

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { NUMBER 22
WINTER STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM.
6 CENTS SINGLE. } Vol. XI., No. 20.—WHOLE No. 280.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

We present on this page a fine view of the State House, in Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, a flourishing post-town, and the seat of justice of Sangamon County. The State House is a noble stone building, of great architectural beauty, as will be seen by Mr. Kilburn's graphic delineation, executed expressly for us, together with the other pictures of the series of Springfield views, which will be seen on turning to page 312 of the present number. The State House stands in the centre of a square of three acres, bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Adams and Washington Streets. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and shaded by ornamental trees. The building cost \$180,000. The town is situated three miles south of Sangamon River, and 230 miles southwest of Chicago. It is laid out with great regularity,

the streets being wide and straight, the public square we have depicted being in the centre. The town contains a court house, three banks, a United States land office, churches of various denominations, several academies and hotels. Five or six newspapers are established here. It became the seat of government in 1840, a circumstance which imparted a sensible impulse to the place. It is here that the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad intersects the Great Western Central Railroad, which extends from the Mississippi across the State to Indiana. The western division of this line, which extends fifty-five miles from Springfield to the Illinois River, has been in operation several years, under the title of the Sangamon and Morgan Railroad, the eastern portion of which is still in the process of construction. The Chicago and Mississippi Railroad is completed from Alton to Bloomington, a distance of

130 miles, intersecting at the place last named, the Illinois Central Railroad. The city is surrounded by rich and extensive prairies, which contain large quantities of bituminous coal. The population in 1853 was 6500, and has largely increased within the past three years. It must be remembered that the place was laid out only in 1822. On page 312 we continue our illustrations of its prominent localities. The next view shows the depot of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, which runs through Springfield. Another view presents a scene upon Washington Street. The building on the right is the Chenery House, and the church seen on the left is the Presbyterian. The remaining view on page 312 depicts the buildings occupied by the courts, State banks and insurance companies. They are located on Sixth Street, and front on the Capitol Square. [See page 312 for continuation.]



STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MABEL, THE RECTOR'S WARD:

—OR—

TRUTH AND TREASON IN 1777.

BY MAJOR BEN: PERLEY POORE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

LOYALTY AND LOVE.

"For love, at first, is but a dreamy thing,
That stily nestles in the human heart,
A morning lark, which never plumes his wing,
Till hopes and fears, like lights and shadows, part."

THE rector, at an early hour on the morning following the rescue of his ward by Herbert Yancey, entered the young officer's room and greeted him with a cordial grasp of the hand.

"When I tell you, sir," said the old gentleman, with emotion, "that I am the guardian of the young lady whom you saved last night from a watery grave, you will excuse this intrusion. I shudder to think what might have been her fate had you not have providentially interposed, and have come to invite you to breakfast with us at the parsonage, that Mabel may express our gratitude to you for her rescue."

A flush illumined Herbert's cheek, as he modestly disclaimed having done anything but his duty, then accepted the invitation with the ease of a true gentleman.

"Come right along, then," said the rector. "But first tell me, are you in any way related to the Yanceys of Virginia?"

"I am from the Old Dominion, sir, where my ancestors have resided since the first Yancey landed on the American continent, in the days of Queen Bess."

"And in which county have your immediate ancestors abided?"

"In Charlotte, sir."

"Charlotte! Can it be possible that you are the son of my old friend in England, Renegard Yancey of Evermay?"

"I am, sir. But my father died several years since. I now reside at Evermay with my mother."

"Young gentleman, you have a double claim to my esteem, both as the son of an old friend, and as the preserver of my ward's life. But come, let us start for the parsonage. Madame Ordway, my housekeeper, dislikes to have her coffee cooled before it is drank."

"I am at your service," said Herbert, and they left the tavern.

As nearly every one in Newburyport knew by this time that opposition was to be made, in some shape, to the prayers of the rector for the king of England, it was shrewdly conjectured by the bar-room idlers that the Provincial Congress had taken the matter in hand, and that Herbert had an especial mission to execute. At any rate, it was strange that the rector, who was such a bitter opponent of everything which savored of whiggery, should walk quietly through the streets with a revolutionary officer, and that officer wearing the uniform of the most obnoxious portion of the "rebel" army.

Could they have seen how warmly the young man was welcomed into the parsonage, that focus of Toryism, their wonder would have been increased, although Herbert, at the time, had no idea of the politics of his host. But no sooner did he cast his eyes around the parlor into which he had been ushered, than he discovered unmistakable evidences of female taste. The room, although corresponding in size to the study which has been described in a preceding chapter, reminded Herbert of his own mother's parlor at Evermay. An open harpsichord, upon which lay a pile of neatly-copied manuscript music, an embroidery frame, in which was an unfinished fire-screen rivalling the products of the Gobelins looms, a sketch book, a chess board, and other evidences of refinement and accomplishments, were tastefully arranged, while the air was filled with the perfume of bouquets.

Ere Herbert could hastily inspect these attractive objects, in which he somehow felt an unusual interest, the rector re-appeared, followed by his ward, whom he introduced thus:

"Mr. Yancey, let me present to you—the son of my old friend, Mabel Gwynne, whose life you yesterday preserved."

Stammering forth his gratification at having been able to render Miss Gwynne a service, Herbert took her proffered hand, and stole a glance at the face which had haunted his last night's dreams. Though somewhat pale from the effects of her double fright, a faint blush overspread her beautiful features, while her lustrous eyes, half-veiled in their own lashes, danced in their own light. Never had Herbert before experienced the intoxicating power of female beauty.

Eloquently but modestly thanking Herbert for his timely aid, Mabel asked him to join them at the breakfast table, which (as was the custom in those days) was spread in the kitchen. That apartment, however, was inferior to no other room in the parsonage. All the smoke and effluvia passed up a wide-mouthed chimney, at the back of which yawned the greater and the lesser oven, while the long buffet in the corner glistened with well-scoured pewter-ware. Madame Ordway was duly presented, and "grace before meat" having been said, the party sat down to the excellent repast.

Greatly to Mabel's delight, the young soldier appeared to walk at once into her guardian's good graces. In fact, there was much similarity in their tastes, each expressing a marked preference for manly sports, and yet displaying an intellectual cultivation peculiarly attractive to the fair sex. Mabel, who had enjoyed much of her guardian's society, had a keen appreciation of intellectual training, and was soon captivated by Herbert's sound remarks,

polished wit and general information, so seldom displayed by gentlemen of his age. Gossip, politics and the weather were the stereotyped topics of the Newburyport beaux, and she came to the conclusion, ere they left the table, that Mr. Yancey was just such a young man as Mr. Gwynne must have been; in other words, he filled her beau-ideal of masculine excellence.

Soon after they returned to the parlor, Mr. Gwynne was summoned to his study by Madame Ordway, who informed him that Frank wished to see him on especial business. This left Herbert and Mabel together, and soon the young man found that her charming person was but a fitting shrine for mental abilities of a high order. Her superior intellect was matured by study, and her accomplishments, in which she was her own instructor, were of a high order—truly feminine, yet not at all frivolous. Above all, there was no affectation in her character. Brought up with the rector upon the most frank and confiding footing, every emotion that thrilled in her heart, or floated through her head, at once found its way into words—frank, unstudied words, bearing the fresh mint-stamp of the heart.

An hour was thus passed—it did not seem five minutes to either, during which they talked of many things, but the heart of each felt a new and previously unknown emotion. All at once, their interview was interrupted by the rector, who burst into the parlor, evidently in a towering passion.

"The rascal!" he ejaculated. "The ungrateful scamp!"

"What has happened?" asked Mabel.

"Happened!" blurted the indignant rector,—"happened! Why, did you not hear Madame Ordway tell me at breakfast that her son wished to see me? Her Frank—a boy that I almost reared—that I have treated as a father should have treated a son! A boy to whom I have given the best of advice, ever exhorting him to be loyal to his king and to his church! And now what d'ye suppose, Mabel, the young scapegrace has demanded of me?"

Mabel's first thought sent the crimson heart-blood flowing through her veins—but no! Her old play-fellow could not have asked her hand. She trusted not, and replied:

"Indeed, sir, I cannot imagine."

"I knew you couldn't. Well, the impertinent jackanapes came into my study, and after a hypocritical whining about his disagreeable task, threw off his disguise, and actually ordered me—me, ordained rector of St. Paul's,—not to read prayers for the king again!"

"But, sir," interposed Mabel, relieved to find that this was the offence.

"Don't sir me, miss. I told the young scoundrel to leave my house, nor ever to set foot in it again. His poor mother, who had entered the study unperceived, threw herself on her very knees, begging him to retract, and to ask my forgiveness. But he remained stubborn, and departed without sign of repentance. Excuse me, Mr. Yancey; but this ungrateful, rebellious conduct of a young man brought up at my own hearthstone, has quite made me forget myself."

"I regret that anything has occurred to annoy you," replied the young officer, "and will take my leave, as I have important business that must be attended to."

"You will, perhaps, return and take tea with us," said the rector, as they escorted their visitor to the door, and a glance of endorsement from Mabel's eyes made Herbert at once accept the invitation, with thanks.

All that day did her image dance before his imagination, and although he had much else to occupy his thoughts, she reigned paramount. Night came at length, and on entering the parsonage, Herbert saw with delight that the rector was more calm than in the morning. He was engrossed with the subject, however, and no sooner had greetings been interchanged than he referred to it. Exile, he said, would probably be his lot, yet he would not yield to the popular edict, and sacrifice what he considered his duty as a Christian minister.

Mabel said little. It was evident to her admirer that she was not certain in her own mind that her kind guardian was correct, yet she endeavored to soothe him as he was passing through the ordeal, cheering him with a touching devotion. Adversity, after all, is the microscope by which things that were invisible before are made plain to our wondering eye. Prosperity never brings out character. As the waters of the becalmed ocean attract no attention, so the even course of a prosperous life presents nothing observable. We need the tempest; we need to have the passions agitated, in order to have our attention arrested. It is then that our eyes are fixed, and that we seek to analyze the soul by watching each shade of character.

Herbert Yancey, sympathizing himself with his father's friend, felt himself drawn towards Mabel Gwynne by sweet chords of sympathy, as they endeavored to comfort the bruised spirit of the rector. At any other time, the young couple might have been months in becoming as well acquainted with each other as they felt when they separated that night.

"Call again to-morrow," said the rector, when Herbert rose to leave. "I must pass the day in my study, preparing my discourse—a discourse that I may not be permitted to deliver. But Mabel will be glad to see you."

"I shall be occupied in the morning, sir, but in the afternoon, will be too happy to call. Good-night."

"Good-night," replied both the rector and his ward; nor did the latter think that those parting words, which rang like silver vesper bells in Herbert's heart, grated harshly on their ears.

Concealed in a large lilac bush near the door—so near that he could have almost touched Mabel as she spoke, was Dan Holbrook. The scar on his face was more livid than usual, and gave a fearful effect to the pale ferocity of his countenance. Yet he was again balked in his schemes of abduction; for soon after the officer's

departure, an athletic young man mounted guard, as it were, before the parsonage, pacing slowly to and fro. Hour after hour did Holbrook wait the departure of this unknown sentry, but he continued his lonely round. At length, in a fit of rage, he sprang from his place of concealment, fired a pistol at the watchful guardian, and took flight. The noise of the shot roused the rector from his troubled dreams, and on going to his open window, he heard groans, as of a human being in distress.

Hurrying on a few garments, Mr. Gwynne hastened out of doors and there, almost upon the door stone of the parsonage, lay Frank Ordway, weltering in his blood. Humanity at once cast political bitterness into the shade; the sufferer's mother was summoned; he was placed in the rector's own bed, and the good man hastened for a surgeon.

The next morning, the Newburyport gossips had it that Frank Ordway had been sent by the Sons of Liberty to "warn away" Parson Gwynne; that the parson offered Miss Mabel to the young man if he could remain; that Frank was obdurate, and that the parson had then fired at and nearly killed him. Ere nine o'clock, a score of versions of this famous tale were spread from Belleville to Joppa, and each narrator added some marvellous variation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

"—And it is Sabbath morn,
And toll and leaden care are for a time,
Forgotten. The solemn bells peal their slow chime
Imposingly. The throng, in gay attire,
Wend their diverging steps: some to adore
In consecrated aisle, with prayer and chant,
The God of all! While others, less devoutly,
But go to church in quest of novelty."

SUNDAY came, clear and pleasant as was that solitary Sabbath passed by Adam in Paradise, ere sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life. The earth seemed sanctified, the very air holy, the deep blue sky more beautiful, and the few fleeting clouds that floated over its surface of such pearly whiteness, that they might serve as resting-places for angel gazers. Nature, arrayed in her autumnal robes, stood sublimely great in her mature vigor, and the genial breath which spread a few golden leaves over the bosom of mother earth, gave no indication of the cold, bleak blasts soon to shriek the requiem of the year. It is a melancholy reflection that earth's loveliest things must be sacrificed by the unsparring hand of time,—that the fair huds which have opened their golden leaves to the sunbeam should wither, and that the earth, so lately clothed with fertility, should become desolate. But a gold-tinting sunlight enlivens these deepening shadows. A spirit of beauty pours glory upon the autumnal scenery with lavish hand, and the woods, thus garnished with the tints of the rainbow, are gorgeously magnificent, like an Hindostan sultana decked for the funeral pyre of her dead lord.

The bells rang out their assembling notes, and the streets were crowded with worshippers, on their way to the various churches. Yet it was evident that some movement was agitating the community beyond ordinary worship. The church of St. Paul's, which had been almost deserted for nearly a year by all save its parishioners, was the focus of attraction, and before its bell had ceased tolling, every pew was crowded, with one exception. Although the very aisles were filled, no one sought a seat in the rector's pew.

There was a convulsive movement throughout the church as Mabel quietly entered and took her accustomed seat. The gossips had made up their minds that she would not attend, and it had never entered their fertile imaginations that she would come escorted by Herbert Yancey. Yet such was the case. Herbert had passed most of the preceding day at the rectory, where Frank Ordway's wound had opened a new source of uneasiness. Fortunately, it was not at all dangerous, although a large effusion of blood had rendered him very weak; and as his mother naturally wished to attend him, Herbert had volunteered to escort Mabel to church. She rather shrunk from accompanying him, but the rector, who apprehended violence, rather insisted. So when the young officer made his appearance at the parsonage in citizen's dress, she accepted his arm. Indeed she began to feel that there was a mysterious blending of their destinies, and to look up to him for protection, although the earth had made but three circuits round the sun since she had first seen him.

The bell ceased to toll, the door of the vestry was opened, and the rector entered, walking to the reading desk with wonderful placidity, his countenance beaming with devoted resignation to the will of his Master. He wore a surplice as white as the drifted snow, yet no whiter than the masses of long hair which fell upon his shoulders. Many had seen him in this same attire, and with this same truthful expression of countenance upon many a solemn occasion. Yet never had he appeared inspired with such divine authority as when—after having knelt in private supplication—he stood unflinchingly before them, and commenced the sublime exhortation of "Morning Prayer."

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Among that congregation the impressive command was obeyed. Every eye was bent, with fixed intentness, upon the speaker, and each one present, riveted by the spell of powerful emotion, listened to the sublime petitions of the Episcopal rite with unrelaxed attention. It was the prelude; what was to follow? Would he dare pray for the royal tyrant?

Yet, with the exception of a few loyal parishioners, the congregation neither rose at the "exhortation" nor knelt at the "liturgy," for it had been determined to listen in respectful silence, until the offensive "collect" should be offered. Men sat with stern resolution, and women with anxious fear, alike depicted upon their countenances; yet as the service proceeded, the sternest Son of

Liberty could not altogether steel his heart against a mysterious reverence for the rector. The purity of the good old man's soul, diffusing itself from the reading-desk, went forth like the dove from the ark. Pacifically, and with quiet eagerness, the clear tones of his voice fluttered over that deluge of angry passion, stealing into even the hardest hearts like the deep tones of music.

The creed was ended, the collects for the day, for peace and for grace were read, and then a current of strong emotion passed over the rector's countenance. But he bravely continued, in a distinct tone of impassioned earnestness:

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth: most heartily we beseech thee, with thy favor to behold our most gracious sovereign, Lord King George, and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he may always incline to thy will and walk in thy way. Endue him plentifully with heavenly gifts; grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him, that he may overcome and vanquish all his enemies; and that finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

When this obnoxious petition to the throne of grace was commenced, there was a shudder among the female portion of the congregation, but the Sons of Liberty seemed themselves more like culprits than like judges. The heroic courage with which the venerable rector, in a voice as firm as his conscience, had thus braved their wrath, disarmed his opponents. And the victory was completed by the response, which came from the rector himself, after he had waited in vain to hear it from the congregation: "Amen!"

King George had again been prayed for in Newburyport, and there had been an emphatic response to the prayer, yet no one had dared lay the sacrilegious hand of violence upon an ordained priest of God, as he ministered at the altar. The puritanical education of the rudest of the rude restrained them, and paralyzed their plans.

The hymn was then read, and there was a general disposition to join in singing it, as a true thanksgiving. Herbert Yancey, revolutionist as he was, had been charmed by the display of Christian fortitude, as he was now entranced by the sweet notes of Mabel's voice, as her joyful heart pealed forth the beautiful stanzas concluding:

"Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee."

The last notes died away, and the rector ascended the high pulpit, wearing his black silk gown. Kneeling, he bowed his head devoutly, as if to seek divine grace; then rising, he gazed around on the upturned mass of faces, each wearing a different expression, and announced as his text: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Upon this important precept he commented at length, enforcing that obedience to law and to order, to church and to king, which he considered "ordained of God." Though he loved peace, he loved truth more, and with him the voice of conscience was the command of his Divine Master, in obedience to which he now exhorted his flock, in trumpet tones, to bow their rebellious necks to the "powers that be."

"With these conditions of duty," continued the rector, "should I hesitate? What have I to fear? Shall I, ordained as a disciple to preach the word, fear the frowns of men? Or shall I, in my old age, with a bare inch of life's candle left to me, desert the society which has partially supported me for years, and sustained my ministry in this sanctuary? Desert my heavenly Master and my earthly patrons, too, without any inward conviction of conscience that I should do so, and with every feeling of my nature in open repugnance to the foul wrong in which these rebellious colonies are now engaged. No, my hearers—no! You may tear from me these sacred robes; you may prohibit me, as a faithful shepherd, leading my flock into the 'green pastures' of salvation,—nay, you may shed the last drop of loyal blood in these veins, but never can you make me recreant to my trust, or a traitor to my king."

"Yet, my hearers, I see plainly that another Cæsar is to reign over this land, and he is before me in the vigorous, active forms of these misguided young men. Against them, personally, I have no quarrel, and had I, my years would deter me from warring against them. My energies and faculties have alike been wasted with my decaying frame, and I have no longer strength to resist the current. Yet fear appals me not. I have had sufficient strength to stand here to-day, and to solemnly protest against the threats communicated to me. Nay, I have prayed for King George—the lawful sovereign of us all. Blessed be my Redeemer for thus giving me strength to speak sober, truthful words in behalf of down-trodden right—in condemnation of the sway of evil, despite the menaces of those who profess to be Christians. Now when Peter was imprisoned with one of his brethren, the terrors of the edicts were powerless to silence him. When offered liberty if he would thenceforth preach no more, was there not straight-forwardness in the answer made: 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard?'"

"This was no bravado—no boast, any more than I now speak in a vaunting tone. It was rather the result of the inspiration of that Comforter which emboldened Moses, centuries before, to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer with the children of God, than to share the pleasures of sin for a season—the work of that Spirit which was with the ancient prophets, who, when surrounded by the splendors of the old dispensation, dared to exclaim against 'spiritual wickedness in high places,'—such as inspired John the Baptist when the sound

of his voice went forth like an announcing trumpet,—such as our Saviour possessed in its entirety,—such as all who labor in his vineyard must receive. It was that spiritually-felt power of Jehovah's might which proves that there is immortality in virtue, that there is divinity in moral strength, that the fatherly protection of his Holy Spirit is given to all who ask it.

"Animated by this divine spirit, my hearers, I have remained steadfast in my allegiance to my earthly king and to my earthly church. Unawed by the fury, and the mockery, and the wrath of rebellious spirits, I have gone on in my appointed work, without doubt or fear—even until to-day, when I saw before me men whom I had been notified were ready to lay sacrilegious hands upon me, if I performed my holy duties. Bear me witness that I quailed not. You have heard my words, and I hope that you will remember them."

"But I yield!—not from any conviction of wrong, but from the necessities of age and its increasing infirmities. The sound of my voice in this sanctuary shall trouble you no more. I cannot compromise in a matter of duty, or mar the fair proportions of the church service by omitting any portion of it. I adhere to the landmarks, and if my voice is silent in days to come, let all who hear me now bear testimony that it is in obedience to the wilful decision of law-defying men. I announce, therefore, that St. Paul's Church will be closed for the solemn service of God, until this provincial contest is terminated; neither is it at all probable that you will ever again hear the sound of my voice within its walls. Yet I will say as parting words: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem—if I forget thee, O thou church and city of my God,—let my right hand forget thee cunning! If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!'"

"And now," he concluded, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us evermore. Amen!"

As the venerable rector left the sacred desk, with a calm and resigned air, many of his parishioners were moved to tears. When he afterwards came out from the vestry, they crowded around him, and would fain have assured him of their sympathy.

"Not now, my dear friends,—not a word now. My heart is too full for speech," was his earnest remark, and he was suffered to walk home, accompanied only by his own thoughts. Glorious thoughts they were, too, for, although he felt grieved at severing the link which bound him to St. Paul's, he also felt that he had achieved a victory, not for himself, but for his church and for his king.

Upon no one did this separation-service fall heavier than upon Mabel Gwynne; yet as Herbert, during their homeward walk from church, spoke to her in kind and consoling tones, she experienced content again stealing over her mind. Her love for her guardian, or for his parishioners, was but mere instinct—an earth germ. But a heaven-sprung plant was beginning to moisten its fibres in her heart blood, and to throw forth bright flowers, which kept back the darkening shadows that chequered the present hour.

"Good-day, Miss Gwynne," said Herbert, when they reached the parsonage. "I will not now intrude."

"But you will call to-morrow," modestly replied Mabel, raising her full, irresistible eyes.

"With pleasure."

The glance was returned, and the eyes—love's telegraph—conveyed a deep meaning to those simple phrases. Yet they, simple words, were saddening sounds to the jealous ear of Frank Ordway, who heard them as he lay in the chamber above the door. Surely he must go out on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets sports upon the green.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And man below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

So universally was Parson Gwynne esteemed, even by those of a different faith to that which he so zealously adhered to, that his sermon made a deep impression upon the good people of Newburyport; not that it abated their desire for independence, but it made many express a wish that a reconciliation might be effected with the mother country, and the Sons of Liberty felt relieved when it was announced that the advance-guard of Arnold's army was fast approaching the town. The stalwart forms and bronzed faces of the continentals, as they marched through the streets, their drums and fifes playing the just adopted national air of "Yankee Doodle," made the popular heart beat right again. All was excitement. Many of the troops were known to have been at Bunker Hill, while their gallant bearing enlisted the admiration of the veterans who had fought at Louisbourg under Pepprell.

Immediately on his arrival, the captain in command reported to Yancey, who assigned him quarters, and immediately gave his men occupation in loading the stores and ammunition on board of the fleet. This arduous duty, accompanied by no small share of the attendant responsibility, necessarily occupied much of Yancey's time, but he was nevertheless able to pass every evening at the parsonage, where Mabel ever welcomed him with a cordiality not to be mistaken. The rector was generally busy in his study, for he began to arrange his papers with a view to emigration in company with other Tories to New Brunswick. Madame Ordway (whose son had recovered sufficiently to go to his boarding-house) kept discreetly out of the way, and the happy couple were thus left undisturbed to enjoy each other's society.

Each successive visit but served to increase Herbert's passion,

and he found with joy that Mabel's heart was worthy of the fame in which it was enshrined. Those who had but a common-place acquaintance with her, deemed that the current of her being was incapable of emotion, so calm was her deportment; yet Herbert soon felt that he could read in her tender eyes the evidence of a nature as susceptible as his own, and of a heart which could make for him a heaven of earth. Neither was she unconscious of the hold which she thus exercised on the young soldier's affections—affections which she sincerely reciprocated. Entrancing epoch—perhaps the happiest phase of love. They spoke not of the past, they thought not of the future, but they were content with the present. In this lack of forethought was their happiness; there was none of that anxiety which is the fever of hope,—no fears, for there was no calculation,—no selfishness, for nothing was asked for,—no disappointment, for nothing was projected. Like butterflies, they basked in the quiet sunshine, without thinking either whether the buds of love-promise would ripen into bright flowers, or whether dark storms would alike sweep them and the half-opened petals away.

So entirely were Herbert's ideas absorbed by his love, that he avoided all intercourse with the good towns-people and with his comrades, thus endorsing the many slanderous reports already in circulation concerning his visits at the obnoxious Tory parson's house. He neither knew of nor heeded these idle tales, however, and was equally ignorant of the fact that in Frank Ordway he had a rival—ay, an enemy. It has already been stated that Frank had discovered his own love for Mabel, and had since eagerly fanned the flame. He had recalled their conversations, weighed every kind word which she had ever addressed to him, and had succeeded in convincing himself, as he lay upon his couch of suffering, that Mabel really loved him, although the appearance of Herbert had diverted her love. Irritated by his wound, he denounced himself for not having before secured the prize which he had coveted, and looked upon Herbert with deadly hatred. Nay, he felt that it was the young officer's band which had levelled a deadly weapon at him, as he was walking before the residence of his beloved, happy if he could see the reflection of her shadow upon the window-blind. Dreadful, unjust suspicion, and yet, fanned by his jealousy from a thought into a fact, it had full possession of his soul. Yet it was not revenge that he sought; it was Mabel Gwynne's love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JAPANESE PARADISE.

After a march of ten miles along the picturesque shore, we reached one of the loveliest spots on the island. It was a village perched on a bold promontory, overgrown with the pine, banyan and sago palm, at the mouth of a charming valley which opened up between the hills to the base of the lofty peak behind Barrow's Bay. A stream of sweet water threaded the valley, which was covered with the freshest verdure, and overlung with beautiful groves of pine. It was a picture of pastoral loveliness, such as is rarely found in any country. Nothing struck me more during the journey than the great variety of scenery which the island encloses in its narrow compass. We passed through at least four different districts, which bore but the slightest resemblance to each other, either in features or character. We had both the groves of the tropics and the woods of the north, the valleys of Germany and the warm shores of the Mediterranean.

The village was large, thriving, and as neatly laid out and hedged in as an English garden. The scrupulous neatness and regularity of the Lew Chew villages was doubly refreshing to one familiar with the squalor and filth of China. The sight of the *cung-qua* (public house), which occupied the place of honor at the top of the promontory, completed our raptures. Its roof of red tiles glittered in the sun; rows of feathery sago palms threw their brilliant leaves over the wall of the enclosure; the whitest and softest of mats covered the floor; the garden blazed with a profusion of flowers; and stone basins, seated on pedestals, contained fresh water for our use. Its aspect of comfort and repose was a balm to travellers as weary as ourselves, and I directed Terry at once to hoist the stars and stripes upon the roof.

I hastened back to make a sketch of the beautiful valley before sunset, while Mr. Heine occupied himself with a view of the *cung-qua*. A venerable old man, with a snowy beard reaching nearly to his knees, approached the bank where I sat, but upon noticing me, made a profound but dignified reverence, and retired. The village was named Un-na. We had not yet reached the region of fowls, but the people sent us two small fresh fish, with a pumpkin and some cucumbers. For our breakfast, there were sent two long eel-like fish, resembling the gar, a few young egg-plants, and a basket of sweet potatoes.—*Narrative of Com. Perry's Expedition.*

AN ADVENTUROUS NUN.

Markham, in "Cuzco," relates the annexed story of Catalina de Erauso, a Spanish lady nun and warrior:—"There are two nunneries in Guamanga, Santa Clara and Santa Teresa, the former of which was the scene of a strange romance. In 1617, a young ensign in the Spanish army, having slain his adversary in a duel, fled to the bishop's palace after sanctuary. His name was Dou Alouso Dias Ramirez de Guzman, and he confessed to several other murders of the same fashionable kind. From various circumstances, however, the suspicion of the bishop was aroused; and, after undergoing an examination, the young duellist proved to be a woman. A full confession then followed: her name was Dona Catalina de Erauso, a nun of the convent of San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, whence she had escaped, and, dressed in man's clothes, embarked for the New World. Landing at Payta, she eventually attained the rank of ensign, and became famous as the greatest duellist in Peru. The bishop placed her in the convent of Santa Clara, whence she was subsequently sent to Lima with a guard of six priests, and placed in another convent, where she remained two years, and was finally transmitted to Spain. It is added that the pope eventually granted her permission to wear man's clothes, and she went out to Mexico as an officer in the viceroy's guard."—*Troy Budget.*

A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and mere crime set no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

We have heretofore alluded in terms of commendation to this American Art Association, the object of which is to popularize a knowledge of and taste for art, by the distribution of examples of high art, engravings, statues and pictures, at the lowest possible cost, and in some instances gratuitously. The machinery by which this great object is accomplished is similar to that of the London Art Union, and has been managed with such energy that the Association has been a success from the very start—only two years ago. It has carried a taste for art into whole communities, where before the subject was the speciality of a few individuals. It has placed noble specimens of the creative powers of genius in humble homes, whose inmates never dreamed of compassing such treasures, while giving its members more than a full equivalent for their subscription fee. Success has only stimulated the managers to new exertions, and the past year has only witnessed redoubled efforts on their part in their character of art missionaries. Before describing more particularly the plans and arrangements of the Association for the present year, let us refer to the illustrations on this and the succeeding page. In the first place, we present an interior view of the new gallery, crowded with paintings and statuary, with a throng of visitors circulating beneath its graceful arches, showing the effect of the whole when completed. In view of the necessities of the Association in the way of galleries, it has been determined to erect a building especially devoted to the purpose. To this end, Guidermeister, the celebrated architect of the New York Crystal Palace, has furnished a design and details, as follows:—"The new gallery forms an oblong of one hundred and fifty feet depth by forty feet in width, and is divided by two rows of columns into a centre nave and two aisles, at each side of it, affording in the former ample space for statuary, while the latter give free passage to those viewing the pictures hung on both walls. The architecture of the whole is in the Gothic style, and, as will be seen, is of very light and graceful proportions, great strength at the same time being attained by the use of iron in the principal parts of construction. The columns support light arches of cast iron, the spandrels decorated with open tracery, another longitudinal row of arches bracing the columns in that direction firmly together; on

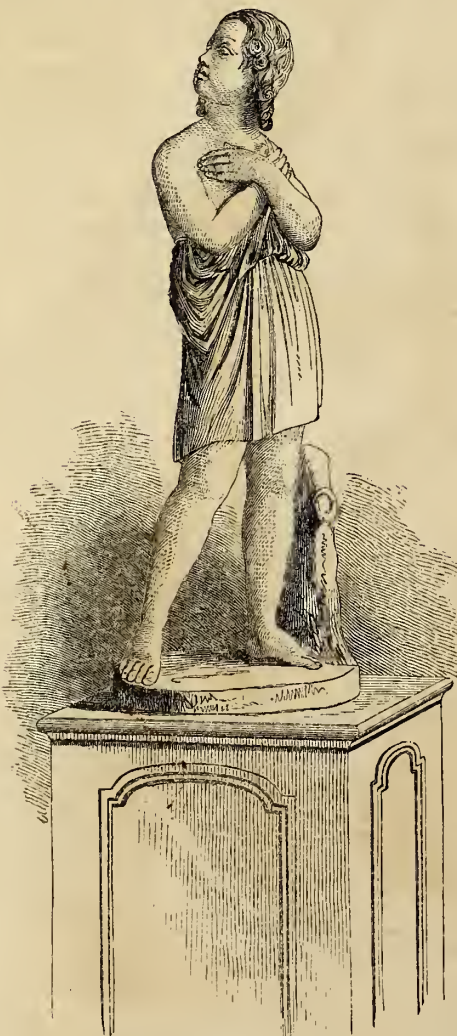


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW GALLERY.

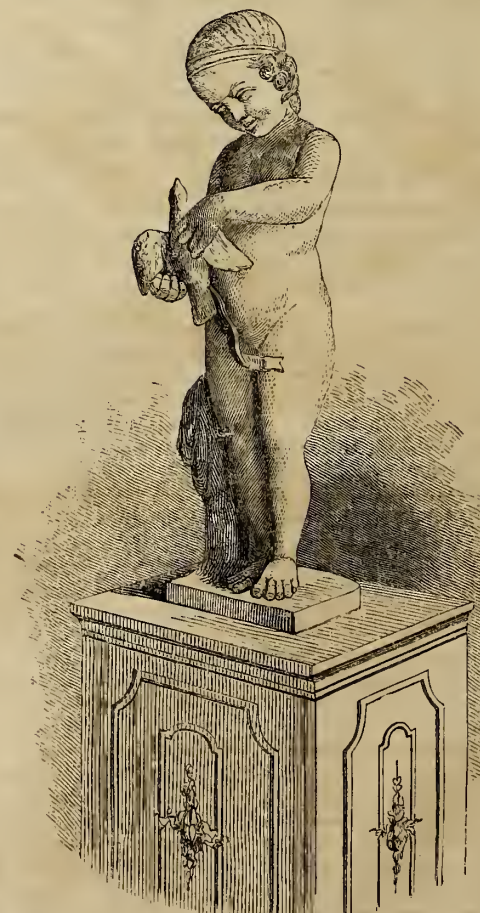
these arches rest the girders of rolled iron supporting the ceiling, which is plastered with projecting ribs, forming an elaborate panel-work, and painted in delicate tints, so as to present a mellow, harmonious hue, not interfering with the works of art hung on the walls. Light is admitted abundantly through large circular skylights. The height from the floor to the ceiling is rising from about twenty-five to thirty feet. In the centre of the room is a handsome marble basin, with a jet d'eau, with seats arranged around forms—a suitable place for those wishing to rest awhile from looking at the surrounding world of art—at the same time adding to the ensemble. It is designed to have this building constructed as soon as possible, and it is confidently hoped it will be completed in time to receive the next annual collection." The succeeding illustrations are representations of a few of the numerous works of art to be distributed by the Association in January next. The first of these is a statue of "Innocence," executed by an Italian, artist in Carrara marble, after the original by Bienaimé. It is the figure of a child, lightly draped, with his arms folded on his breast, and gazing upward with a guileless and confiding expression. The next, the "Captive Bird," a life-size statue in marble, represents a child binding the feet of a dove he has just ensnared, with a fillet of ribbon. Like the preceding work, this pleasing statue is elaborately finished. We next have a life-sized and life-like bust of the great statesman, Henry Clay, carved by the celebrated sculptor, Rocca, from a single block of Carrara marble. A marble bust of John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesman, is next in order, and was executed by the same sculptor expressly for the Cosmopolitan Art Association. It is pronounced the most faithful likeness extant of the great original. The "Child of the Sea," another work purchased for distribution, represents a beautiful little cherub sleeping in a sea-shell. It is in marble, and sculptured by an Italian, after the original by Perelli. Following this, we present an engraving of the "Wood Nymph." This piece of sculpture will indeed be a prize to the winner. It was executed in Italy by Bienaimé expressly for the "Cosmopolitan." The statue was wrought from a single block of pure Carrara marble, and represents a partially nude female figure of exquisite beauty of face and form. On her left shoulder is perched a forest bird, while in her left hand and in her lap, she holds a profusion of wild flowers elaborately sculptured and wrought. The Cosmopolitan Art Association commenced operations in June, 1854, and met with unexampled success. The first year of its existence, it had 22,418 subscribers, and distributed several hundred works of art. The second year, its list of subscribers had swelled to 24,488. From the first start, the Association linked literature and art together in its plan, and this was probably the secret of its fortunes. The first feature was to place the subscription of membership at three dollars a year, which sum ensured one of the leading three dollar magazines for the year, and also secured to the holder of the certificate of membership one chance in the distribution of works of art for each certificate. The second year the magazine feature was still adhered to, and the works of art distributed were of increased value and much more numerous. The association have now prepared a magnificent steel engraving, called "Saturday Night," which subscribers of the present year will receive in lieu of one of the magazines, if they prefer it. Furthermore, the Association have issued an elegant illustrated quarterly publication, called the "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," of large quarto form, which is furnished to the subscribers of the association free. More attractive inducements to subscribe can hardly be imagined. The next annual distribution occurs on the 28th of January next, when a more varied and valuable collection will be offered than has yet been presented. The marbles we have illustrated and noticed are but a tithe of those to be distributed, while the collection of paintings is unusually large and valuable. Works from the pencils of American and European artists of renown, of different sizes and styles, and representing the various schools of art, will be disseminated broadcast, satisfying and creating a taste for art. It is difficult to set a bound to the good influences of such an association, managed with spirit and liberality. It is only by such a plan that the artistic resources of this country can be developed. It is only by appealing to the people—to the masses—that any great enterprise can be accomplished in this country. Under institutions like ours, it is not to be hoped—perhaps not to be desired—that government will be more than an occasional patron of art, while wealth in this country is too equally distributed to allow of many colossal individual fortunes adequate to the support of art. And art will best fulfil its mission when depending on a whole people for its support; its character will be more truly

reflective and cosmopolitan. We thus regard with peculiar favor the designs of the institution under notice, and commend it warmly to the patronage of our friends. Let it be remembered that the payment of three dollars not only entitles a subscriber to either a magnificent steel engraving or a three dollar magazine for one year, but to a copy of the Art Journal for one year, and a ticket in the distribution, ensuring four dollars' worth of reading matter, and a ticket which may add a costly work of art. The engraving above referred to is of large size and pleasing character. It is from the burin of Lemon, the celebrated line and stipple engraver of London, and he has been employed unremittingly on the work for two years, receiving \$5000 for the labor. Such an engraving in London is never sold for less than five dollars, but the Association have been enabled to afford it at three dollars. The Cosmopolitan Art Journal, given free to subscribers, is very well conducted, and contains a large amount of valuable art information. Further particulars concerning the Association may be found in the catalogue number of the Art Journal, which, we believe, is sent free on application to C. L. Derby, the secretary of the Association, at either of its

offices, 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio, to either of which places subscriptions can be sent. We have devoted considerable space to the projects and proceedings of this Association, because we believe that aesthetic culture is destined to exert a most important influence on the future of this country. Hitherto, with grand and glorious exceptions, ginning our national pathway here and there, like bright flowers, the intellect and ability of this country have been devoted almost exclusively to strictly practical objects. This has been a necessity forced upon us by the very circumstances of our being. A continent to be redeemed from the forest and the savage, agriculture to be fostered and expanded, churches, school-houses and court houses, the altars of the soul, the mind and the right, to be set up, political independence to be established on an enduring basis, commerce and manufactures to be built up, creating wealth in one way, while science developed wealth in another,—all these were foremost tasks, and work enough for many centuries, which the indomitable energy and perseverance of our people have accomplished in the lives of some half a dozen generations. The base and the shaft of the pillar were to be hewn and set up, and now comes the Corinthian capital of art. That society is not perfect in which the finer aspirations, the delicate sensibilities, the craving for beauty and ornament implanted in our nature, are not catered for. Without the arts, without painting, sculpture, music, poetry and the drama, this would be but a poor work-day world after all, and little worth. The spiritual nature needs these accessories and aids. The great



INNOCENCE.



THE CAPTIVE BIRD.



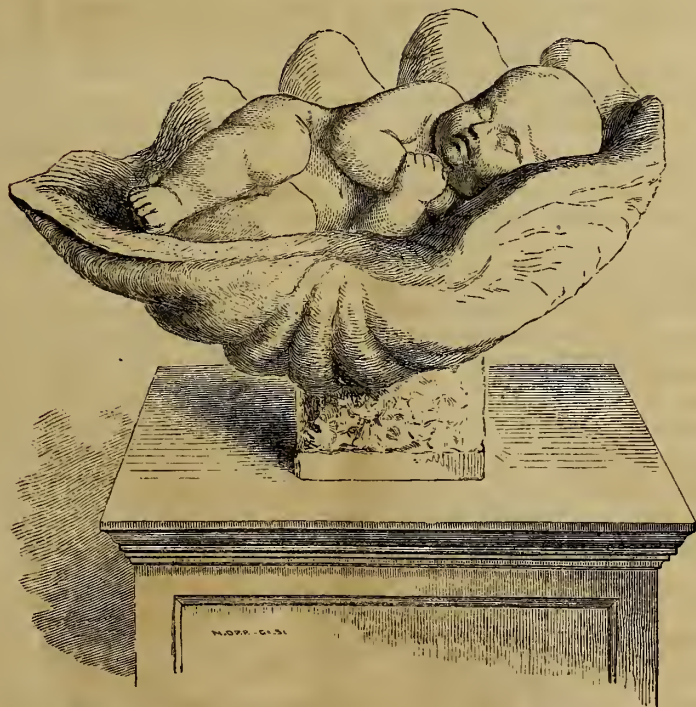
BUST OF HENRY CLAY.



BUST OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

error—the fatal mistake of the Puritans was their ignoring of the beautiful and ornate. These stern iconoclasts, with all their grandeur and loftiness of purpose, with all their spiritual purity, lacked knowledge of the human heart, and lacked discrimination. In the carvings of the shrine, in the graces of architecture, in the gorgeous dreams of poet, and painter, and sculptor, they saw only the device of the Evil One to lead the human heart astray, and the ruthless hammer yet wielded with an honest purpose, ruined more than the mere handiwork it shattered—it destroyed the choicest food of the soul. But the present age is wiser. The seeker after spiritual truth, faithful to the aims of his predecessors, hesitates not to worship in fanes that have taxed the utmost cunning of the architect, nor closes his ears to the strains of the organ lingering round the fretted arches of cathedral piles. There is no sect now bigoted enough to condemn works of art. Their lofty spiritualism is universally acknowledged. We should ever keep in view the high mission of art, but its culture appeals also to the worldly-

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FORGING.
A curious circumstance lately happened in Paris, which may be justly regarded as alarming. The science of photography has, for some time past, been the rage among the young men of fashion in Paris, and has been carried to great perfection by many of them, but none to a greater extent than by M. Aguado, whose successful studies from nature are well known among the artists of every country. Recently, this gentleman sent word to the experts of the Bank of France, that he had at length succeeded so fully in the imitation of one of the thousand franc notes that he defied them to detect it; and to show his perfect conviction of the impossibility of discovery, he warned them that the note would be presented at the bank between the hours of one and three. According to this intimation, the experts were all assembled at the *caisse*, and each note brought in was submitted to their examination before it was accepted. The hours passed by, and no false note appeared; the whole of those presented during the interval specified, lay in a row spread out before the experts, who already crowded over the idea that M. Aguado had not dared to hazard the experiment, when, just as the clock struck three, in he walked, smiling and triumphant, with a thousand franc note in his hand. "Well, have you detected my forgery?" asked he, with the greatest coolness. "No," replied the head expert, "for the good reason—you never sent it." "Why, there it lies right under your nose—the third to the left, and here is the original I took it from." The dismay of the experts may be conceived, when even upon comparing the two they found it to be impossible to say which was the genuine one, and which the false. A committee was held to determine upon the course to be adopted, as, according to report, a great number of these photograph notes were in circulation, and M. Aguado declares himself able to manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected, either by sight or touch. The consternation created by the announcement is not to be described, and report tells us that the bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor resident there, to furnish a chemical preparation, of his own discovery, which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's-hair brush, dipped in the liquid, and passed lightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to stand the test of the learned doctor's brush.—*Home Journal*.



THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

minded, to the political economist as well as to the man of taste. Look at Italy—impoverished, down-trodden, politically ruined, she owes the bread of life almost to the treasures of art which she possesses, the accumulation of long centuries. The lavish patronage of art of her earlier churchmen, princes, nobles and merchant princes, like bread cast upon the waters, has proved a judicious investment. In the language of the mart, it has paid, and paid well. Look at the monopoly of many branches of manufacture engaging the French. The elegance of their fabrics, of their porcelain, of their furniture, is to be attributed to the taste of their mechanics, and that taste is but the fruit of the works of art and the artistic culture which abound in the French capital and in all the large French cities and towns. A French artisan is more than an artisan—he is almost an artist. Art adds not only to the intellectual, but to the physical wealth of a nation

manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected, either by sight or touch. The consternation created by the announcement is not to be described, and report tells us that the bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor resident there, to furnish a chemical preparation, of his own discovery, which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's-hair brush, dipped in the liquid, and passed lightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to stand the test of the learned doctor's brush.—*Home Journal*.



THE WOOD NYMPH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PATIENCE.

Is it to sit with folded hands,
And eyes that will not weep,
Passive and calm, while in our souls
Life's earnest thoughts do sleep?

Is it to grow more cold and proud,
Beneath our heart's sad pain?
Methinks if chastening worketh thus,
Theu chastening is in vain!

Alas! pride meeteth not our need,
Nor can it aught avail,
When in our path the shadows lie,
And turns earth's sunlight pale.

This is not patience!—not at least
That patience Christ doth teach—
Alas, dear Lord! we cannot keep
Thy rules within our reach.

O, worldly maxims differ so
From all thy love doth will—
Thou dost indeed beneath thy rod
Command us to be still.

But thou hast not forbade our tears,
Thine own were freely shed!
O'er thy beloved—and may not we
Weep o'er our treasures fled?

Alas! if in our hours of pain
We had no place to flee,
Save the cold world—which in its pride
Naught of love's heart can see!

Kindred and friend may fail to read
The spirit's inmost needs,
The voice that still for love and peace,
For rest and comfort pleads.

And lonelier, wearier than at first,
We turn in tears away,
From seeking that which cometh not
To find thee while we may.

And patience hath her perfect work
When clinging to thy side,
We find in Love Divine the peace
The human hath denied.

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON THE WHARF.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

THE exigencies of commerce during the last fifteen or twenty years have wrought great and wonderful changes in everything connected with marine affairs. The dull sailing drogher that formerly occupied three years in an East India voyage, has disappeared before the mammoth clipper that reels off her fourteen or sixteen knots an hour with ease, and completes her voyage in a period of time that an old time ship would have consumed in loading and discharging. Steam bids defiance to adverse breezes, and "taking the wings of the morning, flies to the uttermost parts of the earth," while an "ancient mariner" would have been mast-heading his topsails, and getting his anchors. Short cuts and isthmus transits reduce the size of the world to less than half its former magnitude, and no place is now so far away that it may not be visited on a pleasure trip. Time was when a traveller who had been in foreign lands, and with his own eyes surveyed the "jumping-off place," enjoyed a certain degree of distinction at home, was pointed out as a lion, and was permitted to roar in whatever manner seemed best unto himself. But now, everybody's folks have circumnavigated the globe at least once or twice, and the voyager, instead of surprising people with the extent of his travels, is himself astonished to find that his absence has not been remarked by his most intimate friends; and if, with a view to making an acquaintance's "eyes stick out," he ventures to remark that this is the anniversary of the day on which he was presented to the sultan of Borneo, the acquaintance aforesaid forthwith gives a detailed account of how, while playing leap frog with the high dignitaries of the court of Peking, in the month of March last past, he had the misfortune to tread on the emperor's toes, and thereby lost the chance of being made prince of Nogo, which distinction would otherwise have been conferred upon him; and what makes the matter still worse, the acquaintance's story is a fact. But perhaps the most intolerable nuisance brought about by this facility for peregrinating, is the restriction it places upon "free speech." The time-honored privilege travellers formerly enjoyed of pulling the long bow, can now be exercised no longer. If a returned pilgrim to the frozen regions of the north, trusting to the ignorance of his auditors, spreads himself on an account of the wonders there to be witnessed, some barber's clerk coolly takes up the thread of the narrative, and displays a silver medal which was presented him the last time he was in the Arctic circle, upon the coming of age of the heir apparent to the crown of Greenland, when he (the barber's clerk) distinguished himself by skinning up, and removing a stuffed seal from the summit of the North pole, which had been greased for the occasion.

But great as have been the changes in ships and floating stock, as a railroad superintendent would doubtless say, a still greater change is observable in the character of the men who navigate them. As I wander dejectedly about the docks and among the shipping, I seek in vain among the tall-hatted and long-coated mariners of the present day—who can scarcely be distinguished from landmen,—for the careless, good-natured, happy-go-lucky sailors of old times. Now-a-days, sailors read and write, keep

sober when on shore, and perpetrate other enormities; and the disciples who pin their faith upon "Captain Marryatt, C. B.," will be disappointed in their search after the jolly, ignorant, generous, superstitious, honest, half-sober, semi-pious jack tars they had been led to suppose were as plenty as blackberries about the docks of all seaport towns, and in the bitterness of their disappointed hearts they cry aloud, "Where are the Long Tom Coffins, and Jacob Faithfuls that for years I have known and loved so well, as they fearlessly plowed their way through oceans of printer's ink, and manfully spread their 12mo. sails to catch the favoring newspaper puffs of four lines duration?" Paddy's echo will mournfully reply, "I'm blowed if I can tell you, my lad, what has become of them. They are not here, neither if they were, would they be of any use, for they were slow coaches, old fogies, and behind the times, and have passed away with the lumbering tubs they manned."

It was with such ideas scuffling round and working Tom Cox's traverse under my new straw hat, that I sat, one pleasant afternoon this summer, upon a pile of cotton bales, at the end of Short Wharf, my feet hanging over toward the water, enjoying the cool breeze that comes off from the bay. Presently I observed a boat put off from an inward bound ship that had just come to anchor in the stream, and pull toward the end of the wharf where I was sitting.

"Holloa there, shipmate! pass down a rope's end, and give us a lift with this donkey, will ye, my lad?" exclaimed a familiar voice, as the boat touched the pier.

Not feeling particularly anxious to give anybody a lift with anything on such a hot day, I cocked my eye over toward the boat, to ascertain whether my petitioner was worthy any extra exertion on my part. The proprietor of the voice was a well looking sailor of the old school, in tarpaulin hat, blue jacket and pyramidal trowsers. That he was a brother sailor was abundant reason why I should comply with his request; so dropping over the end of a coil of running rigging that lay alongside, it was made fast to the lashing of the donkey—as he called his big seachest,—which I speedily transferred to the wharf; then dropping over the line a second time, and holding it fast for a man-rope, the owner of the chest scrambled up band over fist, and in another moment stood by my side.

"Bliged to ye, shipmate," he said, seating himself upon one of the bales, and brushing the sleeves of his jacket. "Proper warm this afternoon."

I admitted the charge, and sailor-like proceeded to inquire where he hailed from, and whither he was bound.

"From Batavia last, come passenger, and am bound for Washington, first boat," he returned.

"For Washington!" I exclaimed. "What the deuce are you going to Washington for?"

"I'm going to Washington to get justice done me," he replied, with an air of importance.

I could not repress a smile at this answer; who wouldn't have smiled at the idea of a friendless sailor going personally to the capital to obtain justice, a commodity for which the demand so greatly exceeds the supply.

"You needn't grin, shipmate," he retorted, somewhat sharply. "I want you to understand that, under the lid of that donkey, there's as good as eight thousand dollars of current coin, and if that wont get justice, what will?"

The mention of the money of course, and very naturally, inspired me with profound respect for my web-footed acquaintance, and I frankly owned that with such a backer, his chances were not so desperate as I at first supposed.

"But," I persisted, "may I be permitted to inquire the description of justice you demand? If we were all to have strict and even-handed justice meted out according to our deserts, some of us would be bung before this time next week."

"I think it's very likely," he replied, drily. "We wont argue the point, however, for I think probable you are the best judge of that sort of thing. But you may take my word that's not the sort of justice I'm after. No, sir. I want damages from the Dutch and English governments, and I'm going to have it, too, I tell ye. But I say, shipmate," he continued, starting up suddenly, "what time does that boat start for Baltimore?"

"O, not this two hours; don't you see she hasn't got half her freight aboard yet?" I replied, directing his attention toward the steamer, which lay nearly abreast of where we were sitting. "It's cooler here than it is aboard; so stretch yourself out in the shade here, and give us the set and drift of your government rumpus."

"Why, it aint much of a yarn any way," he replied, coiling himself down in a comfortable position under the lee of the bales, and with much circumlocution, he proceeded in a rambling sort of way, to give a history of his troubles.

"A little rising of a year ago, myself and an old shipmate of mine, Joe Grummet,—you know Joe, don't you? he's sailed out of this port nigh upon a thousand years."

"I've heard of him," I replied.

"Well, as I was saying, a little more than a year ago, Joe was coxswain, and I pulled the bow oar of the captain's gig belonging to an Uncle Sam's frigate, on the East India station. There were laying in harbor at the same time, an English, French and Dutch man-of-war; and, as usually happens under such circumstances, much rivalry existed between the representatives of the different nations, each endeavoring to excel the other, in every little point of sea etiquette. If one ship did anything particularly nice, there was no peace or rest on board the others until something still better had been done.

"At this time, that scourge of the earth, the Asiatic cholera, was raging with great violence on shore, and not a few belonging to the men-of-war lost the number of their mess through the

same fell destroyer. As a general thing, a sailor's funeral is a matter of very little ceremony, the defunct tar—if the ship is in port—being planted almost anywhere, with very little fuss or delay; but with us, the rivalry between the ships extended even to such solemn events, and nothing would do but there must be a procession of boats, muffled oars, the national flag, a regular grave, and a parson to pilot the poor fellow beyond the river.

"Now in the matter of parsons, there is a great difference between this country and some others I could mention. In England, where church and state are so closely connected, young fellows take up the ministry, as they would any other profession, merely as a means of obtaining a living; and as a natural consequence, a good many rather rapid young clergymen are turned out by the colleges, who are no more fit for their position than I should be. As the good sense of the people prevents the worst of these youngsters officiating professionally at home, they are only too glad to accept an appointment to some distant colonial station, where an indifferent people tolerate them, despising the man, though with some show of respect for the office; and where there is no one to call them to an account, except, at intervals, their bishop, from whom they contrive to hide their short comings. Such a state of things is melancholy, certainly; but there can be no help, so long as Queen Victoria is the head of the church, and a clergyman is but a government official.

"It was upon such young Levites, as the sailors called them, that we were obliged to call, for the performance of our funeral services. Well, upon one occasion, when a poor fellow had been rolled in his hammock and covered with the flag, preparatory to the dark journey to that other country, a parson was notified, and our long procession of boats started in great state, with mournful music and muffled oars, pulled about among the shipping for show, and took our way to the graveyard; but the parson was not there according to agreement. The officers fretted and fumed, and the captain did worse, but all with no satisfactory result. A messenger was despatched for the delinquent, but he could not be found. What was to be done? A parson must be obtained somehow, for the English ship had got up a rousing funeral the day before, and it would not answer to be outdone. A messenger was sent to another cleric at the other end of the town, while we waited in the broiling sun. At length he made his appearance, with surplice and prayer book. All was in readiness, and he was about to begin, when the parson who should have been on the ground at first, was seen coming on the dead run, his surplice streaming in the wind. The new comer, unwilling to lose his fee, now that it was so nearly earned, precipitately opened his book, and in a hurried voice commenced the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, 'I am the resurrection and the life'—but had proceeded no further, before his rival, breathless and red with anger, was at his side.

"What do you mean, sir, by interfering with my professional duties?" he exclaimed, angrily pushing his 'reverend and dear brother' to one side. 'I you want to understand, sir, that I am the one employed for this ceremony, and I am going to perform it, and—' opening his book with a jerk—"I—am the resurrection and the life—" and so continued to read the remainder of the service, amid the grins of all present, who could not but think that he had taken upon himself a somewhat responsible office, considering that he was quite a young man; and that if he were indeed the "resurrection and the life," there was but a slim chance for poor Jack.

"The funeral being over, the boats returned to the ship, while the officers proceeded toward the town, where they had been invited to meet the officers of the other ship-of-war laying in port, at a grand dinner party, given by one of the high government officials. Joe and myself, from our positions as officers in the captain's boat, formed the old man's body guard, and usually followed him about in his tramp on shore. On this occasion, we tagged along behind, and took our stations in the dining ball, to be on hand to execute any orders that might be given.

"The captain of the English frigate was a pompous and most ungentlemanly man, who mistook rudeness for frankness, and supposed that, to carry out the character of a true John Bull, he must make himself just as disagreeable as possible. For some reason with which I am unacquainted, our captain was particularly anxious not to come to an open rupture with this man, although there was certainly most abundant cause of misunderstanding, and but for this reason, I am convinced there would have been a jolly row long before. As the dinner progressed, the English captain took occasion to say that—

"Aside from the American naval officers—who from their constant intercourse with people of other nations could not avoid picking up some refinement—he had never in his life, notwithstanding he had been in many Yankee ports, met with an American gentleman. No, sir," he repeated, with an oath, striking the table violently with his fist, "I have never seen an American gentleman!"

"The table was electrified by this unprovoked insolence. Our subordinate officers started from their seats and looked earnestly at their commander. He must have had some extraordinary reason for desiring peace; for, though he turned almost purple, and ground his teeth with rage, he nevertheless retained his seat and remained silent. Our younger officers, who of course could not take up the quarrel while their superior officer was present, slunk back into their chairs with looks of surprise and humiliation. A profound silence ensued; no one seemed to know exactly how to act. While this was going on, Joe had been standing behind the captain's chair, twisting his countenance in a remarkable manner, and in the midst of the pause that followed the Englishman's declaration, he turned to me, and in a low but distinct tone of voice, remarked:

"That's a melancholy fact, true as gospel, every word of it."

"The Englishman's countenance was radiant with triumph."

"Take that, my man," said he, slipping half a dozen sovereigns into Joe's hand. "You're a good fellow. I wish you belonged to my ship."

"Joe pocketed the money without a word. Our own officers were struck dumb by such unparalleled audacity from one of their own men; the sight of his taking the money from the Englishman was rather too much; it broke the spell of silence, however; for although our captain might have important reasons for wishing to avoid a brush with the English captain, he had not the slightest objection to whipping him over Joe's shoulders. Foaming with rage, he sprang from his seat, and rushed upon my imprudent friend."

"O you infernal, mutton-headed, tarry-fisted, lantern-jawed old rascal!" he roared, shaking his clenched fist in Joe's face. "I'll teach ye to put in your oar when gentlemen are talking! Aint no gentlemen in America, eh? You're a liar, and any one else who says so! Get out of the house, you villain! and count yourself good for twelve dozen, as soon I get on board. Aint no gentlemen in America, eh? you thundering old scallawag!"

"I didn't say there wasn't no gentlemen in America, yer honor," said Joe, twitching his forelock, respectfully.

"Don't talk to me, you infamous rebel!" yelled the captain; "think I haven't got any ears? What did you say?"

"Why, yer honor," said Joe, shifting his bat from hand to hand continually, "when his t'other honor said as how he'd never met an American gentleman, I jist said as how 'twas true; for, d'ye mind, yer honor, it's plain enough even to me, that his t'other honor never has seen one; for if he'd ever been in the habit of sociating with American gentlemen, or indeed gentlemen of a most any other nation, he'd have long ago learned better than to make any such little-boy statement as he's jest got through him. That's all, yer honor."

"It was now the Englishman's turn to air his billingsgate; he was perfectly frantic, and demanded that Joe should be sent on board in irons and flogged to within an inch of his life. Our captain, for his own reasons, determined to humor him, and with much show of indignation, he ordered us to quit the house, but added in a low tone as we passed him, that we were to wait for him at the door. Joe touched his hat, and as he passed the furious Englishman, drew the half dozen sovereigns from his pocket, and began coolly counting them over, apparently to the great annoyance of her majesty's officer, who I really feared would get himself with apoplexy."

"I have since heard that, after we left, our captain demanded an explanation of the Englishman, who finding he was likely to have half a dozen successive ducks on his hands at once, finally explained that his words were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. That when he spoke of gentlemen, he referred to the class of people designated by that title in England—to wit, persons who live on their income, and who would scorn to engage in any matter of trade or useful profession; whereas, our people, he had observed, however wealthy they might be, always inclined to dabble in some kind of business speculation, and therefore could not be gentlemen, according to the English acceptance of the word. Our captain was fain to accept the explanation, and even went so far as to thank the Englishman for the compliment, thereby lowering himself prodigiously, no doubt, in the estimation of that worthy champion of aristocracy."

"We had to wait at the door a good spell before the captain made his appearance, and when at last he did come, he was highly indignant at the gross misdemeanors of which Joe and myself had been guilty, for he included us both in his condemnation. The affair, he said, was a very grave one. The English captain was highly affronted, had been laughed at, and compelled to explain, and what made the matter worse, we being such insignificant characters, there was no way in which he could be revenged. For sailors, he continued, to obtrude any remarks of their own upon their superior officers, was subversive of all true discipline. He considered us dangerous fellows, and by way of punishment, ordered us not to show our faces on board—at all events in the way of duty—for the space of one month. As, however, he did not consider it exactly proper to turn adrift even such rascals as ourselves, without some provision for their subsistence, he supplied us with a liberal allowance, adding that, if there was any description of vice or wickedness, of which sailors are popularly supposed to be so fond, that our stock of funds would not purchase, we were to apply to him for more; and with a series of inward chuckles, he waddled off to the landing, leaving Joe and myself no less delighted than surprised at our unexpected leave of absence for a whole month."

"Now, although Joe and myself had been for a long time particularly anxious to obtain shore leave, and had conjured up a hundred things we would like to do, in case it was granted, yet, no sooner did we find ourselves at liberty, than we were at a dead loss as to the manner in which we should occupy the time so as to make the most of it. A dozen things were proposed and rejected. We didn't care about a spree, and it was too sickly to tramp about the country. We were almost upon the point of going on board and declining our leave of absence, when Joe was struck with a bran new idea."

"Some years before he had been on board an American ship, bound to the Straits of Malacca, which had been lost among the Archipelago far down at the entrance of the Straits, not far from the coast of Sumatra. She struck on a sunken rock, or something of that sort, and went down in very shallow water, not above a dozen fathoms at the outside. Ever since the occurrence, Joe had run away with the idea that a good deal of valuable property

might be raised with very little trouble, and he now proposed that we should charter a native boat and make the attempt."

"I took kindly to the notion, for I didn't suppose he would start on such an expedition unless he was pretty sure of his ground; and even if we were not successful, the trip promised to be a pleasant and somewhat exciting one. It was too late to accomplish anything that afternoon, but we were at work bright and early on the ensuing day, and soon effected an arrangement for a large sized Chinese boat of about ninety tons, with two masts and lateen sails of tremendous spread and hoist; a dozen stout China riggers were engaged to man her, a plentiful supply of rice and water was got on board, and all being in readiness, we dropped down with the evening tide."

"The wind went down with the sun, leaving us becalmed a few miles outside of the harbor. We had expected as much, and so quietly turned in to await sunrise and a breeze, which were pretty sure to come together. At the first streak of dawn, light cat's-paws began to ruffle the water, growing stronger as the day advanced, until we were bowling along about seven knots. As we swept by a projecting headland that had for sometime hidden the harbor from our sight, Joe carelessly took up the telescope to have a parting squint at the port."

"Well, I'm blowed if there isn't that English frigate, the Intolerable, with the Blue Peter flying at the fore and her topsails hanging in the buntlines, all ready to trip!" he exclaimed, closing the slides of the telescope with a jerk. "Who ever knew she was off to sea so soon?"

"Yes, me know all about," replied our Chinese helmsman, in his 'pigeon English.' "Him catchee onc pilot yesserda-a-ay, for trip down the coast. O, yec-ec, me know-ee."

"Well, good luck to her, and here's hoping she may have a speedy passage to the bottom, that's all I wish her," returned Joe, benevolently."

"Our rapid headway soon sunk the harbor below the horizon, and we squared away south-south-west for the Java Sea. It was now the turn of the monsoon, which had been blowing from the northeast, and was, while it lasted, favorable for the downward trip. We calculated to reach the great island of Banca before the shift, and lay by until the wind settled steadily in the southeast, which would bring the scene of our operations well under the lee of the land, and consequently in middling smooth water. The run was made in something less than a week, and we arrived at our proposed anchorage just in season to escape a violent typhoon that had been blowing for some days. The wind soon after hauled round permanently to the southeast, and we were ready to commence operations."

"Another week was spent in hunting up the wreck, which we at length found, as Joe had supposed, in about five fathom water. Her whole hulk could be readily made out when there was no wind to ruffle the water. She was lying just as she went down; her masts gone close to the deck, her bows stove in, and the hull canted over a little to one side, in which position she was held by the sharp, projecting rocks. Our Chinese sailors were good divers, and with their assistance, aided by a strong windlass, we soon had both the ship's anchors, and about a hundred and fifty fathom of chain cable on hoard our lighter. This was a pretty good haul to begin with; but these apparently were the only things that could be obtained."

"The ship's deck, which was as firm and solid as ever, effectually prevented our reaching any part of her cargo, and resisted all our efforts to break it up. This was particularly vexatious, as the between decks was stowed with a description of merchandise which in all probability was wholly undamaged by water. The ship, although scarcely carrying out the old joke of being freighted with 'rum and missionaries for the coast of Africa,' was partially loaded with pipes of brandy for the East India market. Another week was frittered away in fruitless efforts to make an opening in the deck. Our month's leave had almost expired, and we must either return at once, or have our names recorded on the ship's hooks as deserters. This matter was duly considered, and having decided that it was quite as well to be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, we renewed our exertions to lay hold of the 'old sheep' which was beneath the vessel's deck."

"Why not sink a keg of powder under her bottom and blow her up?" asked Joe, with animation, as we were one day considering the chances."

"Why, that's all well enough, as far as sinking the keg of powder goes," replied I, "but how the deuce are you going to get the fire to it?"

"True!" replied Joe, "that is something of a puzzle."

"The solution of this important question caused my shipmate to scratch his head prodigiously, as with an air of profound perplexity he paced the deck through the whole morning watch."

"Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed, at length. "What a chuckle-head I was not to think of it before!"

"A small pocket pistol, capped and cocked, was fastened inside of a large keg of gunpowder, with the end of the lead line attached to the trigger. A piece of oiled silk, while it allowed sufficient play to the string, prevented the ingress of water; the whole concern was then covered with a coating of pitch, and carefully sunk in a proper position beneath the ship's bottom. Our lighter was hauled off several hundred feet from the spot and the string pulled. A tremendous explosion followed, throwing a column of water fifty or sixty feet into the air, and causing our lighter to quiver as though she had struck a rock. The hubbub and commotion having subsided, we had the satisfaction to find that the hulk had parted just forward of the mainmast, leaving almost the entire cargo exposed."

"To make a long story short, we soon had our vessel loaded to the water's edge with a miscellaneous assortment; and having

decided not to return to the port from which we sailed, the vessel's course was directed toward Batavia, where we arrived in safety, after a somewhat prolonged passage. Almost the first thing we saw on entering the harbor, was H. B. M. frigate Intolerable."

"That craft is bound to do us an ugly turn before we part company," said Joe, as we swept by her, toward the town."

"We found a purchaser for one half our trumpery almost as soon as our anchor was in the ground. I thought then, and I still think we didn't get half enough for it. But eight thousand dollars in cash was not to be sneezed at, so we jumped at the first offer. We had several good offers for the remainder, and were hesitating, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, when, as we were tramping through the town one morning, who should we meet face to face but the captain of the Intolerable. He gave us a look as black as an opposition candidate's character, and passed on. I didn't much fancy the squint of his eye, and apprehended evil; nor were my apprehensions removed upon observing that we were dogged wherever we went by a couple of British marines, and upon returning to our vessel, we also found that, through the English captain's suggestions, the Dutch government had forbidden any further sale of the property, until there could be examinations, and inquiries, and I don't know what all, which meant nothing more nor less than to deprive us of the stuff altogether. The Englishman even went so far as to manufacture some cock-and-bull story about what he had known of us before, so as to induce the government officials to lay violent claws upon what funds we had already received, and to do them justice, they were no ways backward."

"Seeing how things were likely to go, it was decided between us that Joe should remain where he was, to keep up our claim on the property until some American man-of-war came into port, while I should take passage, with the money, on board a homeward bound ship then laying in the harbor, with her foretopsail loosed, all ready for sea. So now you see what I'm going to Washington for, don't ye?"

"Well, good luck to ye, my lad. I hope you'll be successful," I said, as he went on hoard the boat, which was now casting off her fasts."

"No fear but what I shall be successful," he returned. "I'm going to see the President and have a talk with him, and if he don't do the right thing, somebody will catch a confounded whaling, and 'twont be me, I promise you. That's the way to legislate now-a-days! If they don't do the handsome thing, why, just hammer 'em. Nothing like it to bring 'em to their senses."

And the boat swept away from the pier. How my marine friend made out in his interview with the President, and also how it has fared with Franklin, I am alike unable to say. I incline to the opinion, however, that government must have done all that was necessary in the matter, from the fact of my not having heard of our chief magistrate's receiving a "confounded whaling," or indeed, any assault having been attempted."

COFFEE-SHOPS IN BEYROUT.

They have a lawn outside, where small stools like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fireplace is in the corner, whereupon the coffee-pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the narghels are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee-shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening, and either entertains the audience with a story from the "Arabian Nights," or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story, the speaker does not stand on a platform, as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins the story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "Ladies and gentlemen" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My honored sirs." He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of narghels from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the narghels of another, and so on until he is done.—*Syria and the Syrians.*

It is an attribute of true philosophy, never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart far from the main track.—*Talleyrand.*

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RAILROAD STATION, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

They are fine buildings and add much to the appearance of the town. The growth of the towns in Illinois, though almost unprecedented, has by no means reached its climax. The various railroads which intersect the State have but just commenced their work of developing its resources. An immense amount of the best of land is as yet unimproved, and its occupation will materially contribute to the rapid growth of the cities. Illinois is pre-eminently an agricultural State. The soil in some of the river bottoms is twenty-five feet deep, and the prairie land is but little inferior in quality. Lippincott's Gazetteer, a very reliable work, furnishes us with some important statistics in reference to the climate, soil and productions, from which we borrow the following particulars:—Illinois, extending through more than five degrees of latitude, has considerable variety of climate. Though somewhat milder than the Atlantic States in the same parallels of latitude, there is great irregularity in the seasons. Generally, there will not fall six inches of snow at one time, which does not lie more than a few days, but at distant intervals the rivers are frozen for two or three months, and the snow lies on the ground for that period of time. The summers are hot, but tempered by moderate breezes from the prairies. Cattle are often left out of doors during the whole winter. With regard to soil, the Great American Bottom, lying on the Mississippi, between the mouths of the Kaskaskia and Missouri Rivers, is of exceeding fertility, and has been cultivated for more than a century without any apparent diminution of its productive powers. The bottom is about 80 miles in length, covering an area of 230,000 acres. On the river side is a strip of heavy timber, with dense underwood, which extends for two or three miles. The rest is mostly prairie to the eastern limit, which is terminated by a chain of sandy or rocky bluffs from 50 to 200 feet in height. This fine region is not, however, healthy, though probably a thorough system of drainage would render it so. The Rock River country is another highly fertile district on the Rock River and its branches; of the same character are the regions about the Sangamon, Kaskaskia and other rivers. Other portions of Illinois are fertile, but those we have particularized are pre-eminently so, frequently yielding 40 bushels of wheat and 100 bushels of Indian corn to the acre. This is especially true of the narrow bottoms immediately adjacent to the shores of the rivers. The prairies of this State are peculiarly adapted to the raising of dairy stock. These prairies are beautiful features of the scenery, of vast extent, decked with flowers of every hue that can gratify the eye, and covered with waving grass, conveying, besides their quiet landscape beauty, a feeling of sublimity from their vastness, similar to that created by a view of the ocean. They are in fact oceans of verdure. Besides wheat and corn, the other agricultural staples are oats, Irish potatoes, hay, butter and cheese. Besides these, there are large quantities of rye, wool, beans, peas, barley, buckwheat, fruits, garden vegetables, and some tobacco, sweet potatoes, wine, grass seeds, hops, hemp, flax, silk, maple-sugar

and molasses, beeswax and honey, and the castor bean, are produced. Of indigenous fruits, there are a variety of berries, plums, grapes, crab-apples, wild cherries, persimmons and the pawpaw (a sweet, pulpy fruit, somewhat like the banana). Of orchard fruits, the apple and peach flourish best, but pears and quinces are cultivated with ease. Of nuts, the shellbark or hickory, walnut, butternut and pecan abound. According to the census reports of 1850, there were 76,208 farms in Illinois, containing 5,039,545 acres of improved land, and producing 9,414,575 bushels wheat, 83,364 of rye, 57,646,984 of Indian corn, 10,087,241 of oats, 82,814 of peas and beans, 2,514,861 of Irish potatoes, 157,433 of sweet potatoes, 110,795 of barley, 184,504 of buckwheat, 841,394 pounds of tobacco, 2,150,113 of wool, 12,526,543 of butter, 1,278,225 of cheese, 601,952 tons of hay, 17,807 bushels of grass seeds, 160,063 pounds of flax, 248,904 of maple sugar, 869,444 of beeswax and honey, live stock value at \$24,209,258, slaughtered animals at \$4,972,286, orchard products at \$446,049, and market products at \$127,494. In our number for July 26th, we published some other interesting statistics in relation to this State, in connection with an emblematic picture by Billings. There were in Illinois 12,282 inhabitants in 1810; 55,210 in 1820; 157,445 in 1830; 476,183 in 1840, and 851,470 in 1850, of whom 445,544 were white males, 400,490 females; 2777 colored males and 2659 colored females. The ratio of increase in the last ten years preceding 1850, was nearly 79 per cent., notwithstanding there were in other States about 50,000 citizens born in Illinois. This population was divided among 149,153 families.

be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—Headley's Letters from Italy.

PARIS IN 1856.

A Scottish gentleman visiting Paris writes:—"Paris is indeed wonderfully changed since I last visited it—changed in every way. The streets are clean and kept in excellent order, and the police, although partly armed, are quite as civil and respectful as those of London. Nor is there any external indication that we strangers, as well as the Parisians, are living under a despotism which will not allow of any conversation about political matters. Still, so far as one can judge from external appearances, there is great order and skillful arrangements everywhere in Paris. Vice is at least not seen walking the streets; all the Paris gambling-houses, have been shut up; the sellers of immoral books put in prison, their authors severely punished, and order and decency firmly maintained. Yet the man is not popular with the thinking classes, although they acknowledge his administrative ability. However, all is for the best at present; and as the emperor rides about without an escort, we cannot help thinking that he is not generally unpopular. When I visited Paris first, some thirty years ago, one could manage to live well and cheaply at the same time, although in little accessories there was room for much amendment. The streets were then very dirty, the carriages bad, and there was little appearance of wealth, and no improvements going forward in the streets and houses. Napoleon may well say, 'Nous avons change tout cela!' The streets are now being widened, and new houses erected, in place of old ones knocked down, all through Paris, and already the city presents everywhere indications of having renewed



VIEW IN WASHINGTON STREET, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses, and music-language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here—that is to say, among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and the American Indians is, that the latter are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable—nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women are dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect a beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. But it is otherwise as to form. In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, per necessita, must

its youth. It is really and truly, now, a magnificent city: the houses are all palaces; the common stairs in most of the new buildings would put to shame the vaulted palaces of our great nobility in London, and the cleanness of the stairs is quite wonderful. Nor are the houses less so when you get into the interior. To be sure, you have few carpets, but the floors of the lobbies and rooms are all neatly parquetté in oak, which is kept so well waxed as to make it shining, and rather ticklish to walk upon for those unaccustomed to it.—Art Journal.

A RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Colonel Lake, in his "Kars and our Captivity in Russia," says:—"I was much interested in the temple of St. Saviour, which was being erected. Round it are groups of figures, twice as large as life, in alto relievo, cut in hard white stone, and attached to the walls by iron hooks. These figures represent scriptural events, such as 'David's Victory over Goliath,' in which the faces struck me as very beautiful. Before these figures were finished, the artist died; but as little remains to be finished, the original design cannot be much interfered with. I was much delighted with the Institute for Orphans and *Enfantes Trouvés*, certainly one of the finest buildings I have ever seen. We visited it in company with Madame de Metz, who is the directress, and much beloved by the young girls, and with Madame de Belouhsky, a very interesting, clever woman. We saw all the children and young ladies. The noble charity is under government patronage, and, besides providing for the *Enfantes Trouvés*, offers an asylum to the widows of officers. Each infant has a nurse, and a certain number are accommodated in a room airy and capacious. Each nurse has a bed, and a little cradle by its side, all exquisitely clean, and the washing department in each room is perfect. The elder girls are divided into classes, and are dressed in green gowns with white jackets. I saw them all at mass in a beautiful chapel, which was highly decorated with marble pillars, and in very good taste. We afterward watched them at dinner, a most excellent repast, consisting of soup, meat and pudding, all of which I tasted. They speak French and German, and are taught drawing, music, etc. In short, they receive a first rate education to qualify them for the situation of governess, in which capacity they leave on attaining the age of twenty. I heard them play and sing, and repeat poetry in different languages. The drawing-hall was hung round with the performances of the young ladies. The directress, in the kindest manner, begged that I would select a drawing, and accept it as a souvenir of the institution. I took one in water colors, beautifully executed, which I value highly. There is also a room for gymnastics, and, in short, there did not seem to be anything wanting either for their instruction or comfort."—New York Journal of Commerce.



COURT HOUSE AND BANK, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

We present herewith an authentic portrait of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great female traveller, who may perhaps be regarded as the most wonderful woman of the ago, for she has travelled more than any of the celebrated men of the middle ages, or indeed of the present, for she has not only visited the Continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, but America and the Polynesia; she has traversed over 130,000 miles by water, and 18,000 by land. In appearance, she is slight, and rather under the middle size; her complexion is somewhat darkened by exposure to weather and the heat of the climates in which she has travelled. She is generally regarded as plain looking, but an English gentleman who met her at Vienna, said: "I cannot understand how any one, who has seen her while conversing, can say so. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunlight darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners; animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a sear on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannibal of Patagonia." Madame Pfeiffer was born at Vienna in 1797. In early childhood she displayed traits of character which foreshadowed the future "strong-minded woman." An illustration of her fixity of purpose is not without interest. When Napoleon was residing at Schonbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, at which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned from books and persons by whom she was surrounded, to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred towards him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother, but the latter not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back towards them. The emperor was not, however, amongst them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again, but Ida, determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the emperor and all his retinue were passed. In her preface to her first work, she tells us of the intense desire for travel she experienced during her childhood, but which circumstances prevented her from indulging. In 1820 she married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg. By this union she had two sons, one of whom followed the musical profession, and studied under the great Mendelssohn; and the other became a merchant. On the death of her husband, the desires of her youth were renewed in all their vigor, and she thought that having fulfilled her duty to her family, in bringing them up and establishing them in life, she was not acting contrary to her duty in following the bent of her inclinations. She knew that dangers, difficulties, and even death, might befall her, but should any of these happen to her during her travels, she would thank God for the sweet hours she passed in beholding the wonders of his creation; and she begs her readers not to impute to her in her travels a desire for notoriety alone, nor to judge her by the common opinion that such a life is not befitting a woman. When she had, by several years of strict economy, amassed a sufficient sum, she set off upon her first pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, "for," says she, "I always felt the most intense longing to tread the spot rendered so holy by the footsteps of our Redeemer." She returned safe,



MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

filled with delight at her success, and published her first work, entitled "The Travels of a Vienna Lady to the Holy Land," a work of great interest, and bearing the impress of truthfulness in every line. Unsated in her thirst for travel, she next visited the extreme north of Europe, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, the result of her adventure being published in Pesh, in 1846. She now carried into execution a project of making a voyage round the world. This she accomplished during the years 1846 to 1848. She left Vienna May 1, 1846, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro, after a stormy passage, Sept. 18 of the same year. After travelling through the Brazils, Ida went round Cape Horn, travelled through Chili, visited Otahete, set sail for China, and then went to India. Thence she went up the Tigris, to visit the interesting ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, then wandered through Khoordistan and Persia, passed the Caucasus, and travelled through the south of Russia, thence to Constantinople, and through Greece, home. When we remember the dangerous regions she traversed, we are astonished at the intrepidity of a woman travelling alone, amidst the most savage tribes on the face of the earth, passing from country to country, from tribe to tribe, braving dangers, fatigue, hunger and thirst; and it is indeed impossible to withhold our admiration from the lady who could undergo all these trials and hardships, and display a courage that very few of the opposite sex can boast of. But her very helplessness was her best protection. In 1851 she sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope, and thence took ship for Singapore, to visit the islands of the Indian archipelago; after this she went to Sarawak, in Borneo, thence through the dangerous country of the Dayaks to the Dutch possessions in

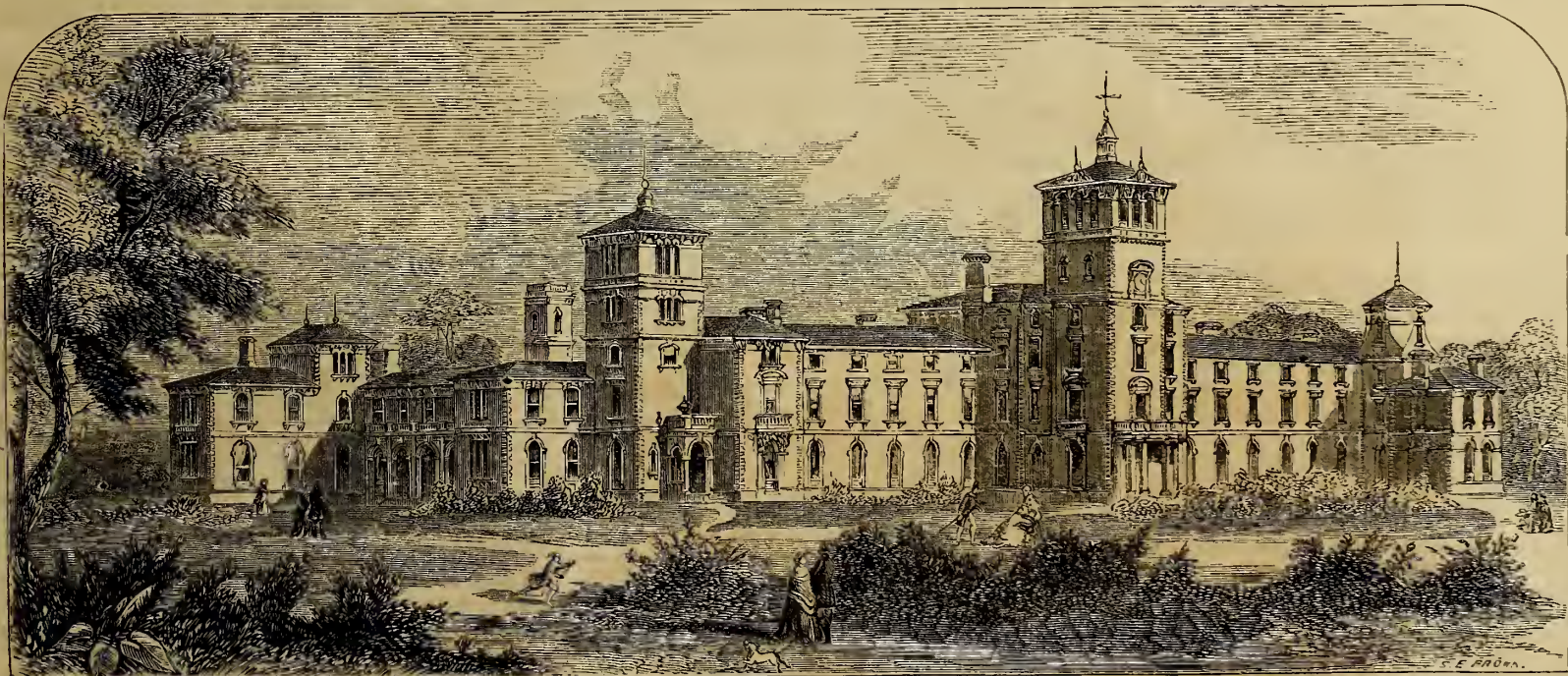
the interior and on the west of the island. After visiting the Moluccas, she went to California, and thence home. She has now started once more on an extensive tour, intending it to be her last. During all her journeyings she has enjoyed excellent health, and says herself that she possesses "nerves and sinews of steel." It should be added that she has not travelled to obtain a reputation, but for her own satisfaction and improvement.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

This institution is one of the many noble charities of England. It was founded, about twelve years ago, for the benevolent object of relieving fatherless children, without respect to place, sex or religious distinction, the only qualification, in fact, being that the child should be destitute, and above the condition of the pauper. The children were to be received at any age (from their birth, if necessary), and are all retained and provided for, the boys until fourteen, and the girls until fifteen years of age. The institution founded on this liberal principle has, it appears, enjoyed a career of uninterrupted and increasing prosperity. Since its commencement it has received 314 children, and it has now no fewer than 134 within its walls. It is sustained by the voluntary contributions of the benevolent; all who subscribe are members of the institution, and participate in the management of its affairs, and it now flourishes under the immediate patronage of the queen. The new building, which, it will be seen by our engravings, is of great extent and of great architectural beauty, is now in the process of erection, and will cost about \$100,000. The ground is about two miles from Croydon. The site is remarkably fine, and the building will form a striking addition to the landscape. The plan is in some respects peculiar, but the architect has kept in view the bold undulations of the ground, and has arranged his design in three well marked groups, which will be appropriated to the infants, the boys, and the girls respectively. The structure, which, it is calculated, will accommodate at least 350 children, will be in an Italian style, and it will possess a frontage of no less than 350 feet, with wings, giving it a depth of about 200. The ornamental portions of the work are to be executed in freestone, and the great masses of surface in Devonshire marble. Altogether the building is well worthy of the design, and the institution is an honor to the land which well boasts its multitude of charitable and beneficent channels of relief to the suffering.

ROSES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Whatever the time of the year, the Roman must have a rose in his wreath. "The commonest union was violet, myrtle and rose." Stout old gentlemen who wished to drink unusually deep without feeling unpleasant consequences, wore double wreaths about their heads and necks, as preservatives. The generous rose, however, did something for the ladies also. When the renowned and not over scrupulous Aspasia was a child, she had a wart on her face which defied nurses, doctors and caustic. The pretty child cried herself to sleep one night at the blot on her beauty; and lo! while she slumbered, she saw Venus's dove, and the dove told her to take some rose leaves from the statue of the goddess, and lay them to her neck. The girl did so, full of faith, and she became as perfect in beauty as in intellect, and helped Pericles to corrupt the morals of the Athenians with infinite elegance. That the rose might be so drugged as to poison the wine into which it was thrown, and with which it was often drunk when the toppers were at the height of the jollity, may be seen in Pliny; which passage many evil persons have read to infamous purpose, including Tawell, who thereby committed murder contrary to scientific evidence, but happily did not escape the gallows. In what is called the classical period, roses seem to have been employed on every occasion from birth to death, inclusive, and to have made a part in every ceremony, public or private, joyous or saddening.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN AT DENMARK HILL, ENGLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

No gorgeous edifice with columns fluted,
Or towering steeple, stretching heavenward—
No lofty pile to ostentation suited,
Is yonder church, where heaves the velvet sward.

No—for the temple on that hill erected,
Was built by Puritans in years ago;
Whose bones now rest in peace, where they selected
The quiet graveyard from the grassy lawn.

Its time-worn beams and rafters bear the legends
And stories wild of early pioneers,
Who, in the wild, unbroken forest regions,
Commenced a settlement in early years.

Here, where the smoke from Indian lodge ascended,
And where the dark, primeval forest rose—
The prayerful accents of the Pilgrims blended
With solemn chant and wail of Indian foes.

And here came hardy men and women tender,
And youths and maidens on the Sabbath day—
To praise with hymn and prayer the Great Beneficent,
And unto him for preservation pray.

Here, when the demon War his torch had lighted,
And bands went forth to seek the Indian foe,
With women pale and children darkly frightened,
They came to ask a blessing on their blow.

Such scenes beheld this temple, now decaying,
In old colonial times, forever gone;
And Time his final stroke appears delaying,
While all around his ceaseless work goes on.

He still preserves this shrine from desolation,
A silent monitor for us, to stand;
A spectacle for serious contemplation—
A relic of the ancient Pilgrim band.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RICH COUSIN.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"But, my dear father, he has had undisturbed possession so long, that it is cruel to reduce him to beggary now."

"Cruel! You know nothing of the sweets of revenge, boy, or you would not say that. Think you that I have waited all these years to gratify a purpose, and now when the time has come, give it up because it is cruel?"

"But his wife and children? Surely, you will not—cannot punish the innocent for the guilty!"

"In that is my revenge. What would poverty be to Edward Leicester alone? No, no; he must see his family stripped of all the luxuries they have so wrongfully enjoyed; he must lose his proud position, and labor for their very bread; he must encounter all the horrors of the most absolute poverty, before I shall be content to say I am satisfied."

"Father, this is horrible! You will crush out all the love and reverence my sainted mother so carefully sought to instil into my heart. I do not believe now that you can be serious in this matter, or that you will load your conscience with so much guilt. We are wealthy. Even now I am at a loss how to spend the income that is mine—what do we want with your cousin's possessions?" Let him live in peace. It will be a sweeter revenge than any you can take."

"Silence, boy! This is no affair for you to meddle in; and though my fond indulgence gives you much license, beware how you abuse it by interfering in what you do not understand. I have told you my plans now, knowing that you would find them out on our arrival in England, not because I wanted your advice. The instant I set foot on my native land, I shall take steps to carry out those plans, and no impertinent interference of yours can prevent their succeeding. You have mentioned your mother—another act of disobedience. 'Tis pity you do not resemble her as much in mind, as you do in person. I never had occasion twice to remind her of her duty. And now let this conversation cease, never to be renewed. Whatever I do, I will not be questioned; and I warn you now never again to dare my anger by like conduct."

Dear reader, after such a conversation, need we say that Col. Leicester was an overhearing tyrant—hard-hearted and revengeful, domineering, often cruel to his dependents, pitiless to his foes, feared by his friends, with but one tender spot in his heart, and that occupied by his only son.

True, the colonel had loved his wife—a beautiful, gentle creature—who never in her life presumed to contradict him, or dared to think differently from his will. But she was born to be cherished and sheltered, and the cold formality of her life withered the warm young heart pining for its mate. Her husband wished her to dress like a princess; and to please him, she robed her slender figure in the richest satins, her pale brow arched under the sparkling gems that pressed it, and diamonds glittered on her fair neck and arms. But she sighed for the days when free and happy she had wandered amid the hills of her "Highland home," and shuddered at the thought that under the burning Eastern sky her grave should be made.

Once only did Mrs. Leicester venture to ask her husband to let her "see her home once more;" then silenced by his cold refusal, she uncomplainingly submitted to her fate, and calmly resigned herself to die. It was an unexpected piece of rebellion on the

part of his gentle partner, that astonished Colonel Leicester when informed that she was no more. He had told her that he wished her to get better—in fact, she *must* get better—and she had disobeyed him; hence his sorrow was largely mingled with anger, and he forbade her name ever to be mentioned in his presence. This prohibition fell heavily on his son, who, idolizing the memory of his lost mother, could with difficulty refrain from speaking of her; and favorite as he was, this was a fault that always drew on him his father's anger and reproach.

At the time our story opens, young Leicester was in his eighteenth year. His father did not speak the truth when he expressed a wish that he had resembled his mother in temper; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine, manly spirit already manifested by his son. And the handsome, noble-looking youth possessed great influence over his parent, though not sufficient to turn him from his revengeful purposes. Brought up in the East amid scenes and with habits foreign to his nature, young Leicester had joyfully left his native land to seek the early home of his parents, and the knowledge of his father's purposes had been the first cloud that had overshadowed his happiness. One week after that conversation they landed in England.

Had England been searched over, a happier man than Edward Leicester could scarce have been produced at the time we commenced this little history. The devoted husband of an excellent and amiable wife, the proud and happy father of three lovely children, the possessor of a magnificent home, and an income more than adequate to meet his utmost wishes, surrounded by friends and a prosperous tenantry, what could man wish for more?

And Edward Leicester knew his privileges, and was thankful for them. No man could say that in word or deed he had offended him, and endless were the blessings bestowed on the kind landlord, the liberal master, and the firm friend. No formal ceremony, no forced show of humility prompted the greeting that everywhere met the Leicesters, that taught the cottager's wife to curtsy, and the laborer to touch his hat at their approach.

And Edward Leicester loved his people, and never lost an opportunity of increasing their comfort, and adding to their means. He built them new cottages, he planted them fruit trees, he gave them a school, and he encouraged education. His wife, no less energetic and enthusiastic, attended to other wants, and unlike many of her station, she sought for and relieved their necessities, ere she expected them to comply with all her wishes.

Again we say, a happier man, a happier family, or one that better deserved prosperity, could scarce have been found in all England. But sorrow and trial were in store, misfortune as complete as it was unexpected, and poverty as distressing as it was undeserved.

"My dear Mary, you look sad this evening. Surely, that is a scene to inspire you with pleasant thoughts." And Edward Leicester passed his arm round his wife's waist, and leading her to the open window, pointed to the lawn on which their children were merrily sporting.

"I feel sad, Edward," was the low response. "An unusual presentiment of evil has shadowed me all day, nor can I look on my children without a feeling of terror."

"My dear wife, this is unusual for you. Certainly, at present we have no reason to apprehend any trouble: but should misfortunes come, we must meet them with fortitude. Earth's hittest trial, poverty, we have no reason to dread."

Alas for the confidence in earthly riches! That day week, Edward Leicester and his family were far away from the scene of their happiness, homeless, almost penniless, and with the humiliating consciousness that for long years they had been appropriating the inheritance of another.

"It is time to talk over our plans for the future, my Mary," said the unhappy husband and father, as the family gathered together on the first night after their arrival in the humble London lodging-house that must henceforth be their home. "Our means are barely sufficient for present wants, and I must lose no time in seeking employment. At present I am unable to determine what I had better try first."

"My husband, this is the cruellest blow of all. Freely would I have yielded up all we loved so well—freely have endured poverty and privation; but to see you labor for our very bread, O, my Edward, it is hard, very hard." And the loving wife, who without a murmur had parted with the luxuries and comforts long use had made necessities, wept at the thought of her husband's trials.

"Mary, you know that for years I have indulged my love of painting as an amusement, and have been called no mean artist. What better plan can I adopt, than now to make it a source of profit?"

It was with sincere sorrow that Mrs. Leicester gave her consent to this proposal; but feeling at last that without something of the kind her children must perish from want, she smothered her grief, and her smile and kind caress cheered the heart of the weary artist when, in long after days, he was sinking under the united effects of incessant toil and repeated disappointment.

Colonel Leicester felt that his revenge was complete, when those whom he had employed to watch the proceedings of the ruined family, informed him that not only was his cousin laboring for an existence, but his wife also had felt herself called on to lend her assistance, and was even then toiling day and night to meet their increasing expenses.

"Ha, revenge is sweet! Truly, this is an hour worth living for," was his exulting exclamation on hearing of their poverty.

His son made no remark; he had long felt how useless was remonstrance. But the sum destined to the purchase of a splendid addition to his "sportsmanlike possessions" found its way to the humble home of his relatives, where it proved a seasonable and most welcome gift.

"Can Charles have relented, and taken pity on his victims?" was Edward's exclamation on beholding the bank notes.

"It is not from him. Too well do I know his implacable nature to imagine this most welcome present is his." Mrs. Leicester found it very hard to forgive the man who with abundant wealth had turned them all penniless into the world.

"Never mind, mama, who sent it," exclaimed little Marian, the pet of the household; "I will pray for blessings on our kind friend for sending us money to buy sister Alice medicine, and brother Charley books."

The mother looked at her sick child—her delicate, beautiful Alice—on whose sensitive nature her parents' distresses had produced a most alarming effect, and a fervent benediction was bestowed on the unknown for the much-needed assistance. Three months after, when Colonel Leicester heard that his cousin's eldest daughter was no more, he renewed his rejoicings with almost fiendish delight.

"You little thought when you rejected me with scorn, Mary Wyndham, that the day should come when I would mock at your sorrow and rejoice at your bereavement; nor did your proud husband dream that his defeated rival would one day crush him to the dust, and exult over his fallen pride."

But Colonel Leicester was far from being at ease, even when triumphing at the success of his schemes. Knowing the generous nature of his son, he was in daily dread of hearing him avow a determination to visit his relatives, even in defiance of the curse he had threatened to pronounce on him in case of such disobedience. But young Leicester had been too early impressed with the reverence due to his parent, to hazard so fearful a consequence. The dead mother's teachings were strong in his heart, and he felt compelled to content himself with occasionally sending his cousins such sums of money as he could venture on without exciting his father's suspicions. It was therefore with sincere pleasure that the colonel gave him permission to travel for a few years in company with a most estimable gentleman about to leave his native land in search of health.

We must now pass over a space of six years, during which the relative positions of the two families were but little changed. Edward Leicester's circumstances had slightly improved, but he still found it necessary to labor at his pencil for a maintenance. His son Charles, now nearly eighteen, was in a situation of but little profit, but which bid fair to reward him some day.

The colonel had grown very old in those few years. He had discovered that revenge was not quite as sweet as he had at first imagined. Unpleasant thoughts would arise at times, and something very near akin to remorse, whenever he thought on the child he could not but feel his cruelty had murdered. Again it was annoying to reflect that he had made himself an object of hatred to his people; that one and all detested him, and drew unpleasant comparisons between him and their former landlord. His son, too, gave him many a heart-pang; for well he knew that, disguise it as he might, the noble young man in his inmost soul looked with horror on his father's guilty revenge. Altogether, it was not wonderful that Colonel Leicester looked old, that his hair had grown gray, and the care lines had come thickly on his countenance.

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Our next scene opens on the banks of one of those beautiful "Lochs," the pride of Scotland and the delight of poets. A blue sky and bright sunshine were not wanting; nor fine old trees, nor distant hills and rocks—all that artists love to paint and poets to sing of. But the loveliest object in our picture was a fair young girl, who, gazing thoughtfully on the blue waters, looked the very personification of graceful beauty. She stood on a mossy bank, one hand clasping the low, drooping branch of an overhanging tree, the other carelessly holding a gipsy hat, the long blue ribbon of which trailed at her feet. Her white dress was perfectly plain, and there was something in her whole attire that showed her one who wore no ornaments; while her exceeding beauty at once told the beholder that there was little need of them.

Long she stood in silent thought, all unconscious that one was gazing on her in rapt astonishment, with quickly throbbing heart and strange emotions. But he advances a step, and the spell is broken. With a start the maiden raises her head and beholds the intruder. The next instant she makes a backward movement—her balance is lost; for a second she seems falling into the deep waters—another, and the stranger's arm is round her; he clasps her to his breast, and she feels that she is saved from a fearful death.

After such an introduction, was it likely that they should be other than friends? They met again and again in those shady walks on the banks of the beautiful Loch, and Marian Leicester (for the maiden was none other than she we last saw as a child) gave her heart into the keeping of the handsome stranger. And stranger he truly was, for not even did she know the name of him who had established so great an influence over her future life.

She loved him passionately, devotedly, with all the strength of an innocent, unworldly heart; and he returned her affection with a love no less sincere and pure. Yet never for an instant did the young girl forget the duty she owed her parents. No promise would she make him, and he revered her for her filial respect.

"Fain would I call you mine, Marian," he said, when the time came that the maiden must return to her English home. "Happy should I be to call you my own betrothed, but I dare not ask you to do aught displeasing to your parents. All I may say is, do not forget me. We shall meet again, when I may openly avow my name, and with the sanction of your friends, claim your promise. Until then, darling, keep me in your heart, and never, never doubt my truth. I shall come to you some time. It may be very shortly—it may not be for years; but I shall come—never doubt that."

And Marian promised all he asked, and then the farewell words

were spoken. For one instant she was clasped to his heart, his first kiss was pressed on her brow, and they had parted.

The night after her arrival at home, Marian Leicester told her parents all. Very slightly did she allude to her feelings on the subject, but readily the mother's heart divined all her child might have expressed.

"God shield my darling from the misery of a blighted, disappointed existence!" was the mother's prayer.

"Let us trust in Providence, my wife. That our child loves an honorable man, his conduct proves. I am deeply grieved at the course of events, but they might have been worse. Our Marian has returned to us with recovered health and strength; let us not repine that a new love has brought light to her eyes, and joy to her young heart."

The father's words seemed prophetic. Marian Leicester—the quiet, reserved Marian—was wonderfully changed. Her merry songs were ever sounding through the house, a sweet, contented smile was ever on her countenance, and her words, always kind and pleasant, now took a tenderer tone.

It was summer when she parted from her lover. For six months the remembrance of those happy days was as a pleasant dream; but Christmas came, and with it a token that another also remembered. Mr. Leicester looked sad as he perused the few lines addressed to himself; but he placed on his child's hand the costly gem her unknown lover had besought him to allow her to accept, and though pained at the continued mystery, there was nothing he could reasonably feel displeased with in the letter itself. On the contrary, it breathed sentiments the most honorable to the stranger.

On Marian the letter and its accompanying present produced very little effect, and her father felt some surprise at her indifference.

"Are you aware of the value of that ring, my child?" he said, one day, looking at the sparkling gem on her finger. "Do you know that none but a very wealthy man could make you a present of so valuable a diamond?"

"I always knew he was wealthy, dear father, but that makes no difference. I should have been as happy had his letter come alone. I needed nothing to remind me of my promise."

The winter passed, and when the spring came, Charles Leicester received an offer from his employer to go out to China and transact business for him—an offer so good that the young man felt unable to refuse. It was a sad parting for the whole family; but none dared make objections to what was so obviously for the benefit of the beloved son and brother. After his departure, Edward Leicester's health declined visibly. He lost the energy that had hitherto characterized his endeavors to maintain his family, and again they were made to suffer all the evils of poverty.

Early in the spring they heard that Colonel Leicester and his son had returned to India, the health of the former having suffered severely from his short sojourn in his native land. The estate was given in charge of an agent. The friend, whose secret aid had so materially assisted the stricken family, appeared to have forgotten them. Marian's unknown lover preserved the strictest silence, and the summer passed sadly to the parents and child, in the gloomy old house they had made their home.

Before the autumn came, serious fears were entertained about the safety of the ship in which Charles had gone passenger. This was the crowning of their misery. Even Marian's brave heart yielded to this great sorrow; and but for one hope, she would probably have given way to despair. As it was, in her deepest grief there came the remembrance of her promise, and she fought bravely with her fears, lest health and beauty should leave her. She knew that in his eyes she had been exceeding fair—must he return to find her a miserable invalid? No, she would hope on; something whispered to her heart that her brother would yet return, and they should be happy.

The old proverb says, when affairs get to the worst, they generally "take a turn for the better;" and it proved so in Edward Leicester's case. Their money all gone, himself confined to a sick bed, his wife vainly striving to earn enough to support them, and Marian worn out with anxiety and toil, nothing could be more gloomy than their prospects, when a letter arrived from Charles—a letter doubly welcome, as the token of his safety and the bearer of welcome assistance.

The same post brought another surprise in the announcement of Colonel Leicester's death, and a letter from his own hand, written on his death-bed. In it he bequeathed his English property to Marian, on condition that she became the wife of his son. Of her he spoke affectionately—her parents he had evidently not forgiven.

This letter was a cruel blow to the gentle-hearted girl, and was the cause of more suffering than all her previous troubles combined. She felt that one word of hers would place her parents in affluence forever—removing them effectually from the fear of poverty or want. But could she speak it? Could she forever crush out of her heart all those sweet hopes that through so many trials had sustained her drooping spirits? Could she consent to marry her unknown cousin, of whom she absolutely knew nothing, and forever banish the remembrance of him who alone could possess her heart? And must she see those dear parents, in sickness and suffering, pining for the comforts in her power to bestow? The thought was distraction.

But Edward Leicester and his wife loved their child too well to see her sacrifice herself for their benefit. The character of their young cousin was totally unknown to them, and the father had done little to prepossess them in favor of the child. Marian was forbidden to agitate herself with any more questions on the subject.

"Our happiness would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of yours, my darling," whispered the mother, as she pressed her child to her bosom and kissed away the tears from her pale cheeks.

Filled with gratitude for their unselfish kindness, the poor girl parted with the precious token she had received from her unknown

lover, and with the proceeds obtained for her invalid father numerous little luxuries rendered absolutely necessary by long custom.

"Marian!" She was seated in the dingy little room they called their parlor; tears were on her cheek, and painful thoughts were evidently occupying her mind; but the sound of that voice had driven them away, the tears that are now falling are tears of joy, for once more Marian is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My own, have you doubted? despaired of my coming? forgotten your promise?"

"Never, never. But O, the trouble, the poverty."

"Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end. No more care, no more sorrow, nought but joy and love for my beautiful bride."

With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's betrothal. He felt that the stranger exerted a great influence over himself, that he felt peculiarly pleased and interested in him; yet the mystery of his name was still unsolved, and that excited suspicion.

"In two days you shall know all; at present I am too anxious to remove you from this wretched place, to spare time for the long explanations that will be necessary. Surely you cannot doubt me."

Edward Leicester gazed searchingly into those truthful, earnest eyes, and felt that his fears were groundless.

It was the afternoon of the second day. For many long hours the party had travelled without rest, and Mr. Leicester and his wife were leaning wearily back in the luxurious carriage so carefully provided for the comfort of the invalid. The bright autumn sun shone in the windows, the roads were dusty, the air was oppressive; Marian removed her bonnet. The sight of her ungloved hand appeared to suggest a thought to her companion.

"I have never seen you wear your ring, Marian. Did it not meet your approval? or is your dislike of ornaments so great?"

He was watching her attentively, and she blushed deeply at the confession she was about to make.

"I kept it through long months of poverty and distress, and once I thought that nothing would tempt me to part with it. But a few weeks since my father saved me from a fate worse than death, and in gratitude I felt compelled to give it up, painful as the sacrifice was."

"And so it would have been 'a fate worse than death,' to have married your rich cousin, would it, Marian? That little speech is more precious to me than a thousand assurances of your love. But here we are at our journey's end." And before Marian could recover from her astonishment to inquire how he had learned her well-kept secret, the carriage turned into a magnificent avenue of trees, dashed past the gate-keeper's lodge, and in a few seconds drew up at the entrance of an elegant and strangely familiar mansion.

Springing to the ground, the young man assisted his companions to alight, and then led them confused and puzzled into the house, where bowing attendants ushered them into the well-remembered rooms. Edward Leicester and his family were in their old home, and to their companion they now looked for a solution of the mystery.

"This is Marian's home, and I am Bernard Leicester," was his answer to the inquiring looks and words. "My father's command, not my own will, kept up the deception. He wished to put my betrothed wife to a severe proof, and truly she has passed nobly through it; and in my new character I must strive to obliterate any lingering prejudices she may entertain against a marriage with her 'rich cousin.'"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their acquaintances, they must afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost; and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will in any case of doubt or danger intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those which would make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourself, and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labor to create for yourself a sound and just medical reputation, and that will create for you patients.—*Simpson's Physicians and Physic.*

WHAT THE HEART IS.

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life, that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and each window is clustered with associations.—*Christian Freeman.*

WOMAN.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.—*Shakespeare.*

LAPLAND LOVE-MAKING.

When a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Besides the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by their curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant, there is a spokesman called *Sognonaive*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party, and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. This is a signal for indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently clated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kileh*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go the next day to the parson, to get them published.

Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed, "courting with brandy" is a proverb among Laplanders equivalent to the French *comme il faut*. When the lady is rich, and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial matters is nowhere felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as good as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still, the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver which they pay for their bride must not be in the shape of silver dollars—it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who takes a divorce generally returns the bridal presents, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So, too, when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrelling before the answer is agreed upon, and some management is required, oftentimes, to make it favorable.—*European Sketches.*

LIGHTING THE DESERT FIRE.

A strange Bedawy, with an idiotic cast of features, now came from the neighboring tent, carrying in his hand an instrument like a broken pickaxe. Passing through the circle of spectators, he advanced towards where we sat, and when within a yard of us, raised his weapon and sunk it deep into the soil at our very knees. The whole thing was done with such deliberation and quickness that we both started back as if the blow had been aimed at our head. The Arabs laughed heartily at our fright, but the operator took not the slightest notice, and labored away as if frantic, till he had excavated a considerable hole. Another Arab now came up and threw in a few of the dry prickly shrubs that grow so plentifully in the desert; and then applying match and tinder soon had them in a blaze. A third threw in a cloakful of dry camel's dung over the burning mass. The skirt of his under garment supplied the place of bellows and fanned the heap into a brisk leaping flame. Thus they kindled the desert fire, and the half-naked Arabs gathered round it, spreading out their thin, bony hands to catch the genial warmth, and then rubbing them with evident satisfaction. Ever and anon, one of the circle would add fresh fuel, while others started up the smouldering embers with their hooked sticks or massive clubs. The night wind, too, sweeping round the tent, made the flame leap and play like a thing of life, and sometimes sent showers of sparks and hot ashes into the beards of the little circle, occasioning a momentary confusion, followed by a hearty laugh.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

EPICUREAN FANCIES OF SERPENTS.

We have before referred to the extraordinary length of time a python has been known to fast without injury. Their fancies as well as their fastings are rather eccentric. Every one has heard of the snake who swallowed his blanket, a meal which ultimately killed him. A python who had lived for years in a friendly manner with a brother nearly as large as himself, was found one morning solus. As the cage was secure, the keepers were puzzled to know how the serpent had escaped; at last it was observed that the remaining inmate was swollen remarkably during the night, when the horrid fact became plain enough: the fratricide had succeeded in swallowing the entire person of his brother; it was his last meal, however, for in some months he died. A friend informs us that he once saw in these gardens a rat-snake, of Ceylon, devour a common coluber natrix. The rat-snake, however, had not taken the measure of his victim, as by no effort could he dispose of the last four inches of his tail, which stuck out rather jauntily from the side of his mouth, with very much the look of a cigar. After a quarter of an hour, the tail began to exhibit a retrograde motion, and the swallowed snake was disgorged, nothing the worse for his living sepulchre, with the exception of the wound made by his partner when he first seized him. The ant-eater, who lately inhabited the room leading out of the python apartment, has died of a want of ants.—*London Quarterly.*

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.

Among the wonders which are related of the "Great Western," that leviathan of steamers, which Mr. Brunel is now building in the Thames, the latest advices state on good authority, that several acres of grass land, in a high state of cultivation, will be put on board, and as many cows and sheep as will supply all the passengers with milk, cream, fresh butter and butcher's meat during the voyage out and home. It is also said that the proper machinery will be put on board for boring for coal, which, it is confidently predicted, will be found, and thus the vessel will be prepared for any length of voyage, even to the antipodes, without fear of being short of fuel!—*Saturday Courier.*

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.

How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young, while others thought young must still look old? The cause lies very frequently in themselves. Mr. Rant, once, on being asked the reason, said: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; I never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of lasting youth, "a kind, unenvions heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.—*Concord Freeman.*



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO SUNG TO THE KING.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

We present on this page a number of fine designs, executed expressly for us by Mr. Warren, illustrating the most striking points in this most popular of Mrs. Hemans's lyrical poems. The story, which the poetess has made immortal, is thrilling and touching. Bernardo del Carpio, a renowned Spanish chieftain, had made frantic efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldana, who had been kept in prison by Alfonso, king of Asturias, almost from the hour of Bernardo's birth. Bernardo made war upon the crown with such success, that the leading nobles urged upon the king to compromise the matter. Alfonso agreed to restore the count to his son on condition of the latter surrendering the fortresses and prisoners he had taken—and the champion faithfully fulfilled his part of the contract. He rode forth to meet his father—the ballad informs us of the result. The early chronicles and romances leave us entirely in the dark with regard to the ultimate fate of Bernardo. Mr. Warren has sketched five designs—the first, representing Bernardo appealing to the king to release his father; the second, showing him on his way to meet the count; the third, the unhappy discovery of the truth; the fourth, the champion bringing the king and his victim face to face; and the last, the tomb of Count Saldana. The drawings are full of spirit, and the engravings beautifully executed.

The warrior bowed his crested head
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprisoned sire.
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord
O, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they passed,
There came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode,
As a leader in the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there
In very truth is he—
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearned so long to see."



BERNARDO REPROACHING THE KING.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,
And there dismounting bent,
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in his touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

The hand was cold—a frozen thing—
It dropped from his like lead;
He looked up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—
The brow was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes,
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed;
But who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw
Its terror and amaze.
They might have chained him as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,
And wept like child hood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought of all his glorious hopes,
And all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
His darkly mournful brow,
"No more—there is no more," he said,
"To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed,
My father—O, the worth,
The glory and the loveliness
Are passed away from earth!"



BERNARDO KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE CORSE.

"I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire! beside thee yet,
I would that there our kindred blood
On Spain's free soil had met;
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains,
As though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'er-mastering grasp,
The rearing war horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead!

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,
And tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
Send life through this cold clay!"

"Into these glassy eyes put light—
Be still, keep down thine ire—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak:
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed;
Thou canst not—and a king? His dust
Be mountains on thy head!"

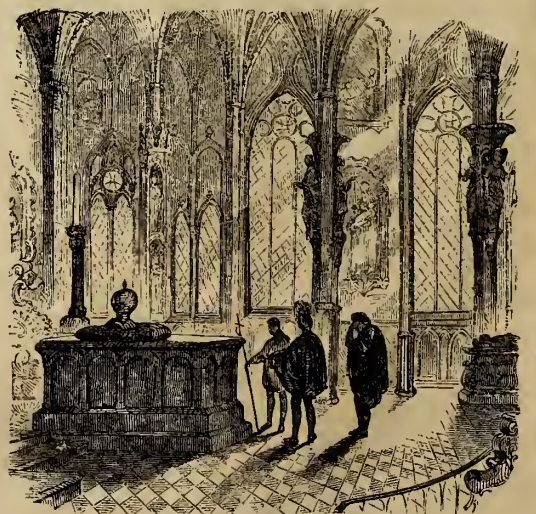
He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell;
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,
Then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate
Untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more
Amidst the hills of Spain.



BERNARDO RIDING TO MEET HIS FATHER.

RUSSIAN CROWN DIAMONDS.

The crown treasury of the czars at Moscow contains many precious stones. The two most considerable are diamonds, one the size of a pigeon's egg rose-cut. The Russians have given it the name of Orloff. The other has the form of an irregular prism, and is of the size and almost the length of a little finger; it bears the name of the Shah, and formerly belonged to the Sophis, and was one of the two enormous diamonds which ornamented the throne of Nadir Shah, which were designated by the Persians by the names of "Sun of the Sea," and "Moon of the Mountains." When Nadir was assassinated, his treasures were pillaged, and his precious stones divided among a few soldiers, who carefully concealed them. An Armenian named Shafiras resided at that period at Bassora with his two brothers. One day an Afghan came to him, and offered for sale the large diamond, the "Moon of the Mountains," as well as an emerald, a ruby of fabulous size, a sapphire of the finest water, called by the Persians the "Eye of Allah," and a number of other stones, for the whole of which he asked such a moderate sum that Shafiras suspected that they had not been honestly come by, and told him to call again, as he had not the money in the house. The Afghan, fearing Shafiras was going to act with treachery towards him, left the place and could not again be found, although the three brothers made every search for him. Some years afterwards the elder brother met the man at Bagdad, who told him that he had just sold all his precious stones for 65,000 piastres and a pair of valuable horses. Shafiras had the residence of the purchaser, who was a Jew, pointed out to him, and he went to him and offered him double the price he had given for them, but was refused. The three brothers then agreed to murder the Jew and rob him of his purchase, which they did, and on the following day poisoned the Afghan, and threw both the bodies into the river. A dispute soon after arose between the brothers as to the division of the spoil, which terminated in Shafiras getting rid of his two brothers by poison, after which he fled to Constantinople, and thence to Holland, where he made known the riches he possessed, and offered them for sale to the different courts of Europe. Catherine II. proposed to buy the "Moon of the Mountains" only. Shafiras was requested to come to Russia, and he was introduced to the court jeweller. The terms demanded by Shafiras were—letters of nobility, a life annuity of 10,000 roubles, and 500,000 roubles, payable by equal instalments in ten years. Count Pannin, who was then minister, delayed the settlement of the bargain as long as possible, and in the meantime had the Armenian led into such extravagance that he fell into debt, and when the minister found that he had no means of paying what he owed, he abruptly broke off the negotiation. Shafiras, according to the laws of the country, could not leave until his debts should be paid, and the court jeweller prepared to take advantage of his embarrassments, and intended that the diamond should fall into his hands for a fourth of its value. Shafiras, however, discovered the trap, and, disposing of some of the less valuable stones, paid his debts and disappeared. Agents were sent after him, but he escaped them. Ten years after, while at Astrachan, renewed offers were made to him, but he refused unless the bargain should be settled at Smyrna. Catherine accepted, and became the possessor of the diamond for letters of nobility, 600,000 roubles, and 170,000 paper roubles. Shafiras, not being able to return to his country, where he would have had to give an account of two homicides and two fratricides, fixed himself at Astrachan, where he married a countrywoman, and had seven daughters. One of his sons-in-law poisoned him to get his share of his property. The fortune he had acquired (from ten to twelve millions) was divided, and soon spent by his successors, and several of his grandchildren are now living at Astrachan in abject misery.—*Galignani's Messenger.*



TOMB OF COUNT SALDANA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

For the three months now drawing to a close, our name of Fall is much more poetical than the English autumn. It is a season that impresses the dullest organization. "Falling, falling"—such is the refrain alike of the whispering breeze that sighs through the grove, and the rude storm that rattles and clashes the mailed branches of the old oak wood. "Falling—falling," murmurs the rivulet, as the crisp leaves drop upon its surface and are whirled away to the distant river, to be lost in its depths ere they reach the tumultuous ocean. "Falling—falling," sound the syllables as our footsteps in the forest rustle the dry leafage that strews the path. Lo! from the slender and quivering branches of the birch-tree, the yellow shower descends like the golden rain that filled the lap of Danae. The red flakes descend from the huge oak like drops of blood from a warring giant. The blood red banner of the maples is rent to rags and scattered to the breeze—the emerald verdure of the meadow gives place to a sere brown, as the illusory mirage of the desert yields to the barren sand of the Sahara. The glories of October but herald this fatal fall.

Thus transitory are the pageants, the gauds and glories of this earth. As the monarch of the forest, lately robed in purple and gold, now stands a naked skeleton, so must the magnates of the earth, clothed in "purple and fine linen," be stripped, one by one, of their imperial vestments, and be finally laid in the narrow sepulchre, as gaunt, as lifeless, as unadorned as these lone tree-trunks on the hillside. If we pursued the parallel no further—and looked only to the present, gloomy enough would be this darkling period of the fall. But we know that summer will once more renew the glorious garniture of the grand old forests, and we know too that the lost of earth will again be clothed with a brighter raiment in the realms of immortality. So with not too mournful eyes let us contemplate the funeral pageant of the fall of the leaf.

A FAVORITE.—We find no exchange on our list which affords the home circle so much pleasure as that favorite and long established paper, *The Flag of our Union*. Its columns are chaste, beautifully printed, full of excellent reading matter, conveying a good moral always, and in a most attractive form. We unhesitatingly say to any one who wishes to introduce a ray of sunshine to the fireside, subscribe for this best of the Boston weekly miscellaneous papers. It is edited by Mr. Ballou, who has had long experience on the press, and who exhibits good taste and ripe scholarship in every issue of his widely circulated and excellent paper.—*Star in the West.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.—We have been enlisting the services of some new and popular writers for the Flag, besides making other improvements in its columns. The Flag is still the favorite miscellaneous weekly of this country—beautiful in form, elegantly printed, and filled with delightful and original reading matter.

HANDLING THE PAPER.—On receiving our paper, the reader should place a pin neatly in the back, cut the leaves carefully, and then it can be read most conveniently, and "like a book."

SPLINTERS.

.... It is not our earnings but our savings that make us rich—as what we digest makes us fat.

.... Since the first of January last no fewer than 10,000 patents have been issued in the United States.

.... Long metre tunes have been abandoned in the California churches as too slow for the country.

.... In a London shop they give "credit to gentlemen, but require cash from members of parliament."

.... The interior of the chapel at Mt. Auburn is very beautiful and well worth a visit.

.... The king of Prussia lately told the emperor of Austria that Humboldt was the greatest man since the flood.

.... At Mandana, in Wallachia, there is a village inhabited by women alone, mostly disappointed ones.

.... A hair-dealer in this city advertises false mustachios warranted to deceive the most expert eye.

.... Mr. George Peabody, it appears, contributed \$10,000 to Dr. Kane's arctic expedition.

.... Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, has been purchased by a committee who will restore and preserve it.

.... The New York Society Library, founded in 1754, coevally with Columbia College, has about 40,000 volumes.

.... The bark Dragon, of Salem, from that port to the Fejee Islands, averaged 197 1-3 miles for 85 days.

.... A curious genius in Paris has lately invented a mechanism by which he can walk on the water.

.... Nearly every brewery in Cincinnati is enlarging its dimensions so as to make lager beer.

.... The great comet of 1264 and 1555 is expected to make us a flying visit. No danger from sparks.

.... The old English penny was indented so as to be broken in four pieces—hence far things—four things.

.... Interior works of watches are now made in Massachusetts equal to the European ones.

.... Christian Dellinger, who lately died in Virginia, at 92, was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

.... A man in Indiana lately died from the effects of eating a large quantity of poisonous oysters.

.... They have been exhibiting a Shanghai egg at Wilmington, N. C., weighing five ounces.

.... The Keller troupe, with their beautiful statuesque and pictorial groupings, have been successful in Washington.

.... The quickest mile ever trotted in the United States was Flora Temple's, 2.24 1-2.

EASTERN POESY.

To the East, the cradle of our race, we constantly and almost involuntarily turn our eyes, "as the adoring Parsee seeks the sun" The earliest writings with which our intelligence is made familiar, the sacred Scriptures, are strongly colored with the hues of the Orient. Beside our Robinson Crusoe we place the Arabian Nights; the adventures of Sinbad the sailor are as familiar to us in boyhood as those of the English mariner. The East is with us the realm of the imagination, as the West is the arena of stirring practical life. All in that far world is seen through a golden haze—its burning sands, its green oases, its "tinkling caravans," its legions of pilgrims wending Mecca-wards, its gigantic elephants, its fierce beasts of prey, its splendid palaces, mosques, fountains and bazaars, its caravansaries and story-tellers, its gorgeous despotisms, and its mysterious religious rites. It is

"—the land where the olive and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now maddeo to crime."

It seems the land of poetry—and it is the land where poetry has most flourished, pervading every walk of life, and furnishing the medium of instruction, of worship, and of pleasure. How gorgeous and inexhaustible are its poetical treasures, may be learned from a charming little book by Rev. Wm. Alger, entitled "Poetry of the East," and giving, together with numerous specimens of Hindu, Persian, Arabic and Sufi poetry—"orient pearls at random strung"—a splendid dissertation on the fertile theme of Oriental muse. It will awaken in many minds a desire to explore the gorgeous realm of fancy more fully.

As we read the poetry of the East, we experience the emotions and visions which Mr. Alger says are awakened by Moore's "Lallah Rookh," which he praises, as thoroughly imbued with the Oriental ottar. "The lines dissolve in voluptuous language of music; Oriental superstitions impregnate the thoughts: and as we read, or listen, visions of snowy Peris, red wine-fountains in gushing spouts, porphyry palaces, golden domes, and birds of Paradise float before us, and a breeze laden with perfumes from the 'gardens of Gul in their bloom,' is wafted to our nostrils."

We learn, moreover, that the Orientals have cultivated every style of poetry

"—have run
Through each mode of the lyre and are masters of all,"

narrative, didactic, ethical, erotic, bacchanalian, religious, epigrammatical. We have interminable epics and satirical couplets; poems of hundreds of lines and sparkling quatrains, wittier than ever Martial or Voltaire penned. Mr. Alger has opened a little way the gates of this paradise, and allowed us a glimpse of the glories streaming forth.

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

A little episode of Florence Nightingale's career in the Crimea is quite too touching to be passed by unnoticed. It appears that in one of the battles of the campaign, a Highland soldier had his right arm so severely wounded that, when taken to the hospital, the surgeons at once declared that it was impossible to save the limb, and that amputation must be immediately performed. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, however, and caused the operation to be delayed. In the meantime, by careful nursing, she cured the wounds and saved the arm. The poor sufferer's heart overflowed with gratitude to his benefactress, which he expressed in words as well as he was able; but his silent gratitude was more eloquent. He told a comrade that whenever Miss Nightingale passed him, *he kissed her shadow on the pillow.* That soldier had as true a heart as ever beat beneath the stars and orders of a field marshal.

CRAYON DRAWING.—Mr. Charles Barry, whose pencil has so often been employed in illustrating our columns, has recently executed several crayon portraits, remarkable not only as correct likenesses, but as works of art, for their spirit, vigor and style. Mr. Barry is a thoroughly educated artist, and excels in more than one branch of his profession. Should he make crayon drawings a speciality, he need fear no competitor. Mr. Barry has rooms at No. 8 in this building.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.—Among the recent issues of this fine series of acting plays, published by Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are "Speed the Plough," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and the "Red Musk." These plays are all finely printed, have the stage directions, scene plots, costume and every requisite. They enjoy a prodigious circulation.

OUR NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—We feel a little proud of the completeness and finish of our new publishing hall, No. 22 Winter Street. Our friends and readers visiting Boston, must not fail to look in on us and see the *modus operandi* by which we produce 103,000 Pictorials weekly for circulation throughout this extended country.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any and all back numbers of the "Pictorial" from its very commencement at a charge of six cents each.

ENGLISH TRAITS.—Emerson's "English Traits" are quite popular in England. Its general tenor is complimentary to our friends over the water.

SECRET SORROWS.—"Every heart," says Longfellow, "has its secret sorrows; and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.—Punch says that the coronation at Moscow was the "crowning success of the war."

FORREST IN FIVE CHARACTERS.

On the last page of the present number we have placed a fine engraving after an original design by Champney, made expressly for us, representing our great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, in five of the characters performed by him at the Boston Theatre. The whole group of dramatic figures is surmounted by the muse of history, on the left of whom is seen the Parthenon of Athens, and to the right a portion of the Roman Colosseum. On the lower part of the design are a Roman helmet, shield and sword. The central figure depicts Forrest as Macbeth, in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name, one of the grandest compositions of the tragic muse. To the right he appears as Spartacus in the late Dr. Bird's tragedy of the "Gladiator," and as "Metamora" in Stone's piece of that name. To the left he figures again as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's play of "Aylmere," and Virginus, in Sheridan Knowles's fine tragedy of that name.

Forrest is now confessedly the greatest living tragedian who speaks the English tongue, and we question whether any continental actor approaches him in excellence. His rise in the profession, from the start, was rapid; but, undazzled by his early fame, he has never for a moment remitted his studies, and now stands before us the consummate artist. It was the fashion, at one time, with a certain set to decry him and deny his genius. Because he was gifted with a fine voice and magnificent physique, this clique chose to pronounce him a purely physical actor, able enough to personate Damon or Rolla, but incapable of embodying the subtle creations of Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists. There was a time, too, when we thought these charges had affected the artist himself, and when, in deference to their unjust censures, he was somewhat inclined to subdue his style to tamelessness. But he has outlived this eart of criticism, and established for himself certain sound principles of art to which he now rigidly adheres. His popularity and his powers have suffered no diminution. If he has ever played to a poor house we are not aware of the fact. On the contrary, he is, in the language of managers, a "sure card." Whether his stay in a city be long or short, he is sure to draw full houses to the very latest night of his engagement. In the whole history of the stage there is no such example of continuous success. Mr. Forrest has amassed a princely fortune by the profession in which he has labored for more than a quarter of a century.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—When Franklin was ambassador to the English court, a lady who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, and asked who he was. On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador, she exclaimed, "The North American ambassador so shabbily dressed!" "Hush, madam, for Heaven's sake," whispered a friend, "he is the man that bottles up thunder and lightning."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles G. Dooliver to Miss Frances E. Stevens; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Burnet to Miss Margaret Harkins; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thomas S. Hoyt to Miss Arzine P. Lovejoy; by Rev. Mr. Bradlee, Mr. John Lupemea to Mrs. Catharine Vaughan, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Moses W. Dillingham to Miss Julia A. Ross; by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Justin Hinds to Miss Mary S. Thayer.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Pntaam, Mr. Frank Hunnewell to Miss Mary Simmons.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. Charles H. Deane to Miss Sarah J. Stockman.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Alfred Stover to Miss Jane Walker, of Birmingham, Eng.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. T. A. Rollins, of Boston, to Miss Ellen Augusta Lord.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Charles A. Thacher to Miss Clara Augusta Austin.—At Quincy, by Rev. Dr. Lunt, Mr. Andrew Buffum, of Lynn, to Miss Sarah E. Congdon.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Nathaniel Jones to Miss Sarah Hawkes.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Henry P. Chamberlain, of Boston, to Miss Eliza Ann Chamberlain.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Nathaniel G. Stover to Miss Mary A. Sinclair.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Sylvanus F. Morton, 69; Mrs. Eliza L. Green, 64; Mrs. Dolly Bacon, 83; Widow Eliza T. Warren, 58; Mrs. Dora A. Batchelder, 25.—At Charlestown, Miss Lucy J. Tinkham, 19.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Ann Maria Goodridge, 33.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary Aroline Kimball, 24; Mr. John Hall, 54; Mr. James Ricecut, 69.—At Waltham, Mrs. Adaline P. Champney, 45.—At Watertown, Mr. Thaddeus Cole, 84.—At Weymouth, Widow Lucy Tarbell, 62.—At Weston, Miss Sarah Woodward, 90.—At Salem, Michael Shepard, Esq., 78.—At Newburyport, Mr. Rufus Greenleaf, 57.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Joshua Morse, 62.—At Oxford, S. Edward Davis, Esq., formerly of Augusta, Ga., 37.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Plummer, 34.—At East Fairhaven, Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. Cornelius Bly, 76.—At South Lancaster, Mr. Elisha Turner, 54.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Rachel Wordell, 31.—At Shrewsbury, Mr. William G. Holt, 26.—At Ashburnham, Capt. Francis Lane, 69.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Luther Banister, 37; Mr. Henry A. Robbins, 37.—At Keene, N. H., Hon. John Wood, 78.—At New York, Capt. Charles R. Day, 33.—At Franklin, Mrs. Almira, wife of Rev. Dr. T. S. Clarke, 54.

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Published every SATURDAY, by
M. M. BALLOU,
No. 22 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.
WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, 162 Vine Street, between 4th and 5th, Cincinnati; J. A. Roy, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, general agents for Europe.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALLING DOWN.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

The melancholy days have come,
The leaves are falling down,
And Nature's face, of late so gay,
Is darkened by a frown;
The meads, the rills, the vales and hills,
Have put their sackcloth on,
And there in deepest grief they mourn,
All desolate and lone.

So Summer died in peace serene,
Then Autumn came to reign,
And though she smiled to fields and woods,
They smiled not back again;
Then frosts with sacrilegious hand
Laid all their beauties low;
And now to view the once fair land,
With thoughtful steps I go.

Ye vales, ye hills, how sad your look,
How sudden your decay!
And thou, my gentle, murmuring brook,
How sad thy song to-day!
And O ye woods, majestic woods!
Where now your sweet refrains?
O, of your sweet, deep solitudes
No vestige now remains.

Oft as I view your loneliness,
My heart grows lonely too,
And thinks of friends whose fond caress
Once caused soul-joys to flow;
Of all that band of other years
But one or two I see!
The rest—back, back ye bitter tears—
Are lost to earth and me.

Man! take thou up a fallen leaf;
A message 'tis to thee!
Read, read and learn thy life is brief,
There learn of thy decay;
Thou'rt falling down, that fleshy load
Will soon be laid below;
Yes, man, that long and dreary road
Must soon be thine to go.

A little sleep must nature take,
But spring will come again,
And with reviving song will wake
To light and life the plain;
So man must sleep, so man must wake—
Must rise with Him to reign,
And once in that blest paradise,
We shall not fall again.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAINTER'S WIDOW.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THERE was a pile of furniture beside the threshold, and the town-crier was, in a loud voice, calling for purchasers. A few passers-by stopped; but scarcely had they cast their eyes on the articles exposed for sale, than they went on their way. The very beggars passed without turning on them a covetous glance. The crier, weary of his vain efforts, ceased, and, shaking his head, said to a little man in spectacles who was standing beside him:

"You will not pay your expenses, Master Caverdona; I am afraid there is no one in Rome so poor as to purchase the rags of the widow of Pelegrino. All there is here will not bring you three ducats."

"And the wretch owes me twelve!" exclaimed the little old man, striking the ground with his cane. "Twelve ducats, Jacobo, as sure as I am a Christian! More, perhaps; for I had confidence in her husband; I furnished him with oils, pencils and colors without end. Who would have thought he would have died without paying me? I am too good, too confiding. You see that this unhappy dauber has left me, by way of security, rags, a woman and four children. I can sell neither the woman nor the children, and the rags, you say, are not worth three ducats. Ah! the poor people who have anything of their own are very unfortunate, Jacobo; everybody cheats them, taxes them, pillages them."

The town-crier looked behind him.

"Don't speak so loud," said he, in a low tone; "the widow is there with her little ones, and you know how soft-hearted she is; she would take what you say for a reproach. After all, Master Caverdona, it was not Pelegrino's fault that the fever carried him off." "No, but it was his fault that he took twelve ducats' worth of merchandize of me."

"He would have paid you if he had lived."

"I believe it."

"Of what do you complain, then?"

"How?—of what do I complain?" exclaimed the exasperated old man; "that he did not leave enough to pay his debts. That is the way with you common people. It would seem as if the grave-digger gave a quittance of all obligations to those whom he buries. Learn that one should not borrow when one may die insolvent."

The crier shrugged his shoulders.

"The honesty of the poor does not always depend upon themselves," said he, "it depends also on Providence. They can pay only with their labor; and when God deprives them of health, he is responsible, and not they. Who knows, Master Caverdona, whether your twelve ducats will not go towards purchasing for you a place in paradise?"

The little old man assumed a scandalized air.

"Do not jest on sacred things, Jacobo," said he sharply; "and occupy yourself in summoning customers, rather than in making remarks."

Jacobo obeyed with a smile, while Caverdona approached the movables scattered on the pavement, to estimate anew what he might receive for them. Whether the peer painter's widow had heard nothing of what had been said, or was not affected by it, she had not changed her expression or attitude. Seated on the ground, not far from the threshold, she held in her arms two children of nearly the same age, who were playing with the dishevelled tresses of her hair, a third was rolling at her feet, and the last singing and weaving a few blades of straw attached to its cradle.

The countenance of the widow was tranquil; neither tears in her eyes, nor sighs on her lips! It was more a sorrowful resignation than complaint, and more dangerous than despair; this gloomy self-abandonment which makes one pass through life as if condemned to the scaffold, without anxiety, without precaution, almost coldly, because the result is inevitable and sure. Meanwhile a few persons had collected around the pitiful furniture of which the crier had announced the sale.

Imitation rules the world of men as attraction that of things; it is the only law. New passers-by succeeded, and stopped because the others had stopped; where there was no one a little while ago, a crowd soon gathered. No one bought, but every one looked without knowing why. Each seemed less curious at what he saw than at what excited the curiosity of others. Two gentlemen who were passing, found themselves arrested by the constantly increasing throng.

"What is the matter?" asked the elder, with that air of sullen hauteur which distinguishes an Englishman, on the continent.

"If it was in our good city of Paris, my lord," replied the other, in that coquetish and familiar tone which distinguishes the French in the four quarters of the globe, "I should reply to you that it was a porter's wife beating her husband, or a cat with its ears cut off."

"It is less than that, Signor Frenchman," smilingly observed the Jew with the weasel profile, who had heard the two gentlemen.

"What is it then?"

"The poor furniture of a painter who died a few days since, which Master Caverdona is going to sell."

"Who is this Master Caverdona?"

"A merchant, my gentlemen, who will furnish you with colors at the lowest prices."

"Do you take us for painters?" interrupted the Englishman, with a peevish air.

"In fact, the Jew is too familiar," added the Frenchman, lightly. "Learn, sirrah, that you speak to Lord Pembroke and to M. de Vivonne."

The face of the Jew brightened.

"Lord Pembroke!" said he; "is he not the rich amateur in pictures?"

"Precisely."

"Ah! my lord, how apropos is our encounter! I have in my shop the works of all the Spanish and Italian painters."

The Englishman looked at him.

"What is your name?"

"Israel."

"Ah, ah, I have indeed heard of it. It is said that you are a crafty fox, who buys at the weight of copper and sells again at the weight of gold; no matter. Have you Poussins?"

"Three, my lord."

"Crespis?"

"Several."

"And Dominehinos?"

"At discretion."

"Your address?"

The Jew gave it to him. While Lord Pembroke was writing it, the auction re-commenced, and a cradle was set up for sale. No price was offered for it; the Frenchman observed it.

"Master Caverdona will have difficulty in recovering his debt," said the Jew.

"Is it much?"

"Twelve ducats, sir."

"And has the widow been unable to raise them?"

"Yes."

"Has she no friends?"

"They were so poor!" observed Israel.

"Twelve ducats!" repeated M. de Vivonne. "Do you understand, my lord, how people can live when they are obliged to resort to such a step as this for twelve ducats?"

"The common people have no wants," observed my lord, philosophically.

"They are very fortunate! As for me, I spend three hundred thousand francs per year and want everything! I am obliged to cut down my trees, sell my lauds, and I never have two hundred louis by me."

"Ah! who can live now, sir? I who speak to you, have drawn on my income in advance six thousand guineas."

"Nobility is not independent, my lord; it must keep accounts like a plebeian; it is humiliating! If I was rich I would throw to this unfortunate woman her twelve ducats; but play has ruined me."

"As buying pictures has me. Would you believe that I am at this moment proposing to a broker in Rotterdam, fifty thousand crowns for the Seven Sacraments of Poussin, and he refuses? I shall be forced to raise it to eighty thousand and perhaps more."

The Jew heard all, fully resolved to profit by the Englishman's taste for painting; but a few paces off, another person was also listening to the conversation of the two foreigners. This was a middle-aged man, dressed in black, and who was remarkable for

nothing but the vivacity of his glance. He had smiled as he heard the complaints of the two gentlemen on the poverty of the nobility, and had cast upon them a look of bitter irony, to which they had paid no heed. At this moment the crier offered for sale a smoky picture.

"Has he pictures also?" asked Lord Pembroke, laughing.

"Some sign of a merchant of macaroni which has been left with the painter," observed M. de Vivonne.

"At six paoli!" cried the seller.

"It will not bring them," said Israel.

There was silence.

"I will give three ducats," suddenly said the man dressed in black.

A rumor arose in the crowd.

"Three ducats!" repeated the astonished Jew.

"Who is that man?" asked my lord.

"It is Master Stella, sir."

"The painter?"

"Yes, and one of our finest connoisseurs."

"Can this picture have any merit?"

"It is a chef-d'œuvre, perhaps," said M. de Vivonne, with indifference; "who knows? A Caraccio or a Titian."

"Belonging to a mere dauber?"

"Why not? Has not a Corregio been found lately serving as a sign to a button-manufacturer?"

"Three ducats!" resumed the crier; "will no one bid more?"

"I will give four ducats!" cried the Jew.

"Eight ducats!" resumed Stella.

"Ten ducats!"

"Twelve ducats!"

There was a pause; Israel asked to be allowed to examine the picture more closely.

"It is useless!" hastily interrupted the man in black; "I will give twenty ducats!"

Until then, my Lord Pembroke had observed all without speaking. He at last advanced, and, with that tone of calm and cold superiority which fortune gives, said briefly:

"Fifty ducats!"

The painter turned towards him.

"The picture is not worth them, my lord," observed he.

The Englishman looked at him sidewise, and smiled proudly.

"It is well, my dear sir," said he, drawing himself up; "one has not a collection worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling without knowing a little about paintings. You doubtless have your reasons, Master Stella, for bidding on the picture?"

"I have, my lord."

"Well! I also have mine."

And, turning towards the crier:

"A hundred ducats," said he, "and let that end the matter!"

The crowd seemed to wonder. All eyes were turned towards Lord Pembroke; the poor widow, overcome with joy, thought herself in a dream; and Master Caverdona wiped his spectacles, laughing. The crier, after having asked three times if no one would offer higher, declared that the picture belonged to my lord. Master Stella had followed all with his eye; he let the Englishman pay the hundred ducats.

"You did not expect to be outbid, master?" said the latter looking at him with a bantering air.

"Pardon me, my lord, I did hope so," replied Stella.

"How so?"

"I had heard your conversation with this gentleman; I knew that, too poor to give twelve ducats to the widow of Pelegrino, you were rich enough to pay eighty thousand pounds for a Poussin; I wished to profit by your taste to make you relieve a misfortune; I succeeded in persuading you to a good action by giving it the appearance of a good bargain. When I proposed three ducats, I was sure you would offer more."

"So this painting—"

"Is not worth the six paoli at which it was offered."

M. de Vivonne laughed.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Englishman; "if that were so, Master Stella should be accountable to me—"

"For the hundred ducats?—willingly. In case my lord had not bid upon this picture, I should have purchased it, not in order to possess a master-piece, but to have one good memory the more in my heart. If my lord regrets that he has been surprised into an alms, and if he cannot resolve to dispose of a hundred ducats in favor of an unfortunate woman, he may transfer this pleasure to me."

"Softly!" exclaimed Vivonne; "if he relinquishes it, I will take it. This is a lesson, is it not, Master Stella? You have wished to prove that we people of quality have the caprice of art without comprehending it, and that, prodigal in satisfying our manias, we are miserly in fulfilling our duties."

"Alas! sir," said Stella, "it is not only you that are thus, but all men. Our tastes often become vices. We do not love master-pieces in painting, that others may enjoy them, but to possess them by stealth, to heap them up as misers do their treasures. Our love of art is not, as it should be, a reflection of the love of humanity, it is a folly which flatters us. Painters or amateurs, we prefer, for the most part, a smoky picture to a face smiling with happiness. The sons of Adam are selfish, and their selfishness makes them cruel."

"You preach well, master," said M. de Vivonne, with slight constraint; "thanks for the homily; and in order to prove to you that it has taken effect, take this for your protegee."

He presented to the painter a purse, which the latter received.

"And I, I will keep the picture," said Lord Pembroke, seriously.

"Do better, my lord," said Stella. "Give it a place in your collection. Every time you pass it, it will remind you of a family consoled; this remembrance will be worth more than a Raphael."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is stated that the French government has given an order prohibiting any further transportations to Cayenne. — Captain R. Burton, so celebrated for his daring visit to Mecca and Medina, and his journey to Abyssinia, is also about to start, under the direction of the British Geographical Society, for East Africa, for the purpose of penetrating to Lake Unidnesi, and, if possible, to the sources of the Nile. — There were great rejoicings at St. Louis, recently, in consequence of the passage of the bill granting lands to the La Crosse Railroad. — William B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the circuit court of Tippah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher law" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years. — There is a Presbyterian church in Northampton county, Virginia, comprised entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. — The British government has presented a gold medal and telescope to Captain Lapham, of the ship Helen R. Cooper, and a gold medal to Captain Williams of the ship American Congress, for their humane efforts in rescuing from a watery grave the crew of the British ship Boomerang; also a gold medal to Captain Knowles of the ship Chariot of Fame, for like conduct in the case of the British barque Romulus. — The American Board of Foreign Missions are now causing to be built a vessel named the Morning Star, to aid in the great missionary work, especially among the missions in the Pacific Ocean. — Dr. J. L. L. Bledelu, of New Orleans, has succeeded in training the larger species of mosquitoes known in New Orleans as "gullinippers," to perform all the objects hitherto only accomplished by the leech or the cupper. A dozen of these insects are equal to six leeches, and placed on the desired spot, will at once commence to suck blood in the same way, and with less trouble, than the older institution. — The receipts at the late Connecticut State Fair were over \$10,000, an amount exceeding that of any previous fair, and more than sufficient to cover all expenses. — A new Methodist church was recently dedicated at Bristol, R. I. The cost of the edifice was about \$23,000, and it is considered one of the finest specimens of architecture in New England. The Congregationalists are also erecting a new church there at a cost of \$25,000. — Josiah D. Bangs, for twelve or fifteen years connected with the New York daily and Sunday press, died there suddenly. He was one of the ablest descriptive writers of the city press. — The late English papers state that seventy-five paupers from the village of Ennis, in Ireland, have been embarked for Australia. — Some of the crack oarsmen of New York have challenged the Union Club, of St. John, N. B., to engage in another encounter, for \$2000 a side. The crew is considered superior to that which was lately defeated on Charles River. — The receipts of the late U. S. Agricultural Fair at Philadelphia were \$33,555. The expenses, the Philadelphia Gazette says, will amount to \$35,000 or \$40,000. — A man in Mount Vernon, Westchester county, N. Y., recently undertook to solder up a leak in a tin can containing burning fluid. The flames from his blow-pipe ignited the fluid, the can exploded, and the house took fire and was burned to the ground. Wise man, that!

TALL MEN.—Byrne, a famous Irish giant, who died in London, some years since, measured eight feet two inches. Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1760, measured seven feet eight inches. Edward Malone, another Irishman, was seven feet seven inches, and was nearly equal in stature and size to Daaiel Cardanus, a Swedish giant. Dr. Cheselden, the famous anatomist, speaks of a skeleton discovered in a Roman camp near St. Albans, England, which he judged to have been eight feet four inches. Goliath of Gath, according to Bishop Cumberland, was eleven feet high, and Maximinius, the emperor, was nine feet;—tall boys, all of them.

OUR ANCESTORS.—The immediate ancestors of a man are two—his father and mother; in the next preceding generation, they are four—his grandparents; in the next they are eight, and so on to the seventh ancestral generation, when they are 128—to the tenth, when they are 1024—and to the twentieth, when they are upwards of a million! Truly, it must be humbling to the pride of an aristocrat to think he is descended from such a mob.

CURIOS.—Spriggins was advised by Dr. Jackson to take wine and bark three times a day. So, three times a day, punctually, after swallowing a glass of madeira, he would iadudge in a furious bow-wow for half an hour, to the terror of his friends and neighbors. He was then doctored for hydrophobia, and is all right now.

ANCHORS.—The cost of anchors for the British navy is immense. To supply it once only requires more than 500,000 pounds sterling. Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of the metal is wasted in the forging, and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

A BRAVE DEED.—A lady of Piscataquis county, Maine, Miss Philbrick, lately trailed a bear, put an ounce of lead into his skull, received the State bounty for his head, has a nice bearskin bed-quilt, and the thanks of her neighbors for the exploit.

WAR FEVER.—Since the war in the East all Europe is affecting the soldier. Even babies have been in arms, and ladies to "bare" arms.

DEFINITION.—Love has been described as an absorption of self in an idea dearer than self.

Wayside Gatherings.

The propagation of fish by artificial means has been quite successful in Ohio.

Rurick, a noted Kentucky race-horse, only three years old, has been sold for \$5000.

Madame Alboni left England for Paris in October, where she is engaged in the Italian Opera House for two seasons.

The Governors of Maine and Maryland have appointed Nov. 20 for a day of thanksgiving.

In Errol, N. H., a fine child of Mr. John L. Van Buskirk was drowned lately in a firkin of swill.

Two night inspectors at Portland have seized eight cases and 50,000 cigars, on board a vessel from Cuba.

Advices from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, of the 20th September, state that mining business is active, and yielding largely.

From July 1 to October 1, 1856, there were 66,867,235 feet of lumber surveyed at Bangor, Me. In 1855, the amount was 85,981,420 feet; in 1854, 72,271,388 feet.

A California pamphlet alleges, upon pretty good evidence, that five thousand murders have been committed in that country in six years.

Hon. Joseph E. Dawley, one of the Senators from Bristol county, has been appointed by Gov. Gardner, one of the board of alien commissioners for the State.

Of the thirty American doctors who served in the Russian army during the war, it is said about one-third died. The rest have returned without exception.

Mr. George Perley and Mr. G. T. Merrill, while building the county road from Gray to Pownal, removed the end of a ledge, and disturbed and killed forty-two milk adders.

Twenty years since, St. Louis had less than ten thousand population, and now it amounts to more than one hundred and thirty thousand.

There is an oak tree near Raleigh, N. C., which, at the sun's meridian, covers with a shade a space of 9000 feet. It would afford shelter for 4500 men.

Intelligence from Nicaragua has been received to the effect that affairs are assuming a more favorable aspect as regards the stability of Gen. Walker's government.

The Secretary of the Treasury has purchased, for the sum of \$20,000, a site in Nashville, Tenn., for the new custom house, post-office and court rooms, authorized to be erected at the present session of Congress.

Mendiola, the old guide who piloted Gen. Taylor through his campaign into Mexico up to the battle of Buena Vista, died in Mercer Valley, Texas, a few days since, at the advanced age of ninety years.

The dwelling of Mr. Jackson Dawson, in West Union, Va., was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult., and in it seven persons, Mr. Dawson, and all his children, five in number, and a Miss Lavonia Myers, were burnt up.

Mr. Joseph Littell, a well known member of the theatrical profession, and for a time a member of W. B. English's company, died in New York recently, of consumption, aged 35 years. Mr. Littell held a good position as an actor.

The oldest "meeting-house" on this continent is in Hingham, Mass. It is a huge, square structure, with the belfry rising out of the centre of the roof. Inside are the old square pews, which bear a look of similar antiquity. It is nearly two hundred years old.

The growth of Western cities is marvellous. Twenty-two years ago, Governor Porter concluded the Pottawatamie treaty, on the site of Chicago, and now it is a city of eighty-five thousand population, with at least one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily.

In olden times in England they had circular fruit walls; the walls with the trees, and consequently the bed of earth wherein they were planted being movable, so that the trees might be turned to the sun, or removed from an unfavorable wind.

The Countess of Braziski, a Polish lady of great wealth, was recently at Baden, when a spark from a gentleman's cigar fell upon her dress which took fire. The flames were soon stifled, and she received no injury, but thirty thousand francs worth of lace was effaced from the earth.

The Paris Crystal Palace appears to have been the only successful affair of the kind. The company have realized over 9,000,000 francs, and the government has purchased the building at a handsome premium over its cost; to what purpose to apply it is not stated.

The Pacific Sentinel says that one William Boucle, an old resident of Santa Cruz, has near his dwelling three young plants of green tea, from seeds found last spring in a caddy purchased for consumption. When the writer in the Sentinel saw these plants, they looked well, and were about a foot high and in blossom.

George W. Johnson, one of the largest sugar planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than \$700,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 209 in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with \$50.

At the present time, all Europe is preparing for war. France and England are in readiness for action at the shortest notice. Russia is strengthening all her military posts, Spain is vibrating between anarchy and despotism, Naples and other Italian States are in a belligerent attitude, Prussia and Austria are increasing their fleets and adding to their fortresses, and Sweden is arming herself against Russia.

The Firemen's Triennial Parade at New York, on the 13th ult., was the greatest demonstration of the kind ever got up in that city. Besides the 115 companies belonging to that city, and the various associations connected with the departament, there were other companies from Buffalo, Biaghampston, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, Easton, Pa., Detroit, Mich., and Charlestown, Mass. Thirty-two bands furnished the music.

The bridal arrangements, the magnificent trousseau of the bride, in view of the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal of England, at Berlin, attract so much attention that hundreds are actually going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, velvets, lace, artificial flowers, embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, gloves, linen, diamonds and jewelry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requirements of every description and color.

The Newport Mercury records the death of a venerable priest, a composer in that office, by the name of Heary Barber, at the advanced age of 76, who had been employed in that office for the uninterrupted series of sixty-five years, a period of time perhaps unparalleled heretofore. He never wore glasses of any kind; had never been five miles from home, had never seen a railroad or locomotive, and all that he knew of a steamboat was the exterior seen from the office window.

Foreign Items.

It is said that the Spanish government intends to remove the sequestration laid on the property of Queen Maria Christina.

The Moniteur des Comices announces that a German chemist has discovered the means of obtaining crystallized sugar from birch wood.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Prince Paul Esterhazy, who represented Austria in the coronation, the Order of St. Andrew in diamonds, which is the highest distinction that can be obtained in Russia.

Mdlle. Rachel's health is gradually improving, but a change of climate is deemed absolutely necessary for her complete restoration, and her return to the theatre cannot, it is stated, be counted upon until the autumn of 1857.

Mr. W. Brett has renounced the project of laying down the electric cable to Algiers, by way of Cagliari and Bone. He is going to take soundings between Mar-cilles and Algiers, to see if the great submarine valley is not prolonged.

Among the notabilities at the Mozart Festival, held at Salzburg lately, was an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He was the greatest living object of interest present.

The Emperor Napoleon, as to whose health so many exaggerated and even ridiculous reports are in circulation, is not seriously unwell. There is, in fact, nothing the matter with him but some flying gout pains, for which he went to be cured at Plombieres, and which will prevent him from taking so much horse exercise as he has been accustomed to.

Sands of Gold.

.... Vice stings even in our pleasures, but virtue console even in our pains.—*Colton*.

.... More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.—*Talleyrand*.

.... Every person complains of the badness of his memory, but none of their defective judgment.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—*Talleyrand*.

.... Nothing hides a blemish so completely as a cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn.—*Hare*.

.... Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.—*Fuller*.

.... An egotist will always speak of himself, either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Friendship requires actions; love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul*.

.... It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—*Plutarch*.

.... In our road through life, we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another, which stone he has carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.—*Landon*.

Joker's Budget.

Marriage is designated a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb upon most people.

Too fearful to contemplate.—There is a work advertised, called "Every Man a Lawyer." What a state of society!

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action-at-law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

Teacher—How many kinds of axes are there? *Boy*—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles. *Teacher*—Good! go to the head of your class.

On the failure of two bankers in Ireland, named Gonne and Going, some wag perpetrated the following:

"Going and Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is Going, and Going is Gonne!"

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette; "just give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A female in the Utica Lunatic Asylum is a lady of enlarged ideas. She talks of becoming the empress of the world and using the next rainhow for a waist-ribbon. Only the bamp of ambition extra developed.

A kiss on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the eyelids, tender sentiment; on the lips, love. The young men of our acquaintance have not much "respect" for young ladies.

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No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

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