of the principal staircase. The reading-rooms are two in number: one for manuscripts—of which the library possesses an immense collection, and the other for printed works. The latter is represented in the second engraving. They are both lighted by gas, and are lofty and elegant. The arches and pillars are of iron—a material used very liberally in the construction of this building. This library is free to the public throughout the day and evening, no charge whatever being made for the use of the books. They are not, however, permitted to go out of the building. Many poor students are in the habit of frequenting the public libraries of Paris, bringing their own books, because they find here the light, comfort and want they cannot command in their own lodgings. In such a case, the student shows the books he brings with him to the librarian on entering and leaving. When he wants a book of reference, he writes the title on a slip of paper, hands it to an attendant, and it is immediately brought to him. Nowhere in the world are there so great facilities for self instruction, as in the city of Paris. What a pity that the political condition of so brilliant a capital should be so degraded! And what a pity it is that no higher aim seems to characterize the French nation than to be the mere leader and umpire of the fripperies and fashions of life.



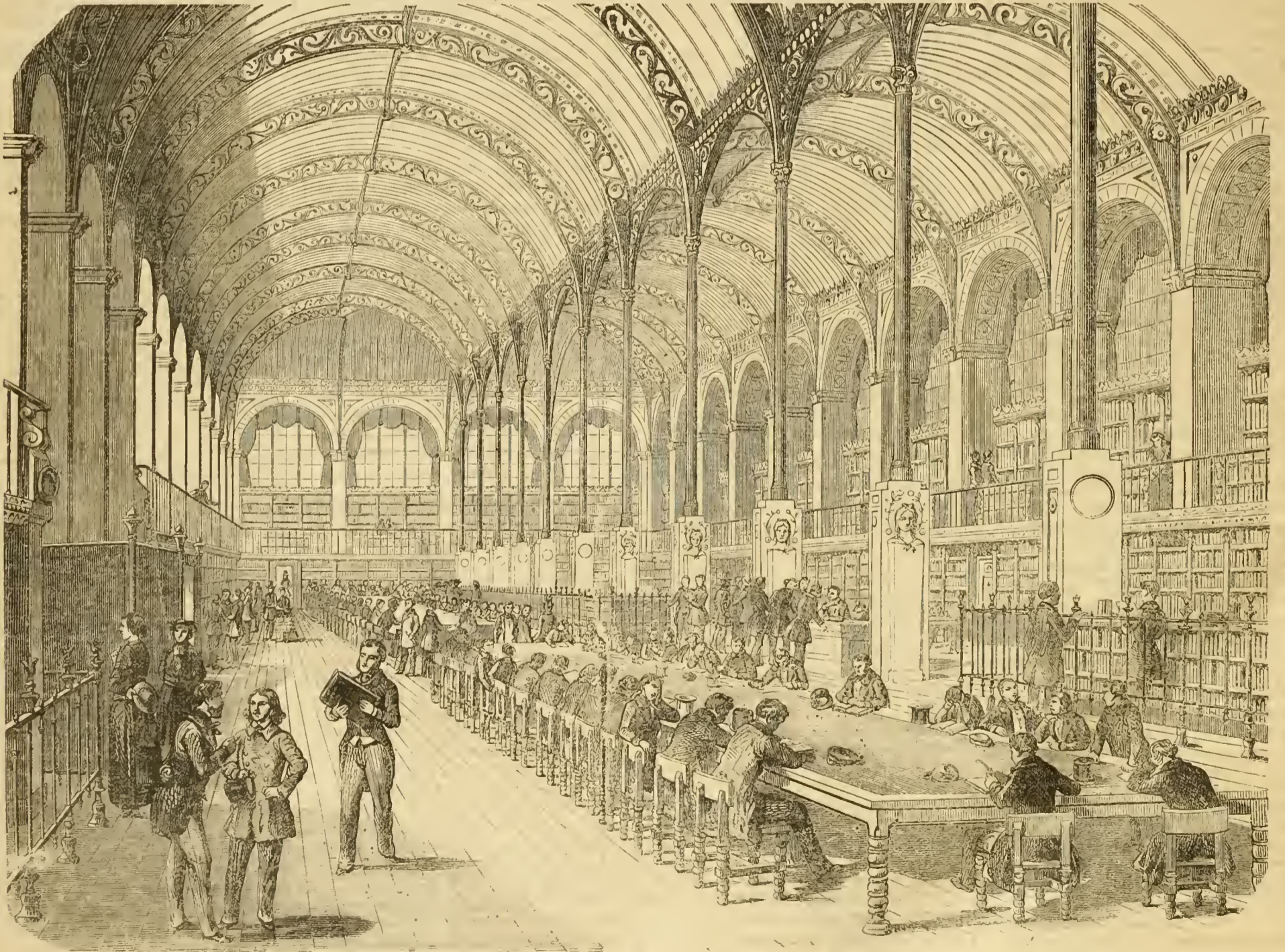
VESTIBULE OF THE NEW LIBRARY OF ST. GENEVIEVE, AT PARIS.

THE ARABIAN DESERT.

Few of our readers are able to form an adequate idea of the horrors of an exposure to the pangs of thirst occasioned by the want of water sometimes experienced by caravans, in their journey across the great Arabian desert. A French traveller affirms that he was once a witness to a most terrible scene of this kind, between Anah and Dryjeh. The desert was subject to vast swarms of locusts, which, after they had devoured everything, at last perished themselves. The immense numbers of dead locusts corrupted

the pools from which, for want of springs, they were obliged to draw water. The traveller observed a Turk who, with despair in his countenance, ran down a hill, and came towards him. "I am," cried he, "the most unfortunate man in the world. I have purchased, at a prodigious expense, two hundred girls, the most beautiful of Greece and Georgia. I have educated them with care; and, now that they are marriageable, I am taking them to Bagdad, to sell them to advantage. Ah, they perish in this desert for thirst; but I feel greater tortures than they."

The traveller ascended immediately the hill; a dreadful spectacle here presented itself to him. In the midst of twelve eunuchs and about a hundred camels, he saw these beautiful girls, of the age of twelve to fifteen, stretched upon the ground, exposed to the torments of a burning thirst and inevitable death. Some were already buried in a pit, which had just been made; a greater number had dropped down dead by the side of their leaders, who had no more strength to bury them. On all sides were heard the sighs of the dying; and the cries of those who, having still some breath remaining, demanded in vain a drop of water. The French traveller hastened to open his leathern bottle, in which there was still a little water. He was going to present it to one of these unhappy victims. "Madman!" cried his Arabian guide, "wouldst thou have us die from thirst?" He immediately killed the girl with an arrow, seized the bottle, and threatened to kill any one who should venture to touch it. He advised the slave merchant to go to Dryjeh, where he would find water. "No," replied the Turk; "at Dryjeh the robbers would take away all my slaves." The Arab dragged the traveller away. The moment they were retiring, these unhappy victims seeing the last ray of hope vanish, raised a dreadful cry. The Arab was moved to compassion; he took one of them, poured a drop of water on her burning lips, and set her on his camel, with the intention of making his wife a present of her. The poor girl fainted several times, when she passed the bodies of her companions, who had fallen down dead on the way. Our traveller's small stock of water was nearly exhausted, when they found a fine well of fresh and pure water; but the rope was so short, that the pail would not reach the surface of the water. They cut their cloaks in strips, tied them together, and drew up but little water at a time, because they trembled at the idea of breaking their weak rope, and leaving their pail in the well. After passing through many such dangers, and enduring a great deal of suffering, they at last arrived at the first station in Syria.—*Dr. Burder's Oriental Customs.*



LECTURE SALOON OF THE NEW LIBRARY OF ST. GENEVIEVE, AT PARIS

A NEW VOLUME.

Next week we shall commence a new volume of the Pictorial in a style of beauty and excellence that shall surpass any previous effort we have made upon this favorite journal. We have been engaged upon our contemplated improvements for months, and our experience thus far will enable us to vastly increase the beauty and perfection of the Pictorial. Those who have observed the paper from the first, cannot have failed to notice the constant and weekly improvements that we have made as it regards the excellence of our printing, both in the letterpress and pictorial departments.

This is all very well, and has been appreciated; but we shall prove to our readers next week that the motto "live and learn" is a true one, for we can still do better, and are resolved to accomplish this desirable object. The new head that will be adopted next week, is by one of the best artists on wood, in this or any other country, and will be the finest piece of this description of work ever produced in this country. The design still embraces a picture of Boston from the sea; but it is a picture, a likeness, and not a second-rate view.

The type that we have had manufactured for the coming number and volume is of the very best material and style—clear, distinct, and of a shape to admit of being readily caught by the eye, and yet of a size to allow of our getting an immense amount of reading matter into the pages of the Pictorial each week, besides beautifying its appearance and improving the general style of the typography. In short, the coming number of our paper will be a little the best issue we have ever yet published. Let those who would secure the numbers complete subscribe early and without delay.

We shall also commence in the next number LIEUTENANT MURRAY'S beautiful tropical story of "THE HEART'S SECRET: OR, A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE," written expressly for the Pictorial, and which is a tale calculated to so interest our readers as to charm them with the story, and the successful management of a most delicate scheme in the plot. The principal scenes are laid in Cuba and Old Spain, and the characters embrace portraits drawn from life and fact.

Notwithstanding the costly improvements that will thus be made, and the great outlay we shall be at to produce a paper such as will be creditable to the country, our terms will remain the same. The constantly increasing popularity of the Pictorial, and the almost miraculous success that has crowned our efforts, have enabled us thus liberally to expend both time and money upon our paper.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Next week's number of the Flag of our Union will appear in a greatly improved style, with a new dress throughout, a new and beautifully designed head, new, original and expressive designs for the various departments, and in every respect greatly beautified. The circulation of the Flag has steadily increased, and is at this time larger than at any former period. This liberal patronage on the part of the public challenges a liberal outlay from us; and this will be most cheerfully met and shown to our readers, next week.

The type, which has been manufactured for us, is of the very best material, and will present a fine, yet bold and distinct face to the eye of the reader, and impart a neat and beautiful appearance to the whole sheet. Our plan, otherwise, will be in no way changed. We shall still continue our efforts to please, and are resolved to merit the extended patronage and success which have so long greeted our efforts to produce a good, sound, literary weekly paper, of the most entertaining and instructive character.

We shall commence also a new and deeply interesting novelette in the coming number of the paper, from the pen of Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, the scenes being laid in the south and southwest, among the stirring events of the early period of the history of Texas. It is entitled:—"THE LONE STAR: OR, THE TEXAN BRAVO. A Tale of the Southwest," and will be a rich treat for our many readers. To secure the volume and novelette complete, subscribe early.

It will be remembered that we send the Flag and Pictorial to one address for \$5 per annum.

OH!—The Lantern says, that Jenny Lind ought to join the Indians because she is a squaw-ler!

BOSTON.—The city was never healthier.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

Below we give a selection from the notices that reach us daily from all parts of the United States, that our readers may see how well people, who understand such matters, appreciate the character of our Pictorial. At the same time, permit us to thank our brethren of the press for the constant good feeling that they have unceasingly evinced towards our enterprise from the outset.

This elegant weekly journal is doing much for art in this country.—*Boston Daily Atlas*.

This is, without doubt, one of the best literary journals in the United States.—*Dollar Newspaper, Philadelphia*.

We consider it an indispensable inmate of every family drawing-room.—*Savannah Journal, Tenn*

This journal is one of the brightest stars in the literary hemisphere.—*Boston Daily Herald*.

It contains the best amount of reading matter of any periodical we receive.—*Waukegan Gazette, Ill*.

The art of wood engraving has found a champion in Mr. Gleason.—*Boston Daily Mail*.

Travel where you may now through the United States, you see this handsome and interesting journal.—*Burlington Centine, Vt*.

The design of this work is entirely original, and thus far it has met with unprecedented success.—*Democratic Banner, Newcastle, Ind*.

The numbers from week to week are a brilliant record of the times in pictorial form, and few persons of taste will be without it.—*Boston Daily Times*.

The engravings in each number are certainly worth the price of subscription, which is only two dollars a volume.—*Green Mountain Egis, Vt*.

The paper is entirely original, being written by some of the first literary characters in this country.—*True Democrat, Chardon, Ohio*.

The "Pictorial" has reached a wonderful circulation, but richly merits the success it meets with.—*The Commonwealth, Boston*.

It is, perhaps, as fine a vessel of its class (a seventy-four) as floats upon the bright and sparkling sea of literature.—*Gazette, Hightstown, N. J*.

The "Pictorial" is a credit to American art and literature. Few families, who have enjoyed its visits, would be again without it.—*Boston Post*.

The largest, handsomest, best printed, and most interesting weekly paper we have ever had the pleasure of inspecting.—*Camden Phenix, N. J*.

We are proud of it as an American production, and we are prouder still to hear of friend Gleason's unparalleled success.—*Weekly Jubilee, Philadelphia*.

The literary character of this splendid illumined weekly is equally meritorious with its engravings, which are by master hands.—*Boston Daily Bee*.

Our wonder is, that anybody should see this illumined paper without subscribing for it.—*Independent, Canton, N. J*.

This beautiful illumined journal enjoys an almost fabulous circulation, and the presses which print it work day and night throughout the week.—*Boston Daily Journal*.

This elegant weekly has gone on improving since its commencement, in the most rapid and perfect manner, until it now presents a specimen of art and literature highly creditable to the country.—*Bangor Democrat*.

In whiteness and firmness of paper, elegance of typography, and superiority of illustration, this capital publication will compare with every similar one in the world.—*City Item, Philadelphia*.

The valuable character of the paper as a work of reference of matters of the past, as well as being so handsome and interesting an ornament for the centre-table, has led to its universal preservation for binding.—*People's Own, Hagerstown, Md*.

It is one of the handsomest pictorials we have ever seen, and is an honor to the country and to the enterprising publisher, who succeeds in getting it up in such beautiful style. The literary contents are almost entirely original.—*Chester Herald, Ill*.

"Gleason's Pictorial" continues to be the handsomest as well as one of the best weeklies ever issued in this country. It is, indeed, what its name purports, a "Drawing-Room Companion," and every lady in the land should be a reader of its pages.—*Eaton Democrat, Ohio*.

These notices, taken quite at random, will serve to show the readers of the Pictorial that the liberal efforts of the publisher are not in vain as it regards his endeavor to produce a superb illustrated journal, at a rate of cost which places it within the reach of all classes.

EUSTATIA:

—OR—

THE SYBIL'S PROPHECY.

A TALE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND SPAIN.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

This excellent story, just completed in the Flag, is now published in book form, and may be had at any of the periodical depots throughout the country. The plot is exciting and well managed, and the story throughout is highly entertaining. It is now in convenient form for preservation, or to send to distant friends.

GUESS.—Why is an overdose of bark like ancient Germany? Because it is too tonic (Teutonic.) Can this go down?

QUERY.—Why is a whitesmith likely to make a commotion in the alphabet? Because he makes A poke R, and A shove L.

PRESENTATION.—Hon. Daniel Webster has given a copy of his works to the city of Boston, for the city library.

MILITARY.—The Boston military were never in better condition.

A CAUTION.—Affect not to be witty, nor jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

MARRIAGES

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Milton Libby to Miss Louisa Libby, of Scarborough, Me.

By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Lewis Flanders to Miss Carolina E. White.

By Rev. Mr. Bosworth, Capt. Freeman Crowell, of Dennis, to Mrs. Huldah Baker.

By Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Legrand Lucas to Miss Abby W. Smith.

By Rev. Dr. Sharp, Mr. John S. Green to Miss Ann S. Smith.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Marston Lane to Mrs. Louisa Crane.

At Brookline, Rev. Adams Ayer, of Chelsea, to Miss Martha A. Hinkley.

At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Woods, Mr. Thomas M. Weston to Miss Julia A. Hill.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Stephen Stanwood, of Danvers, to Miss Emeline S. Frothingham.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Joel Crooker to Miss Emily M. Foss, of Concord, N. H.

At Wrentham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. David Knowles, of Hampton, N. H., to Miss Eunice Conant.

At Gloucester, Mr. Samuel T. Proudman, of Boston, to Miss Mary Davis.

At Hubbardston, by Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. William Coleman, of Boston, to Miss Sophia Thompson.

At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Weston, Mr. William L. Witham to Miss Lydia A. Blake.

At St. Louis, by Rev. Mr. Giddings, Mr. Amos Cotting, Jr., formerly of Boston, to Miss Dora D. Laporte.

DEATHS

In this city, Mrs. Sarah L. Frost, 26; Mr. Wellman Burbank, of Chelsea, 33; Mrs. R. Maria Wadley; Mr. David A. Messinger, 64; Mr. Joseph Fogg, of Berwick, Me., 45; Mary J. Farnaux, 12; Mr. William Bridge, 55; Mrs. Elizabeth J. Mansie, 76; Mr. Nathaniel Chandler, of Lancaster, 78; Mrs. Abigail Otis, 79; Mr. William D. Callahan, 32; Capt. Charles D. Gardner, formerly of Portland, Me., 54; Mr. William Hichborn, 32.

At Roxbury, Miss Joanna L. Webber, 15.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Anne Walker, 89.

At Quincy, William Newcomb, Esq., 61.

At Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Lefavour, 71.

At Bridgewater, Mrs. Deborah Lazell, 88.

At Lowell, Mr. John B. Atkinson, 2d, of Newport, R. I.

At Rowley, Mrs. Sarah Tarr, 24.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Catharine Walton, 73.

At Gloucester, Maj. John Mason, 83.

At Rockport, Mrs. Hannah Poole, 73.

At Pittsfield, Madam Rebecca E. Childs, 93.

At Nantucket, Mrs. Rebecca Swain, 101.

At New Bedford, Miss Mary Tallman, 91.

At Oakham, Mr. Samuel Rockwood, 92.

At Swampscot, Mr. Jonathan Bailey, 56.

At Greenfield, Mrs. Angeline F. Hammond.

At Lunenburg, Mrs. Polly Tarbell, 92.

At Portland, Me., Mr. Oliver P. Skillings, 28.

At Parsonsfield, Me., Mr. George Newbegin, 93.

At Warwick, R. I., Mrs. Mary Essex, 92.

At White Sulphur Springs, Col. Heuben Deaver, 42.

At West Baton Rouge, La., Judge Thomas W. Chinn.

A SPLENDID PICTORIAL.

—AND—

LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

Drawing-Room Companion.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

The object of this paper is to present, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS,

and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, from a font of new and beautiful type, manufactured expressly for it, presenting in its mechanical execution an elegant specimen of art. It contains fifteen hundred and sixty-four square inches, and sixty-four columns of reading matter and illustrations—a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. It forms

The Best Family Paper,

inasmuch as its aim is constantly, in connection with the fund of amusement it affords, and the rich array of original miscellany it presents, to inculcate the strictest and highest tone of morality, and to encourage virtue by holding up to view all that is good and pure, and avoiding all that is evil in its tendency. In short, the object is to make the paper loved, respected, and sought after for its combined excellencies.

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The PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION may be obtained at any of the periodical depots throughout the country, and of newsmen, at ten cents per single copy.

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FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Heart's Secret, or the Fortunes of a Soldier," a story of Love and the Low Latitudes, being an original novelette, written expressly for the Pictorial, by our old and favorite contributor, LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

"The Literary Wife," a story of the Domestic Circle, by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Indian Maiden, or Kindness rewarded," a story, by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Matthew Alwin, or the Abduction," a tale of Napoleon's time," by E. CUATISS HINE, U. S. N.

"The Lazzaroni," an incident in the career of Fra Diavolo, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"She sleeps in the Convent Yard," lines, by F. C. S. HURLBUT.

"Hope on, Hope ever," verses, by CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

"The Fourth of July," a poem, by JOHN RUSSEL.

"Lines to a Bird," by OWEN G. WARREN.

"Our Ship," a poem.

"Summer Eve," lines, by L. M. BROWN.

"Childhood," a poem, by J. CHERRY.

"By the Brook," lines, by CHARLES H. STEWART.

"I've been to the Woods," verses, by I. C. BAKER.

"Lines on leaving Hartford, by J. HUNT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

This number will be the first of our third volume, and will be elaborately and beautifully illustrated throughout. No pains have been spared, no cost counted, in perfecting every department of the Pictorial, and volume third will be the most perfect work of the kind ever attempted in Europe or America.

It will contain a very beautiful allegorical design, representing the Fourth of July; a national picture, relating to our liberty and the constitution of the United States. A superb picture, drawn by our artist, Mr. Billings.

Also a series of scenes representing the far-famed monster of the deep, the Sea Serpent, as seen in distant oceans and our own waters, giving in detail his various proportions and appearance; and also a picture of one seen as early as 1740, which our readers can compare with that of the one whose annual visit, at this period of the year, at Nahant, never fails to create so much interest and speculation.

A very original and faithful series of Japanese pictures, by our artist, Mr. Chopin, fully illustrating some of the curious peculiarities of this most peculiar portion of the world. First, representing the Japanese Marriage Ceremony; second, Method of Agriculture, as practised among the Japanese; third, Portraits of a Man and Woman of Rank; fourth, Japanese Country People; fifth, a Praying Machine; and sixth, a view showing the Funeral Ceremony of the Japanese.

A beautiful scriptural scene from a celebrated painting, by Horace Vernet, entitled, Rebecca at the Well. A picture that will greatly please our readers.

A large and effective picture of Gen. Franklin Pierce, the democratic candidate for President of the United States. A most excellent likeness, taken recently from life.

PICTORIAL, VOL. II—BOUND.

We are now ready to bind the second volume of the Pictorial for our subscribers in even a better style than we brought out volume first. It will be bound in cloth, with thicker boards, gold edge, gilt back and illumined sides, at a charge of one dollar, supplying a splendid new title page and index of contents. This title page is by Mr. Billings, and represents a variety of subjects appropriate to the character of our paper. The four quarters of the globe are represented by appropriate designs, entitled America, Europe, Africa and Asia, with most elaborate and beautiful scroll work; the base is supported on either side by an agricultural and maritime view, while the middle foreground and centre effect of the whole is given by a domestic group—a drawing-room scene. This piece of work is decidedly the finest specimen of art that has yet been issued from this establishment, and will challenge the admiration of the critical, and those who love perfection and neatness. This will form a frontispiece of great beauty to volume second. We have also the second volume now bound complete, as above, and for sale at three dollars. It forms a splendid parlor ornament, in the shape of a book of four hundred and sixteen pages, beautifully illustrated with five hundred or more engravings of men, manners, natural history, localities, and the current and notable events of the day—being literally the cheapest book in the world. It is now ready for delivery at our office of publication, and may also be obtained at all the periodical depots in the United States. Any or all of the back numbers of the Pictorial from the commencement, can be supplied to those who wish to complete broken files, or replace injured numbers, by calling at our office, or at any of the periodical depots.

THEATRICAL.—The Ravels are delighting the Boston theatre-goers.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE EARLY TIES OF LOVE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

O cherish the early ties of love,
When the heart is pure and young;
O gather its songs of innocent joy
Ere its harp shall be unstrung
Its artless smiles and its gentle words,
Its tender vows and tears;
There's a joy in these that cannot be thine,
In the lapse of after years.

Yes, gather each rosy blossom bright,
That life's young spring puts forth;
They are of a thousand nameless sweets,
The aroma of the earth.
For the path of childhood ever lies
Amid a waste of flowers,
Where the honey bee and butterfly
Sport in its fragile bowers.

The mead wears a richer verdure then,
And the skies a softer glow;
And the simplest floweret charms the eye,
With its petals of tinted snow.
And the bleakest heath, and the ruined tower,
Possess a wondrous spell;
And a legend tale, or a fairy song,
Will hallow the simplest dell.

Then the world is fresh, and hope abides
In strong and joyous trust;
And the buoyant soul, with outspread wings,
Knows not time's wasting rust.
But O the whelming flood of years
Will come like the ocean's roll;
And storms of grief, and wrong, and woe,
Sweep over the weary soul.

Till the heart, like the last lone forest tree,
Shall branchless be and sere;
And be doomed to stand and wither on,
Over by-gone memories dear.
Then cherish the ties of early love,
When the heart is young and pure;
And bind its blossoms on thy breast,
With a band that will endure.

Such links of love, and hope, and joy,
Can never again be wove;
And age, with all its wisdom, wilt
Not equal thy heart's young love.
When, over the wasting flood of years,
The spirit wills to roam;
Like the dove of the deluge, it plucks a branch
From the bower of sweetest home.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

STEP-MOTHERS:

—OR—

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"AND so Mr. Burton is really going to marry again," said my cousin Caroline, as I took my work basket and seated myself beside her.

"And who is the happy person?" I asked.

"Happy indeed! Who would think of expecting happiness where step-mothers are concerned!" she exclaimed.

"But is not the lady amiable, Caroline?" I continued.

"As to that, I do not know," was the answer; "I am not acquainted with her. But I really think Mr. Burton a cruel man. He cannot have his child's happiness at heart, or a strange woman would not be brought into his family, to destroy the merry days of Clara. I do not believe that a good step-mother ever existed."

"Why, Caroline, you speak very warmly, and without much experience, I fear," said Mrs. Marshall, a friend who was visiting in the family, and overheard the observation.

"Perhaps I do," replied Caroline. "But candor compels me to say that I have witnessed more discord and unhappiness produced in families by step-mothers, than from any other one cause."

"But you should recollect, my dear, that your remark might be qualified somewhat. There are exceptions to every rule. Do you not suppose that there have been step-mothers who loved children not their own, and were equally beloved by them in return?" asked Mrs. Marshall, earnestly.

"I will not dispute that you may know of such cases, but I cannot say as much for myself," said Caroline, firmly. "I may be prejudiced, perhaps."

"I think I could convince you that you are somewhat; but I fear my remarks on this disagreeable theme would not be listened to with much pleasure," rejoined the visitor, looking archly at Caroline.

"You wrong me, Mrs. Marshall," said the latter, with warmth. "I am perfectly willing to

be convinced that my sentiments are erroneous on this subject. And look—Maria has laid aside her work, and I know will listen gladly. Is it not so, cousin?"

Having signified my assent, Mrs. Marshall commenced:

"For the sake of convenience I shall put my relation in the first person. When I was ten years old my mother died. I did not realize her loss; but when I saw her borne to her last resting-place, and the earth thrown over her, I sobbed as though my heart would break. Her health had always been delicate, and I was petted and indulged quite too much for my good. Being an only child, I was almost idolized by both parents; but the beneficial influence my mother ever exerted over me, prevented evil consequences. Was I dutiful, and unusually attentive to my lessons—her kind, affectionate words, a fond kiss, or a smile of encouragement was sufficient reward. Was I remiss in duty, or careless—the grieved and reproachful glances from her mild, expressive eye, would immediately soften my feelings and make me obedient. But the pure, disinterested and fervent love of a fond mother is never valued until we are deprived of it by death.

"The sorrows of childhood are not lasting. My father turned to me in his grief and loneliness, and for a time I was happy. I was confided to the care of a woman who had lived in the family since my mother's marriage. She had acted in the capacity of nurse and companion to the latter, and was very fond of me. It was probably this circumstance that prevailed upon my father to leave me so much in her society. She was rather an ignorant woman, and had many superstitious notions and prejudices, one of which was a violent antipathy to step-mothers.

"How this dislike originated, I know not; but her ideas on this subject were repeated so often in my hearing, that naturally I also imbibed the same opinions. I was taught to dread nothing so much as a step-mother; one that would usurp the place of my dead mother, and no doubt treat me unkindly.

"One year passed away. My father began to absent himself oftener than formerly. His absence would have passed unremarked by me, had not the suspicious looks and changed manner of nurse awakened my apprehensions. Suspicion soon became certainty. A rumor spread abroad that I was soon to have a new mother. Although I was but a child, I was unhappy. This, however, was kept from my father.

"Alice," said nurse to me one day, 'people say that your father is going to bring home a new mother for you. I am very sorry, for he has forgotten your poor, dear mother sooner than I could have thought. But do not cry, Alice, I shall stay, if they will let me, on purpose to take your part, and once in a while put by a little cake and a few sweetmeats. You shall have one friend to look after you,' she added, kissing my cheek, down which the tears were coursing.

"O, nurse, I cannot—will not like her! Why could father do so?" I exclaimed, sobbing bitterly. "She will not let me sit in the parlor, nor read any books, nor—"

"But you can sit with me, darling," interrupted nurse; 'so don't make your head ache with crying. It will do no good.'

"While I was thinking of this thoughtless and ill-timed speech, my father entered the room and affectionately kissed my forehead.

"What is the matter, Alice? What has gone wrong?" he asked.

"I made no reply, for I did not wish to tell the truth.

"Come and sit on my knee, Alice; I want to talk with you," he continued. I rather reluctantly obeyed.

"Since your dear mother left us," he resumed, 'I know you have been very lonely and unhappy. I have been thinking, my child, that if you had some one to love and care for you with a motherly affection, it would be much pleasanter. Should you not like a new mother, my dear Alice?'

"I do not want another mother! She will not love me, and I shall not love her," I sobbed, burying my face in my hands.

"Mrs. Hammond, who has been talking to the child?" asked my father, sternly. "Such feelings come not without cause."

"The person addressed did not dare speak her mind, and therefore made some evasive answer. It did not seem to satisfy my father, for

he sat quite silent for a long time, looking distressed and disappointed.

"Alice," he resumed, smoothing down my hair, affectionately, 'be always good and obedient, and no one can help loving you. Mrs. Hammond, I trust I need not remind you that I wish the lady I shall bring here as my wife, treated with due respect.'

"He need not expect that I shall give up my authority," muttered nurse, as my father left the room. 'If he does, he will find himself much mistaken. I'm not used to be dictated to.'

"Thus were my dislike and fears augmented. The dreaded day came I was sent for to see my new mother for the first time. I went down reluctantly, fearing, I knew not what, and timidly entered the apartment. Had I heard nothing to her disparagement, I must have been prepossessed in her favor. She was young and beautiful, and her bright black eyes sparkled with good humor and happiness, as she sat by the fire, gaily chatting with my father.

"And so this is Alice," she observed, as I slowly advanced. 'Sit by me, my dear, and tell me all about your books and lessons. We shall become very good friends, I think, when we are better acquainted.' And my step-mother gently took me by the hand, and pressed her lips to my forehead.

"I could not have disliked her, I could not have resisted that winning, pleading way, had I not made up my mind not to be pleased with her at all events. I drew back without a word of greeting or response. My father looked surprised and mortified, and my mother somewhat disappointed.

"Can you not speak, Alice? You are not usually so silent," said the former, as if excusing my taciturnity.

"Do not urge her, Edward. I am a stranger, you know, and she is not aware that I love her even now," she replied; while a smile, which must have been a sad one, played over her countenance.

"My father gave me permission to retire, and I availed myself of it with more pleasure than I dared manifest. Days and weeks passed away. My mother endeavored by every means in her power to gain my good will. She interested herself in my employments, smiled pleasantly upon me, and spoke words which are ever acceptable to young and confiding hearts.

"But all in vain. We had no feelings in common, and I was indignant that she should ask or expect that I would regard her with other sentiments.

"Why do you shun me, Alice?" she said to me one day. 'Will you not love and regard me as a mother? You are the same to me as my own child. I would do anything to make you happy.'

"You are not my mother! Mrs. Hammond says so; my mother is dead!" I exclaimed, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I sha'n't try to love you, for it is very wicked! O, why did my mother die?' And flinging the arm which was passed around my waist from me, I ran to my own room. I wept—O, how bitterly! Jealousy of my father's divided affection mingled with my indignation at what I termed her unjust demands. I thought, until my brain seemed on fire, my head whirled, my eyes grew dim, and I knew nothing more.

"When reason returned, I was first conscious of a soft hand arranging the pillow, and bathing, with a cooling liquid, my fevered brow. The clothing was lightly and carefully placed over my emaciated form, and the soft step and gentle voice told of a discreet and attentive nurse. The weakness of infancy was upon me; I could neither speak, nor raise my heavy lids, which seemed of leaden weight. But I distinctly heard every sound; each word of suppressed conversation was balm to my ears.

"Thank God, Edward!" said a voice, in a whisper. 'The physician has just gone, and he says there is a favorable change. Do not despair, my husband; Alice will yet be restored to us. Hope for the best. Continued watching must have fatigued you—why not try to obtain a little sleep?'

"If my child lives, to God and you will she owe her life," replied my father, with solemnity; for I recognized his voice. 'Her own mother could not have watched her with more untiring assiduity and disinterested affection. For nearly two weeks you have scarcely left this sick chamber; let me prevail upon you to take some rest. Alice seems easier now, and I will remain alone with her,' he added, earnestly.

"I am not fatigued, Edward," was the gentle rejoinder. 'I will remain until evening; for she might wake and find no one near her. I hope she may yet regard me with different feelings. I must try and win her love.'

"Was I dreaming, or did my step-mother speak? Could one whom I had disliked, slighted and repelled, think and feel, as she had spoken? The tone expressed sincerity, but her actions testified more than words. Yes, the truth came home to me with powerful force, that I had grieved and wronged a loving and affectionate heart; I had allowed bitter and revengeful thoughts to take root in my bosom, and poison the peace of my young life.

"I sighed unconsciously, and with an effort opened my eyes. My step-mother sprang to the bed side, and with a look of anxiety took my hand within hers, and bent over me. Our eyes met. I could not resist the impulse which compelled me to raise my arms and clasp them about her neck, as she bent to kiss me. My tongue was loosened. The tears rained from my hitherto closed eyes, as I murmured:

"Forgive me forgive me! You are my mother!"

"Do not talk, my dear Alice," she replied, soothingly, wiping away the tears. 'You have been very sick, but with good nursing will soon be well again. I see you will love me yet, and that we shall all be happy in future,' she added, smiling—but this time it was anything but a sad one.

"And how can I see my darling Alice safe again, and hear her asking your forgiveness without following her example?" exclaimed a voice. It was Nurse Hammond, who had entered unperceived and threw herself at my mother's feet. 'It was I who have done all the mischief,' she continued. I taught her to dislike you, and all step-mothers. But your kindness to a motherless girl has won my heart. You are not so heartless as I imagined. I will not get up until you forgive me, too.' And her earnestness attested to her sincerity.

"I forgive everything, Mrs. Hammond. Let all this be forgotten between us," replied my step-mother, while tears dimmed the lustre of her beautiful eyes.

"Good feeling is restored, and I feel quite satisfied," said my father, stepping forward, with a countenance radiant with happiness. 'But we must not forget our patient—our darling Alice. Sleep will be the best prescription for her.' Another kiss from father and mother, and I was left alone with Nurse Hammond.

"In my excited and nervous state, sleep was absolutely necessary. I was weary and exhausted; but in the course of two hours awoke much refreshed. I grew better rapidly, and soon left my bed. I daily became more and more attached to my step-mother. As the dark veil of prejudice fell from my eyes, I saw her worth; and, child as I was, appreciated her self-denying attentions. Nurse told me of the days of care, and sleepless nights of anxiety that she passed by my side.

"Need I tell you, Caroline," resumed Mrs. Marshall, after a short pause, "that the identical Alice was myself, and the dreaded step-mother, my own?"

"And you learned to love her?" asked Caroline.

"As an own parent. Gratitude and love took the place of dislike and aversion. To the day of her death, I experienced nothing save kindness at her hands. Her memory is revered, and her virtues remembered."

"You have nearly convinced me, I must confess," said Caroline, thoughtfully. "I shall view the subject in a different light, in future."

"Do so. And when you hear step-mothers disparaged, and their conduct censured, hear both sides; for in nine cases out of ten they are blameless. Rest assured, Caroline, that they are more 'sinned against than sinning.'"

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

OUR MARY.

BY G. H. FULTZ.

Meek and modest, kind as fairy,
Is our dear and gentle Mary;
With eyes of cerulean blue,
And locks of deepest, brownest hue;
With voice so soft, and sweet, and mild,
Like the laugh of a happy child;
She's good as fair, both heart and mind,
To all she's honest, just and kind;
We love her dearly—for charms like these,
Where'er they're found, will always please.

ADD-EL-KADER.

An amusing anecdote is related of this illustrious Arabian chief, who, to the eternal disgrace of France, is still a prisoner of state at Amboise. He lately employed a competent person to give his four children lessons in writing. The teacher fulfilled his task in the most exemplary manner, treating his little pupils with the utmost kindness. The brave father, being very grateful, bethought him of making the teacher a present as a mark of his esteem, and after much cogitation, concluded to give him one of his five Arabian wives. The Frenchman in vain endeavored to explain that he already had a wife, and that the European law only allowed him one. Abd-El Kader thought the writing master wished to be ceremonious, and persisted most perseveringly in his offer, stating, in a courteous manner, that he would still have four wives left—enough, in the name of Allah, for a poor prisoner. The matter ended, and the writing master was rescued from this ludicrous dilemma by his wife—the original, European one—carrying him off from the chief's presence, and prohibiting him from ever returning there.

PRESSES FOR SALE.

As we desire to make room for double cylinder presses, in order to print the immense edition of our Pictorial with more expedition, we wish to sell the two Taylor Cylinder Presses now in use at this office. The cost of these presses was over \$2700 each; but they will be sold at a great bargain, as we want the room they occupy. They are almost new, in perfect running order, and are capable of some 1500 good impressions to the hour. The beds of the presses are of the largest size, measuring 44 by 56 inches each. This affords an unusual and excellent opportunity for any persons who desire a press or presses, to supply themselves at a rate far below the intrinsic value of the article.

FROM CUBA.—INVASION EXPECTED.

The New York Sun says, that great excitement prevails throughout Cuba, from reports of another filibustering expedition from the United States. The steamers from the United States, as well as those from the Isthmus, were watched with a strictness remarkable even for Havana. Numbers of the police were placed on board as soon as they arrived, and maintained the strictest surveillance of everybody and everything up to the moment of departure. Fourteen young men of good connexions were arrested and thrown into prison on Friday, the 28th of May, on suspicion of being connected with the revolutionary party.

GOLD IN WISCONSIN.—Several lumps of gold were recently discovered in a ravine in the village of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, worth from two to four dollars. A day or two after the discovery, half the town turned out to search for the hidden treasure, and in a short time found a "lead," containing gold, silver and diamonds, and before noon, \$200 worth of these precious metals were taken from the earth.

GOOD.—A good story is related of ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, that many years ago, when expostulating with a young man about drinking, and urging him to abandon the practice, the young man agreed to leave off if the governor would leave off wearing a shirt collar. The latter agreed to the novel requisition, and, in conformity to the bargain, has never worn a collar since.

AN INHUMAN SON.—Henry Schofield, of Madisonville, Ohio, got angry at his mother about some trivial affair, a few days since, raised a rifle and fired it at her head. Fortunately she tripped and fell just before the gun went off, and thus escaped instant death. The son was committed to jail for trial.

THE MONTREAL FIRE.—The loss by the recent great fire in Montreal is stated by the papers of that city to be £60,000 on the buildings, and from £200,000 to £250,000 worth of goods. The amount of insurance is about £140,000.

KOSSUTH'S FAMILY.—It is said that Kossuth designs that his mother and sisters, who are shortly expected in this country, shall open a school in Cincinnati.

FROM SWEET IRELAND.—The packet ship President, from Liverpool, lately arrived at Boston, with 561 emigrants.

Wayside Gatherings.

Beer is now made from beet-root.
The cholera is raging at Lasalle, Illinois, where sixty deaths occurred in three days.
The fashionables are already beginning to talk of a brilliant season at Newport.
Barefooted children are said to be growing scarce down East.
Of the 68 captains in our navy, only 9 are at sea.
No new jails are being built this year in the cities of Maine.
Cholera destroys many passengers on Western steamboats at present.
There are at present 554 inmates in the Deer Island Hospital, Boston harbor.
There are said to be 3000 Mormons at Knavesville, Ill., en route for Salt Lake.
The subject of Ocean Penny Postage is agitated. Push on the good work.
Emigrants are pouring in upon Cincinnati. Every boat coming in is filled.
Railroads and the submarine telegraphs more than double man's life, if we count his years by action.

Edwin Forrest will presently "lead to the altar" one of the finest women in Philadelphia, so says "on dit."

Miss Emily P. Lesdernier is giving dramatic readings in New York. Her voice is said to be rich, mellow, flexible and skilfully managed.

Copper wire, the thirtieth of an inch, will sustain 302 lbs.; lead, 28 lbs.; tin, 347 lbs.; zinc, 110 lbs.; silver, 137 lbs.; gold, 150 lbs.

Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, will have the honor of making our next President. Webster and Pierce were both born there.

Aaron H. Palmer, Esq., has been appointed Consul-General for the United States to the Republic of Ecuador.

The Legislature of Maryland is about repealing the law which allows creditors to attach the wages of their debtors.

In the twelve counties composing the Accomac district, Virginia, there is not one newspaper published.

Madame Koeka, an eminent vocalist, has arrived at New Orleans, after great success in South America and Mexico.

Jonathan Prather, aged seventy years, recently shot his wife dead in Morgan county, Ky., and then cut his own throat from ear to ear.

The Catholics of Pittsburg are building a cathedral to cost \$130,000, with a steeple 339 feet high. It is to be 220 by 120 feet in size, and will seat 10,500 persons.

Miss Dix's bill for a State Hospital for the Insane, in Maryland, has passed the Senate at Annapolis, with but two negative votes, and has had its first reading in the House of Delegates.

Mr. Hiram Ames, of Mattapoisett, on Saturday week, seized at one haul twelve hundred barrels of fish, chiefly menhaden, with a sprinkling of mackerel and shad.

All the stock necessary to build the Genesee Valley Railroad has been taken up, and it has been decided to commence and prosecute the work with vigor.

Strawberries, in Hartford and vicinity, have been badly blasted. Some of the most extensive cultivators say that they shall not have more than half a crop.

The postmaster of New York has obtained a renewal of the lease of the premises now occupied by the post office, for a period of fourteen years from May 1, 1853, at a yearly rental of \$10,000.

The Rousset Family have opened Castle Garden for the summer season. We understand that the stage at that establishment has been enlarged, and many improvements are made in the interior arrangements of the house.

The Belfast (Maine) Journal computes, from the books of the agent appointed to sell liquor for medicinal purposes in that town, that there are twenty-four thousand persons in the immediate vicinity who are diseased, or else they lie.

A youth named Joseph Maguire, residing in Mohawk, Ohio, took some powder and threw it into the stove, at his father's residence, lately. The powder flew up into his face, putting both eyes out. He is not expected to live.

Vanderhoff and Mrs. Sinclair have fallen out! It is said all of Mrs. Sinclair's purifiers have cut her acquaintance, since they escaped "perdition," by the mere skin of their teeth, or the legal white-washing.

Since the opening of the Hudson River Railroad, two millions of passengers have been conveyed in the cars, and but one person has lost his life—who was improperly on the platform, and leaning beyond the car, when crossing a draw-bridge.

The transformation of the old Green Street church into a theatre, in Albany, is rapidly progressing, and the building will, it is said, be ready for performances about the 4th of July. It is to be constructed to accommodate 2500 persons. The stage will be 40 by 60 feet.

The culture of wheat, as a general thing, was introduced into Alabama only ten years ago, and no crop, not even corn, has proved uniformly more certain and satisfactory. So certain, indeed, has the crop been considered, that the culture has rapidly extended during the last four or five years.

Foreign Miscellany.

The queen will not visit Ireland this summer.
Madame Saqui, now dancing on the tight-rope at the Hippodrome, Paris, is 75 years of age.
The king of Ashantee, an African kingdom, has sent his son to the school of mines at Freiberg.

A copper mine, the ore of which is said to be worth £30 a ton, has been discovered on the coast of Africa.

A new glove, called the "gossamer glove," has been invented, and is sold for two shillings sterling a pair.

The Prince of Schwarsburg Sonderhausen has published a decree divorcing his wife "by virtue of his plenitude of power."

A proposal is about to be made on the part of the British to the American government, for an international emigrant law.

To show the industry of British naturalists, we need only say that Donovan's work on insects extends to eighteen volumes.

The beet-root sugar cultivation in Prussia has doubled in a few years. The quantity of raw sugar made last year was 701,000 tons.

The king of Naples has permitted the American consul to take from Herculaneum a block of lava for the Washington Monument.

The Pamela, or American bonnet, has been adopted in England, at breakfasts and races, etc. It is made of tape, joined like straw.

The Madrid Military Gazette states that the director of the cavalry of the Spanish army intends to increase it from 8,691 to 11,000 horses.

Mr. Smith O'Brien allows two hundred pounds a year to the person who lost his situation at Van Diemen's land for conniving at his attempt to escape.

The French army in Algiers for the present year is fixed at 70,966 men and 15,615 horses. This is an expensive colony—"costing more than it comes to."

Titian, the great painter, is to have a monument in marble at Venice. The emperor of Austria has ordered it, and the brothers Landemini are the appointed sculptors.

A Mr. Leclere, of Liege, in Belgium, has succeeded in getting four successive crops in one year from a single potato; he employs very early kinds, and plants the same for each crop.

An indignant husband sold his wife a short time ago, in the market place of Nottingham, England, for one shilling, including a new rope—value sixpence—which was attached to her neck.

Sands of Gold.

—It is easier to praise poverty than to bear it.

—A faithful friend is he who will give me one loaf when he has but two.

—Favors easily repaid beget affection—favors beyond return engender hatred.

—Moral truths are prophecies of ends, but not of the forms and succession of events.

—The reason that many persons want their desires, is because their desires want reason.

—We may accept from others sacrifices to save us from martyrdom, but never to purchase a joy.

—True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

—The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

—The true end of freedom is to develop manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics or statesmen.

—There is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware. The element of serenity is one which we peculiarly need.

—A wise man prevaileth in power, for he secureth his balancing engine; but a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

—Sectarianism is a miserable, short sighted prejudice. It makes you hate your neighbor because he eats his oysters roasted, while you prefer them in the shell.

—Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

—The danger is ever with us that we refer our actions, thoughts and feelings to the idolized standard of public opinion. We believe too much in associations, and too little in ourselves.

—Sir Thomas Browne says:—"Be thou substantially great in thyself, and greater than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee as it is in the light of heaven."

—If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labor allotted them, that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

—Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart.

Joker's Olio.

It is proposed to bring Ireland over, as we have nearly all its population.

Dogs are valuable to tanners on account of the immense quantity of bark they yield.

In southern California they bet a thousand head of cattle at once on a horse race.

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper, are "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

A great curiosity is the derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to the highest pitch."

An exchange paper says, the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman, the next is man, then Berkshire pigs.

"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

The Providence Herald relates a story of a marketman in that city, who, unable to give away his pigeons, tied a ninepence to each bunch, as an inducement for some one to steal them.

The man that cooked "the cold charities of the world," has entered into a contract with an extensive restaurant to furnish fried icicles, and hot soup made of Norwegian snow.

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who was often a little absent-minded, observed gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

One may form some slight conception of the value of land in this city, from the fact that the wealthiest up-town residents cannot get more than three feet for a yard!

I have heard educated New Englanders boast of the quantity of poetry they have read in a given time, as if rich fancies and elevated thoughts are to be dispatched as are beefsteaks on board our steamboats.

The St. Louis Despatch says that Old Father Mississippi is giving out strong hints of getting out of his bed there, and getting on an unlimited burst on shore. If he has any respect for society he will lie low.

"Don't the clouds begin to break?" inquired Harriet, during yesterday's rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping—"Guess so," was the answer, and the speaker glanced from the window, "guess they're broke, they leak bad enough to be."

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F. GLEASON,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, BOSTON, MASS.

MR. MEAGHER, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

This eloquent exiled Irishman, whose history is doubtless well known to the readers of the Pictorial, is now on our own shores, having escaped from the place of his imprisonment in Van Diemen's Land, and by vessel reached New York. The likeness herewith given by our artist is said to be a good one by those who have seen the original. The eminent young Irishman was most cordially received in our sister city, and public honors were tendered to him. He replied to the committee of the New York councils, who waited on him at the Astor House, that he cannot take part in the festivities of a public reception while his companions remain in exile and his country remains in sorrow and subjection. When she goes forth like Miriam, with song and timbrel, to celebrate her victory, he too will lift up his head and join in the hymn of freedom. "The feelings and convictions which influenced my career in Ireland, have undergone no change. I desire to have a country which shall work out a fortune of her own, and depend no longer for subsistence on the charity of other nations. The freedom that has been restored to me is embittered by the recollection of their captivity. While they are in prison a shadow rests upon my spirit, and the thoughts that might otherwise be free, throb heavily within me. It is painful for me to speak. I should feel happy in being permitted to be silent. For these reasons, you will not feel displeased with me for declining the honors you solicit me to accept. Did I esteem them less I should not consider myself so unworthy, nor conclusively decline to enjoy them. The privileges of so eminent a city should be sacred to those who personify a great and living cause—a past full of fame, and a future full of hope—and whose names are prominent and imperishable."

JERUSALEM.

If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time, "a man about town" at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time, and it will then seem almost strange to you to find yourself so entirely surrounded in all your daily pursuits by the signs and sounds of religion. Your hotel is a monastery—your rooms are cells—the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of the town you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Counsel. If you mount your horse and extend your rambles, you will be guided to the Wilderness of St. John or the birth-place of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day. If you lounge through the town, your Pall Mall is the Tia Dolorosa, and the object of your hopeless affections is some maid or matron all forlorn, and sadly shrouded in her pilgrim's robe. If you would hear music, it must be the chanting of friars. If you look at pictures, you see virgins with shortened arms, or devils out of drawing, or angels tumbling up the skies in impious perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors; and when you inquire for the manufactures of the place, you find that they consist of double-bleaded beads, and sanctified shells. These last are the favorite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them as protection against the schemes of the evil one.—*Eothen.*

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

My first impression, says a late tourist, on viewing the great father of rivers was one of disappointment; and I think such will be the feeling of most persons whose conceptions of the Mississippi have been formed at a distance, from its geographical position and a knowledge of the great number of its tributaries and the vast country drained by them. The river was not as wide as I expected. It seemed not wider than the Hudson, at most places below Catskill. It is not wider, if it is as wide, as the Niagara River at Black Rock; but its volume of water is immense—its currents exceedingly strong and rapid, its depth very great. For the distance of about forty miles below New Orleans, the narrow belt of land, extending back from the river to the swamps, from one to three miles in width, is

highly cultivated, being exclusively devoted to sugar plantations. A road runs along the margin of the river, some ten or twenty rods from which on each plantation stands a fine dwelling-house, with from thirty to sixty small tenements adjacent for negroes, and generally at short distance further back the sugar-house for the grinding of the cane, boiling down the juice to sugar and molasses. Such is the general description of about every plantation. Some of the planters' residences are very beautiful—nearly all surrounded with gardens, fruit and shade trees, and in some cases the negro houses are in a beautiful park of shade trees, every hut being white-washed. Each plantation has the appearance of a small village. The cane was up to a considerable height, and looked just like corn three or four inches high, planted in drills.



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, THE IRISH PATRIOT.

MICE AND REPTILES.

In an English work, called "The Life of a Soldier," we find the following account of battles between mice, scorpions, and centipedes, in Barbadoes. The brief narrative is full of interest. In clearing the ground for the camp, we disturbed a variety of noxious reptiles, such as whipsnakes of an extraordinary length, but not thicker than a goose quill; centipedes of a large size, whose backs were plated like a lobster's tail, and scorpions. Having heard that mice were natural enemies to the two latter, I procured a few, that I might be a witness to their combat. The arena was the space circumscribed by a glass bell; and upon letting a mouse and scorpion loose in it, a grand display of manœuvring ensued—the mouse flying to bite off his opponent's tail, which terminates in a sting, and the scorpion watching for an opportunity to strike him with it. Should the former succeed in his first object, the latter falls a prey; but if stung, the mouse swells up and dies in convulsions. However, the mouse is generally the victor. Equal generalship is required in the engagement with the centipede, which defends itself with two small nippers, placed at either side of its mouth, near the poison bags. One of our men found a large tarantula on his shoulder one morning when he awoke, and it suffered itself to be removed without doing him any injury. He brought it to me, as an amateur; and accordingly I placed it under the bell with one of my hardest bitten mice. It immediately reared itself on its hinder legs, remained motionless in this posture, while the mouse ran round the bell, evidently unwilling to face its new antagonist. This continued a short time; and then, as if under the influence of an irresistible fascination, the mouse jumped suddenly into the arms of the tarantula, which quickly seized him with two nippers, resembling the claws of a cat, and situated at either side of the head, and with such deadly effect, that the little quadruped instantly swelled up and burst. I next let loose two or three mice at a time on the tarantula, but they all shared the same fate.

PERIODICITY.

The Rev. Dr. Baird states that in the north of Europe, where the sun remains above the horizon for months, the fowls go to roost at a uniform hour in the afternoon. By what other law than this is it that people, who lead regular lives, awake at a certain hour in the morning? Do you say that it is instinct? You might as well say that the sun rises in the morning and sets at night by instinct; or you might apply it to the tides. It is absurd. Instinct means and explains nothing. The hen covers her eggs the allotted time, and warms them into life, in obedience to this divine law. A common illustration of the operation of this law may be noticed every day in our city, by the conduct of the horses attached to our omnibuses. When a passenger gets in or out, without any uncommon delay, they proceed of themselves, without urging. Should any delay occur—as in the case of the "man with the five dollar bill" waiting for the change—at the expiration of the ordinary period, the horses, obeying this law, attempt to start, and the driver, mistaking this obedience and docility for stubbornness, is to apt to restrain them with violence. If he were as wise as the faithful animals he drives, he would look upon the thing in a different light, and would keep them in proper check by kind words and gentle treatment. Let the experiment be tried.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

END OF VOLUME II.



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